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No. 16

A TOUCHING SERMON.

BY DR. T. WILKINS.

I never meet a cripple when I'm out upon the street
But I wonder: Were I crippled would this life be just
as sweet?
And the answer and its echo make me tremble on my
feet.
For the truth is so apparent that the echo must repeat:
It is such a touching sermon that no language can
portray,
For no tongue can ever handle and no pen can ever
display
All the sweetness of the living of a whole man day by
day,
After passing by the cripples in the throngs upon the
way.
No one knows till he has tried it, what it is to lose a
leg,
And to be obliged to travel all through life upon a peg;
No one knows the crushed ambition of a cripple who
must beg;
No one senses others' troubles till he tastes their bit-
ter drag.
But we can subdue much sorrow and allay the deeper
pain
Of the cripples by assisting with a portion of our gain,
And we know not what the morrow will be bringing in
its train,
For this life with all its changes is uncertain in the
main.
54 N. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill.

Spiritualistic Plans for the Present and Future.

Gathered from conversations with the personnel of the Spiritualist press, and from their written utterances, and generally approved by progressive Spiritualists, they are here reproduced with the hope that Spiritualists will declare them to be a correct syllabus of the same at their next convention.

SYLLABUS

Spiritualists to declare in their next national convention: First: That communion between spirit and mortal man now occurs and will proceed until spirit and mortal blend, co-operate, speak, counsel, and be seen to mingle as mortals now alone mingle with each other. Spirit voices affirm that the next great change coming to man, is the establishment of the practical brotherhood of man. To pass peacefully and successfully into this altruistic state, will require the constant guidance of spirit forces. Who but Spiritualists should be the mediums of this great movement? From the Atlantic to the Pacific at the same hour of each day, say 12 o'clock noon, Intercolonial time; 11 o'clock a. m., Eastern time; 10 o'clock a. m., Central time; 9 o'clock a. m., Mountain time, and 8 o'clock a. m., Pacific time, when every Spiritualist should devote a quarter of an hour to quiet meditation and prayer for the co-operation of the spirit world. This will burn out the fires of selfishness and fit us for the work of helping others.

Second: That through spirit return it has been discovered that mortal man is already a spirit man, but owing to prevailing social and economic conditions which constitute his environment, that spirit is being steadily dwarfed and enslaved. The economies of Bellamy with Spiritualism attached, would liberate that spirit.

Third: That they justify themselves in the advocacy of prayer by claiming that prayer, like unselfish acts, is the exercise of the muscles of the soul which develop to the maximum the spirit body; further, that by engaging in prayer and performing unselfish acts we elevate ourselves to planes whence we receive the highest thought vibrations and are connected with the loftiest controls.

Fourth: That these lofty controls, together with the countless hosts of impending spirits, have been and are still molding the life of all mortals, that the great changes such as from barbarism to civilization, monarchies to republics, institutions of slavery to freedom, in fact all changes which seen in retrospect are called and known as destiny, are in the belief of Spiritualists but the reflex of the spiritual world acting upon the material along the lines of least resistance; that the rise and fall of issues, parties, governments, religions and peoples, though somewhat indirect, are yet the effects of the work of the spirits upon mortals. Man, because his spiritual vision is opaque, his understanding obtuse, does not comprehend this. The true Spiritualist has trained himself to watch philosophically the grand march of events, knowing that whether it be high tariff or low tariff, silver or gold standard, competition or combination, the ultimate end will be reached in the complete Brotherhood of Man. The heavenly hosts affirm it and we have but to place our hands unreluctingly in theirs to be led direct to the Altruistic land. Altruism to Spiritualists is the culmination of Spiritualism, a spiritual work wherein spirit guidance will prove infallible.

Fifth: That Spiritualists submit as proof of the infallibility of spirit guidance that the world universally accepts certain truths, first uttered to man by spirits, for example, magnetism, telepathy, hypnotism, pre-natal cul-

ture, mental healing, the science of vibration, etc. Spiritualists admit the fallibility of that kind of spirit guidance which to please man's pride, power, and earthly desire, attempts to excel mortals in fortune telling, stock gambling and other devices for barter and selfish aggrandizement. Spiritualists maintain, however, that this experience was necessary for man before he would be content to limit spirit return to its true function, which is unselfish spiritual work that in the end will result in the liberation of the real man, the spirit man, who now sits cowed, shackled and imprisoned. Therefore, while Spiritualists view with awe and gratitude the splendid work previously performed by their brethren, they say that a greater work is yet to be performed, that of establishing upon the earth the "Brotherhood of Man." Should they fail to heed this spirit call, Spiritualists as a cult or movement, will perish. Heeding, organizing, spiritually expanding, we become the people, the medium, the co-workers with the angel world in this great work.

Sixth: To have the benefit of the laws of our country, to run the gauntlet of the courts, command the respect of our fellowman, to satisfy the longing of our own souls, Spiritualists should, in their next convention, arise to their feet and proclaim these articles AS THEIR FAITH, AS THEIR RELIGION.

Seventh: In managing their own affairs, they should in their next convention re-elect their present efficient officers, and request them to inaugurate by letter and by pamphlet, a crusade to bring all Spiritualists into harmonious action for these exalted purposes, clothe its officers with authority to go wherever a liberal or Spiritualist of means resides, and solicit contributions to further the work. With the treasury once filled, it should be expended in employing worthy speakers and mediums of all kinds in presenting our religion without cost and without price to our submerged, benighted fellow man.

II. SYLLABUS.

"Communication between spirit and mortal man now occurs and the message and purpose of the spirit world is the establishment of the practical brotherhood of man. We are to pass peacefully and successfully into this Altruistic state and the true Spiritualists are to be the mediumship of this great movement."

Argument.— During the last half century the Spiritualistic movement has oscillated much like the blustering French army, which with flags flying and drums beating marched up the hill and then marched down again. With the announcement of the fact of spirit return came the cry "We will sweep all other reforms from the arena of discussion." There is no denying that the attack on old forms of belief and obsolete institutions was quite successful, and for a time filled the hearts of all Spiritualists with great expectations of future glory. As time passed, it slowly dawned on the careful observer that our army was in disorderly retreat, that the element of cohesion necessary to effective work was lacking and the great purpose of the spirit world in introducing the moral, social and religious institutions of that world to man mortal was in danger of being thwarted, and modern Spiritualism which like Pandora's box out of which had flown everything except the liberation of the "Man in Prison," was in a fair way to take its flight to quarters in the social, moral and religious evolution of mankind on the western hemisphere, where Spiritualists as such, were unknown and unwelcome if they were known.

