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AN ANGEL FOR EACH ONE.

—
ALTHEA.

Look up, dear one, thy life has come,
The way is bright and clear;
The heav'ns have opened wide the gate,
The day of peace is here.

I wandered from my angel home
To visit earth one day,
I saw but sorrow, sin and death
Enshrouded all my way.

I asked my Soul for a true guide,
For I knew I must go;
Sweet music cleared the clouds away,
And lifted me from woe.

Why I had come, I did not know;
I dreamed o'er hill and dell;
In rhythmic cadence, soft and low,
The music rose and fell.

It filled the air with whispered sounds
Of angels drawing near;
It breathed a message all around,
The words, I failed to hear.

Then rose majestic, above all,
The Master grand and true—
Who came in answer to my call—
Pointing the way to you.

I woke in ecstasy of love,
And now I knew the way
I left my home so far above,
And to the earth did fly.

'Twas that I might round out my soul,
By guarding thee from harm,
For thou art of my soul a part,
My guiding star from harm.

I'll hover near thee all the way,
I'll breathe my soul in thine,
'Till both shall rise to endless day
And kneel at our own shrine.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

Under the auspices of The Gospel of Spirit Return Society, Mrs. Mary Livermore spoke to a select and appreciative audience, Wednesday evening, March 6th. Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, pastor of the society, introduced the speaker in the following words:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, friends in a common Cause, I give you greeting. I know by your happy faces that your pleasure is mine and mine yours, at this hour. Like many Boston women, everything that is distinctly Bostonian appeals to me.

"There are days when its beautiful avenues and parkways thrill me with pleasure, and there are other days when its narrow streets, its cross-cuts and short-cuts and crooked paths thrill me with delight—because they stand for something. I always think that some time somebody wanted to get somewhere, and without any question as to the propriety, recognizing fully the result, he made a path. And soon his neighbors followed, and then his friends, and then the people generally—and so we had a street. So it is with the people of Boston. They are not governed by chart, by fashion, or custom, but break through every condition to get to a point.

"One of Boston's daughters, standing with prophetic eye, and seeing in the distance a city where all conditions against creed, sex and color would be laid aside, started out to reach the gate of this city. A young girl, she set aside custom and tradition, and singly walked on to the very gates of the City of Progress. And the people followed, and the multitudes flocked in great numbers.

"She is with us here tonight. I know of no one better fitted, whose eye is still clear to look into the future, to tell us what the trend of the twentieth century shall be than she who is here, our friend and loved worker, Mary A. Livermore."

Mrs. Livermore spoke without notes, but her thoughts were clearly, vigorously and easily expressed, portraying a keen mind which, while receptive to new ideas, rapidly asserted and retained only those which appealed to her reason. We give below excerpts from the lecture:

She referred to the launching of a government vessel upon which are placed sealed directions which are not opened until the vessel is well under way. When the first paper is opened the whole ship's company wakes up. Everybody is on the qui vive. Before they have been away a fortnight, they begin to have clear hints of their destination and object, and soon not only the officers of the ship, but the stupidest boy on board not only knows their destination, but the object of the expedition.

Man has been launched by a great, unknown commander on a mysterious voyage. He, too, sails under sealed orders. We are as individuals not able to see a hand's breadth before us, and cannot tell what may be awaiting us before tomorrow's sun may dawn. Today, after millions of years, the human race stands where it began to have some idea of its destination and of its mission in the world.

It is a most fascinating study to go back, following the footsteps of the race until at last all is lost in the midst of tradition, in prehistoric discoveries. But we see again and again what the Washingtons have been that have helped the race forward, and are com-

forted and encouraged when we see through the history of the past that the divine helps have been hindrances, that God has helped us the most when he has hindered us the most, and that the human race has been the best cared for when it has been the least cared for and made to work out its own salvation. So we cease to complain that the ways are hard and that obstacles are to be overcome, since we know it is the divine way and better for us than that which would be easier.

Does it seem strange that today our great men are telling us of a larger and better time that is ahead for the race? The world has always believed in it. It has carried the dream in its heart just as far back as literature can take us. That is what Plato believed in when he sketched his Divine Republic. Sir Thomas Moore sketched the same in his Utopia. Jesus and the Apostles divined it when they told of the new Heaven.

Through all the ages of the past, in the very darkest days when life seemed so little worth living, when there did not seem much to struggle for, so that men threw themselves on the world beseeching deliverance, there has come to them a mystical comfort in the belief that there was a better time coming. Shall not the great God keep faith with us?

When God launched man into being—and I use the word God because there is no other word used. I am continually asked what I mean by God. I mean the great power outside of ourselves in whose faithfulness we live; and I use the word God because it means the good, and because there is not any other word that everybody understands quite so well as that one word. If I am asked if I believe in a personal God, I say I don't know. All is, we must interpret God, through his fatherhood, for in our spirits does God's spirit shine as shines a sunbeam in the drop of dew. As we rise higher and higher in the scale of being, we comprehend more and more clearly the great being whom we call God.

When God launched man into being, he commanded him to have dominion over the world, to conquer it, subdue it, be lord of the planet; and when this command was given to man, he was simply a rude being only a few removes above the animals about him. He had not the ability to do anything like the building of a ship. He knew nothing of the science that pertains to higher civilization. He knew enough to wait until the tide receded and feed himself with the fishes left on the shore.

The first efforts of men were to reinforce themselves, develop themselves, bring to themselves power, and that has been the great work that has been occupying man from the very beginning, whenever that was, until the present time. The quest of man for power was never so hot, never so fierce, never so unflinching as at the present moment.

Today he reaches up and lays his hand boldly on the cosmic forces with which worlds are built and begins to comprehend something of that power, that all is but the one force, that there is no more matter in the universe than there was in the beginning, if there ever was a beginning, and that all force is one force, which is elusive, and what shall you call it?

So man, as he has gone forward gathering for himself power, has by you know changed the world. We have no longer a large world as we had when we were children. If tomorrow morning you want to know what is transpiring in any part of the world, all you have to do is to buy a great metropolitan paper.

In the beginning men were afraid of one another, are still somewhat afraid of one another, and with reason. Go among the savage people and you will find they are afraid of everything they do not understand. They are afraid of any phenomenon they are not acquainted with. They are afraid of any man or woman who does not belong to their tribe or race. But as men have gone forward in the development of the world, they have learned to take an interest in each other. The whole world throbs with interest in man and is to do so still more.

The century that has just closed has been truly called the great century of history. There are those who declare it has done more for the human race than all other centuries to come. Those of you who can look back seventy years are yourselves constantly astonished at what has been wrought. I sometimes talk with my younger acquaintances about the changes that have come, and speak of the time when I helped my mother in the city of Boston run candles so that we might economize in the whale-oil which was our only illuminating fluid. There were constant lamentations that the whales were being killed off so rapidly. What should we do when they were all gone? And yet, the oil gave such a dismal light that it only made darkness visible. As I speak of those times I stop and say: Am I telling the truth or is it something I have read? For I remember

when there was no such thing as a cooking stove of the rudest kind.

There have been great gains, too, in the moral world. The temperance reform has been organized in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and the great peace reform. The temperance reform did not take on anything like serious proportions until something like thirty-five years ago; and the peace reform, although there were wonderful essays and theses written, that are still in existence, concerning universal peace, yet the movement to bring the nations together, pledging themselves no longer to settle their national quarrels by war, but to have them left to arbitration, has been organized within the last fifty years.

There are such great gains already accomplished in that one peace reform that, notwithstanding we are disturbed by wars today, it is as morally certain as it can be that at the end of this century on which we have just entered there will be no such thing known as war, and that nations can disarm their armies and dismantle their fortifications; and the immense battalions and naval forces with which we purport to defend ourselves, will be utilized for other purposes. What is helping this movement is that the engine of war has been made so immensely deadly that it is a possible thing for two nations coming together almost to put each other out of existence if they use all the power that is at their command. War comes to be war and becomes national assassination.

That Peace Conference at the Hague about which there has been so much laughter, since wars broke out immediately, almost before the Conference ended, accomplished very much more than any of us dreamed of. Nations will not dare, in the face of other onlooking nations, violate their solemn promises.

Eighteen millions of women have sent their petitions to the European Peace Conference. We sent from this country a petition signed by three and one-half millions of women, telling them we sympathized with their plan of international arbitration and that we would exert all the influence we could. Much more has been done than the people generally are aware of in the way of bringing about this great international good of arbitration.

Then this temperance reform. I began work in the cause when I was eighteen years old and have never let up since. The Anglo-Saxons have come down with the love for strong drink for 2300 years. Our Saxon fathers were awful drunkards. If we could wake up tomorrow morning and find the grog shops all closed, and the fiery appetite quenched, we might gird up our loins and get ready to march into the good time coming with strong hearts and with great courage. But we cannot expect a race taint that has been developed and fostered for all these centuries can be easily exterminated. We have got to fill up with what is better rather than eternally fight the instinct.

In talking one time with Edison about the great gain we have achieved during the last century, he said he did not see how there ever could be an end to scientific discovery, because you could not put one atom of dust out of existence. You simply changed its forms, and every time you experimented with it, it did something different than before. There is a limit to scientific invention in man only. He will not be able to do much more as he is now. Civilization has already outrun the bodies of men and women. Nobody can keep up with it. If anybody attempts to work the system to the very limit of his ambition he will break down. Before we can go on much further men have got to be reinforced. They have got to have better bodies. "And," said he, "I see that they are beginning to understand it and that they are already moving in that direction."

There never has been a time when so much has been said about the improvement of the bodies as at the present time, never so many books concerning foods, ventilation, germs, microbes, etc., and a deal of it might just as well never have been said, for they will soon have some new theory of disease undoubtedly. Every college, whether for men or women, has to have its gymnasium and athletic games; but that is not a thing to build much upon in the way of getting better bodies, for if a man can outrun his neighbor, or is the biggest pugilist and the most formidable fighter, it is no sign that he is the strongest man. The test of strength is endurance, and that man or woman is the strongest who can hold his own in the stress of the present world day after day with all the pleasure about him, with all the tendency to rush and hurry, if he can keep the hurry and rush out of him, as calm tomorrow as today. Remember that man or woman, boy or girl is the strongest who can endure to the end.

We are today paying more attention to the body than ever before, some wisely, some unwisely; but out of it is coming something better that shall teach us how to live better, how to rush less, how to take life so we will have more enjoyment in it. With a calmer

life, a stronger, more enduring body, that will not break down with the everlasting stress to which we put it, it will be a possible thing to go on and accomplish very much more and have a larger latitude than we have at the present time.

The most wonderful thing accomplished in the nineteenth century to me has been what has been done for women, and I have a right to speak about that because I remember so distinctly and so clearly. When I was a young girl a dozen years old, there were only seven things a girl might do. When I was seventeen there were thirteen occupations. I was always restless and unhappy about it.

