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NO. 8.

FRIENDS AND WORKERS FOR THE
BANNER.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

These friends of progress come to view and stand
In beauty fair, whatever time we turn.
And for our Cause in prayerful spirit yearn,
Kind White and Rich, who held the Banner grand,
Who gave to it their heart and helping hand;
And Colby who with fire of love did burn.
And Day shall our remembrance kindly earn.
These are the Banner's faithful serving band;
And Constant comes with message of the sky.
And breathes of peace to many a weary heart;
While Barrett now is leader brave and bright,
He holds us in his heart and brain and eye,
And would a worthy life to us impart,
As waves above our Banner of the Light!

With Cultivation.

BY GEO. A. FULLER, M. D.

It is only the ignorant who despise education.—Maxim 571, Publus Syrus.

I think it the part of good sense to provide every fine soul with such culture that it shall not, at thirty or forty years, have to say, "This which I might do is made hopeless through my want of weapons."—Culture, R. W. Emerson.

Careful cultivation has given to us many of the beautiful forms of the floral world. The chrysanthemum that we enjoy in the autumn and early winter, by means of the careful manipulation of man, has been evolved from an almost insignificant weed. The rose in its varied form and color has been under cultivation for so many centuries that it is exceedingly difficult to ascertain the prototype of those that we grow in our gardens and conservatories. But there is little doubt that all have sprung from quite humble ancestors. We know that every year our florists are offering newer and more perfect forms.

Prof. Gunning, who had made a thorough study of the citrus family, declared that the orange of today is the "vestige of an ancestor which bore its fruit in pod-like clusters." In the course of time the pods coalesced and passed into pulp, all but a vestige of which remains as a thin membrane. How much of this great change was the work of nature we do not know, but we are well aware that marked changes have taken place in the flavor and form of this fruit within the memory of man as the result of cross-fertilization and careful cultivation.

According to De Candolle, one of the very best authorities on the subject, there are about 250 species of plants cultivated for the use of man. Of course, there are a great many more cultivated, either for their beauty or as curiosities. All of these have been greatly improved by cultivation. Many of nature's forms have been like plastic clay in the hands of man.

Man, being intimately connected with all the lower forms of life, both animal and vegetable, is governed by the same laws, as far as his physical nature is concerned. Chance has played a very insignificant part in the history of his development. Slow and tedious has been his upward march through the centuries.

As we stand on the heights today, and look back over these centuries, we catch even in the rudest forms of human life faint glimmerings of the light of immortal souls. And the exalted state man occupies today has come largely through the cultivation of his intellectual and spiritual nature. Truly does the celebrated Spanish writer, Yriarte, exclaim: "Neither does the flint give light without the steel, nor, if you do not employ art, will your highest ability shine forth. If anything separates, both are useless." Infinite possibilities were encased in the first rude savage, but it took a deal of guiding that these might be made apparent, and the grinding process is still going on to man's eternal good.

No matter what our position in society, yes, no matter what may be the circumstances of our life, if we would have the better nature brought out, culture is a necessity. Intelligent labor must be ever more and more in demand. Whether this be of the hands or the brain, there must be an air of refinement and culture about it, or the world will not long endure it.

But many men are too indolent to cultivate their minds. Mental labor is far more exhaustive than that of the hands. Therefore many have said let us get through life as easily as possible, with as little effort on our part as may be necessary to obtain food, raiment and shelter.

For Spiritualism there has been promulgated this most dangerous and nefarious doctrine, "The Spirits will do all our mental labor for us." Our experience leads us to say that with a very few rare exceptions, the teachings of this class of individuals have been of such a character to mislead in matters of science, history, ethics and reform. This class of individuals always sneers at education and culture, and ridicules all those who are striving to place our philosophy on a respectable footing.

Empty brains may make a great deal of noise, but they only give birth to froth, foam

and bubbles. The skillful musician always ascertains if his instrument be in perfect tune, before he attempts to evoke therefrom the divine harmonies already struggling in his soul for mode of expression. The sensitive, refined, intelligent spirit will likewise seek a brain that is cultured in order that it may adequately express itself.

