

DAWN OF THE LIGHT.

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NO. 1.

A VISION OF DEATH.

BY DANIEL K. YOUNG.

I had a dream—or was it more than dream?
I stood beside my body stark and cold,
And gazed astonished on it. I did seem
A part of it, yet it, as of old,
And by a lonely fear was overcome:
Until a soft, small, spirit hand was placed
In mine—the same that once was in my home.
How oft our life hands so were interlaced
To steady and direct those tottering feet;
My darling babe, who crossed so long ago
That Stygian stream across her God to meet.
Nor sooner free from you shall I be free,
She stood the first to welcome me and hold
Her love at my command, and joyous said,
"Look not upon thy body dead and cold
Nor grieve to leave it to its earthly bed.
Come, I will lead you as you once led me,
Fear nothing now, nor hunger, cold nor pain
Can come to us because we are now free,
And naught which once could hurt can hurt again.
Do you not now remember how you used
To show to me how every flower grew,
While on God's lawns to me you used?
Come now with me, how little then we knew."
So was I led through God's creation vast,
By her, my pupil once, my tutor grown.
"What first?" she said, as from the room we passed.
"For matter, time and distance are our own."
"The sun," said I, "the source of heat and light
And life and all that grows upon the earth."
"Come, then, but light and heat have now no might
For neither can affect us after birth,
And thou art but just by me called I dead."
I dare not tell what in that fiery hall
We saw and wondered at; then on we sped
And climbed the mountains and volcanoes tall
Upon the moon. Then back to earth again
And up the Himalaya's highest peak,
Then far into the Arctic's frozen main,
And awful canyons where the waters break
Deep through the earth-crust of the Western world;
Until overwhelmed by majesty and might
As all His power with thus to me unfurled—
"Oh, what are we, to His all-reaching sight?"
Then was I shown a little clover flower,
More beautiful than ever orchid grew,
Yet trodden on in every woodland bower
But kissed by every gentle wind that blew.
"So," said she then, "if He will care so much
For tiny flowers, He for us will care
And all that comes within His loving care.
For all are His—His Empire everywhere.
All life and change—called death—all time and space
And that embraces all there is, both here
And elsewhere, and all the human race,
Naught small, naught large, naught is beyond His
sphere.
We cannot see, so thick our blinding tears,
What path we travel in the road to Him,
But why should we have any cares or fears,
He leads us on although the light be dim.
See what is left behind thee on the earth,
The full effect of sin, the power of love,
Are battling now together since thy birth,
And will so long as human passions move.
Thy sins will grow as ages pass along;
Thy love, than any sin, will faster grow.
For sin burns out itself, while love is strong
And love at last will reign supreme below.
What part we are of His majestic plan
We know not now, why struggle in the yoke?
His scheme must reach maturity, and man
Shall know and understand."—And so I woke.

The Resurrection of a Soul.

BY JENNIE HAGEN BROWN.

A dreary waste of land with the black
smoke from the blackened chimneys on the
hillsides, deep caverns through which miners
went down, down into the depths of the copper
mines, twelve hours and night was there,
eight hours' work for a certain class of the
men who came slowly out at the midnight
time, others ready to take their places and
go down the three thousand feet into the
bosom of old Mother Earth. Toil had made
haggard the faces, and care had warped the
brows, and labor severe and hard had bent
the backs of many of these toilers. Among
them a man whose face was filled with shadows
and care; a dark, sombre face with a
look of pain upon it, a weariness of expression,
a dreariness of life in every action. Who
was he and what was his story?
Only a miner, only a man who had come
across the ocean from the stormy coast of
Wales to live and, as time proved, to die under
the dreary northern winter skies of old
Vermont. Bleak and desolate and dreary
was the night. The hotel that he entered,
only an apology for a home; and there be-
side a lonely hearth, with a beautiful fire
upon it, this old young man sat down to rest
and read. The black bread and buttermilk
was all the supper that he looked for, and
after this had been disposed of, he sat for a
little while, when suddenly, a strange, far-
away look swept over his face. Rising and
closing the poor curtain, drawing the door
closely, he approached his bed as if some secret
were in his heart mastering him. Draw-
ing from beneath it a black square box,
opening it, (do we expect to see some hidden
treasure, some wealth of ore that he may
have stolen from the mines? He is so cau-
tious, so afraid of some curious eye.)
Looking around, he lifts a black cloth
and again gazes over his shoulder, fearful
that some one may discover him; slowly a
smile creeps over his face; the rough,
heavy hands seem to grow tender and
gentle; and now he lifts something under the
cloth more gently than he would lift a child,
passing his arm about it as if he loved it;
and finally holds it in his arms as if all of
life were in it.
What is this strange something? Patience

a moment. He has lifted another article
from the box; he turns now with fingers that
seem skilled, a little delicate part, and now
he drops the black cloth and stands before
us with an old violin. He draws the bow
across it, and all his face seems changing.
The sound coming out rises like a clarion
call, calling some one who is not there, and
then slowly, strangely the face lights, the
hand again touches the magic of the bow, the
strings respond, and standing there erect
now, with face turned toward the instrument,
with eyes aglow, the miner, the heavy, sordid,
tired, working miner, who has devoured the
black bread and buttermilk, begins to play
weird, sad, sweet music that bears on its
strange beneficent wings a message of a soul.
It tells a story; it breathes a prayer; it
whispers of a homesick heart, and as one
listens to him who has ever visited the coast
of Wales, they almost hear the break and
dash of sombre waves on the shaly, shingly
coast.

And as the man plays on and on, forgetting
the hills of old Vermont, Nature attending
outside is dropping white, soft, marvelous
flakes of snow. They are so still they seem
like something coming down mysterious and
wonderful. Nothing now but the old, sweet
tones of the violin; nothing now but the sweet,
clear, plaintive music, and the heart of the
man awakening from the dream of toil and
care, and then at last with tears all glowing
in his eyes, with lips parted, the man who
has been silent the long day through, whose
strained eyes have answered the curious
looks of others, begins a song, a song that
fits the violin and the violin accompan-
ies the song, and the singer pours forth a
heart that is homesick, and lonely. At last
the notes have died away, and he stands
still, his violin held in a hand that seems al-
most unconscious of it.

What have we seen, what have we heard,
we who dared to peep through the chinks in
the cottage, to listen, to look? We have
seen the resurrection of a spirit; we have
heard the song of a soul. We have noted
the condition of an immortal being caged
in the tenement of toil and labor and
work. At last, stepping to the door he
throws it open. The majesty of a morning
is there. The night is gone; the snow that
lies around on every side, white and silent
and pure, seems to have something to say to
him, and with long, deep breaths he inhales
the fresh air and stands looking at the dim-
ming stars as the day comes, and then these
words: "Never again, never again shall we
see the coast of Wales; never again shall we
and I," looking at the instrument, "be recog-
nized; we are strangers, nobody knows of
you and no one is acquainted with me." His
lips are pressed against the instrument, he
folds it in the black cloth, the board is re-
placed, the black box is closed and the miner
kneeling by his humble bed puts away the
life and spirit of his soul.

The day is full of dark clouds and the
storm hangs heavy. He waits until the
change of shift and then in his slouching
miner suit with his dinner pail strapped on
his side and the little lamp ready to be ad-
justed to his cap, he leaves the house; but
as he goes, a look comes over his face, that
strange mysterious something whispers to
him that there is a change ahead. Going
back once more he looks at the box and
says, "You are my only friend," then turns
and walks to the entrance of the mine, down
to the cage, and descends; the hour's work
has gone briskly on; a charge of powder lies
in the deep breast of the yellow mining rock;
everybody is ready to go and the word of
warning is heard:

"Everybody away from the fuse! Every-
body away from the fuse! Everybody to
safety." And all the hurrying men scatter
like rats who have been disturbed at their
carnival of food, and all is still. Then that
deep strange sound as the drawing of the
powder for an instant, when the light comes
to it, then the flash, the uplifting of the
rock, the smoke, the fall of great pieces of
stone, and after it is all over, one by one
careful miners coming back, cautiously
stepping from place to place until they find
the great deep rent in the breast of the rock
of the mine. "What's this?" says some
rude man, "a pool of blood." "What's this?"
A man is dead. "Ah, it's the strange one,
the Welshman; why didn't he go when the
alarm was given? He's dead, and sure
enough that, he's dead."

The workmen place the mangled body in
the ore car and with a sadness of heart that
belongs to them, slowly they bear it up to the
white, snow-covered earth; slowly into his
house, and there upon the mattress of his
bed they stretch the distorted and shattered
limbs; and kindly, pitying neighbors come,
a physician is summoned, and after a little
while, when all is still, a strange hollow
sound is heard—drip, drip, drip. Can this
be blood? Yes, but what does it strike that
gives it that hollow sound? Only a box under
the bed. Pulling the box from its place,
eager and vulgarly curious eyes wonder what
its contents may be. Shall they open it? Ah,
yes, but where's the key? Somewhere they
must find it, and at last someone speaks of
his pockets; it is not there; but a fine golden

chain as delicate as My Lady wears is dis-
covered round the neck of the dead Welsh
miner; pulling the chain a little key is found,
and with it a locket. Opening this small
gold secret, the face of a woman looks at
them, the face of a woman filled with beauty.
A wondrous face with tenderness and sweet-
ness; great eyes that seem to gleam from the
silent golden case, and then the key is turned,
the box is opened, and they discover a violin.
"It isn't of any worth," says one, "it is a
poor old thing; see how it is battered and
worn; poor devil, he had but little in this
world, and that's about all of it." "Some-
times I have thought of nights I heard a
sound," says another, "but it wasn't like the
merry playing of a man; 'twas more like
something sobbing and sighing and sorry
about all the world." They took the old vi-
olin and the small gold chain and the little
locket and said they would do toward paying
for the burial.

Under the sod and the snow the torn and
mangled body slept. In the common store of
a country village the violin lay upon the
counter. Just a violin that a poor miner had
had who is killed, and a neighbor had given
a few dollars for it to help along the funeral.
Lying there carelessly and covered with dust.
A traveler from a distant city standing with
idle hands tapping the case that held the
violin, looks down.

"What's that? Blood on the box?" "Aye,
heart's blood of the man who died; who fell
and was torn apart." "But what's in the
box?" "His violin, who was killed at the
mines." "Well, let's see it. I am something
of a lover of that instrument."