In the midst of these apprehensions, various efforts to organize our scattered forces have been made, the most worthy of which is our present National association.

The purpose underlying this presentation of the case to the Spiritualists of North America, is to point out what in the judgment of all sincere Spiritualists is the prime necessity of the hour, and the means whereby a new Evangelization of the Spiritual or harmonial philosophy may be made invulnerable in the hands of Spiritualists.

Dismaying as the outlook is to the average man and woman, there is nothing lost nor gone for naught. The indirectness of the forces of evolution are and have been working havoc to bring about order, peace, and tranquillity in the body politic and in the finer forces of man's nature. We are to offer a short cut to the goal involved in the destiny of these moral and spiritual forces.

Hope is a prerequisite to following our meaning, and in the end to fit our readers for their part of the co-operative work. We must all be freed from "obsession." The system of social economies now in vogue is called "competition." We say it is war. Hence Spiritualists as well as other mortals are under its baneful influence, and more or less obsessed by its selfish and material spirit. Therefore, before proceeding to develop our hopes and plans, we ask the Spiritualists to adopt a few simple exercises, designed to change this obsessed condition.

On arising from your night's rest, spend five minutes in deep breathing the fresh air. While inhaling, try to feel a magnetic wave starting from the lower portion of the spine, and as you inhale, proceeding up one side of the spine, with the full breath gently spreading through the brain. Then, with the exhalation, imagine the magnetic wave descending on the opposite side of the spine to its termination. These sensations may be varied, from side to side during the exercise, as for instance; conceive the magnetic wave to proceed up the right side of the spine and return by the left; then up the left and down the right. Coupled with this you will be required to drink deep of mother nature. Fill the soul and body with the spirit of the mountains, the forests, the rivers, the lakes, and the boundless sea. If nothing more can be done than by lying for a short interval outstretched on mother earth, indulge in it as often as possible, and there practice deep breathing and deep drinking in of mother nature in her simplicity and beauty. We shall revert again to these prime essentials.

Observing religiously these suggestions, will soon put the Spiritualist army in free and untrammelled control of their own bodies. The obsession in which the material world envelops them will disappear.

III.

"Through spirit return it has been discovered that mortal man is already a spirit man, but owing to prevailing social and economic conditions that spirit is being steadily dwarfed and enslaved. The economies of Bellamy with Spiritualism attached would liberate that spirit."

Argument.— The type of thought which inspired Bellamy we believe to be the economic side of the Harmonial Philosophy. Andrew Jackson Davis covered substantially the same ground, and so along back as far as Jesus and Plato, all illumined minds have given the same social and industrial message to the world.

The most significant of all things revealed by spirit return is the bondage in which the real man exists; bondage of mind and body. He thinks as he feels, and he feels as he thinks. Likewise the swine. Little if any impetus has been provided men to unfold the aesthetic side of their natures. Men require diversity of objects and pursuits. They require time to develop their mental powers, improve their minds and thus liberate their souls. The pressure of Bellamy's ideas in social economies is to be seen in the present socialist movement which is the next great step toward mental liberty. We declare that men never can be free as long as they compete. They can be free only in co-operation. Competition is war. Co-operation is peace. Therefore the work of Spiritualists as an organized body along the industrial lines of the future is to be party to the purpose of the celestial spirits in freeing men and women from the bondage of economic servitude and commit the oncoming civilization to love and fraternity.

Mortal man is a spirit man and this is the first or rudimentary plane of spirit life. From it move forth the elements which make up the immediate zones or belts of the spirit realms proper. Spirit return has revealed that point, but in setting it has settled this spirit man in mortality to be a slave to customs and habits. Primary among these are the influences of his pre-natal condition, the forces given him by these mortally responsible for his being. These influences are for the most part bad, because the social environment in which they breed is bad. The stream cannot rise above its source, hence pre-natal culture is the vital subject lying within the causes and consequences of the future civilization. When men are born right the priest's occupation will be gone. Likewise the king's occupation. Likewise the government's occupation, and all other forces which in their nature are designed to keep the real man, the spirit man, dwarfed and enslaved.

The economies of Bellamy we declare to be the direct inspiration of the highest spirit realms to a mortal fitted by generations of experimental gestation to receive and portray to the world a practical idealism in social and industrial economy. Spiritualism is vitally attached to these divine principles of Brotherhood. Spiritualism is the philosophy and the religion of Brotherhood. It postulates God as the universal Father-Mother of all life forms. It follows as a logical sequence that all forms of life are intimately related, and in human life that all are children of the great Father-Mother, hence Brethren.

Spiritualists banded together as one great army are to be the evangelizers of the world and inaugurate the New Declaration of Independence wherein the tyranny and oppression combated shall be the mental slavery of mankind superinduced by a worn out, antiquated system of competitive piracy which robs them of their right to the life of their souls, their real life.

The real liberators of the African slave could be counted on a single hand's fingers. But African slavery was angelic bliss compared with the universal soul bondage modern Spiritualism is destined to remove.

That half dozen souls were a unit, hence their strength. With us there are thousands of souls mortal and millions of legions of souls immortal. Our sore need is an intelligent combination of these forces for good. That need supplied and the abolition of the world's greatest and worst servitude is assured.

No one will dispute in these days of combination and association the powerful impetus given to all kinds of projects by organized effort. The union of sentiment and concert of action in every department of our organic activities lies at the base of their success and usefulness in the world. This is no less true in the spheres of thought when directed to healing, the alleviation of suffering and the calling of dear ones to our sides when in trouble and sorrow, than it is in the hard, merciless avenues of commerce and trade. Organization is everything and means everything in the accomplishment of human desire. The wonderful laboratory of the human body is only another term for its exquisite organization. The parts and members of the body perform their functions by virtue of their relation to the whole. Each has its office and all obey the divine soul force permeating each and every one.

Likewise in this great field of constructive work the essentials of our success lie directly in union and organized effort coupled with simple method. Hence the method of devoting a certain number of minutes every day to concentration upon the divine uplift it is hoped to effect in the ranks of Spiritualists everywhere. Pursuant to that end on every morning devote five minutes to this one purpose. In order to have this made effectual and uniform, take the hour which will cover the whole longitude of our country and Canada. Let us take the arbitrary divisions of standard time. This would give five hours difference between the time in New England and that on the Pacific coast. Say then that in New England this five minutes concentration should be made at 11 o'clock a. m., in the region of Central time, 10 a. m.; Western time, 9 a. m.; Mountain time, 8 a. m.; Pacific time, 7 a. m.