Shakespeare says: "Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge the wing with which we fly to heaven." And, again, he declares "there is no darkness but ignorance."

The right use of knowledge leads to culture, and in that shall we find one of the sources of our strength and power.

Locke says: "We are born with faculties and powers capable almost of everything, such at least as would carry us farther than can be easily imagined; but it is only the exercise of those powers which gives us ability and skill in anything, that leads us towards perfection." In order that these faculties and powers of the mind may become apparent it must be thoroughly trained. Then will it learn to know and perceive. Montaigne tersely expresses the thought when he says: "We ought to find out, not who knows most, but who knows best." May we not be allowed to say, that he really "knows best" who makes his knowledge fit in his daily life? Not merely to shine among others like an intellectual iceberg and at the same time utterly fail to warm into life his moral nature.

Pestalozzi, in speaking of the education of children, says: "It is all well and good for them to learn something, but the really important thing for them is to be something." May we not say the same of grown-up children? Not merely to seem, but to be, is or should be the real object of life. Reason should ever hold sway over the senses, and all the passions should likewise be governed by the same. Spirit should become victor over the flesh. The mind should ever be dominated by the purest thoughts and the highest feelings. "The object of education," said Froebel, "is the realization of a faithful, pure, inviolate, and hence holy life."

We can only hope to work toward this ideal of Froebel, not wholly accomplish all that it implies in this embodiment; yet will our lives ever be made clearer, sweeter, and purer by keeping this noble thought in view.

Culture implies the development of character. The human mind is plastic, and may easily be moulded into any shape. A strong character makes a deep impress upon the mind and brings out an individuality that is normal and healthy. The word character is derived from a Greek word signifying a stamp. Character, then, is the stamp imparted upon men distinguishing one from another. When the moral nature as well as the intellectual is well developed, the man becomes both strong and lovable.

Far too often in the past our education has been defective, for we have generally laid too much stress upon some particular phase of culture. Prof. Painter says: "Sometimes the physical was emphasized, sometimes the intellectual, sometimes the moral, sometimes the religious; but never altogether in perfect symmetry." But the culture now demanded shall make man symmetrical because the whole man will be unfolded.

With cultivation will come the desire for higher spiritual attainments; this desire will lead to the demonstration as well as assertion of great truths. Never were men and women of convictions needed more than today. These alone will become the builders of our philosophy. The German author, Heinrich Heine, says:

"While I was standing before the cathedral at Amiens, with a friend who with mingled fear and pity was regarding that monument,—built with the strength of Titans and decorated with the patience of dwarfs,—he turned to me at last and inquired: 'How does it happen that we do not erect such edifices in our day?' And my answer was: 'My dear Alphonse, the men of that day had convictions, while we moderns have only opinions; and something more than opinions are required to build a cathedral.'"

So may we say today, something more than mere opinions are needed to lay the foundations of our science, philosophy, and religion. We certainly need strong, healthy, rational convictions. And these will come only with the cultivation of all the natural faculties of man.

Nothing will come from inertia, but everything may come as the result of labor. We have been taught that spirits possessed the whole truth and would gladly give it to us for the mere asking; thus have we, unwittingly, offered a premium for mental laziness. Help comes only to those who try to help themselves, and the higher spirits will seek to inspire only they who are ever trying to unfold all that is in them. It is the ceaseless desire for truth that brings into us the wisdom of the angels. The ceaseless struggle after the truth polishes and refines man's nature. How beautifully does Lessing express this idea:

"If God held all truth in his right hand, and in his left nothing but the ever-restless

search after truth, although with the condition of forever and ever erring, and should say to me, 'Choose! I should bow humbly to his left hand and say, 'Father, give! pure truth is for thee alone!'"

Would not this "ever-restless search after truth" be the greater blessing of the two? Would it not lead to self-reliance—to real culture?