My cousins were at Harvard college and one of them took me to the college and emphasized, accentuated in so cruel a way that that was a man's college, and that was a man's library. "Why," said he, "you would not be allowed to come here and read, for this is a man's library." I got very uncomfortable over the position of girls, and my father said: "You must accept things as God made them." God didn't make it. Man made it, and I do not propose to accept it at all. When we came out of the college, I was so incensed that I stopped on the mat and wiped my feet very thoroughly, then I sat down and with my handkerchief I wiped my shoes and said: "I have wiped the dust of your college library off my feet and if God will forgive me for coming with you this time, I will never come again!"

And I did not go until about fifteen years ago, for at that time I could get books much more attractive to me than Cambridge offered. Five other girls and myself made a private call upon President Quincy to inquire if it was not a possible thing for us to enter, since we had studied with the tutor of our brothers and cousins, and the tutor told us that we would pass a better examination than the boys, and could enter Harvard much more easily than they if we could be allowed to take the examination.

We went quietly, asking nobody's advice, and had a long talk with the president. Would it not be possible for us, if we could pass the examination, to go to the college? We did not want our names on the college catalogue; we would not ask for diplomas. All we wanted was the privilege to take the examinations, listen to the lectures and enjoy the advantages for study that the college afforded. He retired behind his spectacles and said: "No indeed! This is a man's college. You young ladies do not want the education that is given here. What you want is to learn to make good breadstreak, and bread, and become good housekeepers." We were trained in the old-fashioned way, and could do those things at that moment.

"President Quincy," I exclaimed, "I wish I could be God for one minute." "And what would you do?" he said. "I would annihilate every woman born, from Eve down to the last girl baby, and you and God could have the world to yourself." I think he was very glad to get rid of us.

We went to the Copp's Hill burying ground and entered the graveyard, a sorrowful company of six girls. We took our stand on one of the broad stones there and took a vow. The oldest of the six wrote out the vow, and we all joined hands and pledged ourselves to one another. We never forgot that day, and that we vowed to make it as good a thing to be born a girl as to be born a boy.

I am the only one left, but I sometimes feel that those gone on are the wiser guides and have often helped me when I did not see the way clear myself.

I have seen great changes come about. There was not a high school for girls until my first baby was four years old. There was not a college open to girls until the September of 1863, after Gen. Lee had surrendered to Gen. Grant at Appomattox. There were, as I told you, only seven occupations for women when I was a girl of fourteen. Hoar, Carroll D. Wright tells us that today there are nearly four hundred occupations in which women are working and that there are only about twenty outside of which women now stand; and that, while they do not receive the same pay for the same work, yet all the while the matter is approximating and being made better and better, and women are becoming better workers; that it is not true that women have turned women out of places, that other exigencies have frequently put women into places where men belonged before.

The fault is with the trusts and the monopolies, the great corporations. The tendency of the times is for the mighty millions to gravitate into the hands of the few, and that must be stopped. There must be a change, and there will be, because it is wrong and is to the injury of the people. The people do the voting; the workmen think; they are becoming intelligent, and are becoming organized as well as capital.

I see the trend of the next century is still more to help women. You cannot expect but what, in the great change that has come to women, especially during the last fifty years, there will be a good many abuses. You cannot tear down an old house in which you are

living, and be building a new house at the same time, without having a good deal of clutter around. And you have a good deal of clutter in changing women from the old system into the new. It will be cleared away in due time.

Here are four great gains: in temperance, in the habits of people; a gain in their bodily and spiritual make-up; a gain in the great peace reform; a great gain in the physical men and women, so that they shall have better bodies—and the better our bodies are, the better organs we shall have for the soul to work with.

I see greater gains coming to women, whether men like it or want it or not, whether women want it or not. They are to be forced into lending a hand. There are a great many things that cannot be carried unless women do lend a hand. Women are guilty if they do not do their best. Their aid is needed, not because they are better than men, but because they are the other halves of men. The men have qualities mentally and morally that women have not; the women have qualities mentally and morally that men lack. If you call man the head, I shall immediately remind you that woman is the heart, and the head must be illuminated, stimulated, vivified, propelled by the heart. If you tell me Swedenborg says man is wisdom, I will tell you that he says woman is love. Love is wisdom. Do not measure the woman by the man or the man by the woman.

If you say woman is not logical I shall tell you that she has a quality better than logic in many instances. The same question that man has laboriously solved by logic she will take and dive at the same conclusion. If she is educated she can tell you how; if uneducated she can not. And both logic and inspiration have failed and will fail again, because nothing human is perfect.

I watch women more jealously today than I ever watched my little children in their days of toddling and weakness, to see what they are doing and thinking; and on the whole they are doing better than I should suppose they could have done in being so rapidly transplanted from one position to another.

Shall it be possible for the telegraphers to telegraph ten, twenty, two hundred miles without any wires, and shall we human beings with our throbbing hearts of love and unrest and longing and desire, be shut up, penned in and limited to common speech? Shall there be no wireless telegraphy between us and those we love? Is spirit so much feebler than matter? All is life. There is no dead matter in God's universe. Shall the camera photograph stars that the human eye never can see and that the telescope is not powerful enough to reveal, no matter how strong you make it; and then shall we be unable to see, hear and know of those who have passed beyond our vision and ken, so that we can be sure that they are still in the land of the living, still loving us, still helping us, still with us? Believe it who may, I can not, I do not, I will not.

I am not prophesying any quick-coming millennium. It has taken God many millenniums to bring us where we are. He need not be in any hurry. He has all eternity to work in. Nothing comes very rapidly. Everything comes by order in the straight line of evolution and development, but I am sure in the long days to come, in the long paths untrod, this world shall yet be led, its heart comforted.

(Reported by M. C. B.)

The Way.

BY AUGUSTA ADAMS.

"The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," pictured by the man of mind, are only stairs to future greatness. We cannot hold a candle high in air till we are mounted safe beyond the tides of lower surf, and the country of our growth is needful stay.

Classes and races strive to know their littleness by telling forth their greatness, and the tides of destiny sweep on all careless of the sword and cannon of the little arm of pigmy man.

Life wings itself by climbing to the air where Nature holds her course supreme. We fly to other heights by losing thought of all the lower road, and so the care-worn way is only path to show a greater way.

My brother is my savior, for in the count of ages I stand where he must stand, and if his leeching by the way is due to hand of mine, I only know the hours that hold me to his side till he is freed from the truth.

So in the ride to every soul I sure must learn the carelessness that sweeps me earthward if I strive not with soul to show a greater self.

My wings are clipped for shortest run if I mount not the tried and true of every heart, and counted, 'tis that I am best of pulse beyond the every day when I am poised where nameless name doth spell itself along the corridors of each about and where I do walk.

(Continued on page five.)

Nearness and Harmony.

BY THOS. HARDING.

"Oh! what a wonderful Universe this is!"
—Col. Robert Ingersoll.
"What a piece of work is man!"
—Shakespeare.

When the heart is divinely attuned, how near to us the Real World appears and how harmonious all things are. Then the entanglements of life straighten out of themselves as though the angels of love and heaven had taken up their abode with us and we dwelt in an atmosphere celestial. How far away antagonisms are then, the spirit of rivalry has given place to a sweet peace which the mere worldling knows not of. Sickness of body and uneasiness of mind are so far away, at such times, it seems to us as though they never did or could exist, such things may belong to some lower world, we think, but they never could find a lodgment in our present sphere; perhaps in some far off incarnation we had experienced pain and discontent, but, here and now, oh! never, never. We have gained the heights, the thunder clouds are beneath our feet, the storms of an inferior world may howl, but what have they to do with us? Nothing, nothing. This is Pisgah's top, we are at one with the Divine, the God of all things is ours and we are His. Amen, amen. Such are the sensations, such the sense of security, which we possess when our hearts are divinely attuned.

"And not a wave of trouble rolls
Across our peaceful breasts."

Some of our psychical experiences are too sacred to mention, and very many are of such a character that no language could do them justice. They seem to have been designed for ourselves only and to have been intended to constitute a part of the capital with which we are to enter upon the serious business of the soul in a future country. It is not lawful, nor by any means profitable, to tell (as Methodists do at class meetings) "What the Lord has done for us." "God is in Secret," our souls are in secret, our religious experiences are in secret and are not intended to be made subjects of common conversation. None can realize them as we can and to retail them out is to spoil the delicacy and sweetness of our experiences, as well as to destroy the spiritual advantages obtainable from them. Many a time have I, by tongue and pen, urged the necessity of a religious life and a silent tongue. Live your religion but don't talk about it, is my advice to those who desire peace. God is spirit and spirit is secret, but self-love desires notoriety and display and thus kills sensibility. Oh! man, when wilt thou learn to be a friend unto thyself?

The soul world is near to every one of us. In it we live, move and have our being. If we lead the soul's life we realize this and the flesh is far away. But if we live the body's life only, with all the turmoil and selfish ambitions which are inseparable from it, then it seems as if there were no spirit-world, no soul, no religion, no God. The pearls of old ocean are not gathered by those who float on the waves; we must dive below the surface to reach them; superficial things are evanescent and cheap; everything has its price and it is not to be wondered at that a gem of such priceless value as eternal joy should require severe and long continued discipline to render its subject fit for its enjoyment.

It sometimes happens that those whom the world deems irreligious are often stirred to the very depths of their being by that Heavenly light which has never been seen on sea or land by the superficial eye. Col. Ingersoll sat one evening on his veranda, his eyes surveyed the material heavens, and as he gazed his soul was absorbed by their beauty, his heart was touched by their sublimity and his great intellect was awed by their grandeur, and when his son-in-law called him to tea he slowly arose from his chair, his eyes still riveted upon the glorious canopy. "Oh!" he slowly and solemnly said, "what a wonderful universe this is!" It was the soul reaching out after the Divine—it was the babe climbing up to nestle in the bosom of its parent—it was love answering to love. He passed on to a greater Heaven than that a few hours later. Col. Ingersoll was a religious man. How near the soul-world was to him, and how sweet the contemplation of Infinity. True Godliness was his, objectors to the contrary notwithstanding.

The spirit world is indeed near to those whose "contemplation allies them with the gods," for by aspiration and love they cast up a highway for the arisen to pass over. I knew a clergyman in my younger days who was a particular friend and a truly conscientious, noble character. He resigned his pastorate and declined any longer to preach on a salary, but he continued to preach, nevertheless, until he died. Many years after his death I had occasion to mention his name in a letter, but so many changes had happened in my life—losses of children, of property, of hope—of almost everything had intervened, and I had forgotten his name. But I left a blank in the letter I was writing intending to fill in the name when I should have finished it, but even then I could not recollect his name. After trying every scientific means which I was acquainted with to awaken memory, I at last decided to destroy the letter I had written and write another without reference to him. As I was about to do so it was whispered to me:

"Perhaps he is present. Ask him what his name was."

I instantly raised my forehead and said: "My friend, if you are here, please give me your name."

Quick as a lightning flash came back the full name, plain and palpable, "Benjamin Farrington." Surely our spirit friends are near!