In this state of prayer the effort should be to look through and beyond the lower spheres of spirit life where reign the pure Celestials. 'Tis they who influence both spirits and mortals and more profoundly and effectually when petitioned by prayer and aspiration. Veritably gods of grace and power are these ancient prophets, and he alone is the free man who liberates his soul in prayer to them. Too long have Spiritualists been treading the wine press of profitless communication with the invisible world, forgetting that spirits ordinarily are human and as liable to err in matters pertaining to the life here as we are. It is only after ages of growth and experience, aided always by the illumination of their psychic powers that spiritual beings advance to that plane of exaltation to which spirits in hosts unnumbered bow in adoration, planes as far above them as the most exalted in the spheres are above and beyond us.

To this celestial company we adjure this army of Spiritualists on earth to direct their prayers and their aspirations for the upbuilding of their Cause on earth. A powerful influx of light from this source has again touched earth and some mortals are perceiving it, and reading its message to the world, and it is wholly in line with this perception that concerted action is urged upon Spiritualists who have come into the deep, abiding and mighty meaning of spirit return which has wholly to do with the man in prison, in bondage, the mortal man.

III. SYLLABUS

"Spiritualists justify themselves in the advocacy of prayer by claiming that prayer, like unselfish acts, is the exercise of the muscles of the soul which develops to the maximum the spirit body."

Argument.— Prayer is the mighty power generated by the soul force in action. It does not pertain to nor involve the common acceptance and office of the term, which makes loud mouthings and vain repetitions its burden. It means the retirement within one's self, there to open the windows of the soul and let in the light and truth of divine inspiration. The secret of the thought forces of the world lies right here, because the changes and transformations of external life in all departments are thought out before they are acted out.

By instituting this prayerful state we come into touch directly with exalted minds beyond the spheres who cannot reach us except in the silence of personal introspection and aspiration. Endeavor then, to see through and beyond the spheres while in this prayerful state (which sight surely can be accomplished), and then let the warm, loving supply to your de-

mand permeate your being with its power and illumination. This is the sole use of prayer, and it is vain and void of consequence when exercised in any other manner.

As inspiration is the breathing in upon one soul by another soul, prayer is the integral factor in the accomplishment of true inspiration. Prayer is the safeguard of inspiration. Without it inspiration is simply a ship without a rudder, liable to be tossed about and blown far from its true course. Inspiration encompasses a mighty sea and its uncertain course embraces all of the activities of life, from the loftiest intellectuality down to the lowest and most instinctual passions. But prayer being the exercise of the soul governs the direction which inspiration shall take, and there is absolutely no failure in it. The soul is the pivot around which revolves the whole universe, and when it becomes contented by the exercise of prayer, the uplift of the uncovered vision in demand for guidance, strength and usefulness for our fellow mortals, it is then impervious to the assaults of any or all the obsessive forces that may assail it.

Think, then, brethren, of the power you can wield in the world! The profitless lip service to deific figments of barbaric imagination so long paraded to your disgust, has paled in yourselves the one dominant power which every man, woman and child ought to be exercising today.

Prayer as herein set forth, and as given by wise and beneficent spirits is the true athletics of the soul. It is the stone the builders have rejected in all ages, but cherished in all ages by the illuminati. During the iconoclastic era through which Spiritualists have passed, it has had no place and has performed no function. Now that the tide is turning and the birth of a new cycle taking place, Spiritualists as a body of concerted builders are to take up this rejected stone and make it the corner stone of the oncoming civic temple wherein the soul shall possess liberty and wield its almighty force in liberating the spirits in prison.

IV.

SYLLABUS.

"That these advanced controls together with countless hosts of impending spirits have been and are still molding the life of all mortals. Man because his spiritual vision is opaque, his understanding obtuse, does not comprehend this. Nevertheless the ultimate end will be reached in the complete Brotherhood of Man. The heavenly hosts affirm it and we have but to place our hands unreluctingly in theirs, to be led direct to the Altruistic land. Altruism to Spiritualists is the culmination of Spiritualism."

Argument.— Now in concerted states with prayer and practice, the first great truth that will come from beyond the spheres (necessarily the alpha of our illumination), is soul force.

The warfare of intellect upon the tender promptings of the heart has produced havoc in the thought activities of the world. Through man's great ambition for power and knowledge, there has come this abnormal development of intellect, in fact it has become deified. The equilibrium of the faculties is essential to right thinking and right reasoning, but in this warfare of the aggressive intellect this equilibrium has been lost and society is top-heavy with cold, calculating projects for material and decaying structures of wealth and power. Intellect is the electrical side of mentality. Love is the magnetic side. Love, in fact, is the dome of the mental archway. It should rule and govern the forces of intellect. It is the warm, invigorating instrument of the soul. Without it we are absolutely hors de combat against the selfish propensities of the intellect. We do not deny nor despise intellect but we do defy it. Love, pity and compassion, the diet which the inspired Matthew Arnold tells us "Angels feed upon" is, after all, the greatest thing in this world.

The first greeting from beyond the spheres is to magnify the soul, its use and force, and a reducing to normal proportions the realm of the intellect. In other words, to regain an equilibrium of man's mental faculties.

The query now arises, who are to be the instruments of these wise and beneficent spirits to whom we pray and for whose aid, under God, we supplicate?

Spiritualists all agree that the angel world must have mediums as chief factors in their work with mortals. So much being granted, all will agree that the greater the number of mediums, the less circumspection or indirectness there will be in the communications. Hence our co-operative plan essays to make every Spiritualist a medium in some form, as a hand, gazing, gossamer, multitude of nearly 50,000,000 surround this Spangas hand in the hands of the spirit world.

Every Spiritualist ought to be a medium and will be if only those divine lessons are heeded and practiced. As there is absolutely no failure in prayer, so there can be no failure in that which comes in answer to it.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1901.

Spiritualist Societies.

We desire this list to be as accurate as possible. Will secretaries or conductors please notify us of any errors or omissions. Notices for his column should reach this office by 12 o'clock noon, of the Saturday preceding the date of publication.

BOSTON AND VICINITY.

Boston Spiritualist Temple meets in Berkeley Hall, Berkeley street, every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. F. A. Wright, speaker and psychic. E. I. Allen, President; May L. Foster, Sec., 14 Edgewood St., Roxbury.

The Gospel for Spiritists Society, 150 State St., Boston, Mass., meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. F. A. Wright, speaker and psychic. E. I. Allen, President; May L. Foster, Sec., 14 Edgewood St., Roxbury.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday at 8 o'clock. Address: 150 State St., Boston, Mass.

Christ's First Spiritual Church, 150 State St., Boston, Mass., meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. F. A. Wright, speaker and psychic. E. I. Allen, President; May L. Foster, Sec., 14 Edgewood St., Roxbury.

