



VOL. 89.

[Banner of Light Publishing Co.,]  
204 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1901.

[52.00 Per Annum.]  
Single Copies 5 Cts.

NO. 5.

## DRIFTING.

BY MRS. A. E. N. RICH.

I am drifting on my way, slow,  
Toward the "Gates Ajar";  
I oftentimes catch the golden glow  
Of the bright hills afar;  
I'm nearing now, full well I know,  
My own, my ending star.  
On every side a helping hand is given.  
Lest I forget and miss the open court to heaven.

The man of years smiles as I pass,  
Making my pathway brighter;  
The little child looks up and laughs,  
And my glad heart beats lighter;  
The fleet of foot, the strong of limb,  
Jostle oftentimes each other.  
To give me a helping hand  
And softly whisper "Mother!"

Thus journeying on "from day to day,"  
In hope, love, faith and trust,  
Life's seeming burdens fall away,  
And moulder into dust.  
Sweet words, kind smiles to cheer me on,  
Faith in my guiding star,  
I know the goal is almost won,  
I see the "Gates Ajar."

While, loving hands are beckoning me to come,  
While on the waves of sound floats "Welcome! welcome!"  
—St. Paul, Minneapolis.

## The Trend of the Religious Idea.

BY PAUL F. DE GOURNAY.

A survey of the pulpit utterances of a day confirms the opinion that the Twentieth century will witness such a religious upheaval as will have a marked effect upon our materialistic civilization. With a few exceptions (there must always be clerical mossbacks who sleep while the world moves), we hear little about creeds and dogmas, nowadays; the Christ idea has penetrated many minds and the Christ-spirit is slowly manifesting where dogmatic intolerance had kept it gagged and warped its meaning. As the Christ spirit, which makes for the welfare of humanity through love and justice is the vital principle of Spiritualism, this "sign of the times" is quite encouraging.

The power of an idea cannot be overestimated. "Ideas," says George Eliot, "are often poor ghosts; they sun-filled eyes cannot discern them; they pass athwart us in their vapor, and cannot make themselves felt. But sometimes they are made flesh; they breathe upon us with warm breath; they touch us with soft, sensitive hands; they look at us with sad, sincere eyes, and speak to us in appealing tones; they are clothed in a living human soul, with all its conflicts, its faith and its love. Then their presence is a power, then they shake us like a passion, and we are drawn after them with gentle compulsion, as flame is drawn to flame." It is possible that the flame of the Christ-Idea will burn and consume selfishness, greed, oppression and legalized wrongs, and from the ashes of superstition the Christ-spirit rise to bless the world.

Cardinal Gibbons recently preached a sermon on the "Diffusion of Christ's Ideas," and dilated upon the marvelous spread of Christianity; he presented a forcible contrast between "the peaceful conquests of the apostles and their successors on the one hand and the bloody victories achieved by the great generals of antiquity on the other, whether we consider the weapons with which they fought, the battles which they won, or the duration of their victories. . . . "When we consider the rapid growth of the Christian religion," said the cardinal in conclusion, "and the feeble instruments that were employed to produce such results, when we consider the hostility which the apostles encountered in the whole course of their ministry, when we consider the opposition they met with from the learned and from the populace; above all, when we reflect on the sublime and austere moral code which they proclaimed to a people whose religion tolerated and even sanctioned the most dissolute morals, we are forced to admit that Christianity was divine and miraculous in its origin."

The eminent Head of the Catholic church in the United States would, doubtless, not admit it, but the picture he has drawn of the apostolic age fits exactly with the history of modern Spiritualism. We may substitute "marvelous" or "wonderful" for "miraculous," since we hold that so-called miracles are but the operation of little-known natural law, but the revelation that comes from the angel-world may well be called divine. The pioneers, or shall we say the apostles, of Spiritualism, met with hostility and persecution, both social and legal; the church denounced instead of welcoming them, and the Press, that powerful factor in moulding public opinion, which the apostles did not have to contend with, misrepresented, ridiculed and maligned the Cause and its adherents. If the devoted men and women who voiced the consoling doctrine of the continuous life of the soul and unalterable love of our departed friends, were not crucified, or burnt at the stake, it was not that the wish was wanting, but that the civilization of the nineteenth century did not permit it; but that boasted civilization per-

ditions and the preacher's sense of duty may be at odds, and duty be impossible of fulfillment without self-sacrifice. The apostles may have had no thought of self—they had Faith; but in our day the apostolic staff must be gilded and he needs "carry no scrip who preaches the Christ ideas, but must have greenbacks. Life is not so simple or living so easy as in the by-gone days when the despised Christians had all in common, when they were a true brotherhood. Ah! this one word, "Brotherhood," is the key to the situation. Dwell a little less on the joys of Heaven, a little more on the love and service of humanity, O preachers, and the Christ-spirit will be with you, and you will not fear the world and its judgment!

Not to preachers alone, but to every layman, especially to every Spiritualist, these words of Amiel should suggest rules for self-guidance: "Every life is a profession of faith and exercises an inevitable and silent propaganda. As far as lies in its power, it tends to transform the universe and humanity into its own image. Thus we have all a cure of souls. Every man is a centre of perpetual radiation, like a luminous body; he is, as it were, a beacon, which entices a ship upon its rocks if it does not guide it into port."

## Which? A Blessing or a Curse?

BY MRS. ORPHA E. HAMMOND.

We often wonder why individuals repine over what they term misfortune, and refuse to recognize the hand that guided them. We would ask any person who has been thwarted in the pursuit of an ideal, if the failure has not taught him wisdom worth the cost of the experience? The uneducated child learns wisdom from its repeated defeats and failures, and so it is with those we call men, who, in reality, are only children of nature, whose locks are frosted with the age of three score and ten, is still a pupil of nature, and as much subject to the effect of causes as the helpless infant. Yet with the experiences of half a century, in the varied influences of natural law and the discipline which God in his wisdom, gives us from day to day, how few will acknowledge misfortune as the legitimate offspring of the all-pervading Power which governs the universe? How very few feel that thank God for the demonstration of His laws when the result is felt with present pain; yet how many would not forget, to offer thanks over an oyster soup! Why is this? Do we think more of the body than of the soul? It would seem so, taking an external view of things.

We feed and labor hard to prepare and starve the soul. We debate the body and dainty dishes to pamper the appetite, and even with those who consider themselves refined, cultivated, and temperate, capacity is often the only limit to the quantity consumed. Is there no sin in this, no abuse of the blessings of God? Is not disease and suffering the just penalty for the violation of physiological laws?

Again, how much thought, labor, and time is bestowed upon dress. The laws of anatomy and physiology are ignored and our bodies shaped to suit the caprices of fashion, that the beholder may wonder, worship, or flatter. We use the finer metals as ornaments, even perforating our flesh that we may suspend therefrom fine specimens of glittering ore. It is universally believed that those who can sport most extensively in artificial extravagances are the most favored members of the human family.

It has often occurred to us, that if those who expend so much time and money in useless adornments would take off their rings and jewels, and, as of old, instruct Aaron to make a golden calf, and worship it en masse at stated times, they would economize their time, and could attend to the affairs of their soul with less sacrifice of pride than under present circumstances. Not that we would discourage the use and development of the beautiful and ornamental, or circumscribe the honorable attainment of wealth. But we would suggest that time, money, and effort be expended in perfecting the arts and sciences in the general diffusion of useful knowledge, and in such embellishments and attainments as expand human thought, and raise the aspirations of men and women to higher objects than the superfluities which perish with this life.

The pursuit of gain has become a mania; so much so that persons are not considered respectable by the mass, or really intelligent, who have not accumulated a considerable degree of wealth. Though necessarily a robber, the people are inclined to pay homage to the millionaire, and the all-absorbing thought with young and old is: What can I do to get rich? Never since the destruction of Rome, has mammon ruled with such undisputed sway. And what is the effect upon the human mind and heart? Is it a blessing or a curse? Are we a contented and happy people?

Nay—the time has never been when the

spirit of discontent was so universal as now. "He who runs may read" upon the faces of the multitude the traces of unrest and dissatisfaction. Gray hairs, wrinkles, and other premature indications of age are characteristic features of the present period. Are they the result of unprecedented mental and physical labor? Are they not more frequently the effect of discontent, inordinate ambition, or dissipation? And do not these conditions come from the abuse or misuse of money?

Wealth so often fosters indolence and intemperance, and adversity and misfortune are such powerful agencies in pushing out and disciplining the energies of the mind that it has become a truism that "The wisest and greatest men are self-made." The conditions which compel men and women to work their way through life are to them like the whet stone to the scythe. They sharpen and brighten their abilities and enable them to cut a broad and clean swath in the great hay-field of life.

Who are the contributors to the present age? Who have been our noblest and best statesmen? Who have been the inventors of labor-saving machinery and other improvements which ameliorate the condition of society? Have they usually been the sons of wealth and influence?

History answers, no, and numerous instances in which eminent and useful men have come up out of poverty and obscurity, readily suggest themselves to the reflecting mind, and we confidently believe that there could be no better remedy for the intemperance and vice so prevalent with the youth of the present day than to withhold from them the superfluities of wealth. Give them the advantages of education and cause them to earn, in some honorable way, whatever they have aside from the absolute necessities of life. And upon summing up the results of our varied life experiences we can but conclude that in most instances superabundant wealth is a curse so far as mental and spiritual growth is concerned, and that misfortune and adversity are often blessings in disguise.

## The Debauchery of Mood.

There are so many ways of making wreck of this perilous gift of life! A little too strenuous or a little too weak, a little too hot or a little too cold, a little too fast or a little too slow, a little too severe or a little too lax, and we are undone. So nice an adjustment seems to be needed to bring our lives to anything like success and a decent termination. So delicately are we balanced, as it were, on the very brink between sweeping current and relentless eddy. An overfrail physique, and all our splendid attainments of mind and lofty ambitions are brought prematurely to the ground. Or, again, a stout and hardy endowment of body, and you may be undone by some unconquerable habit. For habit, like disease, is often hereditary, and as often contracted. It is germinal in its origin, but sure and virulent in effect. Who does not see in his own round of life a score of his friends undone by some minute lack, some flaw in the adjustment of their powers?