Recently I lay awake in my bed. I could not sleep in consequence of pain in one of my eyes, which I had accidentally hurt (but I was happy, notwithstanding the pain, for under certain conditions the idling spirit can triumph over bodily ills). As I lay awake, a suggestion of St. Paul which occurs in one of his epistles, I think, was presented to my mind, and it seemed so appropriate and pleasing that I kept repeating the passage until I fell asleep. On the next night I again lay awake and I thought to myself, "I wish I could remember that sentence which gave me so much pleasure last night." But I could not call it to mind. Again that internal voice came, speaking to my inner consciousness as palpably as any outward voice could have done, bringing with it that assurance of truth which always accompanies it. "Mr. Farrington told you his name once, ask him."

"Mr. Farrington," I said, "can you remind me of that passage?"

"I beseech you, by the mercy of God, to present your body a living sacrifice." Oh! how near they are to us, and how ready they are to comply with our requests! How often soul speaks to soul without our outward knowledge, and life's subsequent prepares us for our future.

Surely, if any persons in this world ought to be happy, it is those who believe that mankind is an unbroken family, that material dissolution cannot hold separate those

who love each other, that the infinite spirit presides over all, and that mortals and angels can hold converse with each other. The very thought is happiness. Away with black crapes and tears. Away with fears and suspicions. Away with jealousies and heart burnings. All are one! Progressive and immortal! Nearness and harmony. Yes, indeed, Mr. Ingersoll was right. "This is a wonderful universe." All its parts are near to each other in spirit, though perhaps far apart in space. It is a harmonious universe when the soul of man is warmed by love and receptive to angelic thought. It is a sweet universe when the heart is sweet, joyous when it is glad, beautiful when beatitudes are ours. It has been said that if our sense of hearing were more acute, we could hear the music of the spheres, for there is music everywhere in nature. Happiness and harmony are natural. Unhappiness and inharmonious are unnatural. Crime is disease. "If we live in the spirit we shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh." Then let me sing of "Nature's Musicians," for my heart is glad this day. It seems to me as though my soul had asserted its sovereignty, that the spirit world were here now, and that I were in the present possession of all its advantages and blessings. Therefore let me sing.

NATURE'S MUSICIANS.

Oh! all things are nature's musicians
Composing an orchestra grand,
Each part helps the glorious renditions,
And we all belong to the band.

The fishes keep time in the river
To the birds of Eden arts.
And the beasts and the worms together,
All play in their exquisite parts.

Old "Sol" plays the violoncello,
Each bright little star plays a flute.
And Miss Moon sings so soft and so mellow
You'd almost think she was mute.

While the deep flowing bass of the ocean,
Harmonizes the din of the shore,
All around us in rhythmic motion,
Nature furnishes music galore.

How prettily flowers of morning,
Can chorus the hum of the bees.
And satyrs' murmurs at evening,
Are wafted away on the breeze.

Harsh thunders in Heaven above us,
Are softened in valleys below.
And the solos by angels who love us,
Sound sweetly to mortals I know.

Oh! bright is the dew of the Indies,
And bright are the stars of the night,
But brighter the eyes of those ladies,
Whose music inspires delight.

Oh! classic as the snow on the mountain,
Their loves 'round the muses entwined,
And as sparkles the sun in a fountain,
Our choirs reflect the Divine.

The heart is a sweet toned piano.
The head is a lively guitar.
The toes are the strings of the banjo.
The ears collect notes from afar.

And the eyes throw their light on the music,
Fingers turn the leaves of the book,
And the humblest, whistling rustic,
The band master never forsook.

CHORUS.

Then strike a sweet note every morning,
And strike another at noon.
There's a heavenly concert acoming,
So don't strike a note out of tune.
Sturpis, Mich.

The Conditions of Death.

BY H. T. W. DAM.

From the New York Journal - Copyrighted, 1901
by W. H. Hearst.

Concerning the great change which we call Death, the common lot of all, the demerit mysterious vale which love tries so painfully to penetrate, a very remarkable diversity of views continues to prevail. The Western Roman Catholic Church still preaches the immortality of the soul, but also of the body; the Protestant churches teach the immortality of the soul under physical conditions which are not defined; the Swedenborgians and the Spiritualists maintain that the spiritual life is a continuance of the present one under what may be called etheric or ethereal conditions and the Christian Scientists declare that human life is wholly a spiritual phenomenon, the actual conditions before and after death being practically the same.

It is of much interest, therefore, to note the very remarkable changes which have recently taken place in the views of science concerning this problem of all problems. It seems not unlikely, from the signs of the present, that science, with its calm and cool method, will very shortly harmonize all these varying views and set at rest all controversy over this question for a long time to come.

The Message of Spring

Health to the broken-down
Strength to the weak
Sleep to the sleepless
Energy to the worn-out
Elasticity to the nerves
Pure blood

The practical, helpful message which puts new heart into every ailing man or woman in the message of health brought by the world's greatest medicine.

DR. GREENE'S NERVURA

BLOOD AND NERVE REMEDY
Rebuilds, Sustains, Cures.

"Nearly everybody needs toning up in the Spring, but to those who are weak and exhausted by disease this is a specially trying time. It is now you feel the burdens of life as never before. All your weakest spots are attacked and nature is not strong enough to pull along unaided."

Mrs. C. D. Smith, Waitsfield, Vt., says:

"I have been for a long time feeble, my nerves being very weak. Many times when I awoke in the morning, I could not control myself in the least and my nervousness found vent in a long spell of weeping. It was 12 years ago that I was taken with this nervous trouble, and I have suffered much. I have employed many doctors with varying results. I can truthfully say that I have been greatly benefited by Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and since I have used Nervura my nerves have been calm and quiet, my general health has been better. I think the medicine is an excellent one and I gladly recommend it to others."

Dr. Greene's NERVURA Blood and Nerve Remedy is the Help You Need.

Mrs D. O. Fernald, of Manchester, N. H., writes:

"I have used Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy for nervousness. Loss of sleep and appetite were the principle ill effects caused by my condition. The ringing of a bell or any sudden sound, no matter if trifling, would cause me to start and it would greatly affect my nerves. Seeing in the paper how valuable Dr. Greene's Nervura was, I began taking it, and the result was very satisfactory. I took four bottles and I can sleep beautifully and my appetite has returned. I feel so much better that I have now stopped taking the Nervura."

FREE ADVICE FOR YOU.

Simple, but marvelous is the work of Dr. Greene's great medicine, and its successes are due to the harmonious fitting in of its elements with nature's own forces. Dr. Greene's advice is to be had without cost by all who call at his office, 34 Temple Place, Boston, or who write to him through the mail. The laws of health are explained by Dr. Greene easily, and his advice and treatment are absolutely certain help.

The wave of agnostic infidelity, the scientific "reign of terror," as the old Duke of Argyll called it, began to form about 1870. The announcement of Darwin's discovery, the descent of man, found religion unprepared with the scientific weapons necessary to vanquish a new and unexpected enemy, and agnosticism won battle after battle in the reviews with that braggart and swaggering insolence which always makes for converts among the mob.

More important still, the sciences of Mental Physiology and Psychology immediately succumbed to the new philosophy, and the immortality of the soul, for quite ten years, seemed likely to go the way of the material heaven and the material hell, which had been abandoned as concepts of the Christian faith. This was due to the school of mental physiologists represented by Ribot, Maudsley and Hammond, who, in their different ways, made strenuous efforts to prove that Consciousness, Memory and Will were purely vital processes, were results of vital action and—though this was for the reader to see—could not possibly have any existence independently of the body which had generated and developed them. All this, with the Darwinian theory for a background, was for a time very convincing.

Its results were visible in the writings of Huxley in England and the lectures of Ingersoll in this country. It affected the tone of the press to a very marked degree, and made a deep public impression, both in England and America, which still continues to exist at the present time.

Another minor but important result was the fact that all the graduates of the great medical universities of Europe through this period were agnostics. The old school doctors did their best and left the result with Providence. The new school did their best, and left the result with the "vitality of the patient."

This state of affairs endured, roughly speaking, for about twenty years, till 1890. The natural reaction then set in and it quickly became manifest that the zeal of new converts to a truth that had not been digested had carried thinkers to an extreme which was illogical and absurd; psychology quickly reverted to the position of Professor James, of Harvard, that the psychical processes could not possibly be expressed in terms of matter and that the soul must certainly be differentiated from the vital principle governing the body.

Then came Wundt with the theory, admirably presented and sustained, that the psychical life is not the result of the physical organization, but the physical organism is itself a psychical creation. This was an en-

tirely new aspect of the Darwinian philosophy and was strenuously fought by the materialists.

They were in a bad if not hopeless dilemma, however. Man had been existing on earth for certainly one hundred thousand years, if not very much longer. During that time he had not altered structurally so far as could be seen. Either the great dominant invincible law of evolution had ceased to act, or human evolution had passed from the physiological into the psychological field.

Materialism was forced to accept this proposition, the old pre-Darwinian state of affairs reasserted itself, but this new and important result had been gained: human evolution had become a possible key to, and a vague source of measurement of, the life of the soul after death.

The most powerful impression, however, and the greatest change in existing views came in 1897, from the report of Dr. Richard Hodgson upon the "Piper experiments." Mr. George —, a Harvard man, a lawyer, a writer on philosophy, a member of the University Club of New York, and a member of the Society for Psychical Research, died accidentally at the age of thirty-two.

Before his death he had vowed to his friend Hodgson that if he died first he would make all the revelations in his power to the doctor concerning the conditions of death. This he did through a medium named Mrs. Piper, to whom the doctor's attention had previously been directed by Professor James.

The inquiry was carried on under all the rigorous test conditions of the Society for Psychical Research, which the doctor represented. They convinced him after five years of most exhaustive investigation that George — was still alive and in the full possession of his mental faculties. The statements of the deceased lawyer, all given in writing, are of the profoundest interest.

The most striking thing about them is their intrinsic evidence of their own truth. Vague as has been the scientific knowledge of death, this description of it agrees in all respects with all forecasts which could have been made from the facts already known and established. The deceased wrote, among other things: "Evolution still continues." While, generally speaking, his communications remove from the great Valley of the Shadow much of the awe-inspiring gloom which so long has shrouded it, there can be no doubt that the scientific view of death which may, from this beginning, be formulated, studied and elaborated will not in any way conflict with the views of religion and will undoubtedly produce a better, a wiser and a happier humanity.

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The Real Man.

"As the hart panteth for the water-brooks," so doth the soul of man thirst for the waters of everlasting righteousness and inspiration. He who attunes his inner ear to catch the soft, sweet music of the murmuring rill and the laughing brook, he who removes the veil of material things from his inner eye and sees the leaping fountains of love, the Niagaras of soul-wisdom, and the falling of the spray of kindness over all the earth, he it is who finds the pathway to the higher ground of truth, whose shores are always washed by the sounding waves of the ocean of affection. When man educates himself in the University of Nature, all things in heaven and earth are opened unto him. His voice becomes soft and pleasant, his smile tender and true, his bearing that of a friend to humanity, and his words are freighted with the love of the angels who are his counselors. Emerson says that when a man walks with God, his voice becomes as gentle as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn. When man walks with his own soul, he becomes the companion of the angels, and his voice is soon pitched to the same tender key as that of the rustling corn and the singing brook. Therefore, let man aspire for a better knowledge of Nature, and he will learn that he must first become acquainted with his own soul. When he has found his Soul-Self, and re-established the line of connection between it and himself, his voice will be keyed to all of the sublime melodies and harmonies of the Universe, and he will be their interpreter to the world that is athirst for the waters of life, and for the all-entrancing music of the spheres. Through soul-culture will all of these things be given unto man.

