



THE LIGHT OF THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

O sun, beam brightly o'er the world to-day,
Seed smiles of freedom to the waiting lands;
The Hope of Man with all thy glow expands,
Tis like a flower of some celestial May.
Our earth like Spring would don thy garments gay
The nations hark for thy fair commands.
They ask this gift from thy outreaching hands—
Sweet Liberty in all her rich array!
'Tis ours to preach to all the good, glad news—
That tyranny must die, that wrong must cease;
It falls as gently as the morning dew;
It brings benediction of Help and Peace:
O speak, America, like surging sea—
This Gospel of a True Humanity!
Give Law to rule in righteousness and might—
In our own land and where our banner waves;
Its very shadow from injustice saves;
Its history is love's inspiring light.
Let us arise proclaim the living right—
That clearest conscience of our nation craves.
Nor heed how evil politicians rave;
But back in all thy beauty sweet and bright!
Man is for Truth and Love, for sense supreme
Of joy to order life in ways of good;
O happy Fourth, extend thy blissful dream
Of Peace and Right and Highest Brotherhood;
Too long our earth in darkness bides, now shine
On us, O Sun, thy radiance divine!

William Branton.

The Vision of Alteria!

BY OWEN CLARKE

Walter Sells was a drygoods man by trade, a chemist by preference and an occultist by temperament: so the evolution of the psychometric fabric was a purely logical result. The idea suggested itself to him one day as he noticed hanging above the inconveniently small and fashionable secretary of Miss Isolda Byers a small pasteboard figure clad in purple muslin, which color gradually changed to pink or violet as the barometer indicated "Fine" or "Storm." It was probably owing to the inscrutable behavior of Miss Byers that young Sells found himself longing to become the possessor of some psycho-metric, or soul-measuring, fabric that would reveal to him the secrets of the human heart and mind. For she whom he would have kind was only polite; his persistent wooing had been ignored with equal persistency, until now he felt that further suit—beyond one final, point-blank question—would be unmanly. That question he determined to ask at the earliest opportunity.

Among the many things that perplexed him in his relations with Isolda was a peculiar visualization of the city of Alteria; invariably when in her presence there rose in his mind a picture of that quaint little town in northern Ohio, with its straight rectangular streets, its sidewalks lined with glorious old trees and smooth white flag-stones. He had spent but little time in that city—had hardly more than passed through it—and Isolda, he knew had never visited it. Had she been more cordial to him he would have confided to her this strange visual phenomenon and sought her explanation; as it was, his inexplicable vision was treasured among the secret souvenirs of an unrequited love.

Isolda's father and his were partners in the aggressive concern of Byers & Sells, of the city of Begonia, a house of the second class doggedly fighting its way upward to the class above. The union of their son and daughter was a scheme dear to the heart of both partners.

Elijah Sells was the commercial diplomat of his house. One could rarely surmise by his opening remarks the objective point of his conversation. He contrived to set his trap in such a way that the quarry was allowed to fall in apparently of its own free will, and could then be disposed of at leisure. So when, as it happened, on the morning following the night of Walter's desperate resolve, recounted above, Elijah desired an interview with his son, he did not betray the importance of the matter in hand by sending an office boy in search of the young man; he waited patiently till the son of his own accord came to consult his father on another matter. That disposed of, Elijah approached the topic of his thoughts in his habitually circumnavigating way, even though in this instance the motive was not worldly greed, but fatherly kindness.

"I've been thinking for a day or two that it's high time we heard from Nugget, Quartz & Tracey. Those fellows out in Far City don't care much for customers they've never seen. None of the family has been out there since your Uncle Ezekiah's estate was settled, nine years ago, when he left the property to me. Wish we had someone we could send out to investigate. If those mineral deposits are any good at all they're growing more valuable every day, and we ought to be getting the benefit while there's any benefit to be got. The supply doesn't equal the demand now, but if new lands are located and developed there may be a glut of the stuff a few years from now."

"I'd be delighted to go and make the analyses myself," said Walter, falling properly into the trap, "but of course I can't get away."

The diplomat ignored his son's implied in-

ability to make the trip and continued, "I'd do you good to go, Walter; you'd get lots of valuable experience and quite a little vacation—and you need a change."

"See here, daddy, to tell you the honest truth, I'd go with pleasure if I could only first settle matters with Isolda."

Elijah laid his hand affectionately on that of his son. "It's really on her account, Walter, I want you to go. I've made up my mind she'll never make you happy. I've had my suspicions about her and young Millard for some time, and this morning her father out of friendship for you and me, came to tell me, so that we might not be taken by surprise, that he had every reason to believe their engagement would soon be announced. You know what that means. Better take a trip to Far City, Walter."

A week later Walter, armed with his chemist's outfit, started for the mineral fields of Far City. Carefully packed away in one of his trunks he carried several yards of dead-white silk; the search for the psychometric fabric had not been forgotten.

It had occurred to him that silk was the most promising material for his experiments, because of its well-known susceptibility to electrical influences. He had as yet but vague ideas of the chemicals to be used in the process of sensitizing it.

Matters went well in Far City. Established in a little office, at the rear of which was a small room, so conveniently secluded and sufficiently lighted as to make an ideal laboratory, Walter carried on his analytical labors. He made almost daily trips to the fields, which were located on the outskirts of the city, returning loaded with samples. These he carefully noted, numbered and divided into three equal portions; one to be submitted to Nugget, Quartz & Tracey, the state chemists, one for his own analysis and one for the purpose of identifying the samples analyzed and locating lodes of similar character. Already in mental vision he saw a noisy plant and an army of workers wrestling a fortune from those few acres of barren land; already saw the house of Byers & Sells lifted suddenly by a new access of capital to the proud position of an establishment of first-class credit. For the results of the analyses were most gratifying; the marl abounded in calcium carbonate, the clays contained the desired proportions of silica and alumina, neither marl nor clay was damaged by the presence of sand. The whole analysis revealed the correct ingredients for the manufacture of a superior grade of hydraulic cement.

Meantime, experiments on the psychometric fabric were proceeding steadily. In the quiet hours of night tiny squares of white silk were laid to soak in shallow vessels filled with various colorless solutions. Never did ancient alchemist pursue more faithfully the quest for the philosopher's stone.

One fine day in June Walter was seated in his laboratory, deeply absorbed in his work, when the vision of Alteria suddenly and unaccountably shaped itself before his eyes. He turned quickly as the door of his office opened and sprang to his feet when a young woman entered.

"Isolda!" She stood before him with rosy cheeks and down-cast eyes.

"What brings you here?" "I have come," she began; and then, "I cannot tell you why I have come." She laughed charmingly in spite of her evident embarrassment. He felt his heart melting again before her entrancing beauty and steeled himself against the hopes that assailed him.

"Have you—are you—" He strove to enunciate himself from the silence into which her sudden coming had surprised him, that he might ask her the one question that rung his soul.

"Married?" she suggested. She still smiled, though her cheeks had paled and his intense seriousness came near to disconcerting her.

"No, I am not married;—not even affianced."

He sprang eagerly toward her. "Dearest—"

"Not yet," she faltered, raising her hand to warn him away. "I know my sudden appearance here seems most extraordinary, but you must ask me no questions until I give you permission. Neither must you make any enquiries about me in Begonia,—otherwise," with a reputation of the charming little laugh, "the mysterious lady will disappear as mysteriously as she has appeared." Then, giving him a glance of bewitching persuasiveness, she added, "Do you promise?" He hesitated a moment, but seeing no alternative, ruefully surrendered. "I do. And in the meantime—"

"In the meantime," she answered gaily, "I am to you simply an acquaintance, chaperoned by an elderly lady friend and—here an ironical smile as she drew her little and beautiful form erect—"traveling for the benefit of her health."

"I trust the climate of Far City will prove most efficacious," he commented, infected with

the superabundance of her good-natured sarcasm, although it was difficult to conceal his chagrin. "And now will you afford me the pleasure of escorting you to lunch and, after that, of taking you for a drive, so that you may become better acquainted with the city you are honoring with your presence?" From that time on, and during some weeks that slipped speedily by, she insisted on being treated as simply an acquaintance; promptly suppressing in an unmistakable way all attempts on Walter's part to show that he regarded her as anything more. He strove hard to maintain in her presence an air of polite consideration; but his anxious suspense would sometimes express itself in cold reserve or brusque candor. If he had been wise enough to note the tender sympathy that shone in her eyes at such times he might have found it politic to indulge more frequently in similar exhibitions.

They drove, rowed and walked together frequently, and the chaperon found her office as much of a sinecure as the chaperon of an American girl generally does.

At last Walter thought he detected some few signs of reluctance, a more cordial and sympathetic tone in her manner toward him. And as they drove and rowed and walked he noted that the tone of cordial sympathy grew more beautiful, rich and earnest, more sweetly intimate and confiding; until at last one night, as they drove along the bank of a star-lit river, he begged her to release him from the vow of silence she had imposed as to their past. "For the sake of my love for you, dear, if I loved you in the old times, how much more do I love you now! You were never so dearly lovable then as now!"

"Do you really mean that, Walter?" The girl spoke quickly and with undisguised eagerness. "That you have never before known me so lovable as now?"

"I mean it with all my heart."

He caught the meaning of that eager tone. "Isolda, dearest, you love me, and you will be my wife?"

"I love you dearly, Walter." She drew a letter from her bosom. "But you must not ask me to be your wife until you have read this."

He took the letter and they drove silently back to the hotel; each profoundly depressed with a presentiment that Fate was about to show its hand.

He accompanied her to her suite, and stepping within the outer door, closed it that they might be unobserved.

"Before I go, will you tell me in a word the contents of this letter?" He took her hands in his.

The love-light shone softly in her eyes as she raised them honestly to his and said, "Walter, I am not Isolda Byers." She drew her hands quickly away and passing the inner door closed it between them.

He stepped to the corridor and paced miserably up and down, a flood of impossible conjectures overwhelming him. Who was this strange visitor who had come to him like an angel from a lost paradise? Could she be an adventuress? Or the true Isolda, suddenly bereft of reason and possessed of a delusion of another identity? Or some strange visitant from another sphere? He would not have been much surprised to discover that after closing the door behind her she had vanished into air.

Noticing that a secluded little alcove was unoccupied, he seated himself there to read the fateful letter:

"Dear Walter: I have sometimes tried to tell you what I have written here, but the words would not come. In any event, I can tell you more clearly in writing than by words of mouth."

"My name is Sylvia Byers. I am second cousin to Isolda. The twin-like resemblance between us occurs, in rare instances, between much more distant relatives. But even twins are usually distinguishable when in close proximity, and if you could see Isolda and myself side by side you would notice at once that my hair shows less inclination to wave than hers and is a shade the darker of the two. You have never seen my handwriting before, but will be able to note how very different it is from Isolda's."

"Soon after you left Begonia for Far City I came from Alteria (where I was born and have always lived) to visit Isolda. I was much impressed by our great personal resemblance to each other, which I had never appreciated before although it had often been mentioned to me. Forgive me if it seems to you unwomanly to confess that I was much more impressed by a photograph of yourself that I chanced to see in your father's office; but the face in that photograph was one whose image—why, I cannot tell—I have carried in my mind from a child. Add to this my knowledge of your unhappy wooing of the woman I so much resemble, and can you wonder that I felt that Destiny was slowly leading me to you? I became eagerly anxious to meet you. And yet what reasonable excuse had I for following you to Far City? My great desire to see you impelled

me at last to confess to your father the story of the photograph. He treated me with the most touching kindness and gladly planned my visit to Far City, in the hope that I might heal the wound Isolda had innocently made. His letter of introduction,—which of course I could not present,—states that I am a distant relative of Mr. Byers, passing through Far City on my way west. I had no thought of impersonating Isolda till on my way here. Then, after once the idea had occurred to me, I withheld away the monotony of the journey by planning all the details of the scheme. I do not think I should have dared to put it into practice, however, if you yourself had not taken the initiative by mistaking me for Isolda. The deception having begun, it became daily more difficult to undo. I cannot convince myself that I have not been cruel in this matter, and yet, believe me, if there is any one on earth to whom I would be kind it is yourself."