Yet the great world moves on. Even our own small life proceeds. For whether it be to failure or success, the first need of being is endurance—to endure with gladness if we can, with fortitude in any event. This is the core of life; this is the kernel of nature. How then shall we contrive to keep always near that central truth, the progress of existence? How shall we manage to share the glad strength of the earth, in spite of pain, and danger, and sorrow, and bitter disappointment? It is not quite enough to be stoical. Or, perhaps one ought to say, it is too much. For the stoics, one feels, were inclined to shut up the doors of the heart against the great currents of pity and love. They hardly kept a welcome for joy; and when pleasure visited them, they were unprepared to make him at home. It seems there was too stubborn and negative a blend in their philosophy. To be stoical and nothing more is to be stolid. Whereas surely one should grow and change, be happy and sad, with changing and growing nature; and one should not always live in gloom at the centre of one's self, but occasionally come to the entry of being, to meet one's friends, to take the air of existence, to look abroad on the hills and valleys of existence. One should not be unconscious of mood, in short.

Yes, mood is necessary; it is good and helpful; and anyhow it is inescapable. He who denies it is a rash man and far from wise. It is only by taking advantage of mood, of the mysterious, uncharted and invisible tides of the spirit, that we shall ever make any successful ventures upon the deep sea of life, or bring our craft safely to port at last. Whether in art, or in science, or in the affairs of men, he who works with mood will be more successful than he who works without it. As for the mistaken man who sets himself to an accomplishment in defiance of his mood, time must teach him his own folly. He is like the daring and rebellious

child who has never heard of the expression *Deo volente*, but purposes this or that, untempered by restriction, ignorant of fortune, defiant of fate.

In old times men governed their actions by the stars or by auspices. They would undertake nothing unless the planets were propitious; and if they failed conspicuously, then the gods were against them, or the time in their horoscope had not arrived. They waited upon the convenient season, and sought out many inventions for divining it.

In later years we have made mood a god. Today, if I would invest money, or see a friend, or write a letter, or buy a horse, or paint a picture, I no longer consult a soothsayer or consult the pages of an ephemeris; I look into my own dark mind and say, "Am I in the mood for it?" We have made mood a touchstone of action. Our fathers made duty their priestess. I fear we are straying too far from their honorable faith, hard and narrow and cruel though it could be. But that was the evil of extremes. I fancy we are in peril from the opposite error, and duty is a word that is dropping out of current use. Mood has usurped its place.

But there is a debauchery of mood, just as there was a debauchery of duty. An undisciplined observance of duty, unmodified by any other idea, by mercy, by love, by gentleness, by generosity, might readily lead to almost inhuman hardness. The devotee of duty may become a barren and pestiferous monomania, an tyranny to himself and an infliction to others. True, I have never felt any immediate danger of this sort; yet the case is supposable. And we all know how angular and sour and uncomfortable a fanatic can be. It matters not whether he is a religious fanatic or a free-thinker, his inordinate devotion to his one conception of life is a nuisance. He is so stiff-necked that he cannot see anything outside of his own pasture. The beautiful plasticity of human nature at its best seems to have been left out of him.

On the other hand, how much better is your modern watery sentimentalism? Duty for him is an old-fashioned fetter. He menders and menders down the garments of life, as he would through a rose garden. He knows no law but the indulgence of whim and the obedience to mood. He may have no strong evil propensities, but his faulty subservience to mood is a spiritual debauchery in itself.

It is written in "The Book of St. Karin," "Take heed lest ye be overtaken in debauchery of mood." And, indeed, it is a malady likely to attack the lowest spirits. Knowing how essential mood is to the accomplishment of anything worth while, they wait upon its coming. Too seldom does it occur to them that mood is in any degree controllable. Yet it is so. And while we wait upon mood, we must also order and direct it; for mood is like fire, a good servant, but an evil master. Have all your hopes and plans come to ground in a day? Has sorrow knocked at your door? Has circumstance filled your most generous wish? Still there is this life to be lived, and upon of fortune to be followed. Wait not upon returning mood for your happiness, but set forward at once. Perchance then the mood will follow you, with sunny face. If not, still there is the satisfaction of the stoics, and your part in the work of the universe will not have been slighted. And rightly assimilated, adversity (that bitter tonic) may yet yield health and a smiling countenance. And at last we may attain a measure of nobility of character, so that mood will follow us like a patient sister, and we shall be feeble slaves of her caprice no more.

To sorrow, to misfortune, to anger, to hatred, do not give way. Have, if possible, a sane rule of conduct, and adhere to that gladly. For without adherence to some line of progress, how shall we hope for anything but drifting discontent? Let us keep mood, but as a servant; and let us keep duty—as a servant, too. For greater than either is the free spirit of man.—Miss Cairn, in *The Commercial Advertiser*.

"The work of Pericles and Lycurgus affected a few generations in a small portion of the globe; but the spirit of that economic Athenian was to lay an impress, indelible for ever, upon the thought of mankind. The ideas which we owe to Socrates are now so generally a part of the mind of civilized man, so familiar and commonplace, that it is hard to appreciate the intellectual power which was required to originate them. Socrates was the first champion of the supremacy of the intellect as a court from which there is no appeal. . . . He never wrote anything, he only conversed. . . . He did not teach, for he professed to have no knowledge; he would only confess that he was exceptional in knowing that he knew nothing; this was the Socratic irony."

Dr. George A. Fuller will speak with an uncertain sound in our birthday edition, *Like "The Wisdom of the Ages,"* every one wants to know what he has to say. Order copies of the Banner.



## people, and their immediate friends against

gained by their passage, viewing the situation from a political standpoint only.

Knowing your individual love for what is fair and just and believing your honorable associates are actuated by a similar motive, may we not hope that you give this matter your most earnest consideration and act only along the lines of right and justice to all classes of your fellow citizens.

With respect and esteem, I am,  
Your friend,  
Mercedith B. Littlep.

**LIST OF SPIRITUALIST LECTURERS.**

☞ If there are any errors in this List, we wish the most interested to inform us.

CHARLES L. NEWBOTH, Talbot Block, Indianapolis, Ind.  
J. FAIRBANK ALLY, Steubenville, Mass.  
JAMES MADDOX ALLEN, Springfield, Mo.  
W. H. C. ANDERSON, New York, N. Y.  
MRS. HELEN J. T. BRIGMAN, 21 E. 14th street, New York, N. Y.  
J. C. BROWN, 100 E. 14th street, New York, N. Y.  
ADRIE L. BALLOU, 101 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.  
J. C. B. BROWNE, Wrentham, Ill.  
J. CAPT J. BALCON, 1 N. 2nd street, Lynn, Mass.  
MRS. A. B. BYRNES, 72 Northern ave., Dorchester, Mass.  
J. H. C. DE PEEPE, 100 E. 14th street, New York, N. Y.  
MRS. ANDY N. HUGHMAN, 40 Salem street, Malden, Mass.  
MRS. JENNA J. BULLER, 129 West, Col.  
J. C. B. BROWN, 100 E. 14th street, New York, N. Y.  
MRS. ROYCE BRIDGES, 121 McAllister st., San Francisco, Cal.  
J. C. B. BROWN, 100 E. 14th street, New York, N. Y.  
L. B. BRAL, Brockton, Mass.  
DE. C. T. H. HENTON, 1404 Rhodes ave., Chicago, Ill.  
J. C. B. BROWN, 100 E. 14th street, New York, N. Y.  
ALEX. FRANKLIN BROWN, San Antonio, Tex.  
JENNIE HAZARD BROWN  
M. J. H. BROWN, 121 Richmond st., Cincinnati, O.  
MRS. NEWELL B. BRADY, 411 1/2 1st street, Detroit, Mich.  
E. J. BOWEN, 21 House ave., Mt. Pleasant, Providence, R. I.  
NELLIE B. BURBANK, North Plymouth, Mass.  
DEAN CLARK, care HANBY of LIGHT, Boston, Mass.  
MRS. W. H. C. ANDERSON, New York, N. Y.  
MRS. C. CLARK, care HANBY of LIGHT, Boston, Mass.  
J. C. B. BROWN, 100 E. 14th street, New York, N. Y.  
W. J. COLLIER, care HANBY of LIGHT, Boston, Mass.  
MRS. A. A. CATE, 14 Fourth Avenue, Haverhill, Mass.

MRS. E. B. CRADDOCK, Concord, N. H.  
MRS. ABNIN W. CROSSETT, Waterbury Vt.

MR. GEORGIA O. COOLY, 913th st., Chicago, Ill.  
CHARLES E. DANE, 23 Marsh street, Lowell, Mass.  
CARLOS C. VAN DYKE, George, O.

[illegible]

Mrs. SADIE L. HAND 721 Tremont street, Suite 1 Boston\*  
Miss BLANCHE W. JEWETT, 197 Appleton st., Lowell, Mass.

[illegible]

LOE F. PRIOR, 28 Wooster street, Hartford, Conn.  
C. W. QUIMBY, 30 Everett street, Everett, Mass.