Mediumship.

The introduction of the bill to license mediums and to punish them for their failure to comply with the same, into the legislature of the State of New York, is far more serious than appears on the surface. A like measure is already in force in the District of Columbia, where every medium is taxed \$5.00 per year for practicing his profession. In New York our mediums are liable to fines and imprisonment for merely opening the door between the two worlds, that our beloved angel friends may be enabled to communicate with us. This is a most unwarrantable interference with religious liberty, and merits grave attention that is being accorded to it.

Had the Spiritualists supported their organizations, especially their State Association, in New York, they would have made a much better showing than is now possible; but the spirit of individualism, which term is

but a synonym for selfishness, led the average Spiritualist to declare that he did not want to be enslaved by becoming a member of a local society. His criminal selfishness and indifference are now bearing fruit in the persecution of our mediums in the Empire State. Yet this persecution is largely due to the neglect of the Spiritualists themselves, in their failure to draw the line between the genuine and the counterfeit medium. Had organization been effected, this work would have been done and the legislators shown that our mediums are religious teachers, and entitled to the protection of the law.

But New York does not stand alone. Legislators at Albany have confessed to our leading Spiritualists that they are being importuned to pass the bill in question, because of the affect its adoption would have upon the legislators of other states. If the New York bill becomes a law, we may look for the introduction and enactment of similar measures in many other States. Spiritualists, do you want your rights abridged in this unjust and reprehensible manner? If you do, maintain your present indifference, your wanton selfishness, and continue to withhold your support from the Cause. If you wish to be enslaved, you have only yourselves to blame. If you are enslaved, No doubt many who read these lines will exclaim: "The dear Spirits gave us our Spiritualism and will take care of it; we have nothing to do." But did the "dear Spirits" protect your Spiritualism in the District of Columbia? If so, why are your legitimate mediums there paying a license of \$500 a year, while every clergyman escapes from a similar tax?

The one remedy for these ills, and especially the one under discussion, is organization. Genuine mediumship always speaks for itself, but now that the law is attempting to class them with the counterfeits and charlatans, they need strong local organizations and State associations back of them, to show the world that there is a vast difference between the real and the spurious article. Genuine mediums should become members of these organizations, and help support them; then, when trouble comes upon them, the organizations can, in their turn, render substantial aid. Every Spiritualist who withholds his support from local and State organizations at this important crisis, fails to comprehend the grave crisis that confronts our body, and the great danger now impending to our mediums. Readers of the Banner, wherever you are dispersed, we urge you to unite at once with some duly incorporated local society. If none is near you, send your name to the N. S. A. or to some state association, with your contribution to aid in the defense of our good Cause.

The Hope of the World

The hope of the world rests in this—the development of the soul of man to such a point of spiritual illumination as to enable him to be guided by the motions of the voice within and not by the scansion things of the outer world. When the children of men live from within, they will be able to place a true estimate upon all material manifestations, and will only value wealth for the sake of the good they can do through its mediumship. If Spiritualism would prosper, if its followers would exert a healing influence upon their fellowmen, then they must reborn themselves to their Soul-Selves, and strive earnestly to faithfully interpret the words of their Soul-Parents in pure, wholesome, and helpful lives on earth. If they will to receive the wisdom-rays from these centres of being, they can do so at any moment, and can become masters of all material things. As they embody these flashes of truth into their daily expressions on earth, they will grow into the fully developed stature of complete manhood and womanhood, and will reflect truth and purity even as the sun now reflects light. The hope of the world, therefore, lies in the cultivation of these finer and higher soul-forces by all of the children of men, and in their outward expression through the overcoming of all base and ignoble impulses. Through daily introspection and momentary aspiration for truth and goodness, all evil impulses are easily checked, and the truer and higher desires of the soul are ushered into being. By the constant exercise of the mental and spiritual natures, all things, even illness, weakness, and disease of all kinds can be thrown off, and all untoward temptations forever banished. By living the life of the soul, all of the children of men can become gods in wisdom and in power.

Human Life.

A clergyman in Chicago complains bitterly because of the democratic spirit that he claims is exhibited by the working men of this nation. He says that they treat him as if he were no better than they are, and cries out vehemently that their action is due to democracy gone mad. He pleads for the establishment and maintenance of caste lines that will keep him and his ilk from coming into contact with the laborers of the land, or if obliged to meet them, for a law that will compel the said laborers to treat him and his clerical and aristocratic friends as if they were beings of superior class to themselves. This clergyman is but echoing the words of Admiral Sampson, who declines to recommend a gunner in the U. S. Navy for promotion, simply because the applicant was not to the manner born, but was the son of toiling parents, hence not a "gentleman" in the doughy admiral's eyes. A man who could complacently view an attempt to steal the credit due to a braver officer than himself is capable of drawing the caste lines in recommending appointments to promotion. He could and would willingly step above Admiral Schley, his superior officer, and a truly brave man, without the least compunction of conscience.

The course of the clergyman and Admiral Sampson shows the low estimate they place upon human life, unless that life is expressed in houses where wealth prevails in abundance, or where the influence of money is easily obtained. In Kansas City, Mo., a young man

recently shot and killed a girl eighteen years of age because he loved her, and she did not love him. He loved her so well that he could kill her in order that she might not be able to marry any one else. The seeming paradox in his case is but the legitimate outcome of the words of the Chicago clergyman and Admiral Sampson, when carried to their logical sequence. They love human beings so well, that they could stab to death every aspiration to rise to nobler methods of living on the part of those who were born in the homes of the poor. Life has ceased to be sacred save in cases where that life approached the earth through the homes of those who possessed great riches. Love is now used as an excuse for murder through assassination, and the love of power is now endeavoring to assassinate, by the dagger of caste, every aspirant for advancement in the ranks of plebeians who must now be taught that it is their duty to serve their plutocratic masters without complaint.

The Missouri murderer was not lynched, to the credit of the people of that state, yet had his skin been black instead of white, he would have departed from earth in a great hurry. Human life is now valueless, unless the caste of color is on the side of that of wealth. The killing of a vicious dog, or the stealing of a horse, or a brace of chickens, is a far more heinous offense in the eyes of those who pretend to execute the laws, than are the murder of innocent young girls and the assassination of the characters of honest people of both sexes, who were born of poor parents. In a certain state a man murdered his neighbor's wife because she got the better of his own wife in a petty quarrel. He was sentenced to one year in the county jail. A negro boy who was hungry and stole a loaf of bread to satisfy that hunger, got five years in the penitentiary for so doing. Hunger is a greater crime than murder, while poverty is a crime of such proportions as to make those who are under its ban absolutely unworthy of notice on the part of their rich and powerful masters, and places them under the displeasure of those who feel that they have a divine right to rule. Truly human life has become cheap.

Medical Freedom.

Although we have spoken frequently and at length upon this question, there yet remains much to be said upon it. Since our last reference to the subject, we have found that eighteen States, rather than twelve, are now seeking to restrict the liberties of the people. We believe that it is unconstitutional for any State to compel its citizens to choose physicians that they do not want. It is a most unwarrantable interference with the sacred rights of every individual, to seek to restrict him to one or two schools of medicine for his choice of healers. But these points have been so frequently mentioned that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them at any length. The fact that eighteen attacks are being made by the medical fraternity, at one and the same time, clearly proves that our friends, the enemy, had laid their plans a long time ahead, in secret, with the hope of catching their opponents asleep. This they succeeded in doing in nearly every State in the Union. In Massachusetts, owing to the vigilance of the Medical Liberty League, the people were on the alert, and Dr. Pfeiffer and his able assistants are doing faithful service to protect the liberties of the people.

These attacks to which we have referred, were made simultaneously. The doctors found their opponents divided and unwilling to work in one body against their machinations. The Christian Scientists were slow to realize their danger, and are simply paying the penalty of their own neglect. This is also true of the majority of the Spiritualists. They felt so sure that their political masters, mis-called legislators, would do the right thing, that they did not even question them when they were candidates for office, as to their standing upon the medical question. Too many Spiritualists prefer to be known as Republicans and Democrats, rather than as defenders of liberty and outspoken Spiritualists. If such as these were the only ones to suffer, we could almost hope that every medical bill now pending would become a law, and that that law would be rigorously enforced. It would give those who support party rather than principle an opportunity to feel the whip of tyranny, which might perhaps awaken them to the necessity of doing something for someone else, rather than to be used as the tool of designing politicians.

There are at least thirty thousand Spiritualists and Christian Science voters in the State of Missouri. Many well informed men place the estimate at fifty thousand, and even more. Seventeen-twentieths of these voters are Democrats, but so thoroughly are they aroused upon the question of medical freedom, that it is probable that nearly every man who believes in Spiritualism and Christian Science will vote against his own party at the next election, in order that justice may be done to the people of Missouri. If all States would follow this example, the dominant parties who are passing these laws would suffer defeat at the next election, and be compelled to restore to the people the rights of which they have been deprived. This will apply to Republican legislatures, as well as to Democratic bodies. The time has come when apology will no longer answer the question, Why these men voted as they did upon the sacred question of freedom. We call upon our readers to rise superior to their party ties and write their representatives and senators plainly that they will defeat them at the next election, because of the betrayal of their interests.

This attack is ominous of coming disaster. Twenty-five thousand dollars were raised and spent to pass the medical bill in Missouri. No doubt similar sums were raised by the medical men in other States for the same purpose. A physician who is a member of the Missouri house stated to us that his brethren had felt the necessity of protecting the people and of raising the standard of the medical profession, hence had used twenty-five thousand dollars to secure the passage of

the bill. If tyrannical and vicious legislation can be secured by the influence of money, it proves the degeneracy of the modern legislator, and shows that he is too venal to represent respectable people. We are not in favor of corruption funds, but we are in favor of the organization of medical rights leagues in every State in the Union. We believe that the treasuries of these leagues should be filled by voluntary contributions, from those who believe in maintaining the rights of the people. The best legal talent in the land should be secured, regardless of expense, and a vigorous fight made for liberty. Spiritualists, are you ready to do your part in this good work? If so, now is the time to act.

Soul and Spirit.

Several of our patrons have asked for a definition of the terms at the head of this article. It is probable that every person who has occasion to use these words has a vague concept as to their meaning. Many, however, consider them interchangeable, whereas they differ widely in their root meanings, and can never be logically considered one and the same thing. The Greek words pneuma and psuche mean breath and intelligence, in their final analyses, hence spirit, the literal translation of the word pneuma, and soul, the literal rendering of the other term, must mean the same. Spirit is the breath, while the soul is the intelligent part of man. Spirit may be said to be the sublimated atoms thrown off from the physical forms in which men dwell, hence spirit is the supersensuous realm that exists beyond mortal vision, and is discernible to the seer and clairvoyant whose spiritual sight has been quickened to perceive its realities. Soul is the invisible energy, the intelligent ego, capable of thinking, willing, loving and achieving. It is always invisible, and has never been discerned by mortal eye, nor by the eye of the clairvoyant or seer. Electricity is known only by its effects. It is always invisible, yet is potent to accomplish results when applied in different directions. The soul of man is the electric and dynamic energy that forces him to action; spirit is the body controlled and energized by the soul after the change called death, while the physical form is its servant so long as life remains within it. The spirit body is a facsimile of the physical body, hence is easily recognized by those who perceive it clairvoyantly, or by those who were related to the one who dwelt in it by soul ties, when they receive accurate descriptions of it. Therefore, man is three-fold in his expression, namely, body, spirit, soul. The body is cognized through the physical senses, the spirit through the spiritual senses, and the soul through the sense of soul force.