"What more can I say? I shall leave Far City very soon. Do you care to come to see me once more before I go?"

The letter closed simply with her signature. He sat in torturing uncertainty, facing a question as old as the stars,—"What to believe?"

Suddenly he bethought himself of the fabric. Having with him a small piece of sensitized silk that had not yet been tested, he withdrew it from an inner pocket, and was surprised to notice that its snowy surface was clouded over with ugly blotches. Gray waves of fear trembled unsteadily across its surface. Little barbed arrows of rusty-red resentment darted viciously to and fro. Tiny black threads of distrust writhed like baby serpents from the spots where his fingers grasped the silk. Verily the psychometric fabric was recording truly the discordant vibrations of his own mind!

He laid the silk on the little flower-stand in the alcove and moved away, that it might be free from the magnetic influences of his personal atmosphere and resume its normal condition before being put to another test. Striding up and down the corridor, he strove to master the conflicting emotions that wrestled within him. He did not yet realize that above their confusion arose unheeded a pure and loyal devotion to her, whoever she might be. A few moments later he took her letter and, opening its folds, laid smoothly within it the soul-measuring fabric.

Again he paced the corridor and once more the racking uncertainty of the identity and character of this beautiful woman deluged him.

He stopped suddenly. Before him rose more clearly, more realistically than ever before, the Vision of Alteria, its light casting over him the peace of a benediction. But with the vision, this time, came also the interpretation thereof. He returned to the alcove, sank to the seat, and covered his eyes as the truth dawned on him. Alteria! Did she not mention it in her letter? He had never spoken of the Vision to her, nor to Isolda. Some subtle affinity of thought had brought to him for years a vision of this woman's environment. With this phenomenon, of which Isolda seemed to have been the medium, the peculiar resemblance of the two women must have had some strange occult relation.

But the letter! Slowly opening it, he withdrew the fabric and gazed upon its surface, over which the symbol of true affection now floated in downy clouds of pink light. White globes of purity spread their delicate radiance around them. Rosy currents of pure and constant love flowed steadily and unceasingly across the fabric toward him.

Enough. He looked at his watch; it was nearly midnight. He went to her door and rang. In a few moments she appeared before him arrayed in the winsome abandon of a pretty wrapper.

She saw her fate in his eyes, and smiled. "I have read your letter, my Sylvia, and more than ever I want you for my wife."

Then he told her of the Vision of Alteria. (Finis.)

50 Lothrop St., Newtonville, Mass.

Good for Daily Use.

Don't worry. Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow." "Simplify! Simplify! Simplify!" Don't overeat. Don't starve. "Let your moderation be known unto all men." Court the fresh air day and night. "Oh, if you knew what was in the air!" Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction. Spend less nervous energy each day than you make. Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long." Think only healthful thoughts. As a man "thinketh in his heart, so he is." "Seek peace, and pursue it." Work like a man; but don't be worked to death. Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal.

Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease. Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe. Trust the Eternal. Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease."—Good Housekeeping.

God's Relation to Man.

BY MABEL GIFFORD

The ancients tell us that man is made in the image and likeness of God, his creator. This we can see from reason; man is a composite of all without him; the greater the variety of qualities each man develops, and the more perfectly he develops them, the more perfect a human form he is. Though every man is an embryo of all that is, no one man develops all things within him; but in one certain qualities and abilities are most fully developed, and in another, other qualities and abilities, which developments are determined by inheritance, environment, desire and culture.

As man is a composite of all that surrounds him, so God must be a composite of all that surrounds him, and the sum of all things that all men are, must be the sum of what God is. If we found that as man enlarged and perfected himself, his form changed, we should say he is growing into the form, the image and likeness of God, his creator, but as we find that the more he is developed the more his form is perfected, we conclude that the human form is the form of God. And thus we see the Infinite, Source of all, and the finite, parts of the Infinite; like in kind but not in development, for the Infinite is the fullness of all things, and each man is developing in some things. The Creator is infinite, and man is finite. God is all that is, and man is becoming more and more in his conscious life what God is in some special directions. Each man is different from every other man, even if he is developing in the same line—as two artists; each has a way of developing his talent.

We know today that all life is a system of circulation; there is a circulation of air and of blood in man, in animals, in vegetation and the atmosphere—blood meaning the life—then there is a circulation of life by way of radiation from each living thing to other living things around it and connected with it; every man radiates his life from him to others, and they radiate their life to him; something of each one's life blending with the others, thus making a system of circulation of love, truth and power, corresponding to the blood, water and air on the physical plane. Then there is a circulation of God's life to man and from man to God; directly from God to the individual soul and from the individual soul to God, and indirectly from God to man, and from man to other men, and also from man to every created thing and from every created thing to man.

This radiation of life that surrounds and flows from every thing we call its aura. If man's body contained and limited his life this could not be, but neither his physical body nor the finer spiritual body of which the physical is the garment, limits him. His body makes his form and quality known; his aura which surrounds his body connects him in spirit with other human beings. This it does by a power or characteristic of aura which we call magnetism; personal magnetism when it partakes of the man's personal characteristics, healing magnetism when his aura heals; spiritual magnetism when his powers transcend the physical. Spiritual magnetism is of various kinds. The law of this magnetism is attraction of like things to like; that is, things that are alike or that harmonize; have an affinity for each other. A man's aura is made up of his thoughts and feelings, these are his life; they attract to him things and conditions of such a nature as they are. It is from this aura that all things of his life are continually coming into the objective or physical world.

Having first considered man's aura, we will now consider God's aura, and we shall see plainly how creation takes place, and how man is one with God. All that is being God, then there is nothing else in the universe but God, God being unchangeable, then all that is, is good; truth, order, harmony, etc. Man's existence is his consciousness of life. God being perfect, every creation of his is perfect. God is, by creation we mean the becoming visible to man. Man himself is perfect, and all creation, but man is becoming conscious of life, of himself and the world, and of God, is given freedom of thought and action; he may listen and be guided or think and act of himself. If he listens and is guided he comes into the consciousness of all things and himself, in an orderly and happy way, but if he chooses to think and act for himself he creates disorder and unhappiness, and comes into the consciousness of life by distorted and difficult ways. All the unhappiness of man and

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"MIDNIGHT VISIONS."

BY H. D. FRANK.

"To the weird hour of midnight;
That wild, unquiet hour,
When the ghosts from every churchyard
Stalk forth in spirit power."

In those grand old ancestral castles
Where knightly legends reigned supreme,
These ghosts they stand in armor bright
To protect their bygone queens.

Old Saxon's tunic are revealing
In regions down below,
While o'er this whole wide world of ours
His devilish seeds he sows.

Black demons of the city
Are searching every where,
To see if they can rule
Some maiden pure and fair.

The gloomy pines are sighing
For a soul that's in despair;
While the winds are sadly mourning,
Trying hard his fate to share.

The pirate he is searching
With his wicked heart so bold,
To see if he can plunder
Some vessel filled with gold.

The elves that dwell in myrth-land
Dance 'round their fires bright,
Telling fairy tales and stories
Till early morning light.

Our friends long since departed;
Come to us in the night
To gather round the hearthstone
All robed in garments white.

Keece, N. H.

Ghosts or Spirits?

BY PROF. WILLIAM DANNAHL.

A term represents a certain concept or notion which must be explained before an understanding by way of language can be effected. The English language has two terms which signify the beings in the second domain of organic life, namely, the English "ghosts" and the Latin "spirits."

Are these terms of the same meaning? If not, which term is the better? Most readers will probably without much consideration decide in favor of "spirits." I decide in favor of "ghosts," because it is the true historical name for those beings, which was changed to "spirits" only through a false translation in the latter part of the middle ages.

It is, of course, understood, that spiritism is not new, but that in prehistoric times and all through history, the living had communication with the invisible; therefore, they named always those beings, which were called "ghosts" and not "spirits."

The oldest record we have of it is the Sanscrit word "gast" or "ghast." It is derived from the word "gas" or "ghas," which means "to eat." A gast is a person who visits us and partakes of our meal, in modern English called a guest. It is not necessary that he should be a friend.

The West-Germanic language changed the term "gast" or "ghast" to "ghosts," and the Latin ghosts to "hostis," of which the English has the remnant "hostile," the present meaning of which shows, that the old-fashioned guests were often enemies, who helped themselves to our food, and giving the guests a meal was called offering in Latin operari, in German operen, and in English to offer. But it was not always people from our world that meals were offered to, but also from the world of the invisible, to please them and gain their favors. The ancient Greeks and Romans of olden times were natural human beings, who apparently liked a good square meal. Yet, they could not eat it in its solid and liquid form, therefore, it was evaporated for them over a goodly fire. I will not discuss the question now, whether this feeding the invisible was a delusion, or whether they really enjoyed the meal. Probably the latter is true, for a better insight into the real nature of their "ghosts" than the Modern Spiritualists have in that of their "spirits."

When such an extra fine evaporating meal was intended for some gods or a god, it became a sacrifice—namely, a meal—and was called a sacrifice. In any case, though, whether the invisible guests were considered to be high or low, good or bad, etc., they had this point in common that they were guests to the offerings or sacrifices and, therefore, received the general name of "gasts" or "ghosts."

The word gast afterwards experienced many dialectic modifications. In old Saxon it was gast; in old North-German, gæst; in Anglo-Saxon, gæst, and later gæst; in German, gäst; in Gothic, gais, and finally gäst. The German language soon made a difference between the guests from this and from the other world; for the first it kept the old Sanscrit word gast, and for a guest from the other world, it took the Gothic term gäst and changed it to the modern German gäst, which is now the common term.

The English language made a similar difference. It took the old North-German gæst for the visible, stranger, and changed it to guest. When the Normans came from France to England, they inserted the letter u and made it the modern guest, because otherwise their French tongues would have pronounced it jest. But the former ghosts to the sacrifices were no longer guests; the last sacrifice, which finally satisfied the exacting principal god and made him promise mercy, was made when his own son was sacrificed, which was thought enough for ever. Old customs may die, but old terms hardly ever die, but simply adjust themselves to new conditions. The English language accepted from the Old-Saxon the term gast as the name for the invisible. The terms "ghost" (seared by a spirit) and "ghostly" (spiritlike) are still existing remnants of the Old-English "ghost."

The development of the German and English dialects or languages was such, that wherever their common mother, the Indo-Germanic had an a in the middle of a word, it became an ei (pronounced i) in German, and an o in English; for instance: ham—helm and hemo; stan—stein and stone, etc. Therefore, gast became gæst in German, and ghost became ghost in English.

It is true, the West-Germanic language had the term ghostis, but ghost is not an abbreviation of it, because it followed ghost simply by changing the vowel.

It does not matter, how ugly the dark superstitions ages under the reign of the church may have tinted the term, ghosts is the true historical English name for the so-called "spirits." But how did they come to be called "spirits"? Through a mistake, probably made the first time by Martin Luther when he translated the Bible from Latin into German.

Spiritus means breath. It became a philosophical term by using it as a symbol for the life-giving element (light and heat); which the heavenly father, the sun, sent down to impregnate mother earth for the creation of organic beings. The manner in which he sent it was by blowing or breathing it. The breath or spiritus of the god in heaven was philosophically generalized to a universal

spiritus and put up as the world's spirit in opposition to matter (the hot father in antipolarity to the cold mother). Afterwards, when the original idea was lost, the meaning of spiritus was changed to that of reason or intellect, but that is no longer Spiritualism but mentalism or idealism.

Well, a time came, when the Latin term "spiritus sanctus" was to be translated into the languages of the Germanic races, whose philosophy had developed so such notion as "spirit," and, therefore, had no word for it. Neither had they a word for sacer, secret or sanctus. What could be done? The idea of "spiritus" was more or less personified and thereby received some similarity with a ghost; Luther took the German word gäst for spiritus. Sanctus was translated with holy, though sacer means uncommon, special, and holy means wholly (wholly, not partly, virtuous). In this way, Luther arrived at "holy ghost" for "spiritus sanctus."