Mrs. L. F. PRISON, 100 Worcester street, Hartford, Conn.  
 W. QUIMBY, 20 Everett street, Everett, Mass.  
 Mrs. J. W. RAY, 1000 Washington street, Hartford, Conn.  
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 Mrs. J. W. RUMFOLD, 140 Washington street, Boston, Mass.  
 WILLIAM WHEAT HARRIS, Theobald, Newburyport, Mass.  
 Mrs. J. W. RUMFOLD, 140 Washington street, Boston, Mass.  
 Mrs. TILLIE U. RUTLAND, 167 4th Avenue, Troy, N. Y.  
 Mrs. J. W. RUMFOLD, 140 Washington street, Boston, Mass.  
 F. W. SMITH, Rockledge, Maline  
 FANNIE H. SPALDING, 23 East Main st., Norwich, Conn.  
 Mrs. J. W. RUMFOLD, 140 Washington street, Boston, Mass.  
 S. S. SCAMBLEY, 33 Brookline street, Cambridgeport, Mass.  
 Mrs. J. W. RUMFOLD, 140 Washington street, Boston, Mass.  
 Mrs. MILDRED SOULE, 79 Prospect st., Somerville, Mass.  
 Mrs. J. W. RUMFOLD, 140 Washington street, Boston, Mass.  
 E. W. SPARGUE, 44 Newland Avenue, Jamestown, N. Y.  
 Mrs. J. W. RUMFOLD, 140 Washington street, Boston, Mass.  
 H. SEVERANCE, M. D., Cor. Green and 64th st., Chicago.  
 W. SCOTT SYDNEY, 19 Grant st., Winter Hill, Somerville.  
 Mrs. J. W. RUMFOLD, 140 Washington street, Boston, Mass.  
 DOROTHY E. TOWNE, 200 Washington st., London, Eng.  
 HUDSON TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, O. (telephone area Ceylon).  
 Mrs. J. W. RUMFOLD, 140 Washington street, Boston, Mass.  
 HENRY H. WALKER, B. A. 104 Adams, Mich.  
 Mrs. J. W. RUMFOLD, 140 Washington street, Boston, Mass.  
 ELEANOR L. WATSON, P. O. Box 240, Santa Clara, Cal.  
 Mrs. J. W. RUMFOLD, 140 Washington street, Boston, Mass.  
 Miss JOSEPHINE W. WATSON, Park st., Chelsea, Mass.  
 MARGARET H. K. WHITNEY, 490 Highgate, Melk, Box 7.  
 Mrs. J. W. RUMFOLD, 140 Washington street, Boston, Mass.  
 C. WRIGHT, 1000 Washington street, Boston, Mass.  
 C. WRIGHT, 1000 Washington street, Boston, Mass.  
 DELLOS WOOD, Danvers, Cal., Box 10.  
 Mrs. J. W. RUMFOLD, 140 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. N. J. WILLIS, 7 Douglass street, Cambridgeport, Mass.\*

MISS L. C. WOODBURY, South Haven, Mich.  
MISS L. W. WOODBURY, 120 West 12th St., Boston, Mass.  
P. A. WOODS, 406 Massachusetts Ave., Boston.  
MISS M. WALCOTT, 21 North Bennett St., Baltimore.  
WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, 155 Main St., Springfield, Mass.  
MISS M. WILSON, 100 West 12th St., Boston, Mass.  
MISS M. W. WESTBURY, Knox, Mass.  
GEO. W. WILSON, Granite Building, Denver Col.  
MISS ALICE E. YAW, Granite Building, Mass.

Will also attended funerals.

N. B. If any names are omitted from the above list, they will willingly be inserted as soon as the Editor is notified of the error.

### Corsets Too Narrow to School Girls.

There is consternation among the school girls of Hungary. Secretary Vlassics, Minister of Education, has decided that they must not wear corsets and has ordered them to wear loose blouses instead. The Minister is a collector in physical culture, and when he heard recently that the Minister of Education in Saxony had forbidden corsets, he determined to follow his example.

Of course, there was an outcry against his act, but not only the school girls, and to those who criticised his action, he simply replied that a similar edict had been in force in Russia for several years and that it had been of much benefit was clearly shown by

replied that a similar edict had been in force in Russia for several years and that it had been of much benefit was clearly shown by

Many leading Hungarians side with Minister Vlassics on this point, and some even maintain that the edict ought to apply to teachers as well as to the pupils. The Minister, however, has not ventured to forbid the teachers.—N. Y. Journal.

There was a good storm of snow and rain. The snow and rain filled the snows with water and insured plenty of good well water for the winter. The dampness accumulated on the telephone wires, breaking them and making us sense more deeply the practical utility of telephone connections. Every event and occurrence of nature broadens and deepens every intelligence. Wireless telephones will meet obstruction by storms. Impossible. Knowledge is destined to overcome every ill.—Ex.

General Grant, on his tour around the world, refused to visit the tomb of Napoleon, so heartily did he disapprove of his type of character, however earnest he might have been in studying the Emperor's system of tactics and strategy. Grant was as imperious as Napoleon himself, but he possessed none of the Emperor's peculiar thirst for "Glorie" at the expense of the happiness of others.



## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1901.

## Spiritualist Societies.

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

## BOSTON AND VICINITY.

**Boston Spiritualist Temple** meets in Bessie Hall, 125 Tremont street, every Sunday at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. P. A. Wright, speaker and pianist. E. A. Allie, President. Mary L. Porter, Sec'y. Address, 125 Tremont street, Boston.

**The Gospel of Spirit Mediums Society**, 110 N. St., Boston, Mass., meets every Sunday at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. P. A. Wright, speaker and pianist. E. A. Allie, President. Mary L. Porter, Sec'y. Address, 110 N. St., Boston.

**The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society** meets in Bessie Hall, 125 Tremont street, every Sunday at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. P. A. Wright, speaker and pianist. E. A. Allie, President. Mary L. Porter, Sec'y. Address, 125 Tremont street, Boston.

**Commercial Hall, 654 Washington Street**, Boston, Mass., meets every Sunday at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. P. A. Wright, speaker and pianist. E. A. Allie, President. Mary L. Porter, Sec'y. Address, 654 Washington Street, Boston.

**Brookline Spiritualist Society**, 125 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., meets every Sunday at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. P. A. Wright, speaker and pianist. E. A. Allie, President. Mary L. Porter, Sec'y. Address, 125 Tremont street, Boston.

**Brookline Spiritualist Society**, 125 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., meets every Sunday at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. P. A. Wright, speaker and pianist. E. A. Allie, President. Mary L. Porter, Sec'y. Address, 125 Tremont street, Boston.

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N. Y. served the society March 2. She is thoroughly enjoyed by all. Mrs. W. D. Ashley, Sec'y.

**Somerville Spiritual Society**, 15 Cross St., Ella M. LaRoche, president. A very large audience March 17, Mrs. Anna Alexander, medium. Excellent work was done by her guides, all fully understood.

**Church of the Spirit, Springfield**—Dr. L. H. Freedman, The Australian Healer, lectured and demonstrated his gift of healing Sunday eve, March 17, in Steele's Hall, before a large audience and other forms of amusement. Excellent work was done by her guides, all fully understood.

**Chilcopee Falls, Mass.**, March 19.—We held a public test, séance at our home, having for medium, Mr. W. L. Whitney of Springfield, Mass. He gave us complete satisfaction; every test given was complete. We hope sometime in the near future to secure his services again for the comfort that he gave to us all will be lasting.—Edward West.

**Lowell**—The First Spiritualist Society held its monthly social Friday evening, Mar. 15, which was largely attended. During the evening a musical and literary entertainment followed by games and other forms of amusement. Light refreshments were served about 10 o'clock. Mrs. A. J. Pettigall of Malden occupied our platform Sunday, giving two fine lectures, both of which were followed by many communications from the other life which were readily recognized. F. H. Coggeshall, president.

**Fitchburg, Mass.**—March 17, large and appreciative audiences, both afternoon and evening, had the pleasure of listening to able and interesting lectures by Miss Lizzie Harlow of Haydenville, speaker for the First Spiritualist Society. Dr. C. H. Fox, pianist, gave several fine selections. Dr. C. H. Fox, president.

**Cambridgeport, Washington Hall, 573 Mass. Ave.**, L. J. Akerman, president, writes: March 10 and 17, afternoon circle was harmonious; mediums present, Mesdames Dade, White, and Fredericks. L. J. Akerman gave messages to nearly all. Evening meeting opened with song service; Scripture reading and prayer by president; Mrs. S. E. Hale gave a fine lecture; Mrs. Fish, psychometric readings; Minnie Parker, inspirational singing; Belle Holbrook, poem and messages.

**Brookline Children's Progressive Lyceum**, No. 1, Mr. Geo. W. Nutting, conductor. Mrs. Annie Shean, Sec'y, writes: The children and friends met in Good Templars hall, 86 Main St., Mar. 10 at 2 p. m.; the attendance was good; it was circle Sunday. The medium, Mrs. Carrie Faber, controlled by "Topsy," talked very interestingly to the children. The Banner and Target marches were well executed by the school. Mar. 17, the regular exercises were held as usual.

The Malden Progressive Spiritualists held their regular Sunday evening meeting at their rooms, 16 Pleasant St., March 17th. Usual religious service and singing conducted by Mr. Milton, after which Mrs. Hattie J. Webber of Boston instructed and entertained a large audience. John H. Snow.

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dedicated the farm and all that might come to it in the near future, to the spirit world, and the great power of Truth. Mr. Bond, Mr. Boddington, Mrs. Emma J. Huff and others expressed their kind wishes and desires for the fulfillment of the great work here in the near future.

Mr. Wright has nearly finished all that he intends to do on his house, but will finish in the fall. He expects to come earlier next fall and remain through the season, thus escaping the severe winters of the North.

**Saturday**, annual meeting of the stockholders was held, and resulted in the election of the following persons: Mr. Eber Bond, of Willoughby, Ohio, president; Mr. A. A. Butler, Breckville, Ohio, vice-president; Mr. H. S. Twigg, Westfield, N. Y., secretary; Mrs. J. D. Palmer, Willoughby, Ohio, clerk; and Mr. Scott Hodgkins, De Land, Florida, treasurer. Mr. H. M. Clark, East Jeffery, New Hampshire, and Mr. Frank E. Bond, of De Land, Florida, trustees. The Ladies' Aid met at four o'clock and listened to the report of the work done, and formed plans for the coming year. The year turned in an excellent and fifty-five dollars in the collection, and high praise cannot be given the society for its untiring work.

**Saturday afternoon** Mr. J. C. Wright lectured to a full house, and gave a masterly address. Sunday morning dawned bright and clear, but not so warm, however, a large audience that listened to the address of Mr. Peabody, who gave one of his profound addresses, which was fully appreciated. In the afternoon, the weather being warmer, we were able to meet in the auditorium, where gathered the largest audience of the season. Mr. Wright made the opening address, followed by Mrs. Twigg, our venerable friend, Dr. J. M. Peabody, and Mrs. Emma J. Huff, who has been corresponding secretary, vice-president and president, as Dr. Brigham has been absent this year; Mrs. Huff has ever been faithful to the work here and has left an impression upon the camp here to be forgotten. Mr. E. W. Bond, the new president, made a few remarks; it was my duty to close the meeting, which I did, amid great enthusiasm. The utmost harmony has prevailed the entire season. After the meeting closed, a free séance was held in which Mrs. Twigg, Mrs. C. P. Pratt and myself took part.

Thus has ended the camp of 1901; the officials can well congratulate themselves on the fact of this being the most successful season, and the new officials have a good field to step into. One and all hope and pray for success in the future. I stop off at Jackson, a few days, then on home, reaching there the last of this month. G. H. Brooks.