We could add much of a speculative character with regard to the nature of the soul, its habitat and destiny, but we feel that the foregoing sentences are sufficient to give our readers a partial understanding of the meaning of the terms under discussion, hence venture to leave the subject in their hands.

An Accident.

We learn with deep regret that Dr. F. S. Bigelow of Skowhegan, Me., met with a painful accident in the City of Augusta recently. He slipped upon an icy pavement and fell heavily to the earth, striking his head and back upon a hydrant. He was severely injured, and it will be some time before he is able to resume his labors. He is under the care of Dr. N. E. Field, which fact is indicative of recovery. At last reports, Dr. Bigelow was resting easily, and it is to be hoped that he will have no set-backs as he begins his journey toward health. The doctor is needed for many years to come in the Pine Tree State.

The Anniversary.

March 31st will mark the fifty-third anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism. The day will be observed throughout the nation, with appropriate ceremonies on the part of all our local societies. Elaborate programs are already being prepared, and it is safe to say that this anniversary celebration will be the most general, as well as the most interesting, of all that have been held in honor of this great event.

In this connection, we desire to urge all our readers to unite with their local and state organizations as members, in order that they may help to make the anniversary celebration what it should be. Union of forces was never so much needed as it is today. Everywhere are evidences of a determined effort to put down the liberties of the people. By uniting in one solid body of devoted workers, we can yet maintain our rights. In Massachusetts these words apply with double force. Justice has long since ceased to prevail in our courts, and any man or woman who incurs the displeasure of the legal exemplars of the State, receives the severest condemnation. We therefore urge our readers to join the State associations, and become working factors in the fight for liberty and justice. Who will be the first to respond?

An Acknowledgment.

The following resolutions of the Progressive Lyceum, tell their own story.

Hudson and Emma R. Truth:
Dear Friends: Your very acceptable present of "Lyceum Guides" for the Progressive Lyceum of Galveston, came duly to hand and we thank you most heartily and sincerely for them. We all recognize your good works for humanity in dealing out wisdom to hungry souls. We remain as ever respectfully your friends. The Progressive Lyceum.

Ella Pruesner, Sec'y.
Galveston, Texas, Feb. 25, 1901.

It will be remembered that this flourishing Lyceum under the management of John W. Rigg, was a model of its kind, and had gathered with other treasures a library. But the awful flood swept all away and some of its members met a terrible death. Immediately after the disaster the Lyceum was called together, and with dauntless courage began

work anew. It had no books, even its class books were washed away by the sea. A more faithful, earnest and spiritual organization does not exist than this Galveston Lyceum, and a more self-sacrificing and able man than its conductor, John W. Rigg, is not often found. Scarcely a Spiritualist who reads these lines but has at least one book which could be spared, and how much good, and what renewed and strengthened courage such a slight token of remembrance would give this band of workers, who so narrowly escaped destruction.

20 Spiritualism came to the earth to reveal to men a broader and better way unto the Kingdom of Truth. The interpreters of Spiritualism have perverted its influence in many instances, and have sought to make it an excuse for their own base actions. The Spiritualism of the angels never disrupts families, neither does it break the hearts of the innocent by making fathers and mothers untrue to their children, and unmindful of their own responsibilities. True Spiritualism beautifies, ennobles and spiritualizes the lives of all who really know its meaning, and seek to express that knowledge in their every word and deed.

21 If an angel in heaven has no better work to do than to return to earth to tell some discontented man or woman that some other person is his or her "affinity," and that it is the duty of each one to run away with the husband or wife of some one else, then that angel ought to be kept in the heavenly world, and there taught to mind his own business. Any medium who engages in the act of sowing the seeds of discord in the souls of struggling mortals, is unworthy of the high office of mediumship, and should be shunned by all spiritually minded persons.

22 The Soul-Self never loses sight of its child, but ever watches over it, even though that child shuts the door in the face of its parent. But when that child cuts the cord that unites him with his parent, or closes the window through which the wisdom rays from the central sun of Being are shining, retrogression is his portion, and he goes backward until he is a mere monad of intelligence, and is absorbed in the ocean of life, to be again caught up, and sent forth once more to learn the truths of the Soul. The Soul-Self is a loving parent, but never violates the Law of Life, hence is the expression of absolute justice.

23 The flower by the roadside sends up its fragrance as a sign to the passerby that its heart is bursting with love for all who dwell on earth. So let the fragrance of love rise from the flowers of the soul children in the forms of men, that all the earth may become redolent with its perfume, and all of the children of men blest by its uplifting influence.

24 Heaven cannot be Heaven with one child of God left in the realm of darkness and despair. The command of the angels is to make this earth a fit dwelling place for souls that are filled with love and beauty, in order that Heaven may be established on this earthly plane.

25 "Spirit is God," says a writer of old. If this be true, and the Bible says it is, then every Christian on earth must believe in Spiritualism, because his God is spirit. What say you, oh reader? Are you spiritual, or are you a worshiper at the shrine of materialism? You must either be a Spiritualist or a Materialist. Which do you choose?

26 The mass meetings in the West have been attended by thousands of people, all of whom have manifested their interest in the good Cause in a most substantial manner. Public sentiment against the medical trust has been roused to a fever heat, and much good accomplished in that direction. We trust that a similar revival may soon take place in the East. Will not Boston take the lead?

27 We take this opportunity to congratulate Thomas Grimshaw, of St. Louis, and the members of his Association, upon the magnificent triumph they achieved in the recent mass convention in that city. Their success clearly proves what energy and enterprise will do when rightly directed.

28 Letters from India, England, Germany, Australia and New Zealand indicate that Spiritualism is once more coming to the front in all of those countries. We take pleasure in presenting a splendid letter from an esteemed friend in New Zealand, which shows the interest manifested there, and is an index that an international congress of Spiritualists ought soon to be held.

29 The friends of Miss Pearl Evelynne, who is playing in Way Down East Company, will be sorry to hear that she has been severely ill at Albany, N. Y. She has rejoined her troop at Portland, Me., but is playing with the utmost difficulty.

30 That man is doubly armored who lives within the realm of the soul. He it is who is able to overcome all physical impediments by the judicious exercise of his own will. That man always meets defeat who dwells in the realm of the senses and lives only for the enjoyment of the hour. He may gain millions of dollars, but he is the veriest pauper, when he enters the realm of the soul.

31 Life is what we make it. Therefore, if we would have liberty, justice, equality and fraternity, we should live those four cardinal virtues in the depths of our own souls. By so doing, we can become powers for good in every community where we dwell.

32 The soul of the Infinite fills all space, and is the cause of all existing things. As this Infinite soul is eternal in duration, so must its children be eternal in duration. The souls of men, therefore, were co-existent with the Infinite, and will continue to exist as soul entities.

The hem-of-garment of the only Christ is touched when I am altered to the world as that which spells the world my love, and the crown of thorns abate with tear drops doth sit in majesty on my upturned head when I am counselor to lowest heart that dreams the all unknown through its darkness.

The Woman's Progressive Union of Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Odic Telegraph must have been in constant operation, between this city and Boston, making reports of business meetings of our society, as numerous letters have reached us, with anxious inquiries as to whether or not there have been misunderstandings and disagreements in the Union, compelling us to disband.

Our Union has indeed been greatly disturbed over the Wagner bill, so much so, that it was almost considered useless to continue in our work, if such measures could be enacted at a time when the truth of Spiritualism has forced itself into every thinking mind, and upheaved every dogma and creed of the Christian church, putting doubting Thomases at rest forever.

To think that we should repeatedly be forced to fight a bill which, if passed, would erase our mediums from the platform, and blot out all phenomena, the Alpha and Omega of our grand and glorious Cause.

We always felt that we could not be endangered by such laws, inasmuch as we were a chartered member of the N. S. A. and often in the past, when asked the question, why we should pay capita dues, and assist the N. S. A. (7) our individual answer was always this:

If at any time laws should be enacted in the legislature, derogatory to our Cause, the N. S. A., as the mouthpiece for all of us, would step to the front and say:

We have so many chartered local societies, each society representing so many members, constituting so and so many people, who believe in Spiritualism, and being in a free country, where all can seek and find their religion according to their own needs, we demand to be recognized.

Such, Mr. Editor, has always been our answer. The Wagner bill, however, has caused such a stir among our people, that it has, or will become necessary for us to charter under the church rules of our own city, so that we are protected, as a spiritual religious society, from interference from other sources, and at the same time be able to protect ourselves. We will be chartered under the name of the

WOMAN'S PROGRESSIVE UNION OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

adhering to the Constitution and By-Laws adopted at our reorganization in 1893.

We have read with a great deal of interest the various discussions in the Banner regarding the decline of local societies, but I would suggest, as an old worker, who claims to know something about the inner workings of a society, that the presidents and officers of all leading societies should meet on an afternoon or evening, say, at our conventions, to discuss ways and means, in which to bring about better results, and more prosperous conditions, for I claim that one or more rules cannot govern all societies, for the simple reason that we all have a different class of people to deal with.

What we need to do for Brooklyn; what would suit Philadelphia might not suit St. Louis, and so on, yet there should be some understanding among the leaders to know what, and how to do, to bring about more promising results. Let us hope the next convention may find us progressing in this direction.

The greatest success of this season at our society has been Mrs. May S. Pepper, who is without saying astounding every one. Her invocations are refined and elevating, her addresses replete with many instructive and touching points, whilst her readings and messages outdo anything we have ever listened to. We bespeak for her a large field of usefulness, and although she has all her dates filled up to 1902, we rejoice to say that one month will be given to our Society. Let the good work go on; let us all join hands, and try to progress, by trying to help each other; let us be loyal and true to our Cause, but above all other things, "Stand by our colors."

Elizabeth F. Kurth.

Brave, Brave Utah.

While most of the States in the Union have a compulsory vaccination law, it is nevertheless a dead letter in many of them. This is the case in California. San Diego, for instance, defies this legislative enactment in the interests of the doctors.

But the State of Utah—Brave Utah, has just passed the following law. And be it enacted:

"That hereafter it shall be unlawful for any board of health, board of education or any other public board, acting in this State under police regulations or otherwise, to compel by resolution, order or proceedings of any kind, vaccination of any child, or person of any age; or making vaccination a condition precedent to the attendance at any public or private school in the State of Utah, either a pupil or teacher."

Unvaccinated children in Utah may now attend school without being poisoned with "tube-points" or the vaccination lancet.