Of course, if spiritus is ghost, then a ghost is a spirit, and the Normans in England, who always preferred Latin words to English, made "spirit" the fashionable term for "ghost," in which though the mass of the English people followed those courtiers but slowly.

Let me now point out the difference between the two terms: Ghost is the true historical name for an invisible being, it has developed from matters of experience, is of a purely empirical nature, free from any speculative metaphysical hypothesis, conveys, therefore, no philosophy in regard to the substance and nature of the ghost, but leaves this matter an open question, as it still should be.

"Spirit," on the other hand, has no other history in this respect, but that of a comparatively recent blunder of a translator. It did not originate as a name for the ghost, but as a symbolical term of an old one-sided cosmic philosophy for a supposed cosmic entity. By exchanging it for ghost, it no longer leaves the investigation of the ghosts a free and impartial one, but connects with them an old-fashioned theory or philosophy, which has been rejected as untrue by the natural sciences. The opposition of modern science to spiritualism and the ghosts against spiritualism, science is opposed to the theory conveyed by the term "spirit," and will never, never accept that theory. I believe, that the theoretical part of our movement should be an open question. Eighteen years of investigation of mediumism and so-called spiritism have proved me on these facts as well as any man, but never did I find anything about the "spirits" which justifies this name, neither in its original meaning as bodies consisting of heat-stuff or light-stuff, nor in its later meaning as bodies consisting of mind-stuff or thought-stuff, if such things were possible. Besides that, a strong opposition is growing in our movement against supernaturalism. Most of the best informed representatives of our Cause insist on it, that "the spirits" are natural beings. So they are, but in that case they are named wrongly, because Spiritualism, when used in the sense of idealism or mentalism, is a supernaturalistic philosophy.

All the philosophical objections are at once removed when we call our friends in the invisible realm by their true historical English name, the name of ghosts. What do we care about the prejudices of reactionary people whose minds are not through with the superstitious notions of the barbaric middle ages? If I find that it is scientifically correct to call my most intimate friend "ghost," why should I not do it? If this movement is to be of any lasting value to humanity, it must become scientific; the twentieth century cannot use it in any other form.

Ghostology is the science of the ghosts. The more the naturalistic sciences advance the more science concerns itself with the objects of our investigations, the more will the term "ghost" be brought to the front and "spirit" abandoned.

Not "A Hell or a Hospital."

Just a Kindergarten.

BY W. R. HEARST.

Sour-faced, sour-souled Schopenhauer says no man can deny that this world is "either a hell or a hospital."

But Schopenhauer, with all his appearance of wisdom, was usually partly wrong and he was entirely wrong in this case.

Of course, the superficial visitor from Mars, looking at this earth, ignoring its miserable past and its future glorious destiny, would agree with Schopenhauer lastingly.

He would see the poor, ill-treated, uneducated, unhealthy.

He would see the rich, gouty, dissatisfied, ill-at-ease, suffering indigestion.

He would see dishonesty triumphant, and honesty working for nine dollars a week or less.

He would see millions starving in India through the brutal selfishness of foreign rulers, and from the shores on which the starving millions die he would see wheat exported to England.

He would see the hideous cruelty in China among the barbarians, and worse cruelty when the civilized armies arrived.

He would see millions dying of the plague through ignorance and filth.

He would study the world from top to bottom, and would say:

"That is a hell OR a hospital."

"It is a hell AND a hospital."

The real fact is, and it should be a comfort to those infected either with Schopenhauer's sourness or with a love of humanity even more distressing, that this earth is simply at present a kindergarten for the human race.

We are all children in the most primitive stage of development.

The forces of nature are to the human race what its arms and legs are to a baby—and we have not even learned to use those forces freely.

The human race is but a child learning to use its arms and legs. It has hardly got into the kindergarten stage. It is still in the nursery.

Of course, this idea is resented by the average so-called adult human being. He imagines that he has fully developed, and knows all that he needs to know. But in that respect he is like the smallest child. It is perfectly contented, and hates the idea of growing up when told that as a grown-up creature it will not enjoy a barrel of candy or a houseful of toys. It thinks its tastes and its condition are perfect now.

The imperfections which affect the human race are really the imperfections of infancy and early childhood.

Everything in a primitive, undeveloped condition is hideous. Such is nature's everlasting law.

If you ask:

"Why should the race at any stage of its development, have wars, famines, pestilence, injustice, dishonesty?"

We reply with another question:

"Why should children be brought into the world with intense suffering and fearful struggles? Why should little children suffer from mumps, scarlet fever, measles, or fits, rickets, and a thousand other horrible ailments especially attached to childhood?"

The house that is building is hideous in its

state of rough stone or brick, and dirty, dusty plaster.

The earth in its geological infancy is hideous and inharmonious with huge monsters, horrible atmosphere, vast, gloomy forests, swamps and glaciers. But its very hideousness gives promise of future beauty.

In the same way the human race in its present childhood is cursed because of its very infancy with all the ills that beset it, and that create sour-faced, pessimistic philosophy.

But this earth is not "a hell or a hospital." It is a kindergarten, in which the plans of the Almighty are being carried out in His own way. And it will develop an adult race, worthy of the beautiful earth which has been given to it for its habitation, and worthy of the beautiful laws which rule the universe harmoniously.—New York Evening Journal.

June Meeting No. 44.

Two Days' Sayings and Doings at the First Spiritual Church of the World, Sturgis, Michigan.

(Continued from July 6.)

Sunday, 10:30 a. m. Music by choir. Rev. R. F. Austin lectured again, but was preceded by a conference led by C. Cook, Scott's Station, Michigan, and participated in by Dr. Peebles, Daniel Smith of Vicksburg, Mr. Austin, Thos. Harding, Miss Jennette Fraser of Vicksburg Camp, Mr. Edgerly and others. In Mr. Austin's talk of the rapid growth of Spiritualism in Canada, particularly in and about Toronto. He knew of many ministers who were as much Spiritualists as he was and he had as many friends in the ministry today as he ever had, but Canada is very conservative and he might say terribly orthodox. Mr. Austin began his first lecture by saying that he felt humbled in the presence of those who had been faithful to their convictions of spirit return for scores of years—he felt that he was but a babe—scarcely two years had elapsed since he enlisted under the banner of Spiritualism, and entered the light of truth which Spiritualism sheds. His subject was "The Universality of Love." The study of man he declared, is the study of God. The happiness of man does not depend upon environment, the soul can triumph over circumstances. He illustrated by referring to Bunyan who wrote his Pilgrim's Progress while in tribulation; to Paul and Silas, happy in prison. Happiness, he said, is the legitimate condition of man; it is his property who recognizes the beauty of his own soul. Some of the smallest men in the world are ministers, they are too small to rejoice in the happiness of others if they differ in opinion from them. Let us rejoice in the happiness of every living thing. A man must be God-like to enjoy God. Out of the heart the things of life; if our thoughts are right our lives will be right, the duty in life is to think correctly. Ignorance is the prime cause of sin. "Father forgive them," said Jesus, "for they know not what they do." Those who have gone out into the great unseen are happier than we because their thoughts are right. I believe in prayers for the dead," said Mr. Austin; "the Catholic holds a great truth there, our sympathy with other souls makes our own souls happy. If we possess beauty within the things without will be beautiful to us. There is a Christ in every one, we should develop it and thus become like the Christ of Nazareth; let us drive out the selfishness and make a heaven here below."

Mr. Austin in the course of his remarks told of a very interesting test of the genuineness of materialization and yet he said it was but one of many. One year ago last summer he attended a seance. One of the materialized spirits said she wished to speak to him privately, and he went in close to her and spoke to him. "Sir," said she, "you don't know me, but you know my brother who lives in the northwest in Manitoba. My name was Mary Dickson, my brother's name is James and I have another brother named John—you are acquainted with him both and you would recognize me by conveying a message from me to my brother James." Mr. Austin knew both brothers. She said one was a dentist and the other lived in Winnipeg and his wife was in an asylum and she wished to send a private message to James respecting his wife, advising him not to do what he contemplated. "I call her 'vie giet'," said Mr. Austin, "and which John, but he wrote to John in Manitoba and explained the matter to him, then John wrote him that it concerned James, and he forwarded the letter to his brother, and that brother James took the advice the materialization gave. That certainly was a fine test of the truth of materialization. And he said that he had seen some very interesting, convincing and instructive and his illustrations right to the point. Mrs. Mabel Lamb then gave a vocal solo "The Choir Boy's Vision," which was followed by a lecture by Mrs. Woodruff. She said "children are educated more by the affection of their mothers than by any other means."

2:30 p. m. This session was opened by music, then Thos. Harding read a poem from the pulpit named "Why, or Unsolved Problems." Dr. Peebles followed in a fine extempore lecture, he said "search all the bibles of the world and you will find but two leading ideas—one the idea of materialism and the other of Spiritualism. What we call matter is evanescent, put it into the crucible, apply heat and it is gone, spirit is the only reality, what we see around us are but forms. Jesus said truly 'God is spirit'; that spirit fills all space. Spiritualism is true; of course there are pretenses to mediumship, of course there are impostors; lecturers, preachers, levitists, but no one is saved—I am not saved are you?" he inquired. Cries of no, no, no, from the audience. "The spirit of progress will save you and me. Are we saved, any of us? Let those who are saved hold up their hands." No hands were held up. "I thought so," said Dr. Peebles, "but are not all helpless? We are in part to each other—Spiritualism will save us some time and every spirit is a savior in his degree. I hate war, it is hell. The great redeeming power is love, not hate. Russia may conquer Poland, and England oppress Ireland, but the Irish and the Poles and the English are not subdued. Love is the one and only power that does that. You read men's thoughts in their faces, the countenance tells what kind of thoughts molded it. Look at a beautiful little child, perhaps when he grows up he gets into bad company and has bad thoughts—he swears, he uses tobacco and whiskey—he becomes a bad man, but he started looking wrong. Oh how changed from the innocent, beautiful little child! What has done it? Bad thoughts."

7:30 p. m. A resolution was proposed and adopted—see introduction. Music by choir. Recitation by Miss Cora Fuller, of Vicksburg, Miss Cora Fuller, of Vicksburg, came forward and spoke of the condition of our finances. He said that money was needed to meet the expenses of those meetings and he would be one of 20 to put a dollar on the plate and he invited others to put down their half dollars and quarters, the president said that \$100 more were needed and a collection was taken up.

Rev. Dr. Austin introduced his last lecture by saying that he was delighted with the

Sturgis June meeting, where orthodox and heterodox, materialist and Spiritualist met on equal ground and conferred harmoniously to gether. I am a Spiritualist because I could not be anything else. Alfred Russell Wallace, the great scientist, said that the facts of modern Spiritualism were as fully proved as any fact in science and I believe it. But Rev. Dr. Huxley, the agnostic, called Spiritualism "infidelity with a ghost in it." My reply to him is that the ghost in the new testament was the author of Christianity. The highest standard of morality is to be found in Spiritualism. It is natural and consistent. Read Andrew Jackson Davis. "If Spiritualism is true, I know it, it is the greatest and most glorious of truths, the greatest the world had ever known. In it we find Love, Life, God everywhere; Hate, Death and Devil nowhere. That is the best definition of Spiritualism. All nature is a unit, there is no future life, life is continuous, life is everywhere and endless. If Spiritualism is true, everyone is divine, every man is God—God manifest in the flesh." Spiritualism tells us that the God in man cannot be driven out. We are on speaking terms with angels. The communion of saints is verified in Spiritualism." Austin told us some of his home experiences—the death of his child—their deaths in his infancy, his gratitude and joy on her return as a spirit. "Anybody was right, Ingersoll was wrong. The leading Methodist paper in Canada confesses that 'Spiritualism has been the destroyer of materialism.' Early Christianity was a demonstrated religion, but if God were as theologians paint him, he would send his thunderbolts to destroy the priest machine and men are equal and are gods manifest in the flesh. Spiritualism brings us mental and spiritual freedom—we don't believe in converting people by the bayonet—nor compulsory Sabbath legislation. We believe in a day of rest, but not in a day of cure. A man talked with me about having the Panama-Pacific exhibition closed on Sunday. I told him of a greater exhibition than that, which was run seven days every week. 'Pray what exhibition is that?' said I. 'It is Niagara Falls.' The emperor of Russia freed his serfs on Sunday. Lincoln issued his emancipation proclamation on the first of the spirit."