The box is opened, the eyes of a critic
glance at the old instrument; he lifts it,
touches the strings, and trying hard to keep
his face without expression, he takes up the
bow and draws it across the wonderful, an-
swering, responsive strings. It tells him
something; tells him that here is an instru-
ment that belongs to the past; something
that has a spirit in it, and in a careless
way he says, "Would you sell it?" and names
a price. "Oh, yes," and so the instrument
passes into the hands of another artist.

It is taken down into one of our great
cities. It is night. There is to be an enter-
tainment given for the benefit of some one
who is in misfortune and sorrow, and among
the other noted names, a name, a well-known
public name, the name of a man whom the
world admires, is upon that wondrous pro-
gram. Society is there, her neck shining
with gleaming diamonds, her fair arms
glittering in the light, her delicate face cov-
ered with a haughtiness and pride of culture;
and splendid men who love the best and rich-
est things of life; they are there waiting and
watching till some one shall entertain them
or possibly touch their hearts. They listen to
the beautiful reading of a young woman, the
dreamy strains of music floating out on the
perfumed air, the magnificent song of this
man and that woman, with delight and plea-
sure. But by and by the time has come when
they are to hear that man whose wonderful
story was always told with the magic of his
music. Slight of figure, keen of eye, a little
pale of face, he comes before that multitude
of men and women who are there to listen
and to enjoy. What's his selection, some-
thing of his own? Let us listen.

He begins to play, and he plays the story
of the miner's life; the story of his boyhood,
far off on the sunny coast of Wales; a merry
fisher lad who sang and laughed and piped
the days away. He tells the story of his
hopeful youth and his free, glad boyhood.
And then of this lad grown older, meeting
the fair, sweet woman that he loved, the
woman who led him step by step until his
soul awakening from the depths of a sleep-
ing and careless youth springs into the life of
joy and trust and faith. He plays the
march that leads them to the altar, the glo-
rious wedding march. He plays on down the
happy days of a few brief years of joy and
summer-time, and then he finds the minor
tone of pain, the sad and deepening tone of
despair, the weariness and dreariness of woe
and anguish. Then a ship rocks on a restless
sea and over its billows to an unknown land
a wanderer comes and climbs the old New
England hills; and then we hear the stroke
of ax, of pick, of hammer, as he toils among
the ore of the copper hills; then there comes
that night and the soft, sweet music the man
had played, and then the morning with the
snow all white, the entrance to the mine, the
dead, the drip, drip, drip of blood, and then
the end, silence—all was over.

The artist stopped, he held the trembling
instrument, when lo! a strange, mysterious
light seemed shining over him, and all that
silent audience looked up and seemed to
breathe the essence of a presence unseen but
felt. The resurrection of the spirit of a man
who loved his violin, the resurrection of the
past, the immortal expression of unchanging
soul.

Only a story and a simple one, based upon
facts well known to us, but in it lies the
wondrous truth of all our lives. We may not
play with skillful fingers violin or organ, but
within each soul of ours there is a stringed
instrument; it is the human heart; and on its
magic strings we play the discords and har-

monies of hope and joy, of anguish and de-
spair, our heart's most sacred prayers, our
highest aspirations. The drip of blood is
heard sometimes within, and sometimes we
feel out of place, forgotten and alone; but
through it all Time sweeps, and with his
strong, majestic hand he strikes the harp
of God and brings a sound more deep and
true than a Gabriel's trumpet will ever be to
begin the resurrection of the Spirit and the
Life.
Sarah L. Edmundson,
Temple Reporter.

Fort Worth, Texas.

Notes by the Way.

Missionary work in America! Yes, and
why not? There is far more need of it in
this country than there is in China or India,
provided, of course, that it is of the right
kind. As a matter of fact, no one class of
people needs awakening more than do the
Spiritualists. They have gorged themselves
with the finest kinds of spiritual foods, and
have lain down to rest in the calm enjoyment
of a lazy siesta in spirit without feeling they
ought to give a good square meal to others.
In Maine, the people faithfully patronize the
four camps there, and do very little to carry
on local work the remainder of the year. In
fact, there are not more than six working
local societies in the State today. The Spiritu-
alists of Maine believe in organization, and
are always happy to have reliable speakers
and mediums come among them. They have
gotten hold of the philosophical and religious
truths of Spiritualism, hence have no use for
and no time to spend with crude and half-
spurious phenomena. The fakers and frauds
always find the way of the transgressor a
hard one to travel in the State of Maine.

Notwithstanding the apathy and indiffer-
ence that were everywhere apparent several
good meetings were held in the Pine Tree
State during the month of December. These
meetings were for the purpose of arousing
an interest in the State and National Asso-
ciations, through which live working local
societies could be organized. In Belfast,
there was sufficient interest awakened
through two addresses to lead to the forma-
tion of a good society with thirty-four mem-
bers. Capt. A. Clark is the efficient president,
while Orrin J. Dickey, a live business man,
and a promising young speaker as well, is
the secretary. Mrs. Benson is the treasurer,
and all of the other officers are men and
women who are not ashamed of their Spiritu-
alism. This society has a promising future
before it, and will become a power for good
in the city where it is located.

Fairfield has a faithful few banded to-
gether in a body of brothers and sisters, loy-
ally devoted to the cause of truth. B. M.
Bradbury is the efficient president, and Miss
Lillian Hunter is the hardworking, zealous
secretary. A goodly number braved the cold
weather to greet the missionary when he
spoke in Fairfield, but some of the Spiritu-
alists were too much affected by their camp
meetings, and did not venture out. Do camp-
meetings aid or injure local societies? It
looks, to this missionary, as if the camps
were the rendezvous of weak-kneed persons,
who are campaigning Spiritualists only, and
refuse to be identified with the Cause when
at their homes. The camps also absorb the
greater portion of the ready money of out-
spoken Spiritualists, who have nothing to
give to the home work, after their return
from the camps. Still the campmeetings are
places where skeptics and seekers for truth
frequently find evidence of spirit return, and
are given positive knowledge with regard to
life beyond the grave. The camps, therefore,
are great educational centres in a general
way, and do much good, even if they do mil-
litate seriously against the work of the local
societies.

Augusta, Waterville, Skowhegan, Madison,
Lewiston, Brunswick, Rockland, Ellsworth,
and fifty other places in Maine have many
Spiritualists as citizens. Good local societies
could be maintained in all of these places if
the right persons were settled as permanent
speakers, with short circuits of four or five
towns as their charges. The decay of our
local societies will go on as long as the pre-
sent method of changing speakers every week
prevails. Even the settlement of speakers
will avail little unless the spectacular ele-
ments are less conspicuous than they now
are. Give the phenomena an honored place
by themselves, and permit the other phases
of spiritualistic truth to receive the emphasis
their importance warrants they should. The
people of Lewiston arranged a meeting for
the missionary, but he did not know it, hence
disappointed the friends that assembled to
greet him. His non-appearance was due to a
misunderstanding for which neither he nor
the good friends in Lewiston were to blame.
It was caused by mixing dates, and a failure
to explain matters in full on the part of those
who thought they had done so. The friends
in Lewiston are entitled to an apology, and
the missionary utilizes the hand of the writer
to extend it to them.

There is one thing connected with this kind

of work that is peculiar. The majority of our
Spiritualists want something for nothing, and
feel decidedly out of sorts if they do not get
it. Many of them argue that the N. S. A.
has money, and they want to help spend it
without giving anything in return as an
equivalent. In some sections letters were
sent to the missionary saying that meetings
could be gotten up there if some one would
take the responsibility of the cost. Others
refused to respond to letters sent them even
though stamps were enclosed for a reply. In
some instances it was even stated that if the
N. S. A. would pay hall rent, advertising,
traveling expenses and hotel bills of its mis-
sionaries, that the Spiritualists might be in-
duced to go out to hear them; but in no wise
would they become responsible for one cent
of the expense! These words apply to the
Spiritualists in many States outside of Maine.
This condition has become chronic through-
out the nation and has caused an American
disease not yet known in England and Eu-
rope, which may be called by the significant
title of "Reputation of duty." It always
makes people sick to do that, and Spiritu-
alists are not exceptions to the rule.

If Spiritualists would learn the art of giv-
ing and keep it in mind as persistently as
they do the art of receiving, our Cause would
prosper as never before in all sections of the
nation. Years ago Maine had from fifty to
sixty live local societies. Parsimony, jeal-
ousy, indifference, and the wish to get some-
thing for nothing came in, and behold the
societies died as rapidly as do diseased sheep,
when they have certain creatures in their
heads. The societies that have gone out of
existence can all be restored to life, and the
number doubled, provided proper missionary
work is done in the State under discussion.
Those who undertake this work must not ex-
pect large salaries; they must meet privations
many, and be willing "to bear grief with a
smile," suffer, food and comfortable cloth-
ing are about all these workers can reason-
ably expect at first. Among the early Meth-
odistic workers there were those who de-
scribed themselves very lucky if they received
these small returns. But they were devoted
to their religion, and they persisted in plac-
ing its truths before the people until their
successors were able to reap where they had
sown. So will it be with Spiritualist mis-
sionaries; they must consecrate themselves to
their work, and go forth expecting nothing,
and be content with the little they receive.
When they have taught the people the divine
principle of giving, they or their successors
may hope for a reward.

There are scores of true and faithful work-
ers in Maine. A. H. Blackington, President
of the State Spiritualists' Association, is one
of Nature's noblemen. He was converted in
body, spirit, soul and pocketbook when he
came into Spiritualism. He is doing his best
to make the State body a power for good in
Maine. Mrs. Sadie Jordan Clifford is also an
indefatigable toiler for Spiritualism, and puts
her whole soul into her work. Robert Hay-
den is another unselfish worker, and he lives
his Spiritualism in his deeds. Mrs. Viola A.
B. Hurd, Secretary of the State Association,
R. M. Bradbury, the Treasurer, Herman
Hunnewell, Dr. B. Colson, Dr. H. A. Kim-
ball, Dr. M. K. Webster, Dr. Chas. F. Ryer-
low, Mrs. Georgia S. Davis, R. W. Wood-
man, Dr. F. S. Rigelow, Mrs. M. J. Coburn,
A. F. Smith, Hon. M. V. Reynolds, F. W.
Smith and many others are live working
Spiritualists, and are not afraid to hold aloft
the flag of truth. If these friends would turn
their thought batteries upon the problem of
local societies and their management, no
doubt order could be brought out of chaos,
and Maine be soon restored to the position
of leadership that she held thirty years ago.