Permit me to add that the citizens of no State have purchased so many of my books entitled "Vaccination a Curse" as Utah. One gentleman bought six copies to distribute among the Utah legislators. All honor to Utah.

J. M. Peebles, M. D.

Battle Creek, Mich.

"Professor George."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I believe you are interested in promoting a knowledge of the spiritual philosophy, and will be willing to do what you can to protect genuine mediums and believers in Spiritualism by exposing those who may have mediumistic powers and use it for fraudulent purposes, or those who pose as mediums for the same purpose.

The Spiritualists of Norfolk and some earnest investigators, have been recently victimized to the extent of several thousand dollars by a man who came here with his wife in the beginning of January, and put out his sign as Professor George, Clairvoyant and Palmist. His modus operandi was to give the first sitting free, and make his clients believe that they possessed extraordinary mediumistic gifts which he could develop for a certain amount cash down and the balance when their mediumship was developed. He guaranteed any and every phrase of mediumship within a given time, and jotted them along with slate messages until he got them so interested that they paid him more money from time to time, till he got large amounts from some. This he kept up as long as he could and last Sunday left for other pastures green, and put a ticket on the door, "Call to-morrow."

I suppose wherever he has gone, he will assume another name. He is a good looking man about 45 years old, six feet tall, smooth

face, iron grey hair, bluish grey eyes, and looks like a professional man, a preacher or doctor. I considered that you might like to warn your readers against such a scoundrel. There are some of his victims here who will have him arrested and brought back if they can locate him. His wife is about 25 years old, dark hair and eyes, and has a pug nose, wears short skirts.

Warrants are out for his arrest. Anyone knowing his whereabouts will please notify the writer.

Very truly yours,
E. C. McAllister.

156 Church St., Norfolk, Va.

Lake Helen Camp.

I have intended in my letters to speak of one very important feature, of this camp. There is a Marion Skidmore Library and building similar in character to the library at Lily Dale, N. Y. It has a fine collection of books, the gift of friends. This collection has lately been increased by a donation of about one hundred volumes of choice reading matter from Mr. Milton Rathburn, of Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Mrs. Rathburn is here with her son, whose health has been very poor, but I am most happy to state is much better.

It is the desire of the officers and friends to make this one of the spiritual centers in the country, and they will no doubt succeed. Mrs. Effie Moss, the materializing medium, has done much to convince the people of these great truths, and has a host of friends, not only here, but all over the country.

The weather which has been quite unpleasant of late, has taken a turn for the better, and now the days are just perfect. The air is dry, and balmy, like our days in June; one cannot remain indoors. Think of that, you who are shivering in the land of ice and snow.

The week past has been full of interest. Monday the conference, subject, "organization." Tuesday, I lectured and gave readings. Wednesday, we had a fact meeting, which was full of interest. Thursday, Mrs. Twing lectured, and gave readings, and her lecture and readings were fine. Friday was conference day again, subject of conference, "The Theory of Destiny." Saturday I occupied the platform and gave readings after the lecture.

Monday evening the Ladies' Aid gave another progressive euchre party which netted a goodly little sum. Saturday evening the usual camp dance. During the day there was quite a number of new arrivals, which added interest to the camp. Among the new comers, was Mrs. Field Conant, and her husband. Mrs. Conant has kindly consented to lecture while here; she speaks on Thursday afternoon of this week.

In one of your late issues there was a mistake; it stated that Mrs. Kate Stiles had arrived. She is not here yet, but we hope to see her this week. There are others we are looking for, which I will speak of in my next if they come.

There are to be quite a number of entertainments this coming week. Sunday, the 3d, the platform was occupied by Mr. J. C. Wright, who gave one of his masterly lectures. At two o'clock Mrs. Twing spoke, and gave readings, and charmed all.

Mr. Wright's classes are still being held; they are full of interest, and are well attended. Thus you see the good work is going on at Lake Helen, and the people are being fed by the truths from the "Land of Souls."—G. H. Brooks.

Liberty in Healing.

To the Editor of the News.—With perseverance worthy of a better cause, the medical trust, through its representatives, the state board of registration, again petitions the general court for more stringent medical legislation. Not satisfied with the present law, adopted at its suggestion, the trust now wants to shut out from practice all but the "regular doctors," so called. It is the same old bill that reappears year after year, instigated by the insatiable craving of the "regulars" for a medical monopoly that would give to themselves the treatment of disease in every form.

The commercial trusts that have so agitated the public, at their worst, affect but the pocketbook; here is a trust that seeks to control, by law of Massachusetts, the whole department of healing. If adopted it would prohibit people from securing the service of any healer except of certain schools. It would shut out the cripple, the deformed, the sick from treatments that have cured thousands who could not have been cured in any other way.

All restrictive legislation is unwise. That contained in the bill about to be reported would have produced the same result.

Are the people of Massachusetts ready to place their bodily health in the arms of an octopus? Mark Twain expresses his feeling very caustically on similar bill now before the New York legislature.

"How is it," says Mr. Clemens, "that there are a thousand ways of constituting laws and everything permitting—in which I may damn my soul; but when it comes to a trivial little matter like temporary ill health, the legislature must prescribe how I shall do it?"

C. S. Dennis.

81 Washington St., Salem, Mass., Salem News.

Announcements.

Mar. 17, Mrs. Annie Alexander and others will serve the Somerville Spiritual Society.

Mar. 14, Mediums' Meeting at Dwight Hall, Boston, 8 p. m. At 6.30 a pink tea.

The Ladies' Aid Society will hold a public circle Friday, March 15, at 4 p. m. The evening will be "Mediums' Night;" many of the best mediums and lecturers will be present. Friday, March 23, this society will celebrate the Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism all day and evening. Excellent talent will be present—list will be given in a later Banner. Meals will be served, so friends can come and spend the day. Carrie L. Hatch, Secy.

Anniversary exercises will be held Wednesday, Mar. 27, at Rev. Mr. Hall, 54 Tremont St., morning, afternoon and evening by the Ladies' Lyceum Union and Association. Good speakers will be present. All societies are cordially invited. S. E. Jones, Secy.

The Paris Exhibition will be reproduced in Paine Hall Sunday, Mar. 24, at 3 o'clock. Mrs. Ada L. Pratt will give her interesting lectures upon "Paris and the Exhibition." Illustrated with 150 beautiful views taken by her personally and prepared for this lecture at a great expense, and the entire set of views will be given for the benefit of the Boston Spiritual Lyceum. The tickets have been placed at a very low price, to enable all to enjoy the trip to the Paris Exhibition. Tickets 10 cents. Lyceum children free. J. R. Hatch, Jr., Conductor.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum will give its second concert and entertainment in Paine Hall Building Tuesday evening, March 19. A fine program has been prepared, including an old-fashioned singing school with a large chorus. Tickets 15 cents. Lyceum free. During the evening a surprise will be given that will be enjoyed by some one. It may be you

if you hold the right ticket. Buy one and see. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Conductor.

The Mass. State Assn. will celebrate the Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism Thursday, March 23, all day and evening. A host of the best talent will be present. A full list will be found in next week's Banner of Light. All sessions free. Carrie L. Hatch, Secy.

Miss Lizzie Harlow will serve the First Spiritualist Society in Fitchburg, Mass., Mar. 17.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

E. W. Sprague and wife, speakers and platform test mediums, are making camp meeting engagements for the coming season. They have the time from July 1 to July 14 the time after Aug. 18 free. They are missionaries of the N. S. A. and are now working in Indiana, organizing and chartering societies, building up week ones and spreading the gospel of Spiritualism generally. Address them until further notice at Rochester, Ind. Their home address is 618 Newland Ave., Jamestown, N. Y.

M. Mattie E. Hull is free to make camp meeting engagements for the coming season, either for lectures, or lyceum work, after July 20. She will also make a few engagements for lectures during the fall and winter of 1901, and during the winter months of 1902. Address her at 72 York St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Scott Stedman has the following open dates: Mar. 27, 28, 31, and three Sundays in April. He would like to make engagements for 1902.

To Let.

In the Banner of Light Bldg., No. 204 Dartmouth Street, a fine large front room, well adapted for a medium's, physician's or dentist's office. Terms reasonable. Apply at Banner of Light Book Store.

Letter from Andrew Jackson Davis.

Our Dear Beloved Editor of the Banner of Light, Mr

I feel this morning that I must congratulate you and cheer you forward in the performance of your manly, courageous, dignified and eloquent work on the Banner of Light.

I believe that I have seen and read for, at least, a hundred years, every issue of the Banner from its natal day to this hour; I have observed its trials, its struggles, its battles, its generousities, its prosperities, and its many brilliant victories; and now, that you have been chosen as the leading chief, to gather up and guide the mighty hosts in the Spiritualist field, I feel deeply moved to congratulate you, for I seem to "see" in the near coming future, a yet more brilliant and beautiful Banner of Light. Because, although you are almost cruelly critical upon some erring medium, and although you are uncompromising with a kind of personal righteousness, you are denouncing persons and deeds congenial to your sense of truth and justice, yet I perceive in you a high degree of integrity and magnanimity, which will surely triumph and "bear good fruit" by uniting all progressive Liberalists and Spiritualists upon a foundation of loving brotherhood.

The Banner of Light occupies an original commanding position in the front of contemporary publications. Long may it unfold its charming and cheering messages before the groping and materialistic world. May it week by week continue to sing the angelic song of universal glad tidings and good will! May every Spiritualist receive its manifold and glorified ministrations, and long live its editor-in-chief, and may all who loyally sustain its mission, be happy and prosperous as they advance toward the summer land!

Andrew Jackson Davis.

Boston, Feb. 3, 1901.

Letter from New Zealand.

H. D. Barrett, Esq.

Please excuse the liberty I have taken in sending you these few lines. I read your address to the N. S. A. and was very pleased with it. We have a small society here which has existed under my presidency for eighteen years. And we furnished and opened a very nice, substantial hall worthy of the Cause and worthy of this progressive colony. The hall is Freehold and will seat 300. Friend Colville had the pleasure of speaking for us and he paid us a high compliment. I know Dr. Peebles and met Mrs. Cadwallader in London Jubilee season.

Australia has federated. New Zealand has inaugurated a penny post to all British Dominions and we have a three-weekly service between America and N. Z., so I would like to keep in touch with your current thought. We might some day join the N. S. A. We are a progressive people here. Mrs. Foy is now in Australia and we shall try to get her to stay here. Apologizing for trespassing on your time, which I know is valuable, and wishing you all good wishes for the New Century,

Yours very sincerely,
William McLean.
Wellington, N. Z., Jan. 19, 1901.

Spiritual Maxims.

The ultimate intention of the great principle of life was and is happiness, harmony—the harmonious working out of life, beginning nowhere, ending not.

There is but one sin in the world, and that is a violation of a law of nature. It matters not whether you ignorantly sin or with knowledge.

You have no right to give to any human being what you need. Think of it unselfishly if you will. You think:

"Well, what if it does harm me, if I can do something for some one else?" You cannot help another by injuring yourself. It is utterly impossible to help another by violating a law. Bear that in mind, and when, because of some one else, you do violate a law, you not only injure yourself, but that other person doubly.