Emerson says: "Within every man's thought there is a higher thought, within the character he exhibits today, a higher character." Our aim, then, should ever be to seek this "higher thought," and to unfold the "higher character" that is within. This "higher thought" and this "higher character" come only as the result of cultivation. Then kindle upon the altar of the soul the fires of aspiration. Open all the windows of thy soul so that the perfumed breezes of the higher spheres may sweep out all that is ignoble and impure, leaving behind an influence that shall incite to nobler efforts. Then will we be able to exclaim with Schiller: "Art is the right hand of nature. The latter has only given us being, the former has made us men." Onset, Mass.

Impress of Spiritualistic Literature.

ARTHUR C. SMITH.

Literature broadly considered is the sum total of a people's mental store. Narrowly defined it comprises only their fiction, history and poetry. For this time we will consider literature in its more inclusive sense, embracing scientific works and pamphlets as well as the more literary productions of novelists, historians and poets.

Literature often contains the heart secrets and the life wisdom of the author torn through the mask of a visionary, unreal person; told to the world more fully, more freely and with less reserve than to the daily friend. To the world the author wishes to appear at his best, and his thoughts rough hewn at first, if the creator is an artist, may be clipped and polished, rounded, beautified and approved before they stand bodied forth complete, finished and exposed to public gaze.

Literature is the record of a people, it tells of the happenings on their journey of life, records the noteworthy events, tells of the sights and experiences, the lessons and thoughts that have shaped the conduct and life of the traveler; it tells why his belief is his, why his acts are as they are, and why he is what he is.

Modern Spiritualism came to the world in a period of scribbles, at a time when to tell one's thoughts in the cold type of the shops was the correct thing; it came to a land of nature and men rather than of art and scholars and many of the early issues of Spiritualistic authors were more "forcible than eloquent," and in a measure, the same is true in the present; many persons charmed, dazzled by the brilliancy of the gem they have found, haste to the printer with a product more commendable in spirit than in form to tell a waiting, questioning world of the beauties and wealth of their new found treasure.

But he that quotes me as saying that the mass of Spiritualistic literature is crude in form, or unripe, does me a wrong, states a falsehood and closes to the credulous listener the doorway to some of the richest of earth's treasure chambers. Spiritualistic literature not only embodies within itself the thought of a new era, the story of the most eventful epoch in earth's life, a period of the greatest mental activity as evidenced by the enslaving of natural powers to the service of man, to the abolition of chattel slavery, a curse and blot as the recorded history of the globe, but it has seen the tottering or fall of once powerful wrongs, it participates in the agitation of questions that have to do with the greater freedom of a world people more free, more favored than at any other period since time began.

In the arena of the world, to the people of the world the literature of Spiritualism stands boldly forth and makes no uncertain impress. In material science I know of no work equal to the writings of avowed Spiritualists to place in the hands of a young person vexed with the knotty problems of the beginning of things; after a long time of doubt and torture in the "mumps and measles of the soul" I found relief and cure in the philosophical works of one who knew not the teachings of the schools, one that gave to the domains of astronomical science a fact no less important than naming the pivotal star of the universe, a fact that years later astronomers recognized. Not one science alone contains the impress of spiritualistic literature nor material science only but all sciences have been advanced and many questions been settled by aid of the light shed upon them by literature given to the world by or through Spiritualists.

Psychology has a new meaning, a broadened field, a clearer view, a brighter hope because of the contributions of Spiritualists to its working force as well as its literature. Law bears the impress in the form of more

just, more charitable enactments, recognizing that wrong doing is often the result of diseased bodies, that many are criminally born, that the criminal is often more the victim than the transgressor; and as a people's law is created in the image of their theology, so by liberalizing the theological belief of thinking men, spiritualistic literature has made a deep and lasting impression for good on the laws of the western world.

Recognizing the potency of mind, juries have convicted not the tool alone, not only the man that struck the blow, but him the cause, the one who planned, the sly villain whose alibi proved powerless to save him from the punishment deserved. Because of the revelations of psychic study the weak are protected legally from the wiles of the hypnotic tempter.