**"Devotion,"** Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle, William Brinley, and Mrs. Minnie M. Soule have our bright edition poets. They always have something to say, hence, should read their offerings first-hand. Order extra copies of the Banner.

**Mass Convention in Philadelphia.**

A grand mass meeting was held in Philadelphia, March 12, 13 and 14, under the auspices of the National Spiritualists' Association and the local societies of Philadelphia, consisting of the National Spiritualists' Association, the Philadelphia Spiritual Society, the Woman's Progressive Union, and the Lyceum connected with the First Association.

The meeting was called to order by Capt. Francis J. Kieffer, president of the First Association, and chairman of the committee of arrangements; he made very appropriate remarks and introduced the vice-president of the National Spiritualists' Association, Hon. Thomas M. Locke, who in a short address extended a cordial welcome to those present, and thanked the committee of arrangements and all others who had been instrumental in assisting the United States Congress, singing "Happy Greeting." Mr. Locke then introduced the president of the National Spiritualists' Association, Harrison D. Barrett, who thanked the Spiritualists of Philadelphia for their cordial greeting, and gave us a very interesting account of Spiritualism throughout the United States.

During the three days' session, addresses were made by the following: Harrison D. Barrett; Dr. N. F. Raylin of California, speaker of the First Association of Philadelphia; Rev. B. F. Austin of Canada, speaker for the Philadelphia Spiritual Society; Miss Susan C. Clark of Philadelphia, Sec'y. Mrs. C. F. Fannin of Stoughton, Mass.; Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood of Chicago. Spirit messages were given by Mrs. May S. Pepper of Providence, Rhode Island, Miss Margaret Gaile of New York, Mrs. Minnie Brown of Philadelphia and Mr. S. C. Fenner of Philadelphia.

On Thursday afternoon, the meeting was opened by singing "America," and continued with a conference. The first speaker was Capt. F. J. Kieffer, followed by Mr. Samuel Wheeler, vice-president of the Philadelphia Spiritual Society; Mr. McVeigh, president of the Second Association; and Mr. H. Palmer, who is the present speaker of that society, and Mrs. M. E. Caldwell, vice-president of the First Association, and State agent of Pennsylvania. H. D. Barrett then read greetings from the Western societies. At this time, Hon. Thomas M. Locke, on behalf of the Philadelphia Spiritual Society, presented Miss Mary Carroll with a gold badge with a handsome bouquet of flowers, and a fine gold and pearl pencil. Mr. Barrett replied to the same in his usual pleasing manner.

The Lyceum was a combination of the First Association and the Philadelphia Spiritualists' Society, and presented a fine appearance; the conductors were Mr. Groom and Miss Mary Carroll; they both addressed the audience and spoke in the interest of Lyceums and Lyceum work, and gave a word of advice to parents in the necessity of sending their children to the Lyceums, where they would not be taught lessons that they would have to unlearn later on in life, as in orthodox Sunday schools. Mrs. M. E. Caldwell spoke in the interest of the Band of Mercy. Hon. Thomas M. Locke, in behalf of the Philadelphia Spiritual Society, presented Miss Mary Carroll with a gold badge with a handsome bouquet of flowers, and a fine gold and pearl pencil. Mr. Barrett replied to the same in his usual pleasing manner.

The youngest members of the Lyceum taking a part in the exercises, and adding greatly to the entertainment, were Miss Florence, Miss Ella, Miss Carolyn, and Master Hittchings. Recitations were given by Miss Lizzie Halliwell, Miss Gunderman and others. The music was under the direction of Mr. Frank Bacon. The solo singers were Mrs. Corbion, Mrs. Haslam, Mrs. Woodring, Miss Nettie Hankinson, Miss Mamie Sawyer, Mr. Gray, the noted violinist, M. E. Caldwell, and others. Mr. Woodring also favored us, and assisted the other talent.

Committee of arrangements were as follows: Captains Francis J. Kieffer, president; Mr. Frank Morrill, treasurer; Mrs. Thomas M. Locke, secretary; Mr. Wm. McGowan, chairman of music; Mrs. M. E. Caldwell, chairman of printing; Mr. Samuel Wheeler, reception committee; Miss Mary Humphries, decoration committee; Hon. Thomas M. Locke, speaker's committee.

Respectfully submitted,  
Mrs. Thomas M. Locke,  
Secretary of Committee.

## WOMAN'S KIDNEYS.

Thousands of Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

To Prove What Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney Remedy, Will do for You, Every Reader of the Banner of Light May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

Among the many famous cures of Swamp-Root Investigated by the Banner of Light, none seem to speak higher of the wonderful curative properties of this great kidney remedy than the one we publish this week for the benefit of our readers.

"You have no idea how well I feel. I am satisfied that I do not need any more medicine, as I am in as good health as I ever was in my life." So says Mrs. Mary Engelhard, of 233 Madison street, St. Louis, Mo., a reporter of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"For more than ten years I had suffered with what the doctors termed female trouble; also heart trouble, with swelling of the feet and limbs. Last summer I felt so badly that I thought I had not long to live. I consulted a doctor after doctor and took their medicines, but felt no better. The physicians told me my kidneys were not affected, and while I

taste to Swamp-Root, and it goes right to the weak spots and drives them out of the system."

MRS. MARY ENGELHARD.

Swamp-Root will do just as much for any housewife whose back is too weak to perform her necessary work, who is always tired and overworked, who feels that the cares of life are more than she can stand. It is a boon to the weak and ailing.



MRS. MARY ENGELHARD.

Did Not Know I Had Kidney Trouble.

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How to Find Out If You Need Swamp-Root.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the famous new discovery, Dr. Kieffer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

Many women suffer under misery because the nature of their disease is not correctly understood; in most cases they are led to believe that womb trouble or female weakness is responsible for their many ills, when in fact disordered kidneys are the chief cause of their distressing troubles.

Neuralgia, nervousness, headache, puffiness of the eyes, rheumatism, a dragging pain or dull ache in the back, weakness or bearing down sensation, profuse or scanty supply of urine, with strong odor, frequent desire to pass it night or day, with scalding or burning sensation—these are all unmistakable signs of kidney and bladder trouble.

If there is any doubt in your mind as to your condition, take from your urine on rising about four ounces, place it in a glass or bottle and let it stand twenty-four hours. If on examination it is milky or cloudy, if there is a brick dust settling, or if small particles float about in the urine, about kidneys and bladder trouble. Other symptoms showing that you need Swamp-Root are sleeplessness, dizziness, irregular heart, breathlessness, yellow, unhealthy complexion, plenty of ambition but no strength.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is used in the leading hospitals, recommended by physicians in their private practice, and is taken by doctors themselves, because they recognize in it the greatest and most successful remedy that has ever been able to compound.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar bottles at the drug stores everywhere.

**EDITORIAL NOTICE.**—Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder remedy, is so remarkably successful that a special arrangement has been made by which all our readers who have not already tried it may have a sample bottle sent absolutely free by mail. Also a book containing many of the testimonies received from men and women cured by Swamp-Root. In writing, be sure and mention reading this generous offer in Banner of Light, when sending your address to Dr. Kieffer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

A Spiritualistic Wedding.

On Thursday afternoon, March 21, 1901, a very pretty and interesting wedding ceremony was solemnized at 62 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass., the contracting parties being two well known Spiritualists, Mr. Thomas A. Scott and Miss Annie J. Banks, Mr. Albert P. Hines officiating.

Mr. Scott is editor and publisher of the progressive monthly paper, "The Liberal Spiritualist," and his wife is one of the popular test mediums of New-England; and is the medium for the message department of her husband's newsy little sheet.

The First Society of Spiritualists opened the season under the ministrations of Misses Chapin and Wightman of Brooklyn, who remained during the months of October and November. Their services were greatly appreciated.

Mrs. Nellie Temple Brigham kindly gave us her services the first two Sundays in December (afternoons). Miss Cushman gave us a very enjoyable lecture on the third Sunday. The rest of the month Mrs. Brigham's society came to help us, though she had her own services in New York morning and evening; she is ever ready and willing to come to the front to give her services to help on a society. During January we held classes under our president, Mr. W. C. Lewis. On the 17th of February we were favored with the presence of Mrs. Tillie M. Reynolds of Troy, who gave us a most interesting lecture, listened to by a large audience, which was delighted to hear her. On the 24th she spoke on "Spiritualism and Christianity." Her words astonished a good many strangers who were not acquainted with our grand philosophy. The people crowded around her to grasp her hand and hear a word of comfort from their loved ones. We fully appreciate her kindness in coming forward to help our society and give us a lift by the way, especially as she had come to Brooklyn for a much needed rest. Our thanks are due to Mr. Brigham for interesting us in the work of our society. Long may they be spared to work for the truth.

March 3, Mr. Herbert Whitney, secretary for N. Y. State Assn. was the speaker for the evening. His remarks were very interesting and we shall be glad to hear him again.

C. L. Smith, Sec'y.

For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

When we consider that soap is a necessity of modern life, for the laundry, the toilet, as a vehicle for medicinal applications, and for physicians and surgeons in the exercise of their functions, it is especially important that the soap used should be pure and that the name of the manufacturer should be known.

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## BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**  
The BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, located at 302 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass., keeps for sale a complete assortment of Spiritualist, Progressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books at Wholesale and Retail.

**TERMS CASH.**—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express must be accompanied by an order for at least half cash; the balance, if any, must be paid C. O. D. Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. Fractional parts of a dollar can be remitted in postage stamps. Remittances can be safely sent by an Express Money Order, which will be issued by any of the large Express Companies. Remittances under \$10 can be sent in this manner for 1 cent.

In sending from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of important free thought, but we do not endorse all the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents may give utterance. No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return censored articles. Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for inspection, should be marked by a line drawn across the article or articles in question.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 30 1901.

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**Harrison D. Barrett.....President.**  
**Frederic G. Tuttle.....Treas. and Bus. Man.**  
**Harrison D. Barrett.....Editor-in-Chief.**  
**Marguerite C. Barrett.....Assistant Editor.**

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Width of columns 2 1/2 to 10 inches.

Avertisements to be reviewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Saturday, a week in advance of the date when they are to appear.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT cannot undertake to vouch for the honesty of its many subscribers. Advertisements which appear under our name, and are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns, they are at once discontinued. We reserve the right to refuse to accept any advertisement which we deem to be dishonorable or unworthy of confidence.