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Review of the Field.

It gives me exceeding pleasure to write of the success of the Waltham Spiritualist Progressive Union Church. One of the largest audiences of the season gathered to hear Mr. J. P. Baxter Sunday, June 2, which closed the season's Sunday services. Mr. Baxter's discourses were such as to inspire one and all. The subject presented in the evening, "The Value of Phenomena in Establishing Beliefs," was logically instructive, and commanded close attention. We expect Mr. Baxter to be with us in October and May of the coming season. The annual election of officers occurred June 3. Mr. Geo. L. Clark, pres.; Mrs. A. M. Winslow, first vice-pres.; Mrs. S. A. Kimball, second vice-pres.; Mrs. E. A. Wheeler, sec'y; Mrs. E. G. Gildford, treas.; Mr. J. L. Egan and Mr. A. S. Wheeler, trustees. This society is free from debt, has a surplus in its treasury, and a good start on a building fund. We shall close our June work with a picnic June 22, at the "Waverly Home," if arrangements can be made with them.—E. A. Wheeler, Sec'y, 74 School St., Waltham, Mass.

Fitchburg, Mass.—Mrs. C. Fannie Allen of Stoneham spoke for the First Spiritualist Society, June 2, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Goodspeed, 34 Highland Ave. Good sized audiences attended and gave close attention to the able address, followed by many satisfactory spirit readings and messages.—Dr. L. E. Fox, Sec'y, 120 Main St., Fitchburg, Mass.

Camp Progress.—The first meeting of the season was held on Sunday, June 2, at 2 p. m. After a song, "The Reign of Peace," by the quartet, the president gave an address of welcome; song, "Lead Me Gently," Mrs. Merrill and quartet; invocation, Mr. L. D. Webster; instrumental music, Mr. Yarnall; remarks and messages, Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler. Nearly a thousand people enjoyed the very interesting meetings. We are pleased our opening was so successful. Good talent is expected next Sunday.—Mrs. E. B. Merrill, 86 Lynnfield St., Lynn, Mass.

The First Association of Spiritualists, New York City.—The first meeting of the season on Sunday, June 2, after a most successful series of meetings in every sense. They will be resumed on the first Sunday of October, 1901, at the Tuxedo, Madison Ave. and 59th St., and we have engaged Miss Margaret Gault to again fill our platform. During the first four Sundays of this month Miss Gault will hold independent meetings in the Tuxedo, commencing at 3 and 8 o'clock.—M. J. Fitzmaurice, Sec'y.

Providence Spiritualist Association held its annual meeting for the election of officers, June 2, in Columbia Hall, corner Richmond and Weymouth streets. Mr. W. H. Black, president, in the chair. The following officers were elected: Vice-president, Mrs. Susan M. King; secretary, D. F. Buffinton; treasurer, Mrs. Mary A. Goff; board of directors, B. F. Prouty, Mrs. Mary E. Goodrich, Mrs. Sarah E. Humes, David F. Buffinton, Sec'y.

Nettle Howell, secretary, writes from Los Angeles, Cal.: "Our Camp, known as the Southern California Spiritualist Campmeeting Association, of Los Angeles, Cal., will open this year August 11, and will keep the ball rolling until September 11. If there are any speakers or phenomenal workers that expect to come to California this fall, there is a good opportunity here, as almost all subjects are in need of some good workers. Many of the California mediums are going to Buffalo, N. Y., to spend the summer, thus leaving the place for new workers." 139 W. 5th St.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington St., song services led by Mr. Chase, remarks, Mr. Martin; spirit messages, Mr. Chase, E. A. Blackden, Mr. Corlies, Mrs. Ott, Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Woods. Afternoon—Scripture reading and prayer, Mr. Arnold; opening remarks, Mr. C. H. Perkins of Lowell; address, Mrs. Sanger of Waltham; tests, Mrs. Myra Lewis, Prayer, Mr. Hicks; address, Mr. Hill, subject, "The Mediumship of the Witch"; tests and readings, Mrs. Ott, Miss Sears, Mrs. Knowles; music, Mrs. Nellie Grover, the Lyle Trio. Meetings every Tuesday and Thursday at three.—M. Adeline Wilkinson, Conductor.

Mr. J. S. Scarlett of Cambridge gave one of the best inspirational lectures of the season before the Malden Progressive Spiritualist Society on Sunday evening, June 2, followed by satisfactory messages and psychic readings. The large audience present expressed their satisfaction in generous applause, and hearty hand-shaking after the services.—John R. Snow.

Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont St.—Bible spiritual meetings. Memorial services Sunday, May 26. Meetings well attended. Those assisting, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Stockpole, Mr. Clark, Mr. Cohen, Mrs. Hixie of Peabody, Poems, Mr. Webster, Mrs. Hall; solo, Mr. Robinson; tests, Mrs. Hixie, Mr. Peterson; remarks, Dr. Huot, Mr. Hall, Mrs. Gutierrez; messages, Mrs. Dodge; poem, Mrs. Barnes; solo, Mrs. Strong, Mr. Hersy, messages. Choice musical selections. Meetings every Sunday through the summer; no Wednesday meetings. Mrs. Gutierrez, President.

Lake Helen, Fla.

Southern Cassadaga camp meeting opens the first Sunday in June, 1901, and continues six weeks with seven Sundays. For programs and information write Mrs. J. D. Palmer, Cor. Sec'y, Willoughby, Ohio.

For Indigestion.

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate. Dr. Gregory Doyle, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "I have frequently prescribed it in cases of indigestion and nervous prostration, and find the result so satisfactory that I shall continue it."

"The man of culture is a man of ripe nature, sound, erect, manly. The crudity of taste, of exaggeration, of unbalanced sensibility to the fact of deference to lower standards has gone out of him; and in its place has come that slow, sure, complete maturing which resembles nothing so closely as the ripening of a fruit; that final expression of the life of a tree, to which all its forces converge and in which its vitality bears a perfect product."

The instinct which impels us to get away from our fellows is as normal as that which continually draws us to them; we cannot really live without them, and we cannot really live with them.—Hamilton Wright Mable.

State Spiritualists' Association of Kansas.

A successful convention of Kansas Spiritualists was held in Topeka, May 25 to 28. The morning sessions were devoted to convention business, the afternoon to conferences, and the evenings to lectures and spirit messages. George W. Kates, the Minnesota missionary, was elected as temporary chairman, and he safely guided the convention to a successful organization.