So, no matter how much love we have for another, if we do what is best for ourselves, and should it injure him, because of ourselves alone, but because of every other atom of life that comes in contact with us.

Stretching out from you, daily growing wider and wider, is your magnetic aura. If you fill it with sickness and disease, you are scattering sickness and disease in your wake. You are inflicting every other atom, every other piece of humanity with the same disease.

If you could stand apart from other atoms, if you could keep in your own vibratory circle, well and good if you choose to destroy yourself; but you communicate with all mankind, and if you become ill-disposed, you injure worlds instead of people.

Remember, out of the soul centre from which you came, all that belongs to you came with you. You possess it. It is yours. No man, woman or infinite being can take it from you. The law is eternal, hence, as you have all that is yours, you have but to open your hearts and lips to that eternal light that shines undimmed and drink at the fountain of life. It heals all things. It makes everything perfect.

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Dr. J. M. Peebles WILL TEACH THE PSYCHIC SCIENCE by mail, through which you are taught Psychic and Magnetic Healing, also Occult Powers, which will give you success in life. Full information regarding lessons, and literature on this GRAND SCIENCE, will be sent FREE to all addressing DR. J. M. PEEBLES, Battle Creek, Mich.

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| Divine Unity. | Omn. |
| Freedom and Self Government. | Peace, Not War. |
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AD-44

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AD-45

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Never used, I will gladly return any amount added to MORPHINE, OPIUM, LAUDANUM, or Cocaine, of a dependent, American Home Cure, Mrs. M. B. BALDWIN, P. O. Box 100, Chicago, Ill.

AD-46

WANTED.

A good reliable girl to do housework. Address, P. O. Box 24, New York, N. Y.

AD-47

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

Repts of Seances held Feb. 14, 1901, S. E. 33.
Invocations.

With tenderness and love toward humanity, we turn our hearts, this morning, to the spirit of Love and Truth, and ask that the uplifting that comes from communion with those gone on may be ours at this time. Make us strong in our effort for good. Make us steady in our reachings after righteousness. Make us lovely in the sweetness of the spirit, and help us always to go forward with no thought except for the Truth and for the glory that comes with it. The dear hearts everywhere saddened by the shadow of death,—may the light and the sunshine of the new truth be theirs this day. May those who long so earnestly to speak messages of devotion to them, be strengthened and upheld, and may the message be strong and true. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Ruth Sweetzer.

I see the spirit of a beautiful woman. She is rather tall, well formed and graceful. She comes without much effort, seeming to sweep along to where I stand. She says: "Bless you, child, this is not new to me. I understood Spiritualism before I came over here, and while I don't communicate very often, I am constantly in communication with life and its action and felt a desire to send this word to the friends and acquaintances—I made while here to let them know that I am still busy and still happy." She used to live in Portland, Ore., and her name is Ruth Sweetzer. Again she speaks: "The place has changed since I came away, but my friends are still there in great numbers. I want to get to George Sweetzer. I know that he is quite conscious of my presence, but still I desired to send this specific message through a new source that he might be doubly strengthened and helped by it. I have seen the little girl and it is all right. She will be better after a little. Oh, yes, by the time this message reaches him, she will be out of danger, but that thought is uppermost in my mind today because it is in theirs in their far-away western home. I have the other little girl with me and I want George to understand that I will teach her and help her to understand her life as he makes the little one with him understand his life. Please say to Amy that I would like to help her if I could, but it seems a problem that she herself must work out and that no one can do much until she has taken a definite stand. Always my love to them, always my strongest endeavor to help them as they will know."

Fanny Ward.

Now I see another woman who is short and stout and rather dark. Her eyes are black and her face is bright from animation. She says: "Oh, hurry as fast as you can and don't keep me waiting any longer than possible, for I am so overcome with this effort that it seems as if I could not stand it another minute. My name is Fannie Ward and I lived in Detroit, Mich., I have such a desire to send a message to my friends there and tell them that I am just as active and just as much interested in them and everything about them as I ever was. They will say right away that perhaps if I had taken less interest in other people, I might have been here longer, and I reply that I would rather shorten my life ten years than to lose my interest in those who are dear to me. A life selfishly prolonged can't be of much use or much worth and so when one forgets and even goes beyond the compass of endurance it is better than to live on and on neglectful of the needs and cares of others. I bring with me Henry and he says his special word must go to Fred and to tell Fred to go slow about his condition. That if he will be a little more careful and not jump at conclusions his financial affairs will be straightened out, and I quite agree with him. I often look at the old home, the old place that was so dear to me, but I haven't the same feeling by any means that I had before. I feel that I am quite content with their duplicate, improved as I am able to improve it from time to time, and so make my conditions brighter."

Arthur Clark.

I see a spirit of a young man. I should think he was about twenty-five years old. He is coughing, oh, so hard; he could hardly get his breath long enough to tell me what he wants to. His eyes are dark blue, his hair is dark, he has a broad white forehead and a dark mustache. He is very weak, he shows it in his face, for he is oh, white, white, not a particle of color, and I am sure his life was just coughed away. He says to me, "I wouldn't come this way if it didn't help them to understand who I am. I am better now and although I was weak when

I went and it took all the strength I had from minute to minute, I am better and stronger now and never feel the effect of the condition from which I died. My name is Arthur Clark and I lived in Harrisburg, Pa. This is quite a little trip for me to take, but somehow it seemed to me if I could only come and say a little bit that I might be stronger to speak to them at home. I want to get to Hattie and to Frank. They both need me. I saw them sit down together at the table and try to get some message and every time my anxiety spoils it and I am not able to give it, but please tell them that they must not be discouraged but to keep on and I will keep on and I am sure that we will eventually get something like definite communication. Oh, you can't imagine how anxious I have been and especially as they were so anxious. They needn't tell the rest of the family about the communications, but wait until they get ready to ask. Sometimes when one tries to draw another into a new belief he only drives him away from it by over-anxiety, so tell them just to keep still about it, and the time will come when they will desire to know and then they can give what they want to."

Alice Dunbar.

I see now a lady about thirty-five years old. She is bright and happy and sings beautifully as she comes up to me. She is dark, dark eyes and hair. The first thing she says is: "My name is Alice Dunbar and I came from way down in Texas,—El Paso, Texas. I can't realize that I have come all that distance and yet I have come this morning, for I was there and have seen what they were doing, and sometimes I have thought that I would like to make a test of that. To go from one place to another and tell what was being done. Seems to me it would be a lot of fun to let the people know that I could go quickly and see what was being done by them. Oh, I have many, many friends there. They didn't have the name of Dunbar, though, and I want to send a message to Della Cartwright. I want her to know that I am helping her to do what I was doing when I left her and if she will keep on studying, she will accomplish more than I did. Tell my brother Willy that he does not need to worry. The conditions are as bright as he could wish for, only there is a shower passing over the land and he can't see the brightness, and tell them all I am very happy and I am reveling in music. I hear it everywhere; it is because I love it so. I have my little sister with me; she has grown to be as large as I and much more beautiful than any of the rest of us ever could have thought of being, so I am sure the spiritual life beautifies as well as strengthens, and if it does over here, a spiritual life while still in earth conditions must do the same thing."

Lucella Page.

I see another woman. She is about fifty-five years old, medium height with gray eyes, gray hair and rather a round face. She comes in a practical every-day fashion right straight up to me and says: "My name is Lucella Page and I used to live in Paris, Me. I have felt for a long time that if I could just get back that possibly I might awaken an interest in the people down there. I always tried to do what I could to help the people and while it wasn't much, the very fact that I didn't work against them would help them to understand that my coming would be for them and nothing against them. I came here with my father, whose name is Daniel, and he says: Tell the people of his town that he is all right and that more than that he just loves to come back once in a while to see how they have fixed the roads up. He was always interested in highways and he still retains that interest and if he could give them a word now and then by returning, he would. Another thing he is fond of is cattle, just as he used to be. I am glad he says that, because those who knew him will understand what it means. I haven't anything particular that I want to send except the chief thought of stirring up the people to an understanding of what this life is like so that when a death comes in their midst they needn't all at once be cast down and go into mourning, but can feel what a bright and beautiful thing it is for a soul to be released. I do want to send this message to Grace."

John Wheelock.

I see next the spirit of a man named John Wheelock. He used to live in Dorchester. He says: "I want to send this message to Alice Wheelock; I want to tell her that I can never cease to regret that I left things as I did. It is my fault that they weren't in better shape. I never dreamed that I could be snatched out of the body as I was and it is with a good deal of dissatisfaction with myself that I come here and speak to her today. I have written a thousand letters to her in my mind and every one of them had something that was helpful, but here I come and try to send something and I don't say anything that means much. You can well see that I was not used to a stenographer. I wrote my own letters out and it sounds so funny to think out loud, to say things and then have them taken down, that it kind of bewilders me. After all I have this to say, that although I have brought care and burdens and responsibilities to my family through my disregard of the possibilities of death, I still love them and would do anything I could to help them to go forward and to get out of the tangle. God bless you for giving me this opportunity. God bless the people who are making this effort to put the truth before the eyes of the inquirer. God bless the effort that is made in the spirit to help these earthly workers to carry on the mission. It is a mission, glor-

ous and grand, and if every one of the spirits who have been able to communicate could express to you their sentiments, it would be one of rejoicing and thanksgiving that the effort is made so gladly, so willingly and so faithfully. Good-bye."

Verification.

Dear Mrs. Soule:—Today my attention was called to the message department of the Banner of Light, of Feb. 16, in which a spirit calling herself "Addie Proctor," sent me a very beautiful and encouraging message.

I did not know the lady, while she inhabited the physical body, but for several months she has been with me frequently, I am sure, as a spirit helper and adviser. What she says about writing through my hand is correct, for when she is near me I have the greatest desire to write, a desire which I do not have at any other time.

Her power has already been demonstrated through my hand, several times, every sentence written being replete with grand, yet simple thoughts, which could only spring from a soul filled with noble and progressive desires, which imbues one with an inspiration pure, sweet and simple, yet powerful, eloquent and entrancing, lifting the reader to those grand heights where Life, in its fullness is revealed.

I desire to thank you and your spirit helpers most sincerely for the beautiful message which I have received through your combined instrumentality.

Most affectionately and fraternally yours,
Hattie C. Webber,
58 Chandler St., Boston, Mass., March 1, 1901.

Passed to Spirit Life.

Mrs. Abby Fisher Mackenzie, in Roxbury, Mass., Monday night, March 14th, after many weary months of great but patient suffering, enduring her pain to the last with that sweet and ever cherished thought, "There is no death." She was a life-long, consistent Spiritualist, and was deeply interested in the society in Marlboro, Mass., where she passed many of her early and happy days.

E. J. C.

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY FIVE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It is with a feeling of relief that one can be able to date one's letters in March. The winter is hard, cold, and dark, and most persons like warmth and sunshine, and the softening influences that come with them.

March is often windy, and poets write of the stormy March. But though he may bluster and seek to terrify us by the blasts he may bring, he yet heads the three months of spring, and will soon be followed by the tender, green shoots of April, and the flower-bells of May. So we will not fear his trumpet of wind, but put on our extra wrap when he blows too hard, and wait, like dear mother earth, for the happy time that will soon follow.