What has been said in the above para-
graphs will apply to Massachusetts, Con-
necticut, Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Jer-
sey and Michigan; in fact, to the majority of
the States of the Union. Maine is no worse
off than are her sister States; indeed, she is
better off than many of them, for she has a
State Association of Spiritualists, while they
have not. Connecticut has the oldest State
Association now in existence, save that of
Vermont. There are many true and tried
workers in the "Land of Steady Habits," yet
the Cause there is not flourishing as it
should. Norwich Spiritualists are doing
fairly well. They own their temple, and are
giving the people excellent spiritual food
every Sunday. Mrs. J. A. Chapman has long
been a tower of strength to the Cause there,
but for nearly two years her health has been
peculiar, and she has not been active in
consequence. Her faithful husband, S. A.
Chapman, is a yeoman in service, and tries
to do his wife's work and his too, in con-
nection with the society there. Mrs. F. A.
Spaulding and her husband are always on
hand to do their part for the Cause they love.
Norwich holds its own, but there might be a
deeper interest taken in the society by those
who are Spiritualists at campmeetings, or at
State Conventions, in the advantage of all
parties concerned.

(To be continued.)

THE BRIGHTER SIDE.

BY SARAH ADRIAN DAVIS.

Did you hear the song of welcome,
That was sung by the angels fair,
In one of the many mansions
When beautiful Blanche went there?

It came so strong and tender,
It came with joyous trills—
Of peace a winsome overture
To our rebellious wills.

It was so full of gladness,
Of glorious good cheer—
I hushed myself to silence,
The faintest word to hear.

They gave the maiden greeting,
They took her by each hand,
And drew her very gently
Into their shining band.

They wrapped their love around her
With light, caressing breath—
They sang of joy and beauty,
But not a word of death.

I heard the carol distinctly,
And thought I could sing it at will,
But words that are like the flowers
Die in our atmosphere's chill.

And thus it is that the substance
Of a song I would sing to console,
Eludes my mental grasping,
And stays in the realm of the soul.

But the spirit of its completeness
Still shines like a star of gold,
And the essence of all its sweetness
Is something that I can hold.

Musings.

BY PAUL F. DE GOURNAY.

When Sancho Panza, blindfolded and clasp-
ing Don Quixote round the waist, made the
famous aerial trip on the enchanted wooden
steed, he avowed that looking down, the
earth had appeared to him like the size of a mus-
tard-seed; the company assembled in the
Duke's garden, he added, looked like so many
ants.

Some men are like Sancho's ants, bigger
than the earth, in their own opinion, at least.
Nothing inflates one so much as conceit. The
universe has no secrets for them; they would
criticize God's plans if they believed in God;
but what? Admit the existence of a Being
greater than themselves? Never! We need
not look for tolerance in such men.

What do we know about these planets,
these innumerable stars twinkling in the
blue heavens? The child's idea that they
are peep-holes for the angels to look at us is
very pretty, but unsatisfactory. Science will,
doubtless, give us a more sensible explana-
tion. We turn to science with religious at-
tention and glad expectation.

Scientists tell us those distant bright bodies
—some bright with original, others with re-
flected light—are worlds, all sorts and man-
ners of worlds, some in process of formation,
others in their infancy, others full-grown;
worlds burning hot, worlds decrepit and cold,
dead worlds which have had their day and
are probably awaiting dissolution. So far,
so good; but cannot we learn something
more about such of these worlds as, being
closer to us, may be more thoroughly investi-
gated by means of the powerful instruments
modern science possesses?

The scientists have calculated the distance,
size, motions of the celestial bodies, the
length of their days and nights; they have
made a guess at the nature of their soil and
the atmospheric pressure thereon; they sur-
mise that, possibly, a few of the planets may
be inhabited, but declare, dogmatically, that
many have no atmosphere at all, or have such
an atmosphere as no human being can
breathe in; consequently, those bright orbs
are like desert islands in immensity, useless
bodies, therefore, in the economy of the Uni-
verse.

Spirits tell a different tale, but even if they
did not, common sense would suggest that
there is nothing useless in Nature, and when
we see the earth teeming with life, it is hard
to believe in vacant, lifeless worlds, some
of which are of greater magnitude than our
little planet. The trouble is, all postulates
regarding the celestial bodies are based on our
knowledge (very incomplete it is) of the
world we inhabit. The cosmos, of such
such a planet may not be adapted to human
life, but what reasons have we to argue that
an inhabited planet must be peopled by
"human" beings like ourselves? Flammarion
thinks differently; but Flammarion, like Tesla,
in his efforts to communicate with the
Martians, is held a dreamer and a rascal;
but yet admitted the spiritual as a factor in
their experiments and researches.

An idea prevails, also, among many Spiritu-
alists that the spirit world is peopled exclu-
sively with the spirits of earth-dwellers; that
this may be true as applying to our spirit-world,
but not necessarily to the universal spirit-
world. If, as we believe, and some of us
claim to know, there are other inhabited
worlds beside our own, their inhabitants,
when they "shuffle off their mortal coil,"
must also pass over to a still brighter world.
We cannot deny them the immortality we
claim for ourselves. There is more; some of
those mysterious worlds may receive the spirits
of men—such as are far advanced in wis-
dom—and there they may mingle with those
spirits from other planets and exchange their
views for the betterment of their respective
humanities (since we must use this word to
express the aggregate of entities forming the
population of a world).

Instead of regarding the universe by the
laws and conditions that govern this very
dear, but relatively insignificant world, we
had better live in the hope that we shall,
some day, reach that degree of spirituality
which will enable us to solve many vexing
problems, and, meantime, devote our minds
to the study of that no less important ques-
tion, the why and wherefore of the Spiritual-
ist revelation. Why do the spirits come to
us and what do they teach? They are im-
pelled by love to leave their happy homes and
mingle once more with us, poor mortals,
whose lives present a sad contrast with that
which they now enjoy. And it is not only
the spirits of our friends and kindred, but
strange spirits, ancient and far advanced
spirits who come thus with wise counsel and
affectionate interest, to urge us to lead bet-
ter lives in order that the happiness they en-
joy may be also our share when we quit this
earth.

These devoted efforts of our spirit friends
and advisers are an object lesson in altru-
ism—the necessary outcome of divine love.
Can we be worthy of such tender interest if
we fail to learn the lesson and apply it prac-
tically to our lives? "Do unto others as the
spirits do unto you," should be our para-
phrase of the Golden Rule. They help, ad-
vise and protect us; shall we be content to
receive so much and give away so little? If
they exert themselves for our betterment, if,
in consequence, that we will exert ourselves
for the betterment of others—our brothers
and sisters in the flesh. The solidarity born
of love, which is thus shown to exist between
the dearmates and the mortals, is a law of
God which should govern our relations with
one another, else the spirit revelation would
be purposeless and meaningless. The com-

ing to us of our loved ones is not to merely
gratify our sentimentalism; its object is to
teach us our duty.

A great religious movement is on foot, to
which we should not remain blind or inactive.
Dare, beyond doubt, to the heavenly influence
of Modern Spiritualism, which made man
think there is something higher and more sat-
isfying than what was doled out to him from
the orthodox pulpit, this movement of the
combined churches will not lead to the recog-
nition of the debt due Spiritualism; the churches
want to consolidate their waning power, and
if they succeed we may look for persecution
rather than tolerance. In the Legislatures
and City Councils, the church influence is
manifesting even in opposition to the wishes
of the majority of the people. Here are two
incidents to illustrate this: Last year there
was quite a commotion in the city of Balti-
more, brought about by an effort to put in
force obsolete Sunday blue laws, long a dead
letter. The people protested, an appeal was
made to the Legislature, numerous delega-
tions of church people invaded Annapolis,
their leaders were given the privilege of the
floor in the Legislative hall so they might
present their arguments; a bill more consistent
with modern ideas was presented by the
friends of personal liberty, and defeated. The
opponents of the bill then argued that the
measure proposed concerned more particu-
larly the people of Baltimore, and should not
be passed upon by the delegates of the State
at large; they therefore proposed a referen-
dum to the voters of Baltimore. This emi-
nently just measure was defeated, the county
members being mostly creed-bound.

The second incident took place only a few
days ago. A grand jury, independent of any
outside influence, made a scathing report
against certain public institutions, and, in con-
cluding, alluded to the existing Sunday laws
as oppressive, and suggested that they be
amended so as to meet the just demands of
the people. Immediately thereafter there was
a meeting of ministers in which it was de-
cided to take measures to counteract the in-
fluence of the grand jury's recommendation.
The churches thus placed themselves on re-
cord as avowedly in opposition, not only to
the wishes of the people, but to the opinions
of the highest legally constituted body of citi-
zens whose duty it is to prosecute crime and
protect the constitutional rights of the citi-
zen.

The clerical potentates have decided on a
move to be made in all the large cities, which
is an assumption of the rights of the govern-
ment as well as on the rights of the citizen;
they are going to take a census of religions.
Their agents will go from house to house and
inquire into the religious views of the in-
mates, to what church they belong individu-
ally, etc. In this way they hope not only to
classify the church-goers, but to learn what
unbelievers need looking after. In presence
of this activity and concerted action, we
Spiritualists cannot look on in supine indif-
ference, if we have at heart the ultimate tri-
umph of our Cause—the Cause of Truth,
Love and Justice. What is our duty? The
spirits invite our co-operation, they do not
wish to, they cannot do our share of the
work. They tell us what that share is and
are ready to back with their mighty force our
earnest efforts to fulfill it.

Allan Kardec wrote inspiringly: "Christi-
anity came to destroy; Spiritualism comes
to build." If the light of Truth brought by
Christ, consumed the errors and superstitions
of his time and the pagan temples were de-
serted of their gods, new errors and gross
superstitions have obscured the teachings of
the gentle Master; but their truth remains
and on that truth Spiritualism comes to
build. How? Not by making war upon the
churches, not by aggressive intolerance while
claiming tolerance for itself. A noble emu-
lation in doing what is good and right, the
condemnation of wrong by abstaining from
doing it and stubbornly resisting it in others,
a sincere endeavor to better the conditions of
others (the purest way of working for our
own unfoldment), such are the means within
our reach and which will insure success.