The speakers and mediums present and taking part in the exercises, were Mrs. Zaida B. Kates and George W. Kates of Minneapolis; Daniel W. Hull, Norton, Kansas; W. E. Bonney, Lincoln, Neb.; Mrs. Beattie Bellman, Howard, Kansas; Mrs. Laura B. Payne, Topeka; Mrs. Inez Wagner, Topeka; Mrs. E. A. Redell, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Mattie Hayden, Indiana.

The representation from the State was very complimentary and promising. The exercises were made highly interesting and held the rapt attention of all present. But Topeka citizens did not attend in large numbers. Bigotry in this city is very prominent. The Spiritualists have much to do here in order to get public attention, and an active campaign will be made. The local Spiritualists are full of zeal, and gave good support to the convention. The local press gave better reports than for any previous meeting of the Spiritualists.

An able set of resolutions were adopted. They will bear a wide circulation. The Constitution and By-Laws were modeled after the Minnesota State Association, and are complete in the necessities.

The following officers were elected: Daniel W. Hull, Norton, president; Mrs. Beattie Bellman, Howard, vice-president; W. P. Bellman, Topeka, secretary; A. Markley, Topeka, treasurer; J. N. Blanchard, Delphos, pres.; Laura B. Payne, Topeka, W. B. Wagner, Topeka, C. B. Hoffman, Emporia, Mrs. E. G. Hammond, Topeka, trustees.

Application has been made for State incorporation, and a charter from the N. S. A. is ordered. An active effort for local auxiliaries is to be made at once. About fifty personal members were obtained at the convention, and a liberal subscription was also given. Kansas is certainly in a fair way to be a prominent factor in the organized Cause of Spiritualism.

W. F. Bellman, Sec'y.

The Foundation of Real Wisdom Is Sympathy.

BY W. H. HEARST.

We have had a good deal to say about Thomas Huxley. Possibly some readers will suggest that there has been too much about one man.

But if you, Mr. Reader, lived close to Mont Blanc or Pike's Peak, you would undoubtedly talk a good deal about the mountain near you. And this writer, living close to the mountain, Huxley, is impelled, even at the risk of becoming tiresome, to talk of the mountain.

You know that Huxley began life a very poor man; that he suffered through many years from ill-health; that he added enormously to the knowledge of the human race; that he set a splendid example of independence and self-respecting intellect.

To you know why Huxley was really a great man?

It was not because he could study with minute precision and endless care marvelous animal structures. It was not because he could learn Greek in a very short time when more than half a century old. It was not because of his great moral courage.

It was because he sympathized with unfortunate people. Human beings are put on this earth to help each other, and the really great among them are those who can see with greater sympathy and interest the sorrows of their fellows than anything else in life.

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WOMEN'S ENDLESS WORK.

Early and late, morning, noon, and night, never ceasing her labors, always worrying because something is left undone; four, six, and eight in the family; no one to help! Is this woman working too hard? Is she a frail-looking body, colorless and thin? Or is she a strong limbed and vigorous? It makes little difference, she can't stand it unaided. Not one man in a hundred works like these home keepers, whose labor is taken as a matter of course.

Are you one of these overworked women? Are you on the point of breaking down? Are you forcing yourself to keep going by living on your nerves? Does your back ache and your head throb with pain? Take warning. Get the help of Dr. Greene's NERVURA blood and nerve remedy which helps Nature provide strength and builds up every weak spot.

There is another element which makes for permanency in religious societies, and that is the personal influence of the teacher, or leader. Men like Spurgeon, Parker, Booth, Hughes, and Martineau, gained a hearing and a following, not only because of their ability, and devotion to the truth as they understood it. The man of strong convictions who feels "on fire" with the message which he has to deliver makes his mark and wins supporters, and thus builds his own church. He stamps with the impress of his own personality the work that he does. Wesley, for example, was a man of such a nature, that he proved that when the inspiration of a great idea catches them up, and they let the Divine Spirit possess and inform them, they will be heard. Can it be that the fires of inspiration are dying down on our altars? Are we stifling the spirit and speaking smooth things when we are crying out of suffering humanity for progress and brotherhood? Are we whole-hearted devotion and the frank avowal of honest convictions—without "mental reservations"? Surely the time has come when in the building of the Spiritual Temple, we may speak out the new thoughts of Spiritualism without bitterness, or personalities; when we are not pulled up on the weeds of false and erroneous teaching, but when the newer and truer ideas and revelations may find lodgment and take root for the benefit of the race! The battle for the recognition of spirit intercourse as a fact is practically won, but the full application of the truths which that fact makes manifest has yet to be accomplished. The cry of "freedom" is not to be left in peace, and demands that their feelings should not be hurt by plain speaking, when, as Mr. Kenworthy said recently, "the greatest need of the age is absolute frankness and sincerity." In our movement we have been so afraid of "leaders," and so fond of variety, and our mediums and seers have been so afraid of "the good, the true and the free," that we have not gone "to and fro through the land" that there has been little opportunity for the continuous exercise of that personal influence which in other religious bodies has had such a marked effect upon their progress.

Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. MINNIE H. SOULE.

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides, or that of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a special representative of the Banner of Light, and are given in the presence of other members of The Banner staff. These Circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify such communications as they know to be based upon fact as soon as they appear in these columns. This is not so much for the benefit of the management of the Banner of Light as it is for the good of the reading public. Truth is truth, and will bear its own weight whenever it is made known to the world.

In the cause of Truth, will you kindly assist us in finding those to whom the following messages are addressed? Many of them are not Spiritualists, or subscribers of the Banner of Light, hence we ask each of you to become a missionary for your particular locality.

Report of Seance held May 16, 1901 S E 54.

Invocation.

O spirit of wisdom, we would draw ever near to the influence of those who are wise than we, and we would ask that the love with which we come be tempered with wisdom. Give us strength and understanding to use the gift in the wisest and best way. Love is often so eager, so anxious, love is often unwittingly weak, but may we be imbued with that wise love which helps, which seeks to understand the vision, and which but strengthens the minds that the task may be more thoroughly accomplished. As we return again and again to this little circle, and as we bring with us those who are so earnestly seeking to give their messages, we feel the responsibility that is upon us and we in turn would drink deep of the fountain that is still beyond and above us, and we would be baptized in that sweet influence of gracious wisdom that will make us strong and able to help those weaker than we, and not alone for this little circle of influence we would ask that this blessing be granted, but everywhere where sorrow or distress, where weakness or inability may be, may the blessing be extended and may peace and truth go hand in hand and carry light and strength everywhere. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Alexander Brown.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a man about forty years old. He has dark blue eyes, black hair and very dark side whiskers. He is medium height, rather broad shouldered and is sober and earnest. He says, "I am more than anxious to give my message to the ones I have left in earth life. My name is Alexander Brown. I used to live in Philadelphia. I was a man who was rather slow to make up his mind, but I think when I was convinced of a truth, I tried to stand firmly by it. I want to tell Lizzie that although I have been unable to keep the promise I made, it doesn't go to prove that I am not able under some conditions to return to her. I have tried and failed and tried and failed again to give the one manifestation which we had agreed upon. I am not unhappy, neither am I discouraged, but shall keep right on and hope in the end to be able to make myself known to her. I come today hoping that this effort might strengthen, and already I feel that I shall be better able than ever before to go on with my work. I have Franky with me and he says, 'Tell Mama that I will be as good as I can and wait for her coming; I will ever bring to her any thought of love or peace that I can.'"