"Spiritualism believes that women and men are equal and that every child should be the product of mutual love. It believes in mercy, it teaches that it is cruelty to kill birds for feathers to ornament women's hats. We believe in the finer forces of the world. We believe the finest and greatest force is thought, for it causes us to do all for God and mankind."

Then followed a solo by Miss Pontius, Mr. Oscar A. Edgerly was then controlled on the platform. He evidently spoke under the influence of a former German; his English was fine and the German accent made his communication very sweet to listen to; his control had evidently been a person of high attainments, his peculiar expression was very superior to the ordinary German. The writer felt it delightful to listen to him.

Then Mrs. Woodruff gave her final and short lecture and the meeting was dismissed with a benediction. The choir acquitted themselves so creditably it seems but justice to give their names to the public. Miss Kate Bostetter presided at the organ, and the other members were Miss Etta Pontius, Miss Maggie Pontius, Mrs. John Flinders, Mrs. Arthur Walt, Mrs. Mabel Lamb, Miss Catherine Bostetter and Mr. Paul Walt.

Thus ended the 44th June meeting. How many of us shall be present at the next we know not, but we feel confidence in the care of that power which holds us all in the kind embraces of love and law.

Thos. Harding, Sec. pro. tem.
Sturgis, Mich., June 18, 1901.

In Re 2,000 Years in Spirit Life.

It is well known that there are certain species of birds and animals which feed on carrion. We find the corresponding types manifested in the minds of men who in their selfish desires do not seek truth, but like the birds and animals referred to, feed on scandal and vituperation. The above has been fully exemplified during the past few weeks in this city by the attitude of a portion of the local press in pursuing a young man of unexceptionable character who has manifested in his mind the power of clairvoyance, the minds of which have been in a state of malice and ridicule for the gratification of their minds which was James Cole, a man of low, passionate instincts. Instead of pursuing an orderly and dignified system of investigation, with a view of arriving at the truth of a science, upon whose foundations are based all the sciences relating to man and his destiny, they send out their scribes who have become constant great truths in Nature, which they in ignorance know not of, neither do they care.

The recent attack of the Journal and the News of this city upon psychic Cole was the most vindictive, diabolical and cruel, based on unpremeditated falsehood, than the writer has observed during his long business career. I had no idea that human depravity was capable of descending so low as to manifest through the so-called respectable public press. There was not even the shadow of truth in any of the charges made, except in the one made by the Evening News which was to the effect that the money found on Fiske Ascher, the murderer, who was convicted of killing Nichols, consisted of that which it had paid him for procuring testimony against Mr. Cole's mediumship at the time they made the charge against him three years ago.

When the News made his former charges, claiming that Cole's machine was actuated by the impulse of avarice, the Editor of the News, who had been in the editorial rooms of the Evening News for the purpose of showing the editor that it was utterly impossible for him to actuate the machine as they represented. The editor's reply was that if four men were at his back, two at either side and one in front, and they testified that Cole's machine was as he claimed, he would "not believe a d—d thing in it." I am sorry to say that this man has the reputation of being a Roman Catholic, but am glad to know that he does not represent the more liberal minded of that church in this city.

The Journal writer is a young man (whose name I do not wish to consist in naming) and to those knowing the facts which we trust all the world will soon realize, he is a traitor and unworthy of credence. Of course these false reports have gone out over the country, and no doubt have influenced many persons who have been battling against similar waves of darkness which always manifest against every good impulse which has been born for the betterment of the race; but we know that these waves have their birth in the haze of ignorance and selfishness, and they disappear as humanity advances in the scale of development.

I take the liberty to enclose you a typewritten manuscript, written three weeks ago on Thursday evening last at the meeting of the seven, with one chair vacant. The sheets of paper were placed on the roller of the typewriter. The writer requested each one present to examine the blank paper critically with a view of convincing himself that the paper was absolutely blank. The gas

light was turned off; the psychic Cole became immediately entranced and played the autoharp during the time the typewriter was in action. All the other parties present joined in singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee." In a few minutes the typewriter commenced independent action and wrote automatically the following letter or message on mediumship. It is the clearest conception of this perfectly natural gift the writer has ever seen. It explains itself. All the world ought to read this message. It lifts a vast cloud of mysticism concerning psychic gifts and lets the light of day into its various phases. You have the privilege of publishing this letter in connection with the letter from Mr. West. The message was perfect in its entirety. We have the original which can be seen by anyone who has the curiosity to investigate. I have other letters, one on the subject of prayer and other papers written upon other important subjects, produced in precisely the same manner, which are deeply suggestive of the spiritual and intellectual forces back of them.

The writer was fully aware, in publishing this book that to the uninitiated mind, those who had no experience with psychic phenomena, the contents would appear unreasonable; but coming in contact, as the writer has with these forces, closely observing every detail under the most favorable circumstances, he cannot do less than give judgment in favor of their absolute truthfulness without the least doubt or reservation. There will be found no plagiarism, neither are they copies of any other work ever written.

The book referred to is the mere introduction to three volumes of 60 quarto pages each of which will be published in due time and when this science of life, which is elucidated in these forthcoming volumes, comes to be studied with a view of a full understanding of the subjects treated, the scholarly and thinking minds of this country will be awakened to an enlightenment not heretofore attained. "Know thyself," will have a greater significance than it has had in the ages past and present.

I see you call me a Spiritualist. Well, that depends upon the interpretation that is placed upon that name. If it means the higher interpretation, yes; but if as understood by the ignorant and debased, I say, no. In closing, permit me to say that I have read these letters many hundred times over before they were published, and my last reading is more convincing of their absolute truth. If possible, than those before. My search is for truth and only truth. I wish the world could have been brought in contact with the evidences which have come into my experience within the past five years. I am,

Very truly yours,
H. C. Hodges.
P. S. The report of court injunction against the sale of the book is false, it was evidently inspired and sent out by one of the sensational papers of this city.

On Mediumship.

A Communication Received on the Evening of June 12th, 1901, at "Circle of Seven."

My Dear Friends:—As I have been called upon to express myself to you through this method of communication, I will say a few words upon the subject of mediumship, which is too often considered a special talent, a remarkable power, or a peculiar attribute of an otherwise normal individual. This is a misapprehension and leads to erroneous ideas, for to develop mediumship is in no way unnatural, as it is a perfectly natural function, operating in a perfectly natural manner, according to recognized and known laws. A knowledge of this law will remove the obscurity of mysticism from mediumship, and place it before the world in its true light. The faculties of mediumship are simply spiritual faculties, and since every individual is a spirit, it follows that every individual possesses faculties of mediumship.

To be clairvoyant is to have the spiritual vision sufficiently developed as to render it available to mortal; to be clairaudient is to have the sense of hearing, developed so that the individual will hear in the mortal as he will hear when he enters the spirit world; to be impressible is to be capable of understanding thought languages, which is the language of spirit. Each of these factors is an essential factor in the organization of all individuals, and furthermore is absolutely essential to spiritual growth. Those individuals who may be pronounced as possessing no mediumistic qualities; with such, these qualities are simply latent, and only waiting proper conditions to mature; but they are there, and may be developed to some degree by intelligent education.

Impetuosity, eagerness, impatience and insincerity invariably lead to disappointment, as they create mental and emotional agitation which seriously retards the true understanding of mediumship. The proper requisites for a successful development are sincerity of purpose, which constitutes a sure passport to the instruction of those learned intelligences who are ever ready to aid earnest seekers for divine truth, also tranquillity of thought and concentration of the mind upon the object sought. This, in the majority of cases is the most difficult lesson the individual has to learn, for the reason that in his effort to focus the thoughts upon the desired object, he unconsciously oversteps the essential point and induces a state of positiveness which naturally retards the efforts of the spirit friends or guides.

In order to develop a negative or receptive state of being the mind must be relaxed and passive, just as it is before the onset of a natural interest must be banished and the thought allowed to rest, dwelling passively on the object sought. It may require long and patient application in order to render the faculties of mediumship responsive, or on the other hand, the growth may be rapid. This result depends largely upon the pure nature of the individual as well as the environments in which he pursues this attainment.

The next requisite, and most important to keep in mind is that inspiration has much to do with the nature of the development. Lofly ambitions are incentives to higher spiritual unfoldment, and the more perfect intelligences from the spirit side of life who will act as guides. Mercenary motives attract selfish spirits; vanity or curiosity attract frivolous intelligences who will find amusement in playing upon the ignorance and credulity of the individual. It is impossible to attain to the higher and more perfect unfoldment and become a worthy instrument through which the spirit world can find expression without seeking to follow rigidly the rules referred to, and the success will be in proportion to the perseverance and determination of the individual.

Benjamin West.

Read "Two Thousand Years in Celestial Life." Price \$1.25. Astro Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

What, then, since I am naturally dull, shall I, for this reason, take no pains?—Epictetus.
If a man, said Epictetus, opposes evident truths it is not easy to find arguments by which we shall make him change his opinion.

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Some Plain Words.

The man who is constantly endeavoring to get something for nothing should be carefully watched, lest he lays hands upon property not his own and makes off with it surreptitiously. That man who succeeds in securing spiritual food in this way belongs to the same order as does the one who seeks material advantage. He who feeds his neighbor's mental and spiritual body uplifts that neighbor and makes a better man of him. In return for the help thus bestowed, should not the giver be entitled to some compensation that will enable him to live? The men who toil with their hands are far from being the ones who perform the hardest work. Their toil is in every respect as honorable as is that of the brain laborer, but it is not half so exhausting either mentally or physically. A speaker who teaches the multitude is a hard worker, if he is true to his high office, and is worthy of support in view of the labor he puts forth for the good of others. He who ministers to the highest needs of humanity, is far from being an incubation upon society, neither is he a drone in the human hive.

The average toiler of today has no time to perfect himself in all branches of learning. In the ideal state of society every individual will be his own teacher, for he will have time to study, and will not be compelled to meet the awful grind for a mere existence as he does now. Until that good time comes, teachers will be necessary, hence pulpitists, lecturers, and all kinds of public speakers will be needed. So long as they are needed, just so long will they and should they be paid for their services. If the "Golden Rule" were in force, it would not be long before every man would be more eager to do good unto his neighbor than he would to advance his own personal aims. In Spiritualism, it has long been the other way; the individual has been made more of than the Cause of Spiritualism as a whole, with the result that our great movement has lost caste, and has very little influence as a cult upon social life and its customs today.

Those who declare that a speaker ought to be content with five dollars for two lectures per day are too small in mind to grasp even the faintest meaning of the message of Spiritualism to the world. The speaker has had to give up ordinary business to devote himself to his teaching; he must familiarize himself with the thought of the age; he must know something of the rules of evidence; he should understand logic and grammar; he ought to be receptive to the highest inspirations of the Angels, but he never can be, unless he is removed from the jar and worry of every day

events. It is a very small part of a true Spiritualist for any person to stand up and declare that "speakers ought to be compelled to go to work (meaning, of course, work with their hands) for their living." Manual labor is honorable, and no one holds the title of laborer in higher esteem than do we, but mental and spiritual labor is far more important, twice as difficult, and thrice as depleting. The man who would deprive our teachers of their just compensation is small enough in soul to be perfectly comfortable with one million others by his side, in standing upon the point of a canalic needle. We have such people in Spiritualism today. They object to settled speakers, for they would have to be paid, and an obligation is about the last thing kickers can stand. They object to the ten cent door fee, and to collections when the door fee is abolished. In fine, they object to anything and everything that would take one dollar or one penny even, out of their pockets.