On the fiction and poetry of the last half century a measureless effect has been wrought by the infusion of spiritualistic thought. The world hungered for a continuance of the love-blessed relations of congenial souls that peopled the realms of romance and of song; a far-distant resurrection and judgment seemed cruel and unnecessary for those whose daily lives were passed in a condition far superior to the one-time accepted notion of Heaven; the hope, the dream of the novelist and the poet was now possible of scientific demonstration, and spirit mothers might in fiction, as in fact, bend above weak and erring sons, husbands and wives, lover and beloved, one of earth and one arisen might meet and commune; the veil was rent, the Styx became "only a little brook" over which love threw a myriad of bridges.

Thus we see that the impress of spiritualistic literature on the world of modern thought has been for good in every department. In science it has led the van, and the world now hopefully looks to two spiritualistic "wizards" to open to our vision still greater views of utilitarian beauty. In medicine a new factor of man's being is recognized and new and more potent methods employed: in healing, in theology and law, reason and man have supplanted fear and the devil. Story reads clearly passages once obscured by the mist of creeds; conscience no longer the tool of an angry God is seen to be "born of love," human affection to be the most potent factor in the government of our actions and life is richer, sweeter and has a more hopeful outlook since the world has been impressed by the literature of Spiritualism.

Seen and Unseen.

BY N. S. RAGIE.

Daylight deepens into twilight in the great city. Suddenly the hum of industry ceases, and the streets begin to echo to the tread of many thousand feet. Carriages are dashing to and fro, large numbers of street cars through the tracks, all filled with human beings intent upon finding their way to their respective abodes, while draymen, hackmen, automobile men, and all other men of action, are making their presences and callings known to the hurrying multitudes. The sidewalks are jammed with people moving methodically in opposite directions. Here are clerks, men and women well dressed and comely looking, hurrying along at a rapid pace toward the dinner they are already eating in anticipation, or to the welcome they are to receive from loved ones at home. They walk for the sake of the exercise, so they inform the friend who questions them, hence turn deaf ears to the call of the street-car conductors and to all others who would tempt them to reach home quicker by means of riding. In their hearts, they know they really ought to ride, in order to save their strength for their toil, but they realize that ten or twenty cents per day for a full month will add much to the costumes they must wear in order to retain their places in the great department stores where they are employed.

Mingling with them, yet not of them, is the dinner-pail brigade. These people wear the garb of toil, and move on apace with their eyes cast down, or gaze straight ahead toward the humble cottage, the rude tenement, the stuffy room, or the odoriferous boarding-house toward which they are wending their ways. Their faces tell the story of incessant toil; they are careworn, and deep lines across their countenances mark the furrows, ploughed by hard labor, scanty food, and poor shelter. In their hands can be seen the dinner-pail of which we hear so much in campaign times, and read so much when it is deemed necessary by the subsidized press to placate the giant labor. Is that dinner-pail full? Yes, full of emptiness, for it is now evening, and the dinner has been eaten at high noon. Was it full at noon? Don't ask that question, for if you do, you will learn that these people only took a light luncheon with them to their work today, feeling that a hearty dinner would not be so well for them during their afternoon toil. Question them further and you will learn that they feel themselves to be in luck if their dinner-pails

are half-full each morning as they take them from their homes.

Twilight deepens into evening, and the streets seem deserted in contrast with what they were when the whistles blew an hour and a half ago. A strange quiet has fallen upon the city, and it seems as if a blessed period of rest has settled upon its people. The workman, the idler, and the millionaire are all engaged in partaking of that which will sustain their forms as they fill their respective niches in the great hive of humanity. What is this? People once more upon the streets and hurrying in opposite directions, street cars crowded once more, omnibuses well-laden, landaus, automobiles, hacks and private carriages filled with people? Yes, so it seems; the hour for opening the theatres is approaching, and rich and poor, the high and the low, are now abroad seeking amusement. It is a warm and genial spring night, and the attractions of the streets are greater than are those of any room within doors. Note the smart passing; here are gay street costumes, smart hats, gayly decorated with feathers, and, sad to say, with the bodies of birds, trailing skirts to sweep up the dirt from the sidewalks, and to wipe off the tobacco-juice that has been freely expectorated by the pedestrians who have preceded them. Here are silk hats, gold-headed canes, fine spring overcoats, and dainty gloves. Oh, yes, the city is attractive when all these things are to be seen and obtained—if the man or woman is willing to pay the price required for them.