Nellie Gordon.

Right behind that gentleman stands a lady. She is nervous and anxious to speak her word. She says, "Oh don't keep me waiting. My name is Nellie Gordon; oh, it seems as though I could not wait to give this message. I came from Syracuse, N. Y. My people are in such trouble, are so unhappy, that it seemed I must, if possible, give this word that shall bring them more rest and peace over my conditions. I want Henry to know that when he walks up and down the room and thinks he cannot stand it, that he will have to take his own life, that I would be so unhappy to see him do such a thing. Tell him I would much rather he would wait, even though it be for years, than to do any rash thing or to attempt to follow me. I am conscious of his life, of his love, and even of his unhappiness, but he would only add to it if he came here and left the responsibilities which are his to bear, and besides the rest of the family would be heart-broken to know what he had done. I think it would be better if he went away from where he is now and tried a new condition. He is growing morbid in that place and imaginary, and if he goes away the change may help him, and I hope this word from me will give him a better understanding. Tell him, too, that I don't like Tom and his influence any better than I did when I was with him."

Judith Cole.

Now I see a woman about fifty-five years old. She is short and plump, has a full, round face and soft, gray hair, that is taken in two little twists and carried to the back of the head and bound round in a braid. She has a little white handkerchief like on the top of her head, as though she took it and tied it under her chin when she was out in the cold or in a draft. She has the sweetest kind of a way and walks up to me as unconcerned and naturally as though she were in her own home. She says, "Why shouldn't I? This is not a new thing to me and I understand more or less about the return of spirits and desire more than I can tell you to say to my friends that I am still working. That the Cause which was dear to me when I was in the body is still dear to me now that I am in the larger life. My name is Judith Cole and I

lived in Beattlesboro, Vt. I was a sort of pioneer in this work. When the word first came to us that we could get into communication with the spirits, it seemed to me that it was the sweetest message that ever came to man, and I accepted it and after that time adjusted my life on those lines; and while I never made any great effort or fought for it, I never refused to speak or show my colors whenever there was an opportunity. Most of my people are over here, but I have many friends left, and they will know how eagerly I looked for every word and how some of my own powers were unfolded late in life. I want everybody who knew me to know that my whole heart and sympathy and interest are in this work now, and that I am still anxious to co-operate wherever possible and send the word along to those who are still in the misery and the unhappiness which comes from believing that death swallowed up the identity of our loved ones."

To Carrie Armstrong.

I see now a woman about forty-five years old. She is very tall and thin and has blue eyes and brown hair, with just a little of the gray in it. She has a very calm, collected way; she comes up to me and says, "I want to go to Carrie Armstrong who lives in Biddeford, Me. My name is Lucy and I am closely connected to her. I think I can help her. I was with her through the last sickness and I know how discouraged she has been. She is afraid that something is the matter which will take her to spirit land. It is not true. What she needs most is to be free from the idea that she has got to die. Everybody about her believes she will, and so she is kept in bondage by their thought, but I say she shall live. It is possible and what she needs to do is to put her hand in the hand of the spirit and let her strength come from spirit and she will recover. My father is with me, and he says, 'Tell Dad that I long to see her back into her life, strong with his work, and she will be able to take up her music again and to carry on the life in the way that she desires.' I was there last week when the effort was made to convince her that she ought not to do so much, that it would be better for her if she kept perfectly still, and I have tried to impress her that it would be death to her if she did give up. If this gives her the courage which I hope it will, I shall feel that I have accomplished much, and I know you people who are assembled here will feel that you have done a work that is worth your effort if you have helped her to carry on her work as she desires. I thank you for helping me."

Clarence Hoyt.

I see the spirit of a boy about eighteen years old. He is thin with blue eyes, brown hair and such an air of being on the lookout, as if from the moment that he left the body he had tried every way to get back to his own people. As he comes up to me, he puts his hand in mine and says, "If this fails me, I don't know what I will do, because I have come here as a last resort wondering if it might not be possible for me to say what I want to say and get to the one I want to get to and so feel at peace. I used to live in Manchester, N. H. My name is Clarence Hoyt. My father's name is Frank and my mother's is Elizabeth. I want them to know that I am alive and eagerly anxious to come to them. They are church people; they believe that I am safe somewhere and are trying to get comfort out of that belief, but dear me, when I follow them about and I go into the home and into every place where they go, and I see them praying for their own strength to bear their burden, it seems as though my heart would break. I even stand by my mother's side when she lifts up her face and her heart in prayer, and it seems as if I must break through and tell her that I am by her side. She can't bear to look at the things I had, but only a few days ago she went into my room and was nearly overcome with the shock. I know it was dreadful for her, because she didn't expect me to go so suddenly, and she can't quite get used to it. Oh, if she would only give me an opportunity to come to them in the home, I think I would feel that heaven had opened up to me. Of course I do have an opportunity to see many beautiful places and to be with many people I know, but the shadow of their grief is always over me. We had hoped for so much. I had studied and thought I was going to do so much by and by, and then to have my life cut off. Oh, no one knows but those who have passed through it, what this means. Tell them that I love them so that I cannot go far away. That no effort on my part shall be spared to get to them and that they can have light and strength if only they will."

Inez Cummings.

The next spirit that comes to me is a little girl. She is about twelve years old. She has dark hair, dark eyes and is very pretty. She steps up to me and puts her hands out and then she writes as though she cannot speak, but she writes, "Inez Cummings, Cambridge, Mass." Then she writes again, "Diphtheria," and I see what her condition is. After I have said this much, she smiles in the dearest little way and just begins to talk as fast as can be. She has her arms full of books. She was so fond of them she read all the time and she seems to have such a desire to give some specific test to her people. She says, "I want to go to George; I want to tell him that I am dressed in white." (This seems to have something to do with her last condition.) She shows me a white dress, but there is the least little bit of a spot of blue in it as though it was something that she had. She puts in my hand a bunch of lilies of the valley and I know that these were put on her coffin. She says, "I knew you put them there and when they were put there. I know, too, that the flowers that I used to love were carried to me almost every week last summer." They are not these white flowers, that she showed first, but bright ones, more like nasturtiums. Then she puts her hands up to her head and says, "For some weeks before I went away, my head bothered me." I see beside this child a

lady who is her grandmother. She is a sweet-faced and good woman with dark eyes and spectacles and has iron gray hair. She is strong and emphatic and has helped this child to come.