### Our Birthday.

The Banner of Light will be forty-four years of age April 11, 1901. We purpose celebrating our natal day in a manner that will interest every friend of Spiritualism in the world. A large number of extra copies have been ordered, and will be placed on sale at the usual rates. Spiritualists, this birthday number will be a most valuable one—a present worth having, for it will contain matter from the pens of the ablest representatives of Spiritualism throughout the world. Every reader of these lines will want not less than a half-dozen extra copies of the issue in question. Hudson Tuttle, and many other erudite representatives of the Harmonical Philosophy, will speak to the Spiritualists of the world through our columns. It is not too much to say that our birthday edition will be a library in itself. Reader, you should not only secure a copy for yourself, but send one to your friend, who can then enjoy it with you. Send in your orders for extra copies; they are only five cents each.

### Ex-President Harrison.

Benjamin Harrison, lawyer, soldier and statesman has completed his journey across the plains of earth-life, and has passed on to higher spheres. The secular papers have told and retold the story of his life, his successes and his failures. We speak not to detract from his virtues, nor yet to utter fulsome flattery of the man, but to pay what we deem to be a deserved tribute to one of America's greatest men. Since his retirement from the Presidency, the influence of Gen. Harrison has been widely extended. He has grown into the confidence of the people, and has become their trusted counselor. Although a Presbyterian in his religious faith, Mr. Harrison proved himself to be greater than his creed, and lived the life and nobly enacted the part of a true humanitarian. He believed in the principles of the Constitution of the United States, as well as those of the Declaration of Independence. In his last years, he towered far above the partisan, and became the true patriot, seeking only his country's good. No doubt he was mistaken in many of his views from a political point of view, but his sincerity of purpose and devotion to principle made him great enough to rise above the clouds of prejudice into the pure atmosphere of statesmanship. His was a pure and noble life, and his last work as the unselfish friend and helper of his country is his truest and best movement. He has taken leave of earth at a time when his counsels are most sorely needed by his country-

men, but the impress of his life and his many patriotic utterances upon the burning questions of the day remain to inspire his fellowmen to rededicate themselves to the cause of liberty, and to resolve that America shall return to her former position as the friend of the oppressed nations of the earth, and the giver of freedom to all mankind. Peace to the memory of this soldier-statesman whose laurels won in peace far transcend those he gained in war.

### The Kansas Smasher.

The people of Kansas have been most patient and long suffering, even under the most extreme provocations. They have kept strangely silent, while a being in the form of a woman, thirsting for cheap notoriety, and, perhaps, a goodly share of the coin of the realm, has gone about Jezebel-like, destroying that which chanced to meet with her displeasure. She has been endorsed by many well-meaning people in her onslaught upon the saloons, while others have deprecated her methods, yet have applauded what they felt to be the sincerity and purity of her motives. Among the last named are to be found many Spiritualists, who have become almost monomaniacs upon the subject of prohibition. Such as these welcome almost any means by which saloon-owners and keepers may be made to suffer. The right or wrong of the question never appeals to them; they are content to see valuable property destroyed, women turned into viragos, men made fiends, and children made witnesses of the most revolting scenes of carelessness and disorder, provided they can have a chance to gloat over the discomfiture of the liquor element.

Prohibition has ever been a stupendous failure, as well as a most egregious blunder. Morals never yet have been successfully legislated into the souls of men, nor can they ever be. Morality is the product of soul-evolution and mental culture. Force always retards the advancement of civilization, through its deleterious effects upon national ethics. Two wrongs never yet made one right, hence every attempt to overthrow the liquor traffic by physical force is only a means of maintaining the mob spirit in the breasts of human beings. This Kansas virago has become notorious by her unwomanly conduct and wild utterances. It is simply disgusting to see men and women going about wearing miniature hatchets to indicate—not their sympathy with the cause of temperance—but rather that interest in and support of mob violence, brutality and disorder. It is urged by many that these people and their leader are perfectly sincere, hence are entitled to a hearing. With far less reason, the people of Chicago in 1886 made martyrs of men who claimed the right of free speech. Treason and anarchy could not be tolerated, even under the pleasing delusion that the men whose martyrdom followed, were honestly sincere, hence ought to be heard. The Chicago affair will ever be a blot upon the fair fame of that great city, for even if the actions of the men were reprehensible, the State had no right to hang them.

These words apply to the Kansas crusade only in part. There is no danger of this woman and her followers ever becoming the victims of wild rage and hatred. But there is danger that the plea that they are sincere, hence ought to have a free rein, will result in moral retrogression, unless a halt is called by public sentiment, and better methods established. This woman and her people should not be denied the right of free speech, but the people who are not in sympathy with her Amazonian ways and brutal methods should at once create a healthy public sentiment and direct it into higher channels. We believe our Spiritualist friends should take the lead in this work. Instead of applauding this woman, and egging her on to new outrages, they should view her as she really is—a disturber of the peace and a wanton disrupter of public morals. They should know her exact opinions of them and of their religion; they should learn that she is a purblind religious bigot, possessed of the insane idea that all people must be compelled by physical force to see things as she does.

For the edification of those Spiritualists who have been applauding the course of this notorious Kansas reformer (?) we quote the following lines from a recent editorial in her paper, "The Smasher's Mail." "And so the Witches and Wizards are coming to Topeka, and the prince of Wizards, Harrison Barrett, is to preside. G. W. Kates, the speaking devil, is to speed his blasphemy over Topeka and the prima donna witch, Mrs. Kates, is to set up a refuge of lies, and I suppose she will have some of the elite of the city attend this hell show, and they will be at the other hell show too, if they are not on their guard. There is a curse for every one who goes to this pandemonium. God made Idioty (sic) as the sin of witchcraft, and some people calling themselves spiritually minded will say I do not believe in witches. Do not believe what God knows? For He said to Moses, Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," and in Gal. 5-20, "Witchcraft is one of the mortal sins." I would like to have a chance to meet these enemies of all righteousness and hew them with the prophetic sword and slay them with the word of God."

No doubt she would glory in an opportunity to use her hatchet upon the representatives of Spiritualism, and would feel that she was rendering her God an act of service by slaying the opponents of her Christian faith. As she was in jail at the time of the visit of the parties she names, she had no opportunity to meet them in debate, much less render the blade of her hatchet with their infidel blood. Her language is quoted verbatim; we apologize to our advanced readers for inflicting it upon them, and we assure them it is only done from a sense of duty toward the Spiritualists who hold that she is a "medium," "controlled by angels from the higher spheres" to work reform among men. If hers be the language of reform, what, then, can be the language of bigotry, billingsgate and prejudice? Such "angels" as she

is controlled by should have comfortable cells assigned them in some roomy phalanstery in the spirit world, under a strong guard of loving, magnetic spirits, whose work would be to heal them of their maladies. It would be well if the Kansas instrument were to be treated in like manner on earth. She would then be given a chance to sink into the oblivion of forgetfulness, and the people would be freed from her insipid and demoralizing influence. Hasten the day when this last named reform can be brought about. We conclude by expressing the hope that Mr. and Mrs. Kates, as well as Mr. Barrett, will survive the attack made upon them by this Kansas Christian.

### Frederick W. H. Myers.

Prof. Myers, the well-known scientist, and able president of the British Society for Psychical Research, has taken leave of earth at the early age of fifty-eight years. Although he was not connected with any spiritualistic society as an avowed Spiritualist, he was yet known to have more than a passing interest in the facts of Spiritualism. In his own Cause had an impartial friend and an eminently fair and just critic. The Society for Psychical Research has lost one of its ablest and most representative men. He was a man of calm judgment, and never hesitated to investigate any question to which his attention was called. He did not hesitate to affirm that the hypotheses presented by Spiritualism were the only rational explanations that could be made of the phenomena offered the world by psychism. Such a man was and is greatly needed in the fields of psychic science. He made truth his one object in life, and never once did he lower his ideal standard throughout his busy life. He now knows for a certainty that life continues beyond the tomb, and will no doubt exert a helpful influence upon the minds of all truth seekers.

### Gone Home.

We speak these words of Foster D. Edwards, who passed to the higher life some weeks since, after a long and painful illness. Mr. Edwards was a man of ability; he held pronounced opinions upon all questions pertaining to Spiritualism, and he had the courage to express the same in public. His methods were frequently open to criticism and his ideas were not often congenial to many of his associates, but no one doubted his devotion to the Cause of medical freedom, nor hesitated to credit him with the merit of sincerity in his belief in Spiritualism. He was long interested in the Boston Spiritual Temple, and took an active part in its work. He was also an early friend and supporter of the Veterans' Spiritualist Union, and tried hard to rally the Spiritualists to its support. Mr. Edwards was aggressive at times, occasionally indiscreet, and somewhat hasty in his judgments, yet he was a man who never hesitated to defend Spiritualism at all times and in all places. He had his faults—what mortal has not?—and his ideals were not always high. But he has lived his life as circumstances determined he should live it; he has been a great sufferer from physical pain; withal he has been a student, a friend of liberty, and a careful observer of men and events. From his vantage ground in the realms of the spirit, he can now read the record of his life aright, and prepare the way to escape from whatever there may be of darkness and error now encompassing him. Progression's road is open before him, and he will traverse it with the same indomitable persistency that characterized him here. Mr. Edwards was a man who will be missed both by his friends and opponents, for he was certainly a unique character in Spiritualism. We send him a kindly thought and a psychic impulse as he begins his new life in spirit spheres.

### The Medical Question.

As we go to press, the friends of medical freedom are pleading for their rights before the Committee on Public Health at the State House. The Medical Rights League is making a gallant fight for freedom and we hope success will be the outcome. The officers are on the alert and are doing their duty nobly. Why is it that this struggle must be reenacted each succeeding year? No one outside of the medical fraternity, and only the unsuccessful ones in that band, ask for legislative protection. Will not the people rouse themselves to action, and place this question forever on the shelf? It can be done by electing men of principle, in place of partisans, to enact our laws. Try it and see if this is not true.

### Congratulatory.

We extend our hearty congratulations to Bro. Thomas A. Scott, Editor and Proprietor of our Boston contemporary, "The Liberal Spiritualist," on the occasion of his recent happy marriage. Miss Annie J. Banks, the lady whom he has chosen for his bride, is a well-known medium of this city, and will no doubt most ably supplement her husband in his public labors. We wish the devoted couple a pleasant voyage over the ocean of life, and a safe anchorage in the celestial city of Success.