The silvery laughter that floats out from the richly caparisoned carriage, or automobile, attracts attention. Costly opera cloaks, splendid evening dresses, and expensive broadcloth are to be seen here. On the sidewalk are the working girl and young man, dressed in plain but comfortable garments. Is there any difference between these classes? In soul quality, in the ultimate, none whatever, but in social standing, the hiatus between them is as wide as the Atlantic ocean in its broadest part. Morally the status of the working people may be as high as heaven above that of their better dressed human brethren; but morality counts for little in any land where gold is king, and where men are rated by what they own and not by what they are. Mark the difference in the walk of the passersby: some are hurrying as if to elude pursuit; others fairly rush on, as if they feared that some one would overreach them unless they arrived at a certain place in season to prevent it; others, still, move forward slowly, as if in deep thought, or as if they were calmly enjoying a stroll with some dearly loved friend. So it is in the thought-lives of human beings—many rush on like the cyclone, sweeping, or endeavoring to sweep, all obstacles before them; some leap forward, hoping to gain prominence in the public eye or a momentary advantage over their fellows who were slow to comprehend the necessity of haste; others move slowly forward, obedient to the tide of events, or propelled by the force of circumstances that was too strong to be overcome by their inertia.

Now a bevy of happy maidens pass by. They are chatting gaily, either in anticipation of a pleasant evening at the theatres, or over some amusement of other days. Here come four young couples out for a stroll. They are well dressed, and move on as if bent upon enjoying the soft spring air. Each young man is making a smoke-stack of his face, for he either has a pipe or a cigar that he is vigorously puffing. He is indifferent to the presence of the girl by his side, for as she looks up into his face, he deliberately throws a cloud of tobacco smoke about her head. She coughs, stifles a little, catches her breath, and hastily looks away. He does not care—he has his filthy pipe or cigar, and the woes of his companions are nothing to him. Does the girl like it? Yes, and no; she likes the company of the ill-mannered brute who smoked in her face, or she would not be with him; but she evidently has not yet learned to digest tobacco, even in a smoke-diluted form. Why is it that decent, self-respecting girls and women will put up with, and even smile at such ill-manners on the part of men? Are they too dead to their own honor to resent such indignities? Why is it that men possessed of even an atom of brains persist in befogging that atom of intelligence with the foul fumes of tobacco, or in poisoning their mouths with nicotine? Look about and note the fact that seven men out of every ten are smoking as they walk the streets? What right have they to poison the air that decent people must breathe, or to spread pestilence and filth from their mouths as they befool the sidewalks with their expectorations?

Many a society woman, a leader in literary and religious circles, has been heard to remark: "I like the odor of a good cigar," hence she smiles indulgently upon the man who pollutes the atmosphere that respectable people have to breathe. One woman was once heard to remark that she preferred the odor of a pestiferous pipe to that of her husband's breath! She evidently did not care one iota

(Continued on page five.)

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

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THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, located at 204 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass., keeps for sale a complete assortment of Spiritualist Literature. Information and prices on request. Wholesale and Retail.

TERMS CASH—Orders for books, to be sent by Express must be accompanied by an order or cash. The best price will be given for cash. Orders for books, to be sent by Mail, must be accompanied by cash. The amount of such order. Practical 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. Some under \$5.00 can be sent in that manner for cents.

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No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return unsolicited articles.

No newspaper sent to this office containing matter for inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles in question.

Banner of Light.

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Forty-Four Years Old.