William Bemis.

Now I see the spirit of an old man. Oh, he must be seventy-five or eighty years old. His hair is as white as snow and he has a ruddy face, wears spectacles, and he carries a cane in his hand. He doesn't stoop, but he comes slowly along. He is one of those fresh-looking although slow-going old gentlemen, and he says, "Bless us, I didn't expect to be so definitely described or I would have taken more pains with myself." Then he laughs a little, as though he had a sense of fun about him. He says, "Tell the people that my name is William Bemis, that I lived in Boston and died in Boston, and consequently I am in pretty fair conditions where I am now. I knew much about this truth. I had to swallow a good many things that didn't suit me and fought for a good many that did. I feel a sense of responsibility over everything that comes under the name and I want to say that there are spirits over here who are working harder than the spirits in the body to give to the world this sweetest and most blessed assurance of the continuity of life. We old Methodists who got the light late in life had something to fight for and so we came to the front where the hard fighting was and we could not give up the battle with the body, but kept right on. There is a little company of people, Boston people I mean, who are as interested to see this work move on as one could wish. Not only in Boston, though, but all over the country, are little centres of influence like this one I have described, where the thought and the expression is given out to the workers. Tell Mary Applebee that I send my love to her."

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-EIGHT.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In, into, and fluere, to flow, are the Latin words from which influence is derived. Influence is the most subtle power with which we are acquainted. One scarcely knows how or whence it comes, and before we realize the cause the effect is already produced. A look, a glance, a smile, a single word, has made or marred a human destiny. And the influence of a mother is the greatest of all.

I know a mother of four little girls. I have alluded to her in your columns more than once, Mr. Editor. I have known the family intimately for more than two years, and have visited them times without number. The circumstances of her life are very trying, though she has the comfort of having a kind and devoted husband, who does all that his poor health allows him to do, to ameliorate their condition. This dear woman's patience never fails. She works very hard from early morn to late at night. She is always sweet and kind, gentle and loving to her little ones. More than that, she is cheerful, enters into all their little affairs, and is never happier than when she has a sportive play with the smallest tot, on which the older ones look with delight.

Never once in all my intercourse with this family have I heard one unkind word, or seen one unkind look between husband and wife, between parents and children, or between the children with each other. This happy state of affairs is due to the never-failing patience of this oft tried and well tried mother, and to the fact that deep and abiding love is the main factor in the soul life of each and every member.

The parents are Roman Catholic by name and by bringing up, and Spiritualists by belief and practice. They are both gifted psychically. When he works alone in his shop late at night, perfecting some invention, he is cheered and inspired by the loud raps that his spirit friends create. When he walks towards one spot where he hears the raps, they are at once loudly repeated in other parts of the room, and many a late hour of toilsome work has fled rapidly by, through his consciousness that dear spirit friends are interested in his work. The mother is sometimes blest by the clairvoyant vision of her mother and other departed relatives. One little girl left them years ago for the spirit land.

A few weeks ago the father and the two older children were in the kitchen, and the mother was putting the two babies to sleep in the adjoining bed-room. As she walked into the kitchen, Beatrice, the six year old child said:

"Why, Mama, Mabel is coming in behind you."

Her mother said that could not be, as Mabel was asleep on the bed. As the child said that she certainly saw a little girl come in behind her mother, and that she thought it was Mabel, they told her it must be a little spirit that she saw. Beatrice asked if it was her little dead sister that she saw, and learning that it was probably so, she was much pleased. I have since told her that it is a beautiful thing to see our dear ones who have passed to the spirit life, and that I hope she will see more and more in the years to come.

I will take this opportunity to say to the kind lady in California who sent me two neatly sewed little shirts for this mother, that they have been worn by two babies in succession, and that they are still in pretty good condition. It can be said of this mother who sews and mends so industriously, as the poet said of the busy bee:

"How faithfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads her wax!"

A few days ago, I had the pleasure of carrying her twenty yards of dark blue calico, for her to make eight summer slips for the four little girls. This is in preparation for the time near at hand when she must be confined to her bed for a while, letting another woman wash and iron, cook and care for her little brood.

The last time she was ill she had a blessed

vision of her mother, who had lately died, all unknown to her. This time may the sweetest, brightest angels cheer her with their love, and bring healing morsels to this faithful mother!

From this happy picture of a loving family, it is sad to turn one's eyes to something very different, which has engaged my attention of late.

I was near the back door of a double house, caring for a four-footed sufferer whom its owner had recommended to my care. While busily engaged, I was pained to hear the reproachful tones of the husband, and the sobs of the wife. Having occasion to ask for something, they invited me into the kitchen, and both began to tell me how displeased they were with each other. The darling baby girl of fifteen months sat as placidly in her little chair as if she were well used to such scenes of domestic turmoil.

He told me she was not neat, bade me look at the kitchen floor, and led me to see the litter in the cellar the other side. To disprove his accusation, she took me through the four rooms upstairs, so that I might see how clean they were. Coming down, I told him he had a beautiful little house, and must have worked hard to get together all that nice furniture. I said it was quite hard for a young and rather weakly woman, with a baby, to keep up every bit of work in prime condition, and as it was Sunday morning, and he was at home for the day, I suggested that he help her put the cellar in order. He said he would do so.

He is a hard-working, young mechanic, with not a single bad habit. His only indulgence is attending the weekly meetings of the Chorus Club, which he enjoys with the love of a true German, who has a good tenor voice.

I told them that they had chosen each other, and that the main and most important thing was for them to hold their love for each other; that their most precious thing was their mutual love, and I begged them to cherish it carefully and hold it. All I said was taken in good part. They both urge me to come and see them often, and I have been many times.

On talking with her alone the next day, I found that she had become so angry and discouraged that she had told her neighbors about it, and that one lady said that if she were treated so by any man, she would "get out," and let him get along by himself. When I learned that this unwise advisor was a white-haired, nice old lady whom I have had some liking for, I felt almost dismayed to think how foolishly good persons can sometimes speak, and the painful results on others of their foolish words.