Every individual Spiritualist may be right-
eous and do his share of good, he may con-
demn and abstain from wrong-doing; but to
resist and overcome wrong, to serve humani-
ty efficiently, individual endeavor does not
suffice; co-operation, organization, concentra-
tion of forces are indispensable. It is not by
a desultory guerrilla warfare a powerful,
well disciplined army can be vanquished;
such a policy is but frittering away our un-
deniable strength. We have to meet concerted
action; we should not enter the field as
foes, but as rivals; we know that we possess
the Truth—a mighty paradigm—to make it
prevail we should give the example of those
virtues which are concrete in Truth; we
must show ourselves loving, charitable, un-
selfish, void of greed, of jealousy and hatred,
thinking of the general good before we think
of our good—self-sacrificing if need be. In
short, we should be a genuine, earnest, im-
pulse, imbued with the knowledge that to
serve humanity is to serve God and carry
out His laws, for to help in making man's
lot happy is to help in his spiritualization—
his greater happiness.

His Penetrating Gaze.

Austin, Tex., Jan. 25.—Guy Fenley, the
fourteen-year-old boy with the X-ray eyes, is
creating a big stir among the stockmen of
West Texas. This boy, with his remarkable
pair of eyes, can see water at any depth in
the ground and has located a large number of
wells, each having an unfailing supply of
water, on ranches in that semi-arid section of
the State. His services are in such demand
by ranchmen who want to put down wells for
their livestock that he is kept busy at that
work all the time. This boy is the son of
Joel C. Fenley, a highly respected citizen of
Uvalde, Tex., who is extensively engaged in
raising livestock. The fact that his son was
possessed of X-ray sight was discovered
about four years ago. He only has this
power of looking far into the depth of the
earth at night and the darker it is the better
he can see. On the night that his wonderful
gift was discovered, the boy and father were
walking through a pasture of a ranch near
Uvalde, when Guy exclaimed:

"Look at that stream of water!"
His father replied that there was no water
to be seen in that locality, but the boy in-
sisted that he could see a flowing stream of
clear water far from the ground. On reach-
ing home the experiment was made of a
bucketful of water being set under a table,
and the boy could see it plainly through the
wooden top of the table when the room was
darkened. Soon after this Mr. Fenley deter-
mined to put down a stock well on his ranch,
and taking him on his X-ray sight, the boy
later soon located what he asserted was a
fine stream of water about 250 feet below the
surface. He described minutely the different
strata of earth and rock that lay between the
surface and the water. The well was sunk
on the spot indicated by the boy and one of
the finest flows of water ever obtained in that
section up to that time was struck at a depth
of 175 feet.

News of the boy's wonderful power of sight
began to spread about among the ranchmen,
but it was slow to be believed, and it was not
until about a year ago that further practical
tests were made of his X-ray sight. He was
taken by Thomas Devine to his ranch in the
northern part of Uvalde county, where thou-

sands of dollars had been expended in vain
efforts to obtain water. It was in the dark
of the moon when the visit to Mr. Devine's
ranch was made, and the boy was taken out
to a large pasture and led over the ground.
After traveling about for nearly two hours
he gleefully exclaimed that he had at last
found a large stream of water which was
flowing in a southeasterly direction, and that
it was located at a depth of about 175 feet
below the surface. The spot was carefully
marked, and Mr. Devine followed the boy for
over a mile along the course of the under-
ground stream. Locations for wells were
marked at a number of places and the work
of digging for water began. In each instance
a splendid flow of water was struck at almost
the exact depth named by the boy.

The above is only one of many cases in
which young Fenley has been successful in
locating underground supplies of water. In
fact, he has never made a failure. He has
recently offered \$500 to locate a well on F. K.
Moore's ranch in Edwards county. He re-
fused to accept the money, but went to the
ranch and pointed out the spot where an
underground stream could be struck and
named the depth the well would have to be
put down. He said that he could see the
water, and that it was a splendid stream of
pure water. A well was dug at the spot indi-
cated, and a great flow of water was struck.

The remarkable gift of this boy in pen-
etrating the mysteries that lie beneath the
earth's surface has come to the knowledge of
a number of oil prospectors, and he is being
urged by them to go to east Texas and locate
the flow of oil and designate at what depth
in the earth it is to be found. He will accept
some of these offers to locate oil deposits or
flowing water as he flashes locating under-
ground water supplies for a number of stock-
men of west Texas to whom he has already
promised his services. He is now in Brew-
ster county locating wells on the ranch of
Judge W. Van Sickle of Alpine. Judge Van
Sickle is a member of the State Legislature
and is now in Austin. Speaking of the won-
derful gifts of this boy, he said:

"That Guy Fenley, this fourteen-year-old
boy, is possessed of an X-ray sight cannot be
questioned. He has demonstrated his ability
to see underground streams of water, no
matter what their depth may be, on a num-
ber of occasions, and the stockmen of west
Texas have seen a proof of his power in this
line. I engaged him to go to Brewster county
and locate two wells on the ranch which is
owned by D. J. Combs and myself. This
ranch is situated in a very dry country,
known as the 'Glass Mountains.' We had
made a vain search for water on this ranch,
having sunk a well to a depth of 607 feet, at
a cost of \$1,500, without striking water. This
boy has already located two wells on the
ranch, one at a depth of 250 feet and the
other at a depth of 400 feet, both containing
an abundant supply of pure water, and well-
drilling outfits are now sinking other wells on
the ranch with no doubt about securing
water."

There can be no longer any doubt about
this boy's wonderful power of sight, for the
reason that instances are numerous and no-
toriously known where his X-ray gift, or
whatever it may be called, has been proven
beyond a doubt. He comes of a splendid
family, and has fine connections. He is a
modest, handsome, blue-eyed boy, and to all
outward appearances there is nothing about

Dr. Greene's Nervura Vital Forces Strengthened

BLOOD AND NERVE REMEDY
SUSTAINS AND BUILDS UP.

A Powerful Spring Tonic and Restorative for Men and Women.

THE great efficiency of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is clearly shown by its pronounced effect upon men and women of middle age, who find themselves confronted by the problem of premature failure of vital powers. While it is always best to get Dr. Greene's advice, which may be had without charge by any one who will call or write to him, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., yet if the persons who need help will not do this, great good will be experienced by them in the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura, the perfect invigorator for those who begin to feel the wear and tear of life.



DR. GREENE'S NERVURA

PROTECTS WOMEN AT THIS CRITICAL TIME.

For the great crisis which comes to women just beyond middle age, nothing will prepare them so well as this great medicine.

MRS. WM. LAMSON, ORANGE, MASS., SAYS:
"My trouble was born of life. I was confined to the bed for three years. I suffered great pain and was very near losing my life. I did but just live—just escaped the grave. I employed two doctors, and derived no benefit from them. Mrs. David Goddard, of Orange, Mass., who had been cured by Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, advised me to use Nervura."
"I was confined to my bed when I began to use the medicine. I gradually began to improve, and have now used five bottles and am entirely cured. I do hard work every day, and firmly believe that if I had not used Dr. Greene's Nervura I should now have been in my grave."

Men Who Need Help Will Find Strength and Restoration in DR. GREENE'S NERVURA

BLOOD AND NERVE REMEDY.

To men of ordinarily normal experiences, the indications of premature decay which frequently appear at this time in their lives, will prove a shock. Some part of Nature's provision needs upbuilding, and Dr. Greene's Nervura will effectually in all such cases remove all anxiety, and Nature will presently reassert itself. For those who feel conscious of having invited trouble by excess of any kind, dissipation or evil practices, it is necessary to secure Dr. Greene's advice for the treatment which will prove the most efficient. This advice is free to all, and it conveys a promise of sure help.

As a SPRING MEDICINE there is Nothing Equal to DR. GREENE'S NERVURA.

him to distinguish him from other boys of the same age. While locating the wells in Brewster county he romped and played with other boys whose acquaintance he made. When riding horseback at night he can see streams of water underground, his sight passing right through the horse. He says that he can see the bones of the animal, but that everything else is opaque to his sight. He can tell with absolute certainty the different strata between the surface of the ground and the water. This leads to the belief that his power can also be used to locate veins of mineral, and he is soon to be given a test in that line. He has this X-ray sight only at night, and it is much stronger in the dark of the moon. When he exercises this wonderful power for any great length of time he becomes exhausted and falls into a deep sleep, which restores him to his former self.

"Without citing the numerous cases and giving the names of parties for whom he has been successful in locating wells, I will say that if there is any doubting Thomas such persons can verify the truth of all my statements concerning the wonderful power of this boy by writing to any one in Uvalde, Sanderson or Alpine, Tex. He cannot tell the exact depth of the water below the surface, but he approximates its depth as any other person would guess at distances above the ground."

His eyes have been carefully examined by local medical men, but no apparent peculiarities in them have been found.—Globe Democrat, St. Louis.

The States at the Exposition.



The different States and Territories of the Union are alive to the importance of the Pan-American Exposition, and all of them will be represented there in a befitting manner if present plans carry, as it is almost safe to say they will.

New York State has appropriated \$200,000, and is erecting a beautiful permanent building. Illinois has appropriated \$75,000. Connecticut has made a preliminary appropriation to cover the expenses of an exhibit and the State Board of Agriculture has passed a resolution unanimously asking for an additional appropriation of \$25,000.

Massachusetts has appropriated \$15,000, with the expectation of an additional appropriation. Wisconsin has appropriated \$25,000 and is erecting a building. Ohio's appropriation is \$30,000. The state is putting up a handsome building which is now nearing completion. Rhode Island has appropriated \$15,000 with the assurance of more if it should be necessary to carry out the State's plans. Missouri has guaranteed an appropriation of \$25,000 to \$50,000, and within the last fortnight the Missouri commission has resolved to ask for \$100,000.

Alabama proposes to appropriate \$25,000, and a bill providing for such an appropriation is now pending in the State Legislature.

Georgia appropriates a sum necessary to pay the expenses of an exhibit.

California has completed arrangements for an extensive exhibit through the State Board of Trade and the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

Michigan has appropriated \$40,000 for a building and exhibit.

Iowa has appointed a commission of eight.

Oregon, Mississippi, Louisiana and other states will be suitably represented, owing to the great enterprise of citizens.