Forty-four years is a long period of time, yet the Banner of Light has reached that milestone in its earthly career, and is now one of the veteran journals of the land. It has held its way steadily despite the frowns, sneers and bitter opposition of the enemies of the Cause of progress and right, and has calmly and quietly sent out its illuminating light, to dispel the clouds of darkness that have hung low over the religious horizon for many centuries. The Banner of Light is the oldest Spiritualist paper in the world, and it takes a just pride in its long and eventful career. It has had a share in the good work of freeing the minds of men from credulity, fables, and has done much to remove the clouds of grief and pain from human souls. Wherever Spiritualism has a hearing today, the Banner of Light is known and is recognized as an important factor in the Spiritualistic propaganda. It is looked to by both Spiritualists and Orthodox Christians for information with regard to the Cause, and its files are of great value to the student of history who desires to trace the progress of the greatest religious movement of the nineteenth century.

The past of the Banner is secure; its record is before the world, and the results of its labors are known to all who keep pace to the music of progression. The present work of the Banner speaks for itself. It stands for a spiritual Spiritualism in its every phase of expression. It holds that phenomena are of great value and constitute one of the foundation stones of our movement. It asks that every phenomena be absolutely genuine, and requests that only such media as can give honest manifestations be placed at the front as representatives of Spiritualism. It is a loyal friend to every true and worthy medium, and has profound pity for those who resort to fraud and trickery, thereby debasing Spiritualism. The Banner asks for psychic schools in which seances can be placed to have their media powers evolved to such a state of perfection as will enable them to go forth as true and reliable exponents of the principles of Spiritualism. It asks that character be made the chief prerequisite in the work of expounding the religion and in producing the phenomena of Spiritualism. It stands for organization, first, last and all the time—local, State and National—and all the best that is involved in organic work. Unity, harmony, good-will, progression are the Banner's rallying cries. It stands for every worthy reform as well as every educational effort that is designed to benefit humanity.

From its past achievements and present endeavors what may be hoped for its future? If the next forty-four years show the same growth that has been developed during those that have gone before it, then the Banner of Light of 1945, A. D. 98, will be found at the

front of every progressive movement as an earnest advocate of truth, justice and brotherly kindness. There will probably be less denominationalism in its thought, and more of the principles of Universalism, which is to be the religion of the twentieth century. Changes will be wrought in the coming years, under the influence of the spirit, that will obliterate sectarian lines, and break down the icy barriers of Materialism. In the work of inducing and making these changes, the Banner of Light and its higher Spiritualism will have a marked influence in the right direction. The Spiritualism of the next forty years can only be what its followers make it, and upon the spiritualistic press rests the responsibility largely of shaping its course aright. Now that the sun of Altruism is shining in the spiritualistic sky, there is no doubt as to what the influence of the press will be. If the readers of the several papers will be as devoted to the ideals of the Altruistic thought as the journals themselves, the whole world will be looking, yea, coming our way. With the motto of "All for each and each for all," as the main plank in its humanitarian platform, is there any room for doubt as to what the Banner of Light of the future will be? Spiritualists of the world, will you not help the paper that has done so much for the Cause you love, by proving your gratitude for its past services in a re-dedication of yourselves to its interests? We ask only for that which we merit, but we feel that the high spiritual ideals for the future that it holds up to view, as well as the loyal battles for truth it has fought in the past, justify its place for the support of those who wish to make this earth of ours a truer and better place for all of the children of men.

The Past and Present.

In linking the Past with the Present, a chain is forged that draws open the doorway to a strange yet very real world. That world is named the World of Memory. It is thickly populated, and the busy people hurry to and fro over the improvised bridge of individual thought. Gray-haired men and women, men and matrons in the full strength of years, bright-eyed children, and tender babes, fill the castles of characters upon the stage of Recollection, but their acts are only the repetition of the events of other days. The hardy pioneer, the sturdy husbandman, the soldier, and the dreamer, each gives way to the other, and reveals the uniform tread of civilization's course. From the crude implements of husbandry to the intricate machinery of the farmer of today, the road is clearly marked, while the rude frontier manners of the Past have given way to the veneer and assumed etiquette of the Present. Art, science, philosophy and religion have made great advancement during the past half century. The Present is teeming with lofty ideals that are made possible only because of the imperfect experiments of the Past. In the fitting of the thought-forms over the world of memory, are there more true noblemen and women than exist today? Were they more honest, more sincere, more devoted to principle than are the people of the Present?