We recognize the fact that the clergy have not come up to the ideal standard of spiritual teachers, hence do not wonder that many of them are known to be drones in industry's busy hive. We realize that nearly three thousand millions of dollars of church and ecclesiastical school property have been hoarded at the taxpayer's expense, yet that is no reason why Spiritualists should refrain from having temples of their own, and that they should desist from their task to secure an equal and uniform rate of taxation for all property of this character. It is true that there are numerous charitable associations of a sectarian character that are caring for the sick and afflicted of their own denominations. It would be well if the Spiritualists had one or two of these asylums of their own, provided they were compelled to support them. Their one charitable organization of a national character has done nothing for the poor for over five years, but has poured money as interest into the pockets of a mortgage. Yet some Spiritualists declare that that is the kind of an organization that is doing the most good! "Yes, it collects money to be sure, but that money pays the interest on the mortgage, hence does not go to the State or National Association, therefore, it is all right!"

We ask here how much influence that body, or any other of like nature, would have in preventing obnoxious legislation? How far could it go in securing school reforms, and know that it had done any good? To what extent is any society recognized that changes speakers every month, as a factor in the moral upliftment of a people? How far are those speakers recognized by those outside of our own ranks and to what an extent can they obtain a hearing in the secular press? Those who can prove that such societies are the backbone of Spiritualism will be equal in power to the Creator of the Universe, for they will be possessed of all wisdom. It becomes apparent to every thinking man, that organization along methodical lines, is the one hope of success in these several departments of spiritualistic work. It takes organization to cope with organization. It takes numbers of voters to influence politicians. Assembly man Bell of New York said after introducing his famous bill against the irregular medical practitioners: "I find that it won't do to attack the Christian Scientists; there are too many of them, and they are too well organized to render it safe!"

This confession of a Republican politician is significant. It signifies that the Scientists are honorable enough to support their own cause, and that office seekers are keen enough to recognize the power of that support. Our Spiritualists can find food for thought in the foregoing sentences. If they have left the church and come to Spiritualism to get something for nothing, they are in no sense true blue Spiritualists. If they feel that Spiritualism in itself is unworthy of support, and give their money surreptitiously to other movements, then they have no claim upon the proud and glorious name of Spiritualists. He is a Spiritualist who has spiritualized his life, his pocketbook, his conduct, his business and political relations. The man who feels that a ten cent door fee, or a one thousand dollar cheque to a society discharges his every duty to Spiritualism, is far from being a Spiritualist. He seeks through money to shirk the responsibility of honestly supporting his Spiritualism, for until personal effort is joined to money, the latter does little or no good. Local, State and National organization is essential to the success of spiritual Spiritualism. All opponents of that thought are entitled to their own views, and should hold to them until they see themselves in error. But in their opposition to their brethren who do believe in co-operation, who do recognize the value of honesty and continuous effort, they have no right to cast abuse upon them, nor to put hindrances in their way. They should refrain both from fault finding and throwing stones.

An Object Lesson.

A clipping from one of the papers in Northampton, Mass., and letters from trusted friends in that vicinity, inform us that one D. O. Carl had suddenly left that city without paying certain bills of importance. Carl advertised as a "clairvoyant," a "Professor," and "President of New York Occult Society and International Clairvoyants' Order of the High Star." The advertisement of itself should have caused people to distrust his pretentious claims, and we are not surprised to learn that those who patronized him were victimized. This would and ought to be an object lesson, but credulous people will refuse to believe ill of even the rankest humbug, and will rally to his support regardless of consequences. As for Carl, or whatever may be his name, it matters very little, for all he has to do is to go to another city, assume another name, put forth the very same advertisement, and then repeat his swindling ad libitum. This has been the method of Slade, Baldwin, Frost, Jules Wallace, Walter Raye and dozens of others who are today posing as Spiritualist mediums and clairvoyants. It does not matter if their pretensions

are shown up by every Spiritualist paper in the land; they invariably return to their criminal practices, and are sustained by the very people whom they hoodwinked before. The memories of many Spiritualists are very poor, and the frauds fatten upon their life blood in consequence. If it were possible, it would be a good thing to assemble these rogues in one body, and then let them operate upon their defenders at their own sweet will. Even the erudite and sarcastic "Sargis" of unknown location might get his eyes open, as would some others from such an object lesson.

Maine Spiritualists Take Notice!!

Our good friends in Maine are hereby informed that the Banner of Light never has given a certificate of endorsement to Mrs. Jennie Darrell, a materializing and slate-writing medium, who is now operating in their State. This statement is also true of the officers of the N. S. A., especially so of its President, from whom the party in question claims to have letters of recommendation. Our request on behalf of both the Banner of Light and the N. S. A. is for Spiritualists to demand and carefully scrutinize the credentials that all mediums claim to be possessed of from either one or both institutions. No reputable medium will refuse to exhibit such papers, if he has them, and if a person does not have them, after boldly declaring that he has, all fair minded persons cannot do otherwise (and should not), than to look upon him with suspicion, and even consider such an one an importer. We do not wish to do any medium an injustice, but we firmly believe that true mediumship earns its endorsements, and never asks for them in advance. Caution is a necessity in the investigation of all subjects, psychical phenomena not excepted.

Veteran Spiritualists' Union at One, July 21.

We are glad to learn arrangements have been made for Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, Pastor of The Gospel of Spirit Return Society of Boston, to be among the platform workers on the Veteran's Day, July 29. We have not learned the names of the other workers, but conclude it will be a carefully selected list of speakers.

The policy of President Symonds seems to be: Concentration of all efforts toward opening the Home at Waverley; and "Get to work." If Mr. Symonds' effort is met by the Spiritualists of the country with anything like his own spirit of devotion, it will be but a few months before the work of "caring for our own" will have actually begun.

In an interview with President Symonds, he succeeded in convincing us that, whatever division of opinion might exist as to the wisdom of the purchase of the present realty holdings, the property is available for the purposes of a Home. While we took the position in a former editorial that the property should be sold and the money taken to buy a less expensive place, Brother Symonds' conclusion, after his careful study of the situation, is shared by us, that the only way to make use of the property, pending a market demand for it, is to join hands and furnish the means to open the Home.

The thousands of dollars the Union has invested in the Waverley property cannot be abandoned, and until there is a demand for the property in the market, cannot be released by sale. As the place can be used in caring for our poor, with funds for the purpose, it would seem the thing to do to push forward the work by individual contribution and effort.

Who will be the first to respond?

July 4

has come and gone. The casualties of the day were far more numerous than in any preceding year in our memory on the same anniversary. The Boston Globe aptly says that, instead of being "the day we celebrate," the "Glorious Fourth" has become "the day we mutilate." This is too true, and shows plainly the degeneracy of patriotism among Americans of today. We fail to see wherein the expenditure of large sums of money in powder, cannons, anvils, fire works, etc., constitute any part of true patriotism. Noise never instills morality nor true love of country into any human being. The money wasted in parades, gaudy costumes, and other senseless encumbrances, could be better utilized in the purchase of ice and other necessities for the heat sufferers of our land. When our country is truly free, Americans can afford to celebrate their independence. Until then, they are demanding patriotism, and injuring themselves, as well as their fellowmen, by their useless waste of time and strength.

Do You Want a Valuable Brick?

If you do, send one dollar to the office of the Banner of Light Publishing Company and secure a copy of Mrs. Corriella Banister's unique work, "I'm a Brick." It is one of the finest bits of satire, humor, and wisdom that has ever found its way into print. Those who are desirous of seeing the pretensions of the different religious sects as they really are will be given an opportunity to do so in the pages of this queer "Brick." Send in your orders. It is only one dollar per "Brick," and the foundation of every house of instruction will be incomplete without this new "Brick" nicely cemented into the understanding of the owner. Purchase your "Brick" at once, and urge your friends to do likewise.

China will pay \$325,000,000 for the trouble caused by the injustices of a few nondescript missionaries. This is rank injustice.

A man can more easily burn down his own house than get rid of his prejudices.—Descartes.

The Physicians' Guarantee Company.

The above is the title of a corporation organized under the laws of Indiana, for the protection of physicians against suits for malpractice. It is a combination formed for the express purpose of defending its members against any and all suits that may be brought, no matter how well founded they may be in fact, and pledges the resources of the Association to secure the acquittal of the accused. The following is the contract made by the corporation and the doctor who joins it:

"The company issues only one form and kind of contract. It provides that if the physician holding it is sued for damages for civil malpractice, the company will defend the suit for him. It will pay all expenses of attorney's fees, experts, witnesses and court costs to a limit of five thousand dollars in each case; and it will make this defense in all suits brought in which the cause of action arose during the life of the contract, no matter when they are brought, with only this limitation: that it shall not be bound to expend more than ten thousand dollars in defense of cases in which the cause of action arose in any one year of the life of the contract. That is to say, for every annual payment on his contract the physician has the obligation of the company to spend ten thousand dollars for him, if necessary.

"The company will contest the case by all means known to the law, and to the highest court to which an appeal can be taken, subject only to the limitation of five thousand dollars' outlay in one case, and ten thousand dollars on cases arising from services rendered in any one year during the life of the contract."

This is another means of protection for the doctors, and one less for the people. In heaven's name how long will the people consent to such tyranny? Restrictive medical laws are becoming more and more numerous, and now the patient's last hope, his last resort, is being taken from him by this organization whose avowed purpose is to resist the enforcement of the law against malpractice. Truly the United States is a progressive nation, and the doctors are its prophets! "How long, Oh Lord, how long, must thy children suffer?"

Practical Ideas.

This excellent magazine grows better and better each issue. It is metaphysical in its teachings, and covers a wide range of subjects. It has entered upon its second volume with its July number, which has come to hand filled with good things from the pens of some of the ablest writers of the age. It is published by the Starr Publishing Company, 230 Clarendon St., Boston, Mass. Subscription price one dollar per year. Single copies twelve cents. It is well worth the money asked for it, and we hope it will find its way into the homes of progressive minds everywhere.

The Legislatures of Connecticut and Massachusetts have at last adjourned, and the people of both States can breathe easier for at least six months. It is a pity that the meetings of these bodies were not limited by law to ninety days each. They could do far more good and much less harm in that period than they do now.

John Wanamaker of Philadelphia recently offered \$2,500,000 for certain franchises in that city. He knew they were worth more than that sum, but made the bid hoping to open the eyes of his fellow-citizens to their real value. Mayor Ashbridge tossed his bid one side, and proceeded to virtually give the franchises away to political henchmen and unscrupulous contractors. It was \$2,500,000 for the people, as against a heavy rake off for the Mayor and his tools, and the latter won. This is Quayism gone to seed, yet the people of Philadelphia make no protest against the robbery.

Edwin VII. has decreed that all divorced women must be excluded from public functions. Divorced men—well, nothing is said with regard to them, hence it is to be supposed that they as yet are not persona non grata to his royal pleasure. Has Edward also banished the woman with whom he was once content to associate? If so, he must be intending to spell the word Good with capital letters hereafter. It is about time.

Ireland's emigration is about one-half what it was in 1883, according to English statistics, but the Irish emigrant in America is none the less numerous today than he was then. Imperialism always destroys liberty, and America may well profit by Ireland's fate.

Mayor Harrison of Chicago, prohibited the sale or gift of fire crackers and toy pistols for the Fourth of July. He earned the hearty support of all self-respecting people in so doing. His order, no doubt saved several lives, and prevented a vast amount of suffering. Would that all Mayors, yea, even Governors, had the power to issue and enforce the same order in their several domains. It would be a step toward civilization.

Mr. Wu Ting Fang, Chinese Ambassador to the United States, was the orator of the day, July 4, at Philadelphia. His address is pronounced by all who have read or heard it to be one of the ablest ever delivered on a like occasion. It was broad, cultured and statesmanlike. Mr. Wu is a profound scholar and an orator of no mean ability. His reappearance for another term is very gratifying to the American people.

As in the springtime the wheat seed dies, that anew there may be born the harvest of autumn, so perishes the physical body of man, that his soul may reap the rich harvest of experience, when all seasons of life are spent. Such only is progressive evolution.

The war against the devoted patriots in South Africa is to go on. Great Britain has decided to spend \$90,000,000 for horses and other war supplies, with the hope that the scattered army of 20,000 Boers may be overcome. In the meantime, the spirit of rebellion is growing in Cape Colony, and it is not impossible for trouble to break out there. If there is such a thing as Justice, England will yet be punished for her treachery and ignominious actions in South Africa. America, too, has sworn to the winds, and will reap to the whirlwinds in her unjust conquest of the Philippines.