The New England States are combining for a New England building, and private subscriptions are being taken in Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire in anticipation of legislative action.

Maryland has a state commission and the Baltimore Manufacturers' Association are co-operating with this body to raise money for representation.

In a number of states bills asking for appropriations for exhibits at the Exposition are now pending. They are as follows: Washington, \$50,000; Oregon, \$35,000; Idaho, \$30,000; Montana, \$50,000; Indiana, \$100,000; Pennsylvania, \$100,000; Kansas, \$50,000.

The Time to be Pleasant.

"Mother's cross," said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen, with a pout on her lips. Her aunt was busy ironing, and she looked up and answered Maggie:

"Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a good deal of the night with the poor baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked off into the garden. But a new idea was in her head. "The very time to be pleasant is when other people are cross."

"True enough," thought she, "that would do the most good. I remember when I was ill last year I was so nervous that if anyone spoke to me I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got cross or out of patience, but was quite pleasant with me. I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

And she jumped up from the grass upon which she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful, teething baby.

"Don't! I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother? It is such a sunny morning," she said.

"I should be so glad if you would," her mother replied.

The hat and coat were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he's good," said Maggie, "and you must lie on the sofa and take a nap while I'm gone. You are looking dreadfully tired."

The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them were almost too much for the mother, and her voice trembled as she answered:

"Thank you, my dear; it will do me a world of good. My head aches badly this morning."

What a happy heart Maggie's was as she turned the carriage up and down the walk! She resolved to remember and act on her aunt's good words:

"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."—X.

20 In our anniversary number will be an article from the pen of our own Andrew Jackson Davis. There will be large demands for the paper. If you want extra copies let us know at once.

The Wagner Bill—No. 236.

AN ACT AMENDING PENAL CODE BY INSERTING THEREIN A NEW SECTION RELATING TO CLAIRVOYANCE, PALMISTRY OR FORTUNE-TELLING.

The People of the State of New York represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

Section 1. The Penal Code is hereby amended by inserting therein a new section to be known as No. 236, and to read as follows:

A person who practices clairvoyance, palmistry or fortune-telling by any art, device or method whatsoever, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

2. This Act shall take effect immediately.

Remonstrance.

To the Honorable Legislature of the State of New York:

We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, avail ourselves of our rights as your constituents, and as citizens of the State, to most earnestly remonstrate against the passage of the Senate Bill No. 236, and of any measure which makes unlawful and penal the exercise of those natural gifts and faculties bestowed on mankind by the Creator, which, like other gifts and faculties, when properly exercised, have brought in the past, and will continue to bring, blessings to the world.

We remonstrate especially against those portions of said bill which include the exercise of clairvoyance and kindred powers, as it tends to the abridgment of religious rights and personal freedom. We assert that the Christian Religion teaches that to serve God and our fellow-men, we must seek, obtain and use, for the benefit of others, those gifts exercised by Jesus Christ, and which were bestowed upon and promised to his followers in all ages, of which the clairvoyance, or discerning of spirits, and the gifts of prophecy are especially commended. (See I Corinthians, 12th chapter, 4th verse; Gospel of Matthews, 10th chapter).

We make no remonstrance against the punishment of persons claiming to exercise the powers specified in the bill, for obtaining money by deception and fraud, which our Code of Criminal Procedure already declares to be larceny. And we respectfully call your attention to the provisions of subdivision 3 of section 839 of the Code of Criminal Procedure, which already makes it a misdemeanor to pretend to tell fortunes. But we do protest, most earnestly, yet respectfully, against the enactment of any measure restraining the enjoyment and reasonable exercise of any powers inherent in the nature of man.

Respectfully submitted,

Address to the Senate Committee on the Wagner Bill.

Honorable Senators, Gentlemen:

Senate Bill No. 236, makes it a misdemeanor to practice clairvoyance. We oppose this because it attempts the impossible. We claim that clairvoyance is a spiritual gift. We believe with St. Paul, that there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. Furthermore, we believe that there are spiritual senses, or soul senses corresponding to the physical senses.

The soul sense of sight we call Clairvoyance; the soul sense of hearing we call Clairaudience; the soul sense of touch we call Psychometry. Certain persons are intuitively endowed with these soul senses,—such persons we call mediums, or psychics. Many mediums are endowed with all three of these gifts or developments. They are clairvoyants, clairaudients and psychometrists.

These gifts are so closely interrelated, and their exercise is so interblended that the question of separating the practice of clairvoyance from that of other spiritual gifts would hardly be practical. Hence, the term clairvoyant, as it is generally understood, takes a broader meaning than the simple sense of spiritual vision.

These trance mediums generally possess more or less of this clairvoyant vision coupled with other phases of mediumship. In many instances that term could be used to prevent trance mediums from filling their appointments. At least of opponents of Spiritualism, in the absence of better arguments, could make some of our ordained ministers much trouble and expense.

Medical Clairvoyance, is a term we apply to mediums who see and describe things not visible to the physical eye. Such seem to see and describe diseased physical organs, and frequently prescribe remedies, regardless of the distance between the clairvoyant and the patient. Here, we have interblended, the power to prescribe with the power to see. This is often done when the medium is supposedly in an unconscious condition. Many of the mediums and speakers of Spiritualism, some of whom are pastors of churches, speak while in an unconscious trance.

From this it will appear that the exercise of spiritual gifts is so closely allied to clairvoyance that to prohibit the practice of clairvoyance would suppress other mediumship to a very great extent, and would thus encroach upon the religious rights and privileges of a large body of people, who rely upon the manifestations of mediumship to demonstrate the continuity of life beyond the change called death.

The gift of spiritual sight is as natural to some persons as is physical sight to others. You might as well attempt to prevent a person from seeing with his physical eyes, as to try to attempt to prevent a natural clairvoyant from seeing clairvoyantly.

To see clairvoyantly is to practice clairvoyance as much as to see with the physical eyes is to practice seeing. You cannot prohibit clairvoyance; at best you can only prohibit such from telling what they see.

Religious persecutions of past ages tell the sad tale of attempts to suppress spiritual gifts by the right arm of legal authority. It will be a mistake to turn the wheels of the car of progress backwards and begin a new era of persecution. The enacting of this bill into law, and the enforcing of that law will be a long step in that direction.

We are opposed to any and all forms of fraud and deception that may be practiced under cover of clairvoyance and mediumship, but in our opinion the statute against fraud and fortune telling are ample protection when properly enforced. But should it be deemed wise to enact more stringent laws to that end we will not object.

Our Association will gladly co-operate in any legitimate effort for the protection of the people; but, in the name of the New York Association of Spiritualists, we protest against this bill which would crush out legitimate clairvoyance, which is as sacred to us as was the clairvoyance of Jesus and the Apostles to the primitive Christian Church. Finally, on behalf of our Association, a chartered religious body, and of the Spiritualists of this State, we oppose this proposed legislation.

1. Because it would be an infringement upon medical liberty, and deprive a large number of people from availing themselves of what they believe to be the best and most efficient means of diagnosing disease and healing the sick.

2. Because it would be an unnecessary and unwarranted infringement upon the religious rights of the Spiritualists of this State, and would likely result in the persecution of honest and pure-minded persons, inflicting serious injustice upon them.

Moses Hull, Pastor First Spiritual Church, Buffalo, N. Y.

W. H. Richardson, Treas. N. Y. State Association of Spiritualists.

Albany, N. Y., Feb. 22.

Free to Everybody.

Dr. J. M. Willis, a specialist of Crawfordville, Indiana, will send free by mail to all who send him their address, a package of Panay Compound, which is two weeks' treatment, with printed instructions, and is a positive cure for constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous or sick headache, grippe, and blood poison.

A Revival in Spiritualism.

Wonderful Awakening at Anderson, I. d., by Missionaries E. W. Sprague and Wife.

The Spiritualists of the city of Anderson have just had such an awakening as never before. Spiritualism, which has been in a state of lethargy here for some time, has been aroused and stirred up, and Spiritualists have awakened from their slumbers, put on their fighting clothes, and are going to work with a will to convert the city of Anderson to Spiritualism, and they will do it.

The cause of all this uproar, this change from a state of torpor to one of intense activity and enthusiasm, has been brought about by the visit to our city of Brother E. W. Sprague and his good wife, missionaries of the National Association of Spiritualists.

The time of Brother Sprague's arrival seemed very unpropitious for the success of his work, as all the Protestant churches of the city had banded together, and with two professional revivalists, were holding a union revival meeting and putting forth every effort to gather in the multitude.

Added to this was the fact that Spiritualism in Anderson was, as before stated, in a lethargic state, due to a number of causes, the principal one of which was probably inharmonious among Spiritualists themselves. But this is all changed now. Impelled by the burning words of wisdom as they fell from the inspired lips of Brother Sprague, petty differences have been forgotten, and a wonderful spirit of enthusiasm has been aroused, and a feeling of unity of purpose now pervades the entire society.

A compact organization of one hundred and four members, chartered by the N. S. A., is the net result of Brother Sprague's meetings here. He and his wife held four meetings during the week and two on Sunday, and the attendance, though small at first, grew and increased with every meeting, until on Sunday evening our temple was packed to the doors.

At this meeting there were present Brother Sprague and wife, B. F. Hayden and wife, and Mrs. Josephine Ropp. The first half hour was occupied by Brother Sprague with an address in which the truths of Spiritualism were presented to the vast audience with that earnestness and impressiveness of manner and speech characteristic of the speaker and which could not fail to carry conviction to his hearers. Following the address was a "love feast," during which a collection of \$28.00 was raised to further the missionary work of the N. S. A. This was followed by tests by Mrs. Sprague and Mrs. Ropp, in which each lady could herself see and feel nearly an hour Spiritualists, investigators and sceptics alike were the recipients of messages from angel loved ones. Conditions seemed to be perfect, and facts, names, dates, relationship, all were given without difficulty or hesitation, and were recognized and acknowledged by many who, perhaps, were attending a Spiritualist meeting for the first time.

After this first of absolute demonstration, came the ceremony of receiving into membership those who, during the week, had signified a desire to become members. There had been an accession of fifty-eight members up to this time. This ceremony, which is beautiful and impressive and which I wish I could give to your readers, originated with the guides of Brother Sprague. In it the candidate for membership obligates him or herself to sustain and further the Cause of Spiritualism and the organization of which he is a member; to discard the false and accept the true; to be good and to do good.