In all references made to these invisible personages by those who loved them, only the good is apt to be spoken. It may be that the good they did was off-interred with their bones, but it may be remarked by even the casual observer that the reverse is oftener true. In looking into the Past, the widow sees only the form of her companion; she hears only his kind words, and is oblivious to the many blows he gave her, and to the harsh, naked words he hurled at her. Children forget and see not the sternness of their parents, recall not their blows, and only remember the sunshine of their early lives. By so doing, the impression is given that the Past was the "Golden Age" of existence, and that the Present, poor and base, is only the degenerate offspring of the days that were real and inspiring. But when the thought microscope is turned with care upon each result of Past acts, then the flaws begin to appear. Numerous blemishes come out into bold relief, and it is seen that there were faulty characters in the days for whose return so many sighs are daily given. Men schemed for wealth then as they do now, and even sold their souls for gold, while women toyed with hearts, wrecked and broke them with the same heartless cruelty as do the butterflies in society today. Love and lust contended for the mastery then as they do now, and the serpent of sensualism crawled about with the same freedom he has today.

True it is that there were noble characters in those far-off days; true it is, also, that the men in high places now seem to be less worthy than were the illustrious patriots of the Past. It is also true that statesmanship was then an art, even a science, while today it has become the plaything of the partisan. It would be well if the unselfish motives of the Fathers of the Republic were emulated by some of the leaders of today, but it is doubtful if it is wise to go beyond this one statement. The Present is as much a "Golden Age" as the Past has ever been. It is a good time now to build the arch of character, the foundation of wisdom. Now is the time to sow the seeds in the fertile soil of the mind whose fruitage shall be food for the thought-hungry millions of the world. Study the Past for the instruction it can give, for the sake of entering into the inner lives of those who peopled the Past in order to contrast them with those of the Present. But it is unwise, nay, it is even selfish, not to say criminal, to keep the eyes turned backward to gaze upon the ghosts of past events, rather than forward or about you to see what may be done by profiting by that which is going on now. The Past is haunted, and its byways reek with gloom and doubt. The Present is full of pulsing life, and it belongs to every man, woman and child now in the form or out of it. Cherish it, then, O reader, and make the most of its grand opportunities. Treat the memories of other days with reverence and kindness and fit those who entered into your lives in that far-off time, into the niches of your being, so as to enable you to under-

stand and make better use of the Present. By so doing, the Past, Present and Future become one to all who strive to travel Progression's road.

Wanton Cruelty

The Boston Post, in a recent editorial, commented upon the practice of live-pigeon shooting for target practice by one of the fashionable sporting clubs of the country. Thousands of pigeons are grievously wounded, either by the loss of legs or wings, and are left to die by the slow process of starvation. They are kept for this special sport, and their sufferings are nothing whatever to the men who so cruelly and wantonly maim them. No doubt all of these crack sportsmen are good Christians, and contribute liberally to the support of the Church. Without doubt, their wives, daughters and sisters are so civilized (?) as to wear piguettes upon their persons without the least compunction of conscience. Such cruel men could only be possible in society where they find their counterparts in the heartless friends who can complacently dwell upon the torture of innocent birds for the sake of adorning their vulgar persons either with the plumage or the bodies of the feathered beauties.

In these famous pigeon contests, it is of course true that many birds are shot dead at the first fire. But that does not lessen the cruelty of the killing. It is said that the bodies of three thousand dead pigeons were found upon the roofs of the houses and other buildings near where the match took place. The birds were not gathered for use upon the table, and were only killed for the sake of killing. When the reader reflects upon the thousands that are wounded in the body, or are shorn of legs and wings the enormity of the crime becomes apparent. There is no possible aid for the crippled birds and they must die from starvation. The Boston Post does well to speak out boldly against this terrible evil. We can even second its proposition, to prohibit these cruel contests by law. We are not in favor of class legislation on principle, but this is a case where the crime of murder is involved, hence we can conscientiously support any law that will serve to protect life.