The reports of the fifty-third anniversary exercises of our local and State Associations will appear in the Banner of April 20. We cannot receive the MSS. in time for our issue of April 6, while that of April 13 will be devoted to our birthday celebration.

Do you want to make the Banner of Light a birthday present? If you do, send us at least one new subscriber, and have your order reach us April 11. It will be a present that we shall appreciate, and we make so bold as to ask every reader of the Banner to remember us in this way on our natal day. By so doing, you will honor Spiritualism, yourself, and greatly enlarge the Banner's sphere of usefulness.

Our readers in Iowa, Kansas and Missouri are urged to take action at once with regard to establishing State Spiritualist Associations. Our Iowa brethren will meet in convention April 2-5, at Oskaloosa, and we urge all of our readers in that State to be present on that occasion. May Kansas and Missouri follow Iowa's excellent example.

Mrs. Marguerite C. Barrett, assistant editor of the Banner of Light, is at her home in Needham, Mass., but has not yet been fully restored to health as to enable her to resume her full duties on the Banner of Light. Her recent articles clearly prove that she is still interested in the Banner's welfare, and is desirous of promoting its interests. Her mental faculties grow brighter and brighter, despite her physical weakness, and she is constantly striving to add to the happiness of others, through the higher Spiritualism to which she is devoted.

The Chicago Tribune says that Spiritualism is of no value to the world, and will not be until its followers find the spirit of Capt. Kidd, and compel him to disclose the place where he concealed his treasure. Not a few Spiritualists look upon Spiritualism in the same way the Tribune does. Its value to them rests wholly in the dollars and cents they can get out of it. Spirituality and intellectual unfoldment count for nothing with such as these. Their God is gold, and most humbly do they worship at his shrine. They would sacrifice honor, love, duty, and even the most sacred emotions of the soul in their blind worship of their idol.

Mrs. M. Eugenie Beste, of Washington, D. C., has been in Rome during the past winter, where she is devoting herself to the study of art. She purposes returning to America some time in May.

Did you know that the Banner of Light would be forty-four years old April 11th? Order extra copies of our splendid birthday edition and find it out for yourselves. You will miss it if you do not do so.

### The Spirit World.

The questions as to what the spirit world is and where it is located, have been under discussion ever since the children of men began to speculate upon the subject of life beyond the grave. Some of the ancients considered it an under-world, in which the shades of the dead wandered to and fro in a useless sort of existence, without the power to will or to wish. This under-world was, of course, beneath or within the earth; semi-darkness brooded over it and over all of its inhabitants. Other peoples pictured the home of the soul to be far above the sky, and declared it to be an exact fac-simile of their abodes on earth, even to the landscape scenery, with this difference; in the higher realms everything was perfect; defects in physical forms were entirely removed; poor, cheap and unsightly dwellings on earth gave place to roomy and comfortable homes in the upper spheres. Food, fuel, raiment, game, singing birds, laughing brooks and murmuring rills abounded everywhere in the "land of the dead." There was plenty for all and no one was allowed to suffer want. These words apply only to those who lived true and worthy lives, and various places of punishment were provided for the wrong doers.

The Christian of today has a similar concept of the heaven to which he hopes to go. There is to be music of the most enchanting kind, plenty of the precious metals, and the most gorgeous display of the power of wealth. The abode of the wicked, to the Christian who has abandoned the idea of a lake of fire and brimstone, is one of semi-darkness, in which the offenders suffer remorse of conscience eternally. Each sentient being really draws his own picture of the after life, and shapes his ideas concerning it in harmony with those pictures. Omar Khayyam says in the Rubaiyat, "Behold myself am heaven and hell;" beyond this point made by the inspired Persian, it would seem to be impossible to advance, as he has reduced his statement to an axiomatic fact. But as to whether the spirit world, as conceived by the Spiritualists really is, is a most difficult problem to solve. Some of them consider it a place far beyond the stars, where they dwell in peace and harmony upon a rejuvenated earth, amid fragrant flowers, blossoming trees and singing birds. Others consider it to be a mental or spiritual state, without exact location in a material or semi-material sense, either in time or space. The souls of men live as conscious, formless entities in this peculiar state of being, and roam at will through space to gain wisdom from the spheres. Others still consider that the planets and stars constitute the spirit world, and that they shall pass from one to another of these as the years of eternity sweep onward.

Another theory is like unto this: The earth is constantly throwing off sublimated particles, ethereal and invisible in themselves, that take shape in the upper ether, and form a body like unto the earth upon which mortals are dwelling today. This etherealized earth is invisible to mortal sight, yet is cognized through the spiritual visions of all clairvoyants and seers wherever dispersed. Many persons call this invisible orb the "spirit-earth" and declare that everything that grows upon "earthly earth" has its counterpart upon the one in spirit realms. Flowers, trees, vegetables, rocks, mountains and valleys are all said to be duplicated there. They locate this "spirit-earth" at varying distances from the material earth, but assert that it is not far removed from the outer circle of the rarified atmosphere that envelops their mortal abode. Upon this "spirit-earth" are dwelling houses in which the spirits of men and women who have escaped from their mortal tenements abide with the members of their own family group. We have heard clairvoyants state that they have seen the spiritual counterpart of material dwellings arise upon the "spirit-earth" as the house on this lower earth was being

slowly consumed by fire. It is also stated that men and women build their spiritual houses by their deeds and lives on earth. Some of those who were poverty stricken while in the mortal form dwell in spiritual mansions as fair and beautiful as are the marble palaces of the aristocracy of the earth today.

Another class of Spiritualists asserts that the life beyond the tomb consists of spheres of various kinds, ranging from the crude material earthly sphere, to that of the most highly refined and truly purified sphere of spirit-essence. Some declare that these spheres are seven in number, while others say that there are about twenty-five of them, and others still assert that the number cannot be stated in exact figures, as they are limitless in extent. From the mortal plane of existence, the spirit of man passes to the one nearest to the earth; there he remains until he has worked out his destiny and found within himself a desire to go higher. Upon the second spirit-plane he repeats the process, then goes on to the third. He thus is transferred from sphere to sphere until he finds himself at rest in the highest conceivable sphere of spirituality, where he is free from all desires and is able to enter into the state of perpetual peace. Not a few Spiritualists assert that from this state of rest and peace, the advanced spirits project their thoughts toward the earth, and seek to incarnate the same within the personality of some individual to be worked out for the good of humanity. All Spiritualists admit that the souls of men must make earnest efforts to progress in the spirit-world, and that there is no such thing as inertia recognized or permitted there.

From the foregoing it will be seen that "as many men, as many minds," and that each person must form his own conclusions as to the location and characteristics of the spirit-world. The idea that it is a spiritual essence, consisting of sublimated material atoms impinging upon the earth-atmosphere, and containing fac-similes of all that makes this earth attractive and beautiful to sentient beings, is, perhaps, the most popular theory with regard to the location of the so-called "spirit world." Returning spirits testify that they dwell in homes that they have created by their acts and lives on earth. It therefore follows that the beautiful things mentioned as parts of the spirit-world are possessed only by those who have honestly earned them. Each individual man or woman on earth fashions and shapes the life that follows the present state of existence. Each finite being, therefore, creates his spirit-world, and determines in part its location. Good and true lives, pure desires and noble aspirations return rich rewards in the realm of spirit to those who put them forth. Darkness and suffering are the conditions of those who live only for self, and seek only the pleasures of the senses. Aspiring souls are constantly reaching out for more and more wisdom, and never rest content with half-truths or with mediocre attainments. They push on until they are able to reshape their own lives, and grasp the law by which they can completely control the material elements in nature. Then they can, by mere force of will, re-form the sublimated atoms thrown off by the earth and other planets, into the nebulae from which other globes are produced through evolution, for a new unfoldment of life. Thus can they and do they become possessed of All-wisdom, and grow into veritable Gods in power.

By the Editor.

### THE SPIRIT WORLD.

Dear Pupils of Boston Lyceum:

Your worthy Conductor wrote me during the past week and made mention of the fact that you were much interested in the following question:

"What is the Spirit World and Where is it Located?" He also said you had voted that you would like to receive answers from some of the old workers, and as the writer was included in the list, she cheerfully complies with the request.

Now it should be remembered that a child can ask a question that the wisest philosopher cannot answer, so the tiniest one among you might puzzle some of the wisest brains in the world. However, the question you have up for consideration, is one in which all Spiritualists should have an interest, and one upon which mediums must have some knowledge.

First: "What is the Spirit World?" When I tell you it can be seen and enjoyed by people who live in this world, do not think we can see it with the outward eye, nor hear its music with the outward ear. The Spirit world is the real, enduring world, by that I mean the world that caused this one to be. Swedenborg was a great Seer, by that I mean he had the power to look into the other world, but he saw with the Spiritual Eye. He said, this world was the representative of the spiritual world, that flowers, birds, trees, everything we see in this world, originated in the spiritual world.

Sometimes I am entranced (I have kept up my daily sittings for many years), and I am permitted to see with the spiritual vision. I see the homes of spiritual beings, and have in many instances been guided to the schools in which little children in spirit life are taught. The spiritual world is as much of a reality to me as is this world. It is that world which we can only see and understand when our inner senses are unfolded.

Did you ever look through a microscope? Did you ever put the little glass over a drop of water, or of vinegar? If so, you saw actual living things that you did not see with the naked eye. If you have held the little glass over a bit of earth, you have seen crawling objects, perhaps playing or fighting with each other, when to the naked eye there was nothing in appearance but dead earth. Now supposing you had never heard of a microscope and some one were to tell you that you drank worms every time you swallowed water, or that you crushed myriads of living things every time you stepped on the earth, you would not believe it. But the lit-







## 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.

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

Report of Seance held Feb. 28, 1901, S. E. 23.

### Invocation.

Oh Spirit of Love and Beauty, we come this morning with aspiration and hope for all things lovely and beautiful. Our hearts are filled with joy and thanksgiving and the realization of the truth and the knowledge that is now ours. Our hearts are filled with hope for those who possess it not, with love, with duty, and a desire to do whatever is possible to bring them into the light. We ask that the messages of these dear ones who come with individual characteristics, with the expression by which they shall be known by their friends, that these messages may go into the homes, into the lives and the hearts of the ones for whom they are intended. Open wide the doors of understanding, let the sunshine so illuminate our lives and all lives that we shall be a light to those still in darkness. Help us and keep us. Amen.