The following night the society met for the purpose of electing officers and to apply for a charter from the National Association. This meeting, which was marked by a spirit of harmony and mutual concession, resulted in the election of the following officers: President, Dr. G. N. Hilligoss, one of the oldest workers and who was instrumental in the erection of the beautiful temple which we possess; vice-pres., T. W. Smith; sec'y, F. J. Macomber; treas., R. E. Bragdon; trustees, P. B. Millspaugh, R. E. Bragdon, T. S. East, Chas. Gaines and C. M. Bolander, a board of officers composed of solid, substantial men of affairs, thorough Spiritualists, and in whose hands the future of the movement in this vicinity is full of promise.

The results of Brother Sprague's work here is a single practical example of the benefits of a National Association. The message and admonition of the Spiritualists of Anderson to Spiritualists elsewhere, who may have lapsed into a state of inactivity similar to ourselves, is "wake up, get together, harmonize and go to work to spread the knowledge of Spiritualism among those who are in ignorance and enslaved in the bondage of creeds and superstition."

Organization for the purpose of putting Spiritualism before the world in a manner to command the respect which is its due, to teach the truths it alone possesses, should be the watchword of every Spiritualist. By uniting ourselves in local, state and national organizations, we will, in the dissemination of Spiritualism, introduce order and system in the place of chaos and anarchy; we will replace antagonism and morbid egotism with co-operation and unity of purpose, with the result that the world will be the sooner enlightened by our glorious science, philosophy and religion, and made a better place to dwell in. Long may the National Association live and prosper.

F. J. Macomber.

Induction Service.

On Monday evening, Feb. 13, The Toronto Spiritualist Association held the first public Induction Service ever held in Canada, by ordaining a Spiritualist pastor, in the person of Victor Wyld as permanent pastor of our association, who, after a trial of some months, was the unanimous choice for the position. Mr. Moses Hull, assisted by Mrs. Mattie Hull, came from Buffalo for the occasion. The services were held in St. George's Hall, one of the largest and most beautiful of nearly five hundred before an audience of nearly five hundred people. The platform was beautifully decorated with flowers, palms, etc., and a noticeable feature was the past presidents of the Association, one of whom was over eighty years of age, also all elective past and present officers of the Society occupied seats in a semicircle on the platform.

"Our Moses" surprised himself, and the audience was spellbound listening to the truths of Spiritualism applicable to the occasion. Mr. Hull delivered the charge to the members and Mrs. Hull to the pastor, when the president, A. R. McDonald, on behalf of the Association, presented the pastor with a richly engrossed certificate of ordination and appointment, followed by an inspirational address of the "Occasion," by Dr. B. F. Austin, which was rendered in his usual graphic style.

An intermission of thirty minutes followed, to give Mr. and Mrs. Hull an opportunity of renewing old acquaintances and making many new ones. A feature of the intermission was a display of spirit photos, spirit paintings, written dates and other phenomena kindly loaned by friends, which were highly appreciated by an enquiring audience.

The evening's entertainment concluded with a short program of vocal and instrumental music by some of Toronto's best known talent. We take every means of bringing our loved truths before the public, and for the first time a reasonable account was printed in the morning daily papers, and we now think that the Morality Department of the city will hesitate before attempting to molest a duly ordained minister in his work, even if he is a so-called fortune teller, as they claim all mediums are.

Announcements.

For the benefit of the Boston Spiritual Lyceum, Mrs. Ada L. Pratt will give a lecture on Paris and the Exposition, illustrated with 150 beautiful views (taken by Mrs. Pratt during her visit at the Exposition last year), at Paine Hall, Sunday, March 24, commencing at 3 o'clock. Admission 10 cents. Children of the Lyceum free. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Conductor.

The second entertainment of the Boston Spiritual Lyceum will be held in Paine Hall Tuesday, March 19, at 7.45 p. m. A fine program has been arranged, including an old singing school, Titled "The 15 cents. If you want a good time, come and bring the children. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Conductor.

Sunday, March 5, Mr. F. A. Wiggin of Boston will speak at the Harvard Spiritual Union, Mr. Hattie Webster, the Madeline Progressive Spiritualists' Union; Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, the First Spiritualists' Society of Fitchburg; Mr. and Mrs. Gilliland-Howe, the Church of the Spirit, Springfield, Mass.; Miss Lizzie Harlow, the Spiritual Research Society, Salem. The Fall River Lyceum will hold open session. The Brockton Children's Progressive Lyceum will give a concert.

Jacksonville, Fla.—Bro. G. H. Brooks will stop here a few days on his way north from Lake Helen Camp. Bro. Colby remained here. He and his wife held for many days to the camp and gave splendid satisfaction in his circles; his spirit readings were also fine. B.

The Newburyport Spiritualists will be served during the month of March by Mrs. Edna Webster, Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, Mr. Hersey and Mrs. Strong, Mrs. Celia Nickerson-Lincoln, Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler, S. A. Lowell.

The annual convention of the State National Association will be held at Dallas, Texas, Mar. 1, 2, 3, instead of Feb. 22, 23, 24, as formerly announced.

The Woman's Auxiliary of the Worcester Association of Spiritualists meets in U. V. L. Hall, 521 Main street, the first and third Fridays of each month. Business meeting at 3. Supper at 6, followed by a musical and literary entertainment. The Auxiliary is planning to hold a fair April 19, and invites all who are interested in sustaining our meetings, to co-operate with it in making the fair a success. Mrs. C. C. Prentiss, Osk. Sec'y.

Sunday, April 3, local mediums will serve the Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall. Among others, Mrs. Dr. Caird, automatic writer and Mrs. Maud Litch. Supper served in the hall the first and third Sundays of each month.

A whist party will be given by the First Spiritualists Ladies' Aid Society, Friday evening, March 1. C. L. Hatch, Sec'y.

A Card.

Ferdinand Fox Jencken is again at the hospital, very ill with hemorrhages. Send any money for his family to Mrs. Abby A. Judson.

Cheerful Workers.

The annual meeting of the "Cheerful Workers," South Deerfield, Mass., was held Feb. 7. The following names for officers were chosen: Pres., Mrs. J. E. Wilder; vice-pres., Mrs. Boynton; sec. and treas., Mrs. L. A. Ford; com. on work, Mrs. Cobb and Boynton; com. on music, Mrs. Ford and Wilder; ex. com., Mr. Bates, Ford and Mrs. Wilder.

Mrs. L. A. Ford, Sec.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

Geo. A. Fuller, M. D., lectures at Green-Village, Mass., March 3 and 21, at Lynn, Mass., 10, and Brockton, March 17. Would like engagements for April 7 and 21. Address, Onset, Mass.

J. S. Scarlett has open dates for April 7, 21; May 5, 12, 26 and some open dates in June and July; he desires to book camp engagements and will attend funerals. Address, 35 Brookline St., Cambridgeport, Mass.

Prof. J. Madison Allen and wife are doing excellent work at Springfield, Mo., and vicinity. They have been re-engaged by the Southside Society of that city as its regular speakers. They (one or both) may visit eastern camps this summer. They invite correspondence with camps or societies.

Death from Vaccination.

New York, Feb. 7.—Charles Weickum, a 12-year-old boy, of 100 Fifteenth street, in the German section of Long Island City, died at his home yesterday morning, of lockjaw, which is said to have been caused by vaccination. The boy was vaccinated on January 23. He became ill shortly afterward and in a few days symptoms of paralysis appeared. The family physician called specialists in consultation and it was decided that the boy was suffering from an aggravated case of blood poisoning.

Published without comment in the Hartford Weekly Times, Feb. 7.

To Vaccinate the Horses.

Perrine, Ont., Feb. 20.—To prevent the spread of smallpox from a small mining town in northern Ontario the Provincial Health Officers have given instructions to have lumbermen and their horses vaccinated. It is thought that the horses carry the contagion.—N. Y. Sun.

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A LECTURE BY

Mary A. Livermore.

In the interests of the Building Fund of the Gospel of Spirit-Nature Society. This lecture will be given at 200 Huntington Ave., Wednesday, Mar. 8, at 8 P. M., the pastor of the society, Minnie M. Soule, presiding.

The tickets are 50 cents each, guaranteeing a seat if purchased in advance. Tickets are now on sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, and can also be procured at the Sunday evening services of the society at 200 Huntington Avenue. D. S.

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SPIRIT Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. MINNIE M. 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.

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 Jan. 31, 1901, S. E. 53.

Invocation.

Oh spirit of Infinite Love and Tenderness, we come this morning striving to cast out every care, every cloud, every doubt, and bask in the sunshine of the presence of those who dwell near to Thee. Give us strength for our duties, make us brave to overcome in the midst of temptation and trial, in the midst of despair and trouble. We ask that someone from beyond whose spirit is clean and true and strong and tender, be near to guide us at this hour. Our special mission is to heal the wounds of the broken-hearted, those who still linger in the presence of death, upon whose life the shadow of separation rests as a heavy cloud, to these we would go with love, with tenderness, and with eagerness to give them the truth as it is made manifest to us. May they be found with receptive hearts, may they reach out to understand because of the light which we would shed for them, and may they be made strong, too, by the influence of this undying love made manifest through the identity of those gone on; with this mission, our special one, we would not forget that our duties call us to the uttermost parts of the earth. Therefore wherever sorrow is from any cause, wherever the need of spiritual upliftment may be, there may we be ready to go with loving hearts and with sweet assurance of the gradual light which may shine for all. May the dear ones who gather with us at this time be given special strength and favor. May they be made strong by our understanding, and falter not as they send out the message to those waiting in silence for the voice of the spirit. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Benjamin Capen.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a rather tall, not very stout man; he has dark blue eyes, dark lashes and hair. His hair is quite heavy and it is combed back with a good deal of care, but he sits down here in a careless manner, as if he generally took the world in about that fashion. The first thing he says to me is, "Here I am and here I want to stay until I have made plain to myself that it is possible for me to give evidence of my individuality. My name is Benjamin Capen. I came from Long Island, N. Y. I knew nothing of this sort of business when I was in earth life, nor did I care to, for my life was wrapped up in other interests and conditions. Since I came over, though, into this new sphere of action, I have been much interested. In the first place because I found myself able to look at my friends much as you would look at yours through a window as you passed by the house on a dark night; seeing them there, I felt a desire to tap on the window or to attract their attention in some way, and hoping that my desire may create an interest on their part to investigate this thought, here I am. I want to go to Sarah. She is one who needs me the most, who reaches out the oftenest, and yet out of respect to my ideas she would hardly dare to make any investigation on her own responsibility. Right here I want to say that you who are putting up fences between earth life and spirit do not know how you are retarding not only your own growth, but your comfort, and the growth and comfort of those near to you. I have my father with me, also Eben, and Eben says that he is just as full of fun as he ever was and that he would not turn his hand over to come back to live the life over again, but would rather stay as he is and get the comfort that can come through his new conditions and brighter outlook."