Such is March at his very worst in the favored latitude of New Jersey, where according to the old calendar, there are four seasons of the year, and three months in each of them. But the climate of Minnesota requires a different calendar, and recalls the seasons in Siberia, as described in Mrs. Cottin's "Elizabeth."

In these cold northern regions, a calendar amended to suit their needs would give them six months winter, three months summer, and a spring and an autumn of only six weeks apiece. The sun goes so far south in their winter that the nights are long indeed, and the weary months drag their slow length along, forcing one to keep in doors as much as possible, hovering near stoves that are heated to their full capacity, and raising the cost of artificial heat to a point of which dwellers in New Jersey have no notion.

This long and pitiless winter is followed by a sudden spring, and before one has fairly realized that the crocuses and liverworts have come and that the grass is green, summer comes on with an intensity that is unknown in temperate regions, ripening with startling rapidity the special vegetables, grains and fruits that are adapted to such intense and short-lived heat. The people try to enjoy the heat, remembering what opposite conditions the coming winter has in store for them.

Then comes autumn, but it is too short to allow the leaves to mellow into the beauty that is known further south. A very few weeks, and then winter shuts down his leaden pall, and makes one think of the wild loon in the Adirondacks, whom some writer describes as forever wailing, "I wish I had never been born—been born."

My brother, who is at present staying with me, as described in Number 157, has spent ten or twelve years in Florida.

Noticing that the farmers found it difficult to raise the right food for their fowls, he recalled to mind a certain grain that is raised for that purpose by the dwellers in Russia.

He wrote to the United States consul in Odessa, asking him if he could procure for him the seed of this grain, and in a few months he received by mail a package of this Siberian food for chickens, and distributed it among the farmers of his acquaintance.

The grain came up very plentifully, and the fowls liked it extremely and thrived upon it. In two or three years it was used extensively in that part of Florida. But after a few years it began to deteriorate in quality, and it was found that good results could continue only in the very short and hot climate to which it had been accustomed in its Siberian home.

I well remember that in Minnesota, the apples, which are so common and so excellent in New England, are a rarity there, because the short summer does not allow them to grow to maturity. But, on the other hand,

I never saw crab-apples so large, so pleasant, and so abundant as in that northern latitude. We do not always realize how much we are indebted to the climate in which we live for much that enriches our tables. It is impossible to have sweet-corn, tomatoes and such vegetables in England, owing to the dampness and the want of sunlight. But those very conditions make the grass abundant and tender, and so our English cousins have the finest mutton in the world.

I have sometimes thought that it would be very fine to have just a pair of wings, a thermometer and a telescope bag containing a mere change of clothing, and go farther south as cold weather comes on, and north again with the advent of spring. I would not stay a day longer in any locality than was pleasant, and would be regulated in my movements by the thermometer.

The birds do this, and without these traveling appurtenances, for like Socrates, they wear the same garment the year round, while they follow the sun with all the devotion of a Parsee. They are practical astronomers. They never set up stake in order to watch for the longest and the shortest day of the year. They do not know the angle at which the ecliptic crosses the equinoctial. They have no curiosity to see the midnight sun, nor to discover the North Pole. But they make no mistake in their migrations. An unerring instinct guides them when to go, and what direction to take. They rest close to Mother Nature, and so doing they nestle in the heart of God.

All of Emerson's poems are favorites with me. But as in a tiara of diamonds and rubies, some jutting points are more splendid than others, and some gems shine more dazzlingly than the rest, so some of the poems fascinate me more than others do. Of course the philosophical and the religious poems are the grandest of all. But the ones on still or on animated nature have a charm that is all their own. Among these, to my mind, "Rhodora" and "The Humble-bee" are particularly fine.

This humble-bee is a roving fellow, but there is method in the path he traces. Emerson says other persons may sail for Porto Rico, but for his part he will follow the bee, whose zig-zag path keeps ever in the torrid zone. He intimates that he would ever be where he can hear his hum, because all outside of that is a martyrdom.

I say amen to that. Summer I love, but I cannot be happy in winter's cold.

The poet then describes the effect of the south wind in May; and where it turns the sod into violets, there is the mellow, breezy voice of the bee to be heard.

Later, the drowsy tone of this favorite insect makes him think of solid banks of flowers, and of gulfs of sweetness in Indian wildernesses.

Emerson's bee sees only what pleases him. He sees violets and daffodils, succory as blue as the sky, the horn of the columbine, clover and briar-roses. Everything else is but a picture to him as he sails by.

So this philosopher in yellow breeches is wiser than we are. He sees only what is fair, he sips only what is sweet. And when wintry blasts chill the plain, he is already sound asleep, so that

"Want and woe, which torture us,
His sleep makes ridiculous."

Well, the bee can do thus and so, but we human bees cannot follow his example. We cannot roam from zone to zone. Most of us live in one place, either because we own the house we live in, paying the taxes thereon with less or greater reluctance; or else pay rent for our shelter, from which we dread to take our departure, because it costs so much to move. And while there are so many dependent upon us, by the ties of kinship or friendship, it is impossible for us to go far from them, and leave them to their fate. We can do more for those whose circumstances we understand the best. We may lie on to pleasant scenes, and there find those whom we can aid. But meanwhile, who will do for those who cling to us what we have been in the habit of doing for them?

The longer we live in a place, the better do our neighbors and friends understand us. And if we be worthy of their confidence, the more do they confide in us.

I never liked an itinerant ministry. In two or three years, a pastor has just begun to really know a few persons in his parish. Then he goes to a new place, and the church he has left ask each other with some curiosity, "How do you like the new minister?"

And this one in a short time gives place to another. My ideal pastor knows the babies till they are grown up, and have married, and become in process of time grandparents as well. This pastor truly knows his flock, to him they turn for sympathy, advice, and comfort; and when he at last dies, all mourn for him—the old, as for a dearly loved elder brother; the middle-aged, as for a trusted friend; and the young, as for the dearest of grandfathers.

It never pleased me to be lecturing from place to place. The moment I began to feel as if I were doing a little bit of good, I was obliged to go on to another. Like Noah's dove, there was no resting-place for the sole of my foot.

Now that I really live in one place, this being the fourth year that I have lived in Arlington, lecturing perhaps only one Sunday in the year, it seems as if I could do more real good for the Cause.

These comments by the letters that my eyes still permit me to write, and by the fact that every one here who knows me at all knows that I am a Spiritualist.

So, if they see that I am trying to help some one, in mind, body or estate, or notice that I am happier and more hopeful regarding human progress, and filled with delightful anticipation regarding the change to be brought about by what men call death, they give full credit for all this to the fact that I am a Spiritualist.

I will add that Ferdinand Fox-Jencken is discharged from the hospital, as well enough to be at home, but forbidden to go to his work as yet. Meanwhile, I am faith-

fully using the sums sent me by kind friends, in supplying the daily needs of him and of his little family.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.
Arlington, N. J., March 3, 1901.

Some Few Things.

BY H. C. B.

At a recent hearing in the Massachusetts State House on bill extending suffrage to women who pay taxes, Dr. Lyman Abbott was commissioned by certain women to oppose the bill. The only argument that reverend gentleman could bring to bear was the trite remark: "It seems clear to me that we men who have the responsibility of protecting the lives and property and interests of the people of this country, can do it without calling upon our wives and sisters and daughters to help us do it."

Can you think of any reason why women should oppose suffrage except that they are too lazy to prepare themselves for the ballot?

You will be sorry if you tell your troubles to anyone save to your God; and it would be well to spare even him, unless you fully intend to exert all of your own powers in overcoming them.

By repeated recitals of the sins or faults of others, one helps to perpetuate them.

Balzac causes Scraphita to say: "Man ought to be better informed than he is about himself before he spends his strength in measuring God."

Surely the destructive hatchet is not the key with which to pick the lock of Heaven's gate. It would seem more fitting if the key were wrought from the precious metal, love, curiously notched with unselfish patience, never-ending hope, very gentle firmness and unbounded charity.

Does it ever pay to scold? Teachers and parents will ask themselves this question as they read the pathetic note of the 13-year-old lad who committed suicide because his teacher scolded him. The closing words were: "I will trouble my teacher no longer. Give my sled to Bob and my books to Ned." Who can estimate the real agony endured by the sensitive child, whose pride doubtless was displayed in defiance and rebellion?

If any one differs from you in opinion, the surest way to convince him of his error is to call him an idiot two or three times a day!

We have heard of a great many Jesus Christs. In fact, as the editor of the Philadelphia remarks, it is quite the thing to aspire to be a "J. C."; but the very latest is to imagine yourself the wife of Christ, and then be clothed with the divine power to discover Christ's earthly representative or present embodiment. Quite a unique way to find a husband.

Here's to Senators Attwell, Chamberlain, Howland, Manning and Sullivan, and Representatives MacCord, Clark, Haskell and Moseley who voted to abolish capital punishment in Massachusetts; and here isn't to Messrs. Newton, Wallin, C. S. Sullivan, Mansfield, Taft, Dana and Draper of the House, who voted the other way.

Do you feel nervous and restless, lacking in ambition to do the work that lies before you, uncertain, in fact, whether or not there really is a work for you? And do you wish you might have a good sitting with some honest medium, but are so situated that you cannot?

Well, I'll give you one, a good, honest one, too, you will be bound to confess, no matter who you are. Just imagine yourself in a comfortable room, in which, of course, the light is subdued. Kindly be seated in that large rocker. If you like, you may lay your head back in the padded corner and close your eyes, so the surroundings will not intrude upon your thought. I will draw my chair a bit nearer, and if you don't mind, will take your hand for a moment. There! That will do.

You say you are very much dissatisfied with yourself; feel as if you have so misused your opportunities that you wouldn't know a good one now if you saw it, and surely would not know how to make use of it?

Bless your heart, it all depends upon how you look at it. Don't be so sure you have made such a bad thing of it. Chances that we imagine we have allowed to slip by are very often those that were never intended for us. But others are approaching now, better fitted to advise you:

"Indeed, thou hast a work to do. We wish to prepare thee, physically, mentally and spiritually for what is to come. Now thou art like a bird caged behind gilded bars, now and then catching glimpses afar of the bright and beautiful fields beyond, longing, longing for—what, thou knowest not."

"The song is stilled. The notes seem to stick in the songster's throat. They may not now be uttered, but soon, soon shall the bars, the prison bars be severed. Then, with one wild burst of song, shall the prisoner wail his way into the broad fields, and, raising up way into the blue vault of heaven, will see there the inspiration that shall lead him ever onward, upward."

"But not too soon. The birdling that, in its vain struggles scrambles over the edge of the nest, falls helpless to the ground below. First must come strength, and with it sufficient knowledge to enable the bird, once having spread abroad its pinions to maintain its flight."

"In order that you may gain this knowledge, we have caused you to go through experiences. Bitter though some may have been, in after days thou wilt learn wherein to find the sweet; for there has been, there is and there shall be the sweet."

"And do not too severely judge thyself, or those whom thou dost consider thine enemies."