The managers of the Michigan exhibit at the Pan-American have voted to close the State building on Sundays, save for an hour at noon for the distribution of mails. The fine Italian hand of the Orthodox Christian is seen in this piece of work. The people of Michigan made no request for the Sunday closing of their building and the action of the Michigan commissioners is clearly an outrage. No doubt they will hear from their constituents in regard to the matter. The Exposition should be open in its every branch on all days, Sundays included.

Dr. Emilie L. Greene of Jackson, Mich., is spending the summer at Hotel Rockaway, E. Gloucester. Her office days are Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays of each week. Dr. Greene is an Osteopathist, and ranks high in her profession. We trust that those who desire first-class treatment will call upon her. She is well versed in her profession, and highly skilled in application.

Many of the war taxes were removed July 1. This is good news for all classes of people, especially for those who deal largely with the banks, express companies, telegraph and telephone combinations. It is to be hoped that the schedule will be revised yet further, and many other objectionable taxes modified. We hope in case of another struggle, necessitating the return of war taxes, that the corporations—not the people—will have to bear the increase.

From our exchanges we infer that there is trouble in the organization of the American Secular Union and Free Thought Federation. This is to be greatly regretted, for that progressive body was doing much to overthrow bigotry and superstition in our land, and a quarrel will surely cripple its usefulness. We trust that its members will rally as a unit around the glorious flag of free thought and march on to the victory that is surely theirs and ours if we will but work together for a common purpose.

And now the missionaries are demanding an indemnity of \$7,000,000 in excess of that which is to be paid to the governments of the occidental world. They ask this great sum in the face of all they have "looted," rather stolen from the Chinese! Their audacity is equaled only by their rapacity, and worthy only of the men who manifest it. It is to be hoped that the Chinese will file counter claims for the damages caused by missionary thievery, and take steps to compel the payment of the same. The missionaries never have yet minded their own business, and it is time they were taught to do so. The way to teach them is to keep them at home, and compel them to let China alone.

Brothers James H. Young and Edwin Poole speak some very plain and wholesome words in recent issues of the Wareham, Mass., Times, in defense of Spiritualism. A preacher with less sense than logic and reason, saw fit to attack Spiritualism in the columns of the Times, and Brothers Poole and Young give him some very plain truths in their rejoinders. The preacher knows more today with respect to Spiritualism than he did before his outrageous attack upon it. For this enlightenment he can thank the brothers who have so ably defined Spiritualism's sublime principles for him. May he profit by this very useful and impressive lesson.

Several young women members of the First Congregational Church of Winsted, Ct., who have been writing consoling letters to James T. Hayes, in prison for the murder of his sweetheart, visited him in jail the other day. One of them said she would die for him, if he only could. That would probably suit Hayes to a T—Exchange. And yet Connecticut is said to be the "Land of Steady Habits!" Is gushing over a murderer one of said "Habits?" If so, then it is no wonder the Nutmeg State is called upon to deal with so many brutal murders, both of men and women.

Those secular journals that continue to abuse Prof. George D. Herron for his alleged domestic troubles, have evidently found it impossible to refute his arguments, hence are trying to destroy the man by abusing him. We do not claim that Prof. Herron is perfect, nor do we excuse any mistakes that he has wilfully made, but we feel that it is safe to assert that Herron will be loved and honored a century hence when the names of his detractors will be absolutely forgotten.

In a recent article filling three sticks of type, Anthony Comstock uses the pronoun "I" just twenty-three times. Such egotism is only equaled by his brazen assumption of purity, and by his unmitigated falsehoods in respect to the value of his work. Comstockism has done more to foster immorality than any other one influence in society. He is in his element when he declares that he has had a special partnership with God, whereby the latter for a consideration not specified kept Anthony in saintly purity, and saved him whole from the contaminating influence of vice. It is rather hard on God to be accused of keeping such company as Comstock's, for fear Anthony might set up a claim to greater virtue and power than are said to be possessed by his senior partner.

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.

These circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

As 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 June 13, 1901, S. E. 24

Invocations.

Once again we gather here that the influence of the spirit may be made manifest in the lives of those in distress and trouble. Sometimes looking out from the peace-crowned heights, the voice, the heartache, and the grief in the world, bring tears to our eyes. Sometimes looking far beyond the present into the future where the glory of truth crowns all, we would hasten and feel the desire to hurry forward into the fullness and realization of that day; but this morning we stand patient and trusting, and only ask that the sweet message of love, the influence of truth, the undying thought of sympathy and understanding, may be made manifest where it is most needed. These dear hearts who gather here to send love, to send their continued love, to give evidence of their ability to understand and grasp the conditions that we trust will be helped by our love and our influence and that where they go the light will follow and shine through all the life that is to be. Not for ourselves or for this little circle alone, do we ask that the blessing of love may go, but everywhere where mourning is, every place where tears are flowing, at the very hour when grief is sweeping with mighty hand over the home and the heart, we ask that the influence of love may be there to soothe and to heal—Amen.

MESSAGES.

John Knox to Mrs. Martha Gordon, Pasadena, Cal.

The first spirit I see this morning is an old gentleman about sixty-five years old. He is short and not very stout, has a full gray beard, very heavy eyebrows and quite heavy gray hair. He has a clear, plain way of speaking; he comes over to me and looks into my face and says: "Little one, this is so new to me that I can scarcely believe that I am communicating with you and through you with the world. My name is John Knox. I was a devout church member and believed in immortal life as a thing that God must grant to those he loved and who served him, but I had not the slightest idea of the condition of this after-life or that it was possible for people to return to those they had left here. I desire very much to send a word to Mrs. Martha Gordon. She lives in Pasadena, Cal. I want her to know that I have been about her and desire to help her through her trouble; that although her conditions have been black and have brought her distress, there is yet hope of something better and brighter in this life all round about her. Her sickness is not fatal. She can be helped, if she will but throw herself into the arms of the spirit; it will heal and soothe and keep her. I thank you."

Ellen Banks to Charles.

The next spirit that comes to me is a woman about forty-five years old. She is just one of those people who is always working, working, working, as fast as she can work. She wouldn't know what to do with herself if she did not see a lot of things to be done. She hurries up to me as though she had left something in order to be here at this time and says: "Goodness, but I thought I would be left. I did not know as I would ever get round here in season and find a place open for myself. I think a half a dozen times I have tried to come here and every time I would find that there was no room. I wish they would make this paper all messages and then perhaps there would not be so many broken hearts and disappointed ones when the circle is over, but I suppose that we need to be satisfied with what comes. My name is Ellen Banks. I came from Madison, Me. I want my people to know that whatever has happened to them, I have been conscious of and anxious to help them if I could. A spirit is not always able to say everything that it knows. I expected when I came here that I would be able to speak definitely about the people and all the conditions, but here I come and I find myself hindered and limited even by coming back into a body which is not my own. I would like to get to Charles. I want him to understand that although I don't come as often as he would like to have me, I do make an effort; I do accomplish many things which he is not aware of now. I wish I had my old garden. I would make the flowers bloom this year as never before; but I want to tell him that I have a garden over here and that it is so beautiful; seems as though things grow so much better than they did in earth life, and I am so happy working around it and there is never any condition like a funeral in the earth life that I don't wish I could take some of my flowers and carry them to the house, same as I used to when I was in earth life. I think I always had rather a strange feeling about death because as I look back on it now

I never knew any fear, and always felt that the case gone on were conscious of what I did for them, and I became aware when I passed out that the spirit could become conscious almost instantly on leaving the body. I want Tom to know that I have seen his trouble and I have been able to help so that he will have no more of it, at least, not at present."

Della Adams.

I see now a beautiful old lady about sixty-five or seventy years old. Her hair is snowy white, her eyes are black as coals, with a fresh looking face. She comes over to me and says sweetly, "Do please help me, because I feel a great anxiety to get to my own. My name is Della Adams. I used to live in Franklin, N. H. I have such a desire to get back to my own people; perhaps no more than anyone else, but yet it is strong enough and gives me great pleasure to come here and even attempt this work. I, too, was one of those people who knew nothing of the spirit life. Content I was to have just the knowledge from day to day of life and its duties, but now I can see where I had enlarged and tried to understand it, it would have been much easier for me now and for those who are left. Please send this word to Alice and tell her mother is so anxious to have her understand that she loves her as much as ever."

Frank Atwood.

I see the spirit of a boy about twelve years old. He is as bright as a dollar and has bright blue eyes and brown hair. He comes in whistling and singing as though he was as jolly and happy as could be. He says, "I am. I don't see any need of coming back with tears and regrets. My people have all the tears that they need and all the pain that is possible, so if I had any I would just try to leave them behind and come back as I used to with joy and good cheer. My name is Frank Atwood and I lived a long way off—Fargo, Dakota. Oh, I like the life there. There was so much freedom and so much of the open air, so little of the conventionalities in life (that is to me and my people). When I came over here to the spirit, it was quite a shock to me because I came suddenly. No one ever dreamed that I would go, but here I am and living with the same hope, the same looking forward to new conditions and larger expression than I could when I was alive. Send this message to my mother whose name is Anna and tell her that I am ever near, nothing would keep me away; if it is possible ever for me to say one word or touch her in any way which she can understand, I shall do it. I saw her looking at the album the other day and when she came to my picture she turned it over as quickly as she could—couldn't bear to look at it. I don't like that much. I would rather she would think of me as being happy and with her and not turn over quite so fast."

Grace Wallace.

I see the spirit of a woman about thirty-five years old. She is quite tall and very dark. Her eyes are black, her hair is dark, heavy and wavy. She walks over to me and says, "Here I am. I promised that I would come if it were possible, and now I am making the effort. My name is Grace Wallace and I lived in Rochester, N. Y. I was very happy and did not want to die. Everything was done to keep me. Frank gave every attention and had everything done possible, but I just slipped away step by step until I arrived over here. My mother is with me and, oh, she was so glad to have me come that in a way it made it easier for me. I think if I had known how real this spirit life is, I would not have fought so hard, but I had so many things to hold me to earth life, for my little girl is still alive and her name is Edna. I want to send word to my friend Maud. I want her to know that I have been about her and that is one reason why she cried so much. I didn't mean to do it, but every time I went near her my own grief seemed to impress her. I am getting better now and I hope to be strong before long to give something like evidence in the home, of my continued life with those I love."

Fred Dyer.

Right after that spirit comes a man of about forty or forty-five years. He is tall and athletic looking. His eyes are blue and his hair a dark, dark brown, dark mustache and merry, merry eyes, and he smiles and comes over to me and says, "Well, I am not like the rest of these people. I knew something of spirit return and I suppose that helps me to come stronger. I feel a good deal of satisfaction in standing here without a sigh or a sob. My name is Fred Dyer and I lived in Clinton, Ia. I had never made any public investigations, but on my own responsibility and in my own way had satisfied myself of the power of those gone on. I feel sometimes that we ought to be a good deal stronger than we are. If we were not combated so much in our efforts to return I am quite certain that the world would be benefited by the influence of those passed over the border. Tell Lizzy to sit for me and I will come to her and will speak loudly enough for her to hear. I don't care to make physical manifestations but I can speak, or I perhaps can open up her vision that she may see me. Tell her that there is nothing for her to be afraid of, and that I am hoping to help her in her decision about disposing of her house. She will understand what I mean. Thank you."

Albert Morse.

The next spirit is that of a man about fifty years old. He is short, rather stout and has a gentle, kind way. He is bald on the top of his head and is fair complexioned, that is, neither very dark nor very fair, but with a fair skin. He doesn't come very near to me but stands off in rather an independent way and says, "God bless me; I am sure I had no idea that I could communicate as freely as this. Already I feel better and hope I shall be able to do more. My name is Albert

Morse and I lived in Hartford, Conn. I was in business there and being of rather a practical turn of mind, perhaps, on the material plane, more than you people are, did not give this subject any thought. It seemed to me that my life was given me to make the most of, and I did it. I want to get to Louise. If you can send a message to her from me I think it may assist her. I want to get to Ben too. She will know who Ben is, and she can tell him for me that I have stopped smoking. Ben always said if I did not, I would be sorry. I don't know that I am sorry that I didn't—feel more sorry that I had to stop. I am sorry, too, that I left my affairs in such a state. If I had had the least intimation that my life was so near an end I could have patched up some things so that they would not have been as bad as these were and are, but perhaps it is all right. Those who worked on the case better understand how much I had to do than they ever did before. Thank you."