This is a case in which the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is deeply interested, and one that should induce its officers to act with the utmost expedition. But this excellent body, humane in its every impulse, can do nothing unless it is supported by active, healthy public sentiment. We call upon our readers everywhere to rally to its support. No true Spiritualist can believe in the destruction of birds, nor in the unspeakable cruelty of these pigeon shoots. No woman of character will wear an egrette after she knows that it is ruthlessly torn from the quivering breast of a live bird, that is often left to die by inches after the outrage. No spiritual woman will countenance in society the ruffians who thus ruthlessly trample upon the higher instincts of the soul by killing and maiming birds for so-called sport. We hope that the aim of the law may be speedily evoked to put an end to all of these outrages. It would not be too great a punishment for the men who continue the practice to spend a term of years in prison at hard labor, while every woman who countenances the wanton cruelty necessary to secure egrettes should be subjected to a penalty equally severe even though she be the wife or daughter of a multi-millionaire. "Equal and exact justice for every living creature" should be and is the motto of every true Spiritualist.

Affairs in Russia.

Rumor has it that the Greek Church has issued an edict of banishment against Count Lyof Tolstoi, the famous Russian Socialist. It is further reported that the Czar has not yet approved of the verdict of the Church, and that the aged reformer still dwells by the side of his own vine and fig tree. It is true that some of his strictures upon modern Christianity have been severe, but it is also true that he has only spoken the simple truth in all of his utterances on this subject. He has called Christianity an emasculated system, and what fair minded Christian of today can truthfully refute his statement? In Russia, State and Church are united, with Emperor Nicholas II as the supreme head of both departments. If there can be any of the religion of Jesus of Nazareth in the Government of Russia, it can only be found by a microscope that magnifies at least one billion of times the object upon which it is turned. These words will apply to all European Governments, as well as to that of the United States.

Why then should Tolstoi be banished? For telling the truth? It was for truth-telling that the martyrs in all ages have been made to suffer, and it is possible that Tolstoi will have to pay the same penalty. But thus far the Emperor has not seen fit to confirm the decree, nor to even condemn the teachings of the great writer. It is even suspected that Nicholas II shares some of the views held by the reform party in Russia, and is only waiting for a favorable opportunity to introduce them into the affairs of State. The recent plots against and attempts upon the life of Nicholas have awakened within him the idea of reform. It is stated that he is now heartily in favor of making Russia a constitutional monarchy. Many of his subjects are ready for the step, and are asking that it be at once taken. Will Nicholas II rise to the occasion and surrender his absolute power to the people over whom he now rules?

Should he introduce a parliament, and give the people the right to choose their representatives, he unloads from his shoulders the great responsibility that now rests upon them. The people will then have a share in the affairs of State, and will be responsible for many of the mistakes that may be made. This course will lessen the danger to himself very materially, and will undoubtedly win many of the people to his cause. It is true that human beings are often most ungrateful to those who do the most for them. Abraham Lincoln and the grandfather of the pres-

ent Czar are cases in point. Both fell at the hands of assassins, yet both had made millions of beings free. There is some question as to the sincerity of Nicholas in this matter of voluntarily giving up his power as an Absolute Monarch, but we feel that this suspicion is unfounded. An absolute ruler who could conceive and call into existence the International Peace Conference at The Hague three years ago, can be great enough to take another step in the direction of peace by making his nation a constitutional monarchy. He is no advocate of war, but longs for internal and international peace. If he takes the step in question, Russian home affairs will become far less complicated, and the Empire's power in dealing with the Chinese puzzle of the Orient will be greatly augmented. One thing is certain—Russia seems to hold the key to the situation in the East, and the eyes of the world are turned upon her to see what use she will make of it.

The Letter vs. the Spirit.

A sage of old is reported to have said that the letter killeth but that the spirit giveth life. This is as true in Spiritualism as in any other form of religion. Conventionalism is already at work, while the "holier-than-thou" idea is making itself felt in far too many localities to be passed unnoticed