Well, I told this discouraged young wife that it was wrong to speak to any outsider against her husband, that a husband and wife should have a wall round themselves, surrounding the two alone, and that no one should be allowed to come inside of that wall. I reminded her that her husband is industrious, is faithful, brings his wages home to her at the end of the week, except his fee at the Chorus Club, and that with these good points in his favor, it would be the wiser part to stay by him, to meet him pleasantly when he came home, and to remember and practise the old saying:

"The time to be pleasant is when other people are cross."

I told her that men do not like to see a woman cry, and also that when she gives those deep, heart-rending sobs, aggravating them by reciting unkind things that he had said or done in the past, that she was injuring herself physically; and that if she kept on in this way, she might bring some serious and chronic disease on herself.

I also took an opportunity to speak to him alone, and reminded him that owing to their many little quarrels, it was likely that she thinks that he does not love her any more. He says he does love her dearly, so of course I asked him to take special pains to tell her so, and to make her feel it by his acts. I told him what a pretty woman she still is, and that she would be as pretty as ever, if he only made her a happy woman by his love and tenderness.

Well, to make a long story short, there is already a great improvement. There are smiles and cheerful words, and I believe that they will form the habit of living in love together.

Do not these words of the Nazarene speak a truth:

"By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

Words carry so much power with them. We utter them thoughtlessly. They awaken vibrations in the air, and they fall like seeds of weal or woe into the hearts of those who hear them. We may forget them as soon as they are uttered, but those who hear them do not forget them, and when we come to review our earth life in the clear light of the spirit world, our words as well as our acts will be recalled, and give us pain or joy according to their tenor.

Children, especially, are deeply impressed by the words of older people. I presume we can all remember words that were spoken to us in childhood, that raised us to a heaven of delight, or plunged us in the depths of woe. My parents spoke words of love to their children. Love was the ruling force in their household. We were accustomed to loving words and kind tones, and if we met anything different at the hands of outsiders, the occurrence sank deep into our childish hearts, and was never forgotten. A pointed and sarcastic question, criticising a word or an act of a child, is cruel, and many a little heart has contracted at hearing such an utterance, and has in future been unable to speak or act naturally in the presence of the one who inflicted the wound. Perhaps he is then accused of being sulky.

Many little children have no mothers, and the mothers that some children have are unkind. Ah! the pity of it! You would not kick a little dog out of your path, you exclaim against pigeon-shooting, you are horrified at the blows inflicted by fends in human form, but you utter an unkind or a sarcastic remark that pierces the tender heart of

your little child. That little one may always love you, though many years have fled away, for you were its mother and did much for it, but there are always the scars on its heart, left when you pierced it by your thoughtless words.

When I was engaging a teacher for the younger department of my seminary at Minneapolis, my first desideratum was that the one who sought the place loved children. She might be well-educated and trained, well-connected, attractive in appearance, neat and tasteful in her surroundings, but if she did not dearly love the little children, in and for themselves, I could not entrust them to her care.

I have a great sympathy with step-mothers. Many of them are unjustly accused of unkindness, yet we all know of cases where the young and bereaved father has been won by beauty, or some grace or witchery, to give a new mother to his little ones who was not worthy to take a mother's place. Far better to marry some plain, quiet woman, with a warm mother-heart, than some graceful siren, who can talk bewitchingly by moonlight. Those eyes that glance so brightly at the stars may shed cruel rays of anger on your youngest darling. Those hands, so soft and white, may inflict cruel cuffs and pinches, by and by. Note how the woman you plan to make the mother of your children treats the old dog when she is unobserved, how she speaks to her mother or her old grandmother when she thinks she is alone with them, see if she stops to help a dirty, crying little child on the street, when no observer is at hand. If tenderness does not nestle at the foot of her nature, do not give her the place of mother to your motherless little ones.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.
Arlington, N. J., May 31, 1901.

Over the House Tops.

Article II.—The Dream.

MRS. J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream."

Darkness.
"Oh I have passed such a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights
That as I am a faithful Christian man
I would not spend such another night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days."

Shakespeare.

My dear friends:—Soon after the events recorded in my last paper, I resigned my position as the Registrar of the College. There came the last days in the office at the top of the tall building, whose windows looked out over the house tops, and once more and for the last time I watched the sun go down, making the sky red beyond the old church tower which, with the clustering roofs and chimneys looking purplish gray as the twilight deepened, seemed like old friends whose faces were saddened as they said "Goodbye." The bells in the cathedral chimed the hour and I closed the window and went away, shutting the door on that chapter of my life that would never open to me again except at memory's magic touch. But I have carried into the new life the memory of the old, and I hope, as I also believe, that memory will go with us into the great beyond, helping us, strengthening us and making us human still, though we live with the angels. In this the first year of my married life, a singular experience came to me foreshadowed by a dream, and it is of this experience that I will write.

The dream occurred during the camp meeting season of 1899. Mr. Wright had closed his lectures at Haslett Park. We were visiting for a few days at the pleasant home of Mr. Champion, near Lansing, Michigan, before going to Montreal, Canada, where Mr. Wright was to speak.

The night before we were to depart, we retired to rest as usual, but I was disturbed with a most distressing dream. I seemed to be on a railroad train coming into a strange station. My husband was on the train somewhere, but not with me. The train stopped and I got out and went into the station alone. I seemed to be looking for my baggage, when all at once there was great commotion. I was jostled by a crowd, and pushed along, until I found myself gazing at the track on which lay the mutilated remains of a man. The head and one arm were severed from the body. The face was so turned that I could not see it plainly. The crowd pushed me about in its eagerness to see the body.

In the midst of this confusion I was awakened by Mr. Wright's voice calling out to me in a frightened way. At first I thought that I had made some noise in my sleep, and he was trying to wake me, but I soon discovered that he was held in some disagreeable dream himself. I awakened him with some difficulty, and asked him what he was dreaming, when to my amazement, he rehearsed to me the identical dream that had been disturbing my own sleep. We commented upon the strangeness of our mutually dreaming the same dream and straightway went to sleep again, only to be awakened soon after the realization that we had dreamed again the same unpleasant dream. Again sleep mocked us with the same scene until rising, unrefreshed, from slumber next morning, we determined to delay our departure for a day. A day of pleasant visiting followed, which dispelled the vagaries of the dream altogether, and we took the next train for Montreal without misgiving.

Nothing occurred during the journey worth repeating. We came into the station at Montreal without mishap, and I sat down to await Mr. Wright, who went out to find and forward our baggage to the place where we intended to stop. He had been gone but a moment, when a man dashed up to the telephone and called out:

"Man killed on track two. Send Red Cross ambulance immediately."

I simply leaped out of that station. To me there was but one man in the world just then, and he was my husband and no doubt lay dead on track two.