Amanda Cate.

The spirit of a woman comes to me now. Oh, she is so weak—seems as if she can hardly stand up here. She is leaning on the arm of an Indian and with her is another spirit, gone so long seems more like a spirit guide—of very long existence in the spirit life. The woman says her name is Amanda Cate, and these two are her guides that she had when she was in earth life. She is trying to overcome her weak condition and get back to her own people. She is from Bangor, Me. She says, "Oh I can't tell you how much I long to tell of what I have seen over here. I wanted to go. I had suffered so much that it seemed as if I could not stand it to stay any longer, and oh, what a comfort it was to slip out of a tired old body into the freedom of the spirit. I am so happy that it is over. I haven't tried to understand much about the law that makes it possible for me to influence people in earth life. I shall by and by make the effort, but just now I am resting and drinking in the beauty and the loveliness of this life. My guides are so strong and so helpful to me. The Indian is named Red Bird."

Nellie Lamb.

I see now a spirit of a girl about fifteen years old. She says, "My name is Nellie Lamb, and I lived in Boston. I want to come to someone by the same name, Nellie Lamb, alive. I was named for her. She is my aunt and I desire to send this message to her because she is sick and in trouble. I have been trying for a long time to speak plainly to her but could not do it, and this morning I have come with strength sufficient and I want her to know that I can help her to get better. My father is with me and says, 'Tell Nell that I will give her strength for the trial which is before her and she will come through all right. Don't worry.'"

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-TWO.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

We see a good deal of late in our Spiritualistic papers about our societies devoting themselves to altruistic work. This is taking a step in the right direction, though we think that it might be well to avoid a large word of foreign derivation, and call it simply working to do good to other people. There is nothing new in this. Jesus taught the Golden Rule, which is to do to others just as we would that they should do to us. This is more than being honest, just, or charitable. It bids us to treat others exactly as we want to be treated by others, and the measure of what we do for them is our own desire for what they shall do for us. Church members who are worthy of the name have done thus, and the Christian church has made itself a power in the world, and has held its own by the works of benevolence in which its members are engaged.

Up to the time of Christ the most advanced nations in Europe devoted themselves to greed, rapine, military training, literature and art. The poor were trodden down, the slaves were beaten and tortured, and prisoners of war were enslaved or starved to death in dungeons. Charitable institutions for the insane, the idiotic, the crippled, and orphans, were unknown among the Greeks and Romans.

The spirit of love, kindness and benevolence began to permeate human action through the spread of Christian precepts, before the church went over to the side of the devil with the growth of ecclesiastical power and wealth.

During the century just past, the benevolence of the Christian church has greatly increased. To deny this is futile and unjust. We might spend columns in the mere enumeration of charitable works engaged in by benevolent Christians.

The Social Settlements which have been formed in large cities are a glowing example of the Christ spirit. The noble workers engaged in them live in poor localities and actually live poorly among the poor, so as to show them how to live more cleanly, more wisely, and more lovingly.

One of the most brilliant graduates of Judson Institute in Minneapolis is at the head of a social settlement in that city, carried on by a Congregational church. Brought up in the lap of luxury, slightly crippled so that no one ever expected her to accomplish a woman's work in life, now an orphan, she has found full scope for her mental powers and her affiant nature, in living right in the slums, and teaching poor women how to care better for their families, and educating the children to live useful lives. Her angel mother watches her child, led her into this work, guards her in its dangers and vicissitudes, whispers comfort in her moments of discouragement, and awaits the hour when she can welcome her to her own spirit home.

Several weeks ago, I saw two bright girls and a young man on the ferry-boat, on their way to a meeting in a neighboring town. Their garb recalled the Salvation Army, but it was prettier. After awhile one of the girls went onto the deck, and I sought an opportunity to ask her about her work. I found that she and her mate had taken up charity work in both hands, for they were living right in the slums in New York City, in order to benefit the poor.

What a sweet, bright talk we had on the deck of that ferry-boat, and how cordially we wished each other God-speed when we parted!

We cannot agree with the theological views taught by Spurgeon and Moody, but they were both large-hearted men filled with benevolence, and their extraordinary executive and practical abilities enabled them to carry on works and institutions of philanthropy, which found a place for every one who desired to work for humanity, and which will continue to make their names revered for generations to come.

In the great city of New York, so near my own abode, we find churches that are devoted to uplifting downtrodden humanity in ways that must make good angels smile with approbation. Noticeable among these are the Memorial Church carried on by Dr. Edward Judson, and St. George's church, the rector of which is Dr. Rainsford.

Both these men have the true spirit of Christian philanthropy, and carry on schemes for humanitarian work that find occupation for a cloud of workers who desire to benefit the generation in which they live.

I have less personal knowledge of Dr. Rainsford's noble work, but am somewhat familiar with Dr. Judson's practical plans and executive force which are doing so much to ameliorate the condition, and to educate the mind and heart of the suffering poor. I will enumerate the main features of his work.

Besides the services, Bible classes and schools of Sunday, there is a daily service for the people every week night through the year. The humanitarian work of this earnest work of men and women includes a free kindergarten of forty children, a free singing class on the Damosch plan with one hundred pupils, free lectures every Tuesday night, a large chorus choir, gymnastic classes twice a week for women and girls, for boys, and also for men, each class being separate, a free sewing school once a week, a millinery class once a week containing twenty-five women and girls, a free public ice-water fountain six months in the year, a free dispensary aggregating 7000 visits a year, relief in food and clothing and employment sought for those out of work, a penny provident fund, a flower mission, several hundred children sent to the country every summer, children's home in Somerville, New Jersey, costing \$35,000, where twenty New York children have a home, with room for sixty more, were the money provided, an apartment and boarding house and a family hotel adjoining the church.

This is altruistic work indeed, and it should be noted that it began in an almost moneyless condition some twenty years ago, and that the funds to make the buildings and to carry on the work have been obtained through the solicited and unsolicited contributions of Christian people.

Facts like these prove conclusively that it is wrong to say that the Christian church is doing nothing, and they also prove that if Spiritualists expect to gain power and an influence for good in the community, they should devote themselves to humanitarian work, and to promulgating our glad truths in an unselfish manner.

When persons come to an earnest Christian church, like this Memorial one, they at once find that there is plenty to do. If they love little children, they find a chance to be useful to them. If they feel for the suffering poor, they are guided to relieve them. If their hearts ache for puny little tots in tenement houses, they can help to take charge of them in a trip to the country. If they like to sew, they can help in that work. Any way, they can come to the meetings, see others at work, and watch their chance to get their own hand in.

How is it with them if they go to an ordinary Spiritualist meeting. In most cases they hear a lecture or a talk, they hear a medium give tests, or they are invited to present some article for a psychometric reading, and join the procession to the table in front which is soon heaped up by a variety of things from nearly every person in the room. They hear circles announced on certain evenings of the coming week, at which they may be present by paying a quarter. And this is about all.

Is it possible for earnest persons, who want to do something for the age in which they live, to be interested in attending a series of meetings that are carried on on such a narrow, selfish basis as this? Once or twice is enough for them, and then they begin to attend some People's church, where the attendants seem to be alive to the needs of the outside world, or to some meeting where a rapt and eloquent speaker "allures to brighter worlds and leads the way," and where the sublime music of the organ and choir

"Dissolve them into ecstasies, And bring all heaven before their eyes."

Spiritualism teaches us that the greatest sin is selfishness, and that the only way for us to progress in the spirit world is to lend a helping hand and heart, in the spirit of love, to all souls with whom we come in contact. The natural inference is that we should lend ourselves mightily to such works as these, while still in the mortal, so that when we are separated from the fleshly body, we can at once go on with the labors that have engaged all our powers while here.

Let us not merely declare in conventions and by the pen that we need to become more altruistic. Let us rather lay practical plans by which the Spiritualists in the places where we dwell may become engaged to relieve a suffering world. Unless we do so, our best believers will merge themselves with other organizations, and our Cause will be

come dissolved into the ever increasing stream of human advancement.

Our papers ask many questions why most of our local societies do not increase in power and influence. We have indicated what we conceive to be the main reason for their decline. Humanitarian progress is the watch-word of the best minds of our time, and unless we keep abreast with the age in which we live, we shall speedily be distanced by wiser ones than we.

We often see the leaders of small meetings straining every nerve to give tests and readings that will make the audience as large as possible, and will draw many of them to the paying seance of the week. We see larger meetings engaged in the same struggle to meet expenses, by engaging noted test mediums that will draw a paying crowd. Is this what Spiritualism is for? Is this the best we can do for the community in which we live? It is no wonder that influence and power are slipping away from us; and that the places which now know us and our teachings so inadequately will by and by know us no more. Shall we be "weighed in the balances and found wanting?"

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.

Arlington, N. J., June 28, 1901.

The Religion of Childhood

BY ORPHEA E. HAMMOND

"Oh, mama, the birds have come! Seven little robins dressed in red; and, mama, there's a great big spot of bare ground under the trees! Is it a sign spring has come?"

With these words two shining little curly heads appear in the mother's room. Two pair of little chubby hands clap for joy, and two pair of little feet dance at the thought of sunshine, and flowers, and singing birds. The mother feasts her eyes for a moment upon the lovely vision, then, with silent thanksgiving to the Great Giver, folds her treasures to her heart. Dewy kisses fall in sweet and grateful showers upon her face, and warm, soft arms embrace her. What a charming picture of innocence and love! How emblematic of the nearness of the child-soul to God!

Childhood is full of such lessons, which speak more eloquently to the soul than a thousand sermons. Who can witness the sparkling eye, the glowing cheek and unassuming devotion which speaks in every lineament of the child's face and actuates its every gesture as it worships at Nature's shrine, and not covet its grace, innocence and joy? Who can listen to the questions it propounds—too deep for the wisdom of older heads—without feeling that the universe of facts lies within the scope of its untiring mind, and that an eternity of research only can satisfy its thirst for knowledge?

If aspiration is the measure of destiny, who can behold the demonstrations of expanding thought, born in the child's brain, growing with its years, reaching ever upward and onward after new truths and more light, and not believe that it has immortal life?

Christ said, "Suffer little children to come unto me; forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Not only the genuine purity of its worship of the Great Giver of all good and perfect gifts, but the faith and confidence which characterizes its friendships, its charity, and its forgiving spirit, say that love and religion are natural instincts of the child-soul. Would that we could always be children in this respect—what a world of ineffable bliss we should have here below. And why not? Is it needful that age deprives life of its most precious gifts? While the years multiply and our cares and responsibilities increase each day, how can we avoid their effect upon the soul? Children work as unceasingly with brain and hand as any of us. Their work is for development; ours is for the same purpose. We are only children of larger growth, and if we could enjoy our work as they do theirs, our souls could never grow old. "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

Only the untrammelled spirit can enjoy the fulness of God's blessings. When it becomes enslaved by avarice and sin, its firm aspirations and perceptions are blunted and degenerate. It ceases to be charmed by the true and beautiful, and is deaf to Nature's anthems of joy which ascend daily and hourly from her myriads of voices up to the throne of God. This apathy of soul is one of the curses of sin, and the joy of a constant appreciation of the blessings of life, one of the rewards of righteousness.

If men and women would be less eager in their pursuit of the perishable baubles of external life and more choice of the immortal attributes of their natures; if they would laugh, romp, recreate, be sincere and child-like in their associations with each other, and in their religious worship—if they would cultivate the beautiful, love truth, cherish and venerate the affections, they would live nearer to God, and the soul, though encased in a body thread-bare with age, would be as fresh as a mayflower, as joyous as a bird, and exultance a season of perpetual growth in knowledge and righteousness.

"The world is not a cosmic entity, but thought phenomena."