### MESSAGES.

#### Mary Sargent.

The first spirit who comes to me this morning is a beautiful old lady. I should think she was about seventy or seventy-two or three years old. She is rather tall, not very stout, and her hair is very white and just falls in ripples over her forehead. Her eyes are blue, but she wears glasses that she may see out better to those who are about her. She has a very pleasant way and as she walks up to me she says, "My sincere desire is to say something definite and strong to those who are looking for a message from me. I used to live in Waltham and my name is Mary Sargent and I have many friends there now who often speak of me and wonder why I do not come with some message to them. I have been as busy as usual in the spirit striving to help or to do anything which I found was possible for me to do in this new life. I have with me Ephraim. He says tell all his old friends that he too is as happy as I am, and that although we had different lives here, we have come together in the spirit and understand each other perfectly. I want to get to Boston; I desire him to feel that whatever he undertakes to do, he must keep at it long enough so that we may get a hold and in that way carry out his purpose. Where he drops things as he does and keeps taking up new ones, we cannot concentrate force enough to carry on the project and do what he would like to have us do. I also want to reach Emma. She is young and needs my thought and care. To her I would say, 'Let me come to you alone, for in that way I shall be able to express myself as perfectly as I desire.'"

#### Elizabeth Fields.

The next spirit that comes is a lady about forty-five years old. She has dark eyes and dark hair, which is done up on the top of her head in braids. She is not very strong and seems to have been in the spirit quite a while, but this is her first attempt to return to her friends. She comes with hesitancy as though she hardly knew what to say or what step to take first. She says: "Please do help me because I am so new to this work that it seems as if I could never get strength enough to say what I want to. My name is Elizabeth Fields and I lived in Montauk, N. Y. I have been thinking, oh so long, that I would join the circle and give my thought to my friends, but every time when I attempted it, I came so full of fear and trembling that I could not get in where the rest were talking. I want so much to get to Annie and to say to her that I am conscious of her trouble and it is quite a burden to me to be so conscious, for I feel my inability to speak to her as I would like. I don't see anything that she can do except to submit to separation. That seems to be the open door through which she shall wake to better conditions and a peaceful and harmonious life. I know how she dreads it and yet if this is the only thing that will give her the liberty, it had better be done as soon and as quietly as possible. I wish sometimes that I might just stand face to face with her and tell her all I see that has been done that she doesn't understand or know, and then I think it would do so little good because after all, there is but one thing for her to do, and that is to be more independent and to gather strength for herself. Give her my love and tell her that although I have spoken so plainly about this condition which confronts her, I do not blame her. I give her my sympathy and love, not a word of unkindness or reproach."

#### Fanny Chamberlain.

Now I see a woman quite stout, strong and well. She comes right up to me in such a pleasant way. Her face is round and full, her eyes are beaming with joy. Her hair is brown with just a little of the gray mixed in with it. She looks like one of the hearty,

wholesome people. She would come right in here and if there was anything she could find to do, she would do it without a word, but do it the best she could. She says, "Well, that is just what I have come for, to see if there isn't something that I can do for my own people and through them, find a work to do in the earth life. My people live in Bangor. They have been interested in this for a good many years, but in a half-hearted non-workable way, as if they felt that they couldn't come out and talk about it, but just say a little bit on the quiet, that they believed in the spirit. Now I think it is time that there was a little stirring up in the conditions down there, and I want to say that my name is Fanny Chamberlain and I want to get to David, and he bears the last name that I do. I have seen what's been going on, and more than that I can see what is going to come in the future, and I see brighter things that will help and enlarge their sphere of action. I would like very much to say to Joe that whatever he does, he must throw himself into it with all his old energy, and not this half-hearted way that has been manifest for the last six months. He is discouraged, but just as soon as he gets this word from me, I am sure that he will feel that he has new life, new strength and will go forward. Mother comes with me today and says, 'God bless the boys. They are doing the best they can, and I would like so much to do anything I can to help them along in their work. They haven't had the help in earth life that they should have had, but from the spirit there is a stream of strength that pours down into their lives that will keep them and sustain them, however dark the condition may be. To Walter I would send my love and help and strength too, and tell him to be of good cheer. He will soon get well.'"

#### Isabel Fairbanks.

There is a lady comes to me, oh, so weak. It seems as though every bit of her energy was used up in fighting for life. She isn't stout but seems thin, slight and delicate, but she walks over to me with such a pretty, graceful little way and she opens her eyes so wide and is just as pretty as she can be. She has an honest look in her face as though everything she said would be sincere and straightforward. She says: "My name is Isabel and I would like to get to my husband; I want to tell him that I know how he misses me and how he yearns to have some message from me. I have seen him watching these columns in the Banner hoping that some word would come from me to him. I have my daughter Mary with me and she helps me in this undertaking. She wants me to say to her father and her brother that she will take care of me, and I want to add my word that it is a happy moment when I can stand with her and give them expression. I knew about this life in the spirit, but I did not realize that it would be so sweet and so real. I know the changes that have been necessary through my passing to the spirit, but after all, I am in the midst and I strive to help and to give them loving expression whenever it is possible. I have been to the circles where they expected me, and have been able in a way to manifest, but not as strongly as I would like." Her last name is Fairbanks and she lived in Leominster, Mass.

#### Dr. Henry Cook.

Now I see a man. He is a doctor, short and stout, and has a little round face just as fat as it can be. He comes along with a bright cheery little manner trudging along as if he just trudged right through earth life in that same cheery bright way. He says: "Don't stop to give your description of my person. I am just as much of a hurry now as I was when I was alive. I never had time to stop to breathe hardly but just tramped along from one place to another doing all I could for the people to either kill or cure. I saw a good many people die and I just closed their eyes and thought to myself that that was the end of them, and many a time when I would see them reach out as though they saw somebody, I thought it was a hallucination and did not dream for a minute that they really saw anything, for I was a sort of a materialist, but do you know it was the strangest experience that you could imagine when I opened my eyes in the spirit and saw my mother. Said I to myself, 'I do not think I am in the right pew. I must have fallen asleep,' but by and bye these people began to talk to me and then—well the sunshine that came over me at that moment, is not very easy to describe—to all at once find myself conscious and talking with the people who had been dead for years and then to look back on my body which I had known and recognized, was a strange and a weird kind of an experience. Well, about the first thing I asked for was a looking glass to be sure that I could see myself and that I really was myself and not in a strange condition from which I would soon awake. That settled it. I then began to understand that my whole life had been built on the wrong plan, and I suffered everything when I knew that I might have known more of this truth and have given comfort to those who were left behind. I want to say to my brother physicians that if they would just make a study of this spiritual life, they would not have so many heartaches, and breaking, breaking hearts when they have to tell people that their friends must die, and there is no help for them. Some people seem to think it is a smooth kind of a life to be a doctor, but I can tell you that when you look into eyes that are begging for truth and think that there is no hope, it is like sticking knives into you and hurts more than anyone can tell." This man's name is Cook, Dr. Henry Cook, and he lived in Jacksonville, Fla. He says, "I think I have given a message that may help somebody if it does not reach my own people, but I would like to say to Fred and to Jennie, that they need not mourn for me. I have mourned enough for myself, and that my thought now is to pick up some of the broken threads and weave a garment that shall cover them and give them an understanding of what my present condition is."

#### Lucy Woods.

Now I see the spirit of a woman, Lucy Woods. She is dark and thin and tall, and she isn't over thirty-five years old. She comes crying, oh, so bitterly and says: "I don't do this because I am unhappy now, but because whenever I approach the conditions material, it seems as though a great wave of unrest sweeps over me and I find myself crying. I did not have any desire to know, or any understanding of this life and felt that I must live. I did not want to die, and it is that very thing that makes me feel badly when I return. My father is alive; his name is John; I want him to know that though I have been gone a long time from him, I still feel an interest and love for him. I would, if I could, come to him as often as he would like to have me and give him strength that he needs so much. He is an old man now and sometimes when he walks about and wonders how many years he has to stay, I feel like putting my arm about him and saying, 'Come to me, father, because it is better over here and you will be out of trouble and distress.' I used to live in Knoxville, Tenn."

#### Edith Mason.

There is one more spirit and it is that of a girl who is fair, with light hair, blue eyes, and a long, thin face. She comes right up to me in such a sickly way. She says: "Please let me speak, for I have been disappointed so many times. My name is Edith Mason, and I feel as if I could give something that would relieve me and also help my friends. I want to go to Carrie and to tell her that she need not fear about herself. The thing that she thinks is the matter with her, I see no danger of and our mother is with me. She went when I was a baby so that I hardly knew her, but she is so good and it seems so good to have her help me and care for me. I used to live in Rutland, Vt., and my mother says that before I was born she lived in Boston. I did not know about that. Perhaps Carrie will, but I am all right. It is only for those who are left that I feel concerned. I am glad I came. I could not get well. The old cough just took my strength and life, so that it was a comfort to be without it, even if I lost the body and the consciousness for a time of the life that was mine. My love I want to send, because Carrie would never believe the message came from me unless I say to her, a dozen times, 'Dear, I love you. You are so good to me.' That is what I used to say and what she will like most."

"The Comfort of Spiritualism"; this will be Paul F. De Gournay's topic in the great edition of the Banner, on its forty-fourth birthday. Read his words of consolation for yourselves. You will find them only in the Banner of Light.

### Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SEVEN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

So many have written to me, sending more or less aid, for Mr. Fox-Jencken and his family, that I take this general opportunity to thank one and all for what they have done, and to say that I will write to those who did not send anonymously just as soon as my eyes allow me to do so.

One lady in New York City wrote me in a mourning envelope, and said she would send more, provided my psychic power allowed me to divine her name and address. This I am unable to do, as I am not a medium of that kind. If I were, I should have so much money all the time that I should not have to apply to any one in behalf of those for whom my sympathies are awakened.

The shape of the envelope, its mourning band, and the general look of the handwriting, made me think at the first glance that the letter was from another lady friend in New York who has been so generous to me in regard to suffering ones, that I have learned to love her as a sister beloved, and to long for the time when the earthly fetters are dissolved, and I can see her face to face, in all the exquisite beauty which must be the outward form of a soul so fair.