Nellie Anderson.

The next spirit who comes to me is a lady. She is about medium height, has soft blue eyes, brown hair, and she is not very stout. She comes in a quiet, unpretentious way and stands right here beside me and says in a sweet voice: "Will you please say that my name is Nellie Anderson and that I used to live in Brewer, Me.; for a long time I have been promising myself that I would come back to my people. I don't come because I have any particular philosophizing to do, but because I love my mother and it is to her I would go. I have much to make me happy and the only thing that brings sadness to me is the thought that she is unhappy without me. My father is with me and his name is Thomas; he says to tell mother that he will take care of me and will do everything he can for her if she will only sit for us that we may come and impress her and advise her as we are able. My brother is far from well, but he will be better soon, and if mother doesn't worry she will find he will get better faster, but she keeps that thought uppermost in her mind through fear that she will lose another, and so he is agitated by it and is kept from that serene condition which alone can bring perfect health. I want to send a message, too, to Arthur. He will know what I mean and tell him I was awfully sorry to leave him, but that I have seen him since, and feel only satisfaction at what he has done."

Susie Macdonnell.

Now I see another spirit of a lady who is a little above the medium height. She has dark eyes, dark hair and a round, full face, and she is just as bright as a flower; she stands up here, smiles, then speaks happily and prettily. The first thing she says is: "Ha, ha! I am to tell you I am and all about myself. Well, my name is Susie Macdonnell, and I lived in Eaton, N. Y. I didn't give much thought of the life that was to come when I was in the body. It just seemed to me that the thing to do was to have as good a time as possible, get the most out of life, and let the future take care of itself, and so when I died, it was a great shock to me and to my friends. I think that no one who knew me ever quite got over it, because it seemed as if I was unprepared and that I somehow would have been better off if I had made some sort of provision, but although I might have been better prepared to receive the highest and the best over here, I don't know that dwelling on what the life would be would have helped me in the least, unless I had had the proper understanding of what the life was like. I want to go to George to tell him that if he would pay attention to some of the things that are being said to him now, he would get very much nearer to me, and it would help me very much in my return. He thinks it is all nonsense, and when that old lady tells him that she knows it is possible for spirits to come back, he thinks she is deluded, but it is through her very confidence that I have been able to come here at this time; just have him understand, if you can, that it is possible to come as strong as this on the magnetic influence of her confidence, I could stand before him pretty plainly if I had his support. I don't want to talk about his business and yet I can say this. That he would have had less trouble if he had had more caution. Sometimes he has felt that to jump at things was better than to weigh them and he has suffered in consequence. That is all, only tell him that I love him and would be glad if I could come every day to speak to him."

Dinah Talmage.

Now I see a spirit of a short, stout, lady, with soft gray hair that is combed smoothly down over her face. She has the most confident air, just walks over and me and takes my hand and says, "You needn't make much fuss over me, but just say that Dinah Talmage of Watertown, Mass., is here. I desire to send a word to Fanny. Fannie is ill and I would like so much to help her in her journey over to me. I have seen her and she has seen me. As she lay upon the bed looking out the other night, she saw my face and while she was not frightened, she took it as a sign that she was soon to come to me. I don't want her to feel that I am calling her away, but that I am with her to strengthen and sustain her. I know what a hard time she has had and how it seemed that everybody deserted her, but tell her that although she stands alone, those in the spirit who come with me love her as tenderly as I do and will bear her up and give her strength. I have her husband with me and he says, 'Tell Fannie that it is almost time for her to come and it will be a joyous release and a happy homecoming after all.'"

Walter Nugent.

I see next a young man. He is quite tall and slender, with blue eyes and brown hair, and he has a kind of an independent air as he walks up here; he throws back his head and laughs heartily. As he does, I see his teeth, which are white and well kept. He whistles a little bit and then walks along a little nearer to me and says: "So you want my name. Well, it is Walter Nugent and I came from Berkeley, Cal. I have the free and easy way of those who have not the climatic conditions to live about that you folks have. It is more like spirit land in California than it is here this morning, but after all, I suppose spirit land to you folks would not be quite complete unless you had a little frost now and then to have it seem homelike. I want to go to my brother, whose name is Willie; he needs me; I believe I could help him a good deal if he would only let me. He would scoff at the idea that I could return, but that doesn't make the least difference to me if I can get a word in that will help him or open his eyes, and I am going to keep at it. I used to keep books when I was here and I wrote, and wrote, and wrote, so much that I got tired of it, and now my brother has gone into business for himself; I just wish I was back again to keep the books for him. You may tell him that I saw him the other day when he was riding with George and that I know what was said and felt then if I could only speak out, that I would give them a surprise that they didn't and couldn't understand. Mother is with me and she says, 'Tell Willie that he is just as dear to me today as he ever was, and that he is too sensitive and needs the strength of someone near him to support him and keep him steady.'"

Nellie Harriman.

Now I see a lady. She is tall, slender, with brown eyes and brown hair. She comes as nervous as can be, just comes rushing into the room as if she was afraid that she would not get here and be able to say all that she wanted to. She is supported by some Indians, so I know she comes to a medium. Her name is Nellie Harriman, and she is so weak and nervous through her passing out condition, that it is almost impossible for her to speak as I would like her to, but she does say this: "My father has just come over and he is so anxious that I should give this message back from him that I come to do it. I want to go to my brother George who lives in Freetown, Prince Edwards Island. Our friends have just begun to understand a little of this movement and I thought perhaps this would give them help and an impetus toward looking into it further. God bless you for being so patient with me and please tell all my people that we are all right, we are all right, and not only are we conscious of their love for us and their thought of us, but are desirous to make them conscious of ours. These Indians I bring are spirits in that little home circle."

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THREE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have experienced so much benefit from observing the soul-communication hour on the 7th day of each month, that I intended to speak of it to your readers in time for the next one. But I fear it is now too late to remind those who have not engaged in the practice, for Feb. 27. Doubtless many of our readers observe the day.

Once in a while "The World's Advance Thought" gives a list of the hours for different longitudes in our country, so that souls everywhere in the United States may engage in aspiration at the same time. The hour in San Francisco is noon; in the longitude of New York, it is from 2.45 to 3.15 p.m.; and in Boston, somewhat later.

No, none knows better than a true Spiritualist the power of even one aspiring soul. And when we reflect how this power is intensified by the fact that many thousands of them are simultaneously looking to the hills whence cometh our help, while an innumerable host of loving, helpful disincarnate ones are at the same time bending towards us, anxious to do all they can to uplift us, all will admit that only good can result from this blending between the two worlds, and even the most timid, shrinking, and humble mortal will not fear to mingle his aspiration with that which unites so many hearts.

On this occasion, as well as on every other attempt at communion with the disincarnate, our mental attitude should be trustful and willing, rather than eager and anxious. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force," applies to aggressive moments, when we wrestle with principalities and powers that fight us in order to crush down the aspirations of the soul. But at this hour, when the gates of the supernal world are wide open, and helpful spirits are descending the ladders, we need not grasp by force. We have only to receive. To quote from "The Bridge between Two Worlds":

"Do not assist, do not resist; simply receive."

We spoke of ladders. Jacob in clairvoyant vision saw one of them. Its top touched heaven, and its bottom rested on the lonely plain where he slept with his head on a stone. There was preeminently Jacob's ladder. But there are innumerable ladders. The bottom of one of them always rests in your sanctum, dear Mr. Editor, and when you rest that brow weighed down by responsibility and care upon your hand, the angels step lightly from your ladder, and give you a sweet taste from fountains so heavenly that one may well say of them that they make "a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Another ladder rests in your dear home, and only the brightest and sweetest spirits touch its rungs, to bring some comfort and ease to that angelic one for whom all your readers pray. Some suffer pain that is merited, but in this case, we wonder, and sigh, and wish that we could take away from that dear one all pain and sorrow, and bathe her in the sweet waters of everlasting life.

And now a word to those who are so poor, so humble, so discontented with themselves, that they think that no heavenly ladder can possibly be set, on which angels can come down to one so unworthy. Ah! think not so. There is a ladder for you. It is in your own. Its foot always rests by you. Angels are on it, and descend it at your slightest will. When you lie in bed, distraught by care, and mourning the mistakes you have made, that angels' ladder rests upon your breast. It is not heavy there, for it is woven of fairy flowers, and bright, beautiful ones steal down it on tip-toe, and whisper:

"Your cares are heavy, but they will not last forever. A beautiful morning will dawn for you by and by, and all that now tortures you will be as if it had never been. Yes: you made mistakes, but you are sorry you made them; and your wish to make them no more wipes them away. You want to do good that you are not able to do, for circumstances hem you in. But when you come to dwell with us, you will understand that the wish to do good, that you are prevented from doing, is taken to be just the same here, as if you had actually done it."

This last thought, Mr. Editor, is a true one, for my angel mother wrote it to me through a pure New Hampshire medium in regard to some letters that I could not answer, beset as I was by a thousand cares, while in the lecture field.

Yes, it is doubtless true that when we long to do certain kind deeds, but are absolutely prevented from executing them, it is just the same, in the spirit side of life, as if we had done them.

Jesus said that to be angry with any one was the same as killing him. And the converse must be equally true, that if we long to do good, while we cannot, yet we have really done it. It is a rare pleasure to be beneficent, but to be benevolent, though unable to execute our good thought, comes very near.

I would that I might at all times remember that my own ladder, on which my own angels can come, is always close at hand. Just a wish, a call from the heart, opens the little bar at the bottom, and there are the kind, helpful ones!