When Fame comes, the crowd comes with her, and man therefore must fight for the very life of his gift—Hamilton Wright Mable.

"There is good in every man, woman and child. See it, keep the mind on it, and you cannot hate them."

To hang yourself is not intolerable. When then you have the opinion that it is rational, you go and hang yourself.—Epictetus.

An intemperate temper is the worst characteristic an individual can have. It blackens the whole person and keeps the good constantly in the shade. A mild, amiable disposition sweetens everything."

Spirits and Disease.

If not Spirit Influence, What is it?—Experiences That Open a Vast Field of Thought.

BY A. A. KIMBALL.

About six years ago I was called professionally as a magnetic healer to treat a lady of seventy-eight, who had been pronounced by three medical doctors—one of them a chemist—in the last stages of Bright's disease and beyond help. On submitting her urine to an acid test I found thousands present in large quantities. She also had all the general symptoms of that disease.

I saw clairvoyantly by her side the spirit of an old gentleman that I described to her, and whom she immediately recognized as her husband who had passed on four years previous to Bright's disease. She never had been able to get away from her home on account of this weakness of her spirit. His friends in spirit had been prevented from helping him by a band of dark, uncouth spirits who had held him so near the earth conditions that he had suffered about as much as he did in his mortal body.

I had been convinced by these spirits telling him that if he staid by his wife he would feel better after awhile, but he had not grown any better. He thought his wife was sick just as he was, and never realized that his condition had anything to do with it. I had not talked with my wife about this woman's case, and she had no previous knowledge of it. I always kept myself in as negative a condition as possible so as not to influence the manifestations by any thought of my own.

After I had thrown off from my spirit the conditions entailed by his mortal body, and he had left the medium, three very wicked, malicious spirits came and controlled her, one after the other, who had been instrumental in holding this spirit to his wife, at the same time using him as a battery from which they drew, to throw all the more potent upon her the conditions of her husband.

They were very angry at me for breaking their power and releasing this spirit. They said they had been working to produce disease in this lady's body, that they might take her to spirit life. I asked their object and their reply was:

"She is an old heretic, and we want to take all the heretics out of the body."

This lady was a Spiritualist, and they did not wish her to promulgate her views. I reasoned with each spirit in turn, appealing to their better nature, their mother's love, the golden rule, etc. They said their mother's love was in spirit, but they did not care anything about them, as they never came to see them. I explained to them that they had been held back by evil conditions, the fault was partially their own, as they had not aspired to do better, and arise from their dark condition, consequently their evil work had surrounded them with such a dense, dark aura, that it was very hard for the higher spirits to penetrate it and come to them. They promised to go off in the spirit with my hand and keep away from this lady.

The next time I visited her and made an acid test, there was only a small quantity of albumen, and at the third trial there was none. Did this lady really have organic kidney disease, or was it spirit conditions she had taken on? I believe it was spirit influence, but if these conditions had been suffered to remain, she would undoubtedly have passed out in a few months. I saw her four years after. She was well and enjoying good health.

The clothing of deceased persons should not be worn by their friends, especially when they have been out of health for some time previous to their transition. Sensitive persons are apt to take on the conditions of the deceased. And they also attract back the spirits and serve to bind and retard them in their unfoldment and progression.

I was called to visit a lady who was ill with bronchial asthma and palpitation of the heart. On treating her a few minutes she was able to breathe easy, and her heart resumed its normal beat. While there I noticed a pad which had been worn on the chest of a daughter who had been critically ill with pneumonia six months before and who had a hemorrhage of the left lung. I said to my patient:

"Were you intending to put that pad on your chest?"

She replied: "My daughter brought it and advised me to wear it."

I said to her: "As you value your own life, do not put that upon your person," explaining that her daughter having worn it and it never having been cleansed, it was liable to attract to her the same conditions which had been present during her illness. She promised that she would not, but the daughter came on the morning and induced her mother to put it on. In a few hours she had symptoms of pneumonia, even to a hemorrhage of her left lung. The asthma was suffocating and the palpitation increased with such severity, she said it seemed as though her body could not contain her heart.

The husband of my patient was very much alarmed and sent for a medical physician who was unable to relieve her, and I was again sent for. Removing the pad I soon restored her to a normal condition. The doctor called while I was there and informed me that her pulse was so high that he could not count it, and that he gave her repeated doses of medicine to reduce the heart's action, with no effect. He also examined the lung and did not find it in a condition to warrant a hemorrhage. He was astonished at the result of my treatment and said it was a very peculiar case.

I explained that it was from the effects of the pad in bringing spiritual conditions in rapport with her.

He said he would be obliged to accept my theory as he had none to advance. That evening the spirit of a woman came at our sitting and controlled my wife, who had passed on with pneumonia. After I had thrown off the conditions of the mortal from my spirit, she said she had been with the young woman through her sickness, but had been carried away and held around another person by dark looking spirits. Then they took her to the lady I treated in the morning.

"When you went there your band took me away from them and brought me here."

This pad was a magnet and it was much easier for these dark forces to hold her by its aid. By breaking this power she was enabled to go on in spirit. My patient having had experience enough with pad and medicines continued her treatments and was restored to health.

I knew by experience, as it is demonstrated about every day of my life, that the greater share of disease to which mankind are subjected are either caused or greatly aggravated by thought, and undeveloped spirit forces. I

think people today are just as much slaves to this force in spirit as ever were the negroes of the South to their masters.

Do not these cases, and these are only two of thousands, prove that we are no better after entering spirit life than we were here; that we are just as much slaves to the conditions and surrounding environments make us? And so we shall remain until an aspiration for something higher and better shall arise from within our own souls for the progression and development of our spirit to a higher state of existence. Then angels of love will come to us, and by their aid and ministrations shall be brought to a successful fruition our highest aspirations.

Too many Spiritualists, I am sorry to say, believe that on the spirit leaving the body, it goes to some summerland of bliss. For the sake of those who are afflicted with obsessing influences, languishing in our insane asylums, I wish that were a fact. But people want the truth and why try to delude them with such nonsensical chaff as: "We leave off all evil propensities on entering spirit life," or "obsession is another horrid bugbear."

A greater mistake was never made. I do not take any stock in demons or devils, only what devilism there is in the human mind, man soul, and which clings to the exorcised spirit. Obsession is often caused by good, though ignorant and earthbound, not necessarily vicious, spirits.

We often find that a member of a family in spirit is so weak and earth-bound that it clings to the material, and is in a sensitive, tire, and the sensitive takes on the condition of the spirit to that extent, that the mortal often passes out of the body, through the strong personation of the spirit, when there was no real disease of the person's own body. If people could only realize how easy it is for a spirit to control the body, and a medium's brain, or their control a thought, and cause them to utter it, often opposite to what the medium or the controlling spirit would wish to give, they would not swallow much that is given through mediumship as coming from the higher spheres.

Let us spiritually cleanse ourselves, and develop our intuitive or soul powers, that we may be able to easily discern the true from the false. Any one, by scanning the pages of history with a spiritual eye and understanding, can plainly behold, down through the ages past, the hand of this undeveloped force in spirit which has swayed the mortal people, and sought to keep them in bondage to error and ignorance.

And what is this force which is operating with a power for evil? Nothing more than the spirits of human beings, who once lived on this mundane sphere. And many of them are no better than the spirits who have made them, never having risen from the depths of vice and crime to which they had sunk before entering spirit life.

The progressive minds in higher spheres are doing a grand and noble work through our mediums in helping this class of spirits to progress to higher planes of spirituality. They have been called a crank when speaking of educating those spirits who were earth-bound in the lower levels of spirit. After years of experience in my profession, I am stronger than ever of the opinion, that one way to bring about a better state of things upon the mortal plane is to try and lift up the horde of dark spirits who envelop our earth.

I can conceive of no better way to do this, than to unfold and uplift ourselves to a higher plane of spiritual development. "Even as the Son of Man was lifted up, that he might draw all men unto him." 331 Main St., Bangor, Me.

Journeyed On.

From his rural home in Worcester, June 22, a good man, Luther R. Eames, 77 years, his health had been failing since the transition of his loved companion six years ago. He leaves three worthy sons and a daughter, who have tenderly cared for him in these last years. Everything was done; anything he wanted he had. He spent a winter in the South, hoping it might benefit and restore his health, but when he found he could not recover, he, being a true Spiritualist, feared not the change which would free him from disease and suffering.

His sterling worth and true manhood were recognized by all who knew him. He has left the record of a noble life (or rather has taken it with him) and a blessed love.

Gone in June when the birds and bees greet our eyes and every flower perfume.

Wanted away by rose perfume.

To the beautiful summer land.

Services by the writer.

Mrs. H. W. Hildreth.

The funeral of Mrs. Tressie Irene Taggart, aged 21 years, wife of A. D. Taggart, who died at the Rutland City hospital Monday morning, June 24, was held at the church in East Pittsford, Rev. H. W. Hewitt officiating. The bearers were R. J. Hutton, H. E. Hutton, W. L. Hutton and B. L. Churchill. The burial was at West Pittsford John B. Stearns had charge of the arrangements.

Joseph Matthew Shea, M. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., departed this life May 29, of brief illness. The immediate cause of death was apoplexy. He was in his 55th year. Dr. Shea was born in Cork, Ireland, and came to this country when a lad 11 or 12 years of age. In early manhood the gifts of mediumship were developed. He was regularly educated for a physician, and graduated from an Eclectic and a Homoeopathic Medical College, holding a diploma from each institution. At the age of 22 we find him in Cincinnati, O., where he practiced for several years. After leaving Cincinnati he visited Louisville, Ky., St. Louis and Chicago, finally settling in Chicago. During the great fire of 1872 he was completely burnt out, losing everything. He then decided to go west, and went to California, living in San Francisco three years, where he made many friends. Then he returned to Chicago, where he lived seven years. In the year 1884 he went to Brooklyn, where he lived until the time of his death. During the 17 years of his residence in Brooklyn, he always lived at the same location, 651 Fulton St. Dr. Shea was very successful in the practice of his profession, having accumulated over \$50,000. He made many friends in life who deeply regret his loss. He was frequently consulted by physicians for diagnosis, and the unerring skill with which he was able to diagnose a given case, won for him the gratitude and admiration of both physician and patient.

As a man, Dr. Shea was above reproach—a perfect gentleman in every walk of life. In religious faith he was born a Catholic and always leaned toward that faith, though not ardent or enthusiastic. During his early life, he frequently aided the Cause of Spiritualism by giving public tests, etc., but during the later years of his life he lived retiring and devoted his time and gifts to private practice.

He was well known among the Spiritualists of Brooklyn, New York, Chicago and San Francisco.

"Of the universal mind each individual man is one more incarnation."

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A few copies of the Reports of Occurrences of '99, '98, '97, '96, '95, '94, '93, '92, '91, '90, '89, '88, '87, '86, '85, '84, '83, '82, '81, '80, '79, '78, '77, '76, '75, '74, '73, '72, '71, '70, '69, '68, '67, '66, '65, '64, '63, '62, '61, '60, '59, '58, '57, '56, '55, '54, '53, '52, '51, '50, '49, '48, '47, '46, '45, '44, '43, '42, '41, '40, '39, '38, '37, '36, '35, '34, '33, '32, '31, '30, '29, '28, '27, '26, '25, '24, '23, '22, '21, '20, '19, '18, '17, '16, '15, '14, '13, '12, '11, '10, '09, '08, '07, '06, '05, '04, '03, '02, '01, '00, '99, '98, '97, '96, '95, '94, '93, '92, '91, '90, '89, '88, '87, '86, '85, '84, '83, '82, '81, '80, '79, '78, '77, '76, '75, '74, '73, '72, '71, '70, '69, '68, '67, '66, '65, '64, '63, '62, '61, '60, '59, '58, '57, '56, '55, '54, '53, '52, '51, '50, '49, '48, '47, '46, '45, '44, '43, '42, '41, '40, '39, '38, '37, '36, '35, '34, '33, '32, '31, '30, '29, '28, '27, '26, '25, '24, '23, '22, '21, '20, '19, '18, '17, '16, '15, '14, '13, '12, '11, '10, '09, 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