But as soon as I began to read this letter, I sensed a total difference in magnetic aura, and was not surprised not to find the name of my friend at the bottom of the one page. Further than that, my psychic power did not go, though no doubt I have some psychometric insight, as the following incident will show.

While lying blind in bed with my left eye, the eye that was inadequately operated on in Worcester, five letters were brought to my bedside, as well as a small package. The latter was closely done up, yet I knew that it was a book with a light blue cover, and yet felt no surprise that I knew its color. I really saw it unconsciously through my eye bandages and through the wrappings of the book. Having no one to read to me, I let the letters and package lie on the stand.

Later, when some one was at hand, I asked her to give me the letters, and I laid them one at a time on my forehead. In regard to one, I said: "Please open this letter, and see if it is from Miss Hattie Brown, 15 Belmont St., Lowell, Mass."

The lady opened it, and to her surprise found the name and address as I had given it.

Three of the letters, I could sense no special impression. But with regard to the last letter, I asked the lady if the writing on the little package was not the same as in the address of this letter, and she said it was the same. I told her it contained a little book with a light blue cover. She undid it, and found it was indeed so. Then I asked her to open this letter, and told her what name was at the end of the letter. She found the name I had mentioned.

This last letter was from a lovely young lady, who had kept in constant touch with me ever since I spoke at Mrs. Brigham's meeting in March, 1895. The dear little book was entitled, "The Love-Letters of a Woman of the World," and was the first book I read after my illness.

Facts like these show all who are not will-

fully blind that there is an inner sense which serves the soul within independently of the eyes of the flesh. But there are many persons who listen to recitals like the above with absolute incredulity. Such listeners incline one to lament with Isaiah of old in this wise: "Ye hear, indeed, but understand not; and ye see indeed, but perceive not. Then said I, Lord, how long?"

Returning to the kindly disposed lady who promised me more money for Mr. Jencken if I could divine her name, and said that I might allude to it in the Banner as "God's gift," I will take this opportunity to thank kind, anonymous ones in Washington, in Cabot, in Millwood, in dear old Plymouth, and silver-haired "Valentine," who sent me the beautiful bells bearing the legend, "Joy for the New Century."

Being still on the subject of letters regarding Ferdinand and the needs of his dear little family, I would fain explain why I have as yet replied to so few of these. Some will doubtless remember that some nine months ago, I came into great pain for want of new lenses for my eyes. After being supplied with them through the kindness of friends, I could see so well that I forgot the past and went on rejoicing in my work.

But for the last weeks the pain has come again, and constantly increased in intensity. An inward monitor bade me go again to the oculist and the optician. But I could not bear the thought of appropriating money to that use, when so many needed all that I could possibly spare for their daily necessities. It seemed impossible for me to deny them for the sake of my eyes.

At last I wrote about it to kind W. D. Brewer, who at once supplied me with "the needful." His gift was supplemented by a kind one in Washington, who sent me money for myself.

So my eyes have been tested again. The good one is all right, and required no change in its lens. But the bad eye, the Worcester eye, the eye that would be "set on the left hand," were it not already on the left by original constitution and predestination, has been varying and altering to such an extent that new lenses had to be ground for both pairs of spectacles, while the "fronts" for reading also have to be changed. As soon as I receive them, I will begin to answer these letters that I have received. So I must beg all correspondents to indulge me by being patient.

It does seem to be a pity to go to all this expense every nine months. There is another way to do. It is to give up all reading of papers and books, all reading of letters, the answering them, the Banner Letters, and all sewing and mending, and to sit down quietly in my corner and vegetate in solitude. But you know me too well, Mr. Editor, to fancy that I could yield to such a fate as that, unless impelled by stern necessity.

The Greeks, under the guidance of their mythology, made even their deities bend under the stern rule of Fate, under the iron hand of Necessity, and join with their great tragedians in choruses extolling the worship of that inexorable goddess; but we of America, and of the dauntless Anglo-Saxon race, cannot be expected to sit down with folded hands in this latter day, when Nature's secrets are beginning to be solved, and blessed science walks hand in hand with natural forces.

Magnetism, eye-washes, whites of eggs, and all such means of relief give indeed a blessed solace in certain cases. But when crystalline lenses have been removed because disease had made them absolutely opaque, and when a third of the vitreous humor has oozed out of an eye, leaving the ball in a constantly changing state, then we gladly have recourse to the most skillful oculists and opticians. And having so done, we have to pay their bills.

I will now report progress regarding Ferdinand Fox-Jencken, to the friends who are interested in the son of Katie Fox.

His health is greatly improved, and he expects to resume work on the Elevated Road in New York on March 21. At first I thought he better rest till April 1. But his progress has been so rapid, and he is so desirous of engaging in active labor again, that he has announced himself to the train-master as ready for duty from March 21.

Meanwhile, we have been engaged in hunting suitable quarters in New York City for the little family. He and his wife spent one day thus, and at its close she returned to her old father and her little ones, while he came by appointment to me, arriving after night-fall, very weary and very hungry. You can fancy what a delight it was to me to minister to his inner man and his outer man.

In the evening his mother Katie came by the wonderful raps and by impression. She said the right home had not been found, but that she would guide him and me the next day.

It was even so, for after a good breakfast, we went away up into the Bronx Borough, and found some snug, clean quarters, at a reasonable rent. Spiritualists will understand how we were guided from point to point, meeting just the aid we needed in every way. The spirit guidance was so effective, that a very few hours completed our work.

Today, the wife is examining the quarters, and tomorrow I am to meet her in New York City, and procure at one of the great department stores certain necessary articles, in the way of oil-cloth, a small carpet, and other things according to our best judgment.

I am, of course, keeping a strict account of all moneys received, and of the way that it is being expended. Should any remain after they are comfortably settled, I shall board it carefully for them, against some rainy day in the future. We know

"Into each life some rain must fall, Some days be dark and dreary."

But today Ferdinand and his little family are at ease, and it is delightful to see his naturally buoyant and lovable spirit reasserting itself, and banishing the clouds of physical pain and mental depression.

The night he slept in my house, he had a

lovely dream. In his vision, he had his wife Katie on his right arm, while she held the tiny Katie, and to his left arm clung the older Lily. They were all enveloped in a dense, black cloud.

After a while, a cord was let down to them from above. Grasping the cord, he looked up, and saw that its upper end was held by a most beautiful dove. The dove pulled the cord with her beak, and drew them up, up, until they reached a lovely region, where they were bathed in soft, clear light. As they reached the light, the dove changed its form. It was a dove no longer, but had become a woman, whom he recognized. He said she looked very lovely, but that is surely a mistake. But she may seem lovely to him, for he calls her mother sometimes. I will tell you how she looks. She is an old lady of sixty-five, and her hair is white. She is quite thin and has not much color. Her eyes are brown, but one cannot see much of them, for she wears spectacles with very thick lenses for glasses. Her features are very plain, and her painful vision wrinkles up her brows, taking away her one beauty—a smooth brow in an aged face.

But the poor, old thing is trying, in spite of her defects, to do some good in the world, and expects to be young and even pretty by and by, "when this mortal has put on immortality."

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,  
Abby A. Judson.  
Arlington, N. J., March 16, 1901.

Dr. J. M. Peebles! Who has not heard of him? He will speak to the Spiritualists of the world in our birthday number upon "The Religion of Spiritualism." His words should be read by every lover of progress on earth. Order copies of the Banner.

### "The New Departure."

MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE.

Down into the 19th century the light had endeavored to penetrate into the darkness of human undevelopment with signs of success few and far between. We will not dwell upon the cruel tortures inflicted upon the hearts, souls and bodies of those who were made to rejoice on account of the discovery of a new truth or scientific fact. We know too well the legal crimes and oppressions that the strong, relentless arm of ignorance has perpetrated upon the torch bearers of truth from time immemorial.

But finally like a blaze of light came the advent of Modern Spiritualism. Wave upon wave swept across the realms of civilization. Receptive minds regardless of rank or station readily apprehended and accepted the light of this new dispensation, being convinced that those who were called dead are not dead, but more alive than when dwelling in the flesh and working assiduously to elevate us struggling mortals to higher, nobler and grander ideals. And now the question comes to me from many anxiously inquiring hearts, "Will this work of the unseen intelligences ever bear the longest for practical results?" The answer comes clear and assuring: "Oh, ye mortals be true and brave, be ye faithful now and evermore and ye surely shall be free."

The crowning glory of sincere endeavor to well understand and apply the principles of truth, justice and right, is universal peace, happiness and prosperity. But we have been so blinded by our selfishness and ignorance as to establish systems that have brought no true happiness to any, but more or less misery or unhappiness to all.

The results of productive labor are being concentrated into the hands of the few who, in more instances than are publicly announced, are worried to find a good way to get rid of the strain and anxiety that is wearing out their very lives; while among the busy, struggling, unsuspecting masses, there is more than a corresponding strain of anxiety and misery, and numerous instances of destitution and starvation.

A millionaire was sitting in his office with an old-time friend looking tired, worn and dejected. His friend said:

"I am sorry to see that you are not feeling well today."

"No, indeed, I am not; it don't seem to me that I can endure this constant strain of business much longer. There is not wealth enough in the whole world to pay me for this everlasting strain which is wearing out my very life. But I don't see how I can let go."

"Well," said his friend, "why don't you give away all you do not need?"

The clerk working at the desk remarked with a significant look: "He can't do that; he is afraid Mark Hanna would get every dollar he would have left."

But an outgrowth to universally better conditions in the affairs of humanity will surely come. Like a panoramic view the progress of civilization is passing before the observant eyes of hopeful reformers, who see that blind, selfish greed is entangling itself in the meshes of its own fabrication. Concentration and reconcentration of accumulated wealth, combination and recombination of business establishments, each movement to gain more power and guard against disaster. But the end must come; and if we the common people are grand enough, noble enough and intelligent enough to understand and apply the principles of truth, justice and right to our governmental affairs, this will culminate in one grand, glorious system for the good of all.

The Spiritual Dispensation is here to bring a silent, unseen power to act in the accomplishment of this work. Progressive minds are being inspired as never before in the history of the race. That grand idea, "The Co-operative Commonwealth," was not conceived in vain. It is the "Golden Rule" applied to the universal interests of humanity. It will surely establish the Universal Brotherhood of Man.

1500 Main St., Whitewater, Wis.

Good desires quicken the finer vibrations of action. Good wishes and good feelings evolve the better and more peaceful life.—Ex.