I have had a realizing sense of the nearness of this angelic ladder to a special degree within a few days. It was caused by an illness which is not dangerous, but is disagreeable while it lasts. If I had not been decidedly better today, I could not have written this letter. I am always dreading the intermission of these letters, that I have kept up so long. While I know in reason that the time must surely come that I cannot write my letter, it will be a sad day for me.

Well, during this illness, I do not remember ever feeling my angels so constantly accessible as then, and they were the dearest and the best. Just a thought from me, and the room was filled with light; and though I saw no faces distinctly, they seemed to find delight in weaving exquisite colors and forms together, impressing me each time which dear

one was close at hand. Sometimes it was the interior of a house, more exquisitely beautiful than its hangings of filmy, snowy lace, than any thing I ever saw on earth.

Once, when feeling low and discouraged, I whispered:

"Elnathan, my Elnathan, come to me."

My thought went up to the sky in a beautiful white spiral form, and blended with soft, lovely units that came down to meet it, and bathed me in a light too heavenly for earth.

And at every turn of the disease, I was conscious that angelic ministrations were at the turn, and turning it for the better. I felt that I was being taken care of, and felt assured that my periodic labors were not yet done.

These experiences were a great encouragement to me for the following reason. When ill, I am always more clairvoyant, and more sensible of invisible forces, but in illnesses of eight or ten years ago, I saw unpleasant things and faces, and was sensible of malignant forces.

For instance, about twelve years ago, I had an illness of the same nature as the present. I was clairvoyant, and saw so many unkind and mocking faces, and felt such evil in the air, that I determined not to sleep alone, and arranged to have some one near.

At the risk of alarming some timid soul, who is seeking to develop, I think best to tell the facts of this case. They may think that if this writer suffered so from malignant influences, then they better have nothing whatever to do with it.

But let us remind such seekers that all this was a part of my necessary experience, and that it is by conquering them that I have become strong. Supposing I had yielded to fear, and abandoned all effort to come into rapport with the invisible world. I might, of course, have overcome all tendencies in this direction for a time. But by and by, when illness came on, and the weakness of the body had again made me strongly susceptible to them, I should have been more in the power of malignant spirits than ever, and only the angels know what might have been the results upon my equilibrium.

My experience has shown me that it is ever better to go onward, whatever difficulties may be in the way. These difficulties can be conquered little by little, and there is a deep truth in the saying: "If we conquer a difficulty, the strength of the difficulty passes into us."

On the same principle, warriors of old savage times used to eat the foes they had conquered. When they had beaten a strong man, and then devoured him, they believed that their own strength was reinforced by the strength of him they had eaten. This brutal custom has resolved itself, in the progress of civilization, into the statement cited above.

There can be no doubt that in this transition period, when the gates between the two worlds are ever opening wider and wider, that there are many undeveloped spirits who hover near earth, and make a point of discouraging and terrorizing those who seek to enter into relation with the invisible world. Some do this from a mere desire to tease. They are mischievous, and take pleasure in frightening persons, just as boys like to frighten timid girls and small animals.

Others of these spirits are worse than teasers. They are so undeveloped that they prefer the reign of darkness to the reign of light. They desire to clog the wings of aspiring souls, and pen them down to the desolating shades that they themselves inhabit.

So, when they see some mortal possessing susceptibilities that make him a fit instrument for the good angels to communicate moral light to mankind, they make haste to prevent his being used, by impressing on him at unguarded moments such sights and impressions as will make him afraid to proceed.

Some may doubt whether there be such disincarnate souls; but so long as we know that mortals exist who prefer darkness to light, and wrong to right, and hate to love, we may rest assured that there are similar spirits who have passed out of the earthly form, but who linger near the earth and work with and through evil doers who are still in the flesh.

These may disturb mortal sensitives for two reasons. One is the reason mentioned above, that of frightening them from a development that will make them useful to the higher spirits. Another reason is that the sensitive has not yet overcome his own tendencies to wrong living and wrong thinking, and thus attracts spirits who have not yet outgrown the same.

Both reasons applied to my own case. But as I can, however, see a steady advance in myself, I beg all seekers to persevere; for by using their own will power, aided from above, they will gain in courage, and by assiduously watching and treading down their own evil tendencies, they can little by little gain the mastery over them.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.
Arlington, N. J., Feb. 18, 1901.

Passed to Spirit Life.

Alfred W. Twining, aged 78 years, brother of our ardent sister, Mrs. M. O. Weller, also of South Champlain, N. Y., Thursday morning, Feb. 7. He fell asleep without a struggle, to awaken in the dawning of that perfect morning he so desired to see. The shock to his family, consisting of wife, two daughters and two sons, was great. He lived the beautiful teachings of Spiritualism for nearly 30 years, and was beloved, as our dear Sister Weller was, by all who knew them. The funeral was very largely attended; the services were at the home of our ardent brother, Feb. 9, South Champlain, N. Y., and conducted by Mrs. Lizzie Brewer of Syracuse, N. Y. Spiritualism is truly beautiful in the sight of our sorrow, the gleaming rays of divine power reaching into our hearts bringing gladness where we had heaviness, for we know our loved ones live.

On Feb. 1st, at the home of Mrs. Nora Waldo, South Champlain, N. Y., Mrs. Marietta O. Weller, aged 71 years. When the Messenger called, our Sister Weller, who had been a Spiritualist for 30 years, bid him wel-

come, and with joy unspeakable entered into the wider apartment of the Infinite, to greet those who had passed on before. The funeral services were held in the home of Mrs. Lizzie Brewer, who is serving the First Society of Spiritualists, Syracuse, N. Y., at the request of our ardent sister. She leaves to mourn her earthly loss two daughters, Mrs. Nora Waldo, South Champlain, N. Y., and Mrs. Etta Stockwell of Watertown, N. Y., who is a healing medium of great power.

In South Portland, Me., on Saturday, Feb. 16, 1901, the angel of Death entered the home of Mrs. Alice L. Broughton and laid its gentle hand upon the eldest of the three children, Bessie Chase Broughton. The loss is heavier because two years ago the eldest boy, then a volunteer in the Spanish-American war, passed away at Chicamauga, the father having gone some years ago; but those left have the consolation of spiritual knowledge, and as the time passes on will realize more strongly the presence of the ardent ones. Services were held Monday, Feb. 18, Albert P. Dilling officiating. Bessie would have been twenty-five years old in earthly experience had she retained the form one day longer, but her work as an instructor of little ones, and her knowledge of Spiritualism has well fitted her for the continuance of her duties in another and a broader sphere of action.

Albert P. Dilling.
603 Tremont St., Boston.

From Somerville, Mass., Mrs. Lydia Fellows, wife of the late Capt. Fellows. The funeral services were conducted from her home, Ellery St., Somerville, Sunday, Feb. 10. She was an earnest and devoted Spiritualist, in the true sense of the word; her sympathies were ever enlisted for the benefit of the oppressed. Her transition was very sudden, as she was only ill about twelve hours. One of the sweetest things that could be said to cheer the bereaved daughter, relatives, and friends was, "The world has been made better by her having lived in it." Beautiful floral offerings were sent by a host of friends. Her relatives and many friends have the knowledge of Spiritualism to sustain them in their grief.

C. L. H.
Mrs. Lydia M., widow of Capt. John H. Fellows, from her earthly home, 106 Ellery St., Cambridge, on February 7, aged 74 years. Ever since the formation of the Berkeley Hall Association, though not a member of the Society, she has been a constant attendant at its services, from which she derived much comfort and pleasure.

She was a wise and tender mother, a loving and devoted sister, and a kind friend; her sympathies and affections were keen and strong; she was untiring and self-denying in her affectionate and thoughtful service, not alone to her own family, but to all who came within her influence; in all she did she proved that her life was governed by a spirit consecrated to the highest good. She leaves one daughter and three sons to mourn the loss of one whose first thought was for others rather than herself. If a personal allusion is permissible, I wish to add, that, to me she has been a loving sister for more than forty years, and with the sense of personal loss, is mingled the memory of many very happy hours.

Mrs. Annie A. Fellows.
126 Rosseter St., Dorchester, Mass.

Mrs. Annie Gwynne Wolcott, wife of Henry L. Wolcott, Esq., suddenly and peacefully departed this life February 12, 1901, from her late residence, 440 West 57th street, New York City, the result of Bright's disease and paralysis. On the 14th the funeral service was conducted by Mrs. Brigham, of the N. Y. Ethical and Spiritual Society, who delivered a very appropriate and consoling address, replete with spiritual truth.

Among those present of sympathizing friends of the bereaved father and daughter were, Messrs. Bushnell, La Fetra, A. van Horn, Henry Holman, C. P. Sykes, J. F. Snipes, Mrs. Henry J. Newton, Mrs. Mary Wakeman, Mrs. S. Kelley, Mrs. Graham, vocalist, Mrs. A. Henderson, and other well known disciples of the faith. On the 15th the remains were committed to the earth in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn.

Mrs. Wolcott was fully prepared for the change. She was not only a firm Spiritualist, but a gifted medium privately, like her practical daughter, Ella, and a devoted wife ever since her husband became associated permanently with the New York Herald, forty-one years ago. Her family and friends do not mourn as those without evidence, for their hope is born of glorious fact. A few hours before the final earthly separation, and while speechless, she was seen to stretch her arms upward in smiling recognition of her angel friends, and turned her hands meaningfully towards a picture of a departed brother, as if he, too, were present to welcome her to Spirit Life; and during the touching appeal before the coffin, the daughter plainly observed her ardent mother beside the speaker, with beaming expression of happy deliverance from physical pain, and blessed realization of her own resurrection.

Verily, in the words of the text of the occasion, "to die is gain;" and to know this truth beyond all doubt, through personal advance experience, is surely inestimable gain over all speculation and fear.

J. F. S.

Children are quite apt to show the effects of holiday feasting and irregularities in catarrhal manifestations. The obvious deduction from this fact is, don't over-feed them nor let them over-eat, even at Christmas. The luxuries should be more equally distributed over many days instead of being "gobbled" down as if they must be eaten now or never.

But if over-eating has brought on a cold, what shall be done? It would seem as if the answer to this question were self-evident. If the skin is depleted and the mucous membrane congested, restore the equilibrium by giving the stomach no work to do, that is, by fasting, and calling the blood to the surface by warmth. Fasting and warmth are the two great remedies for all colds.—The American Mother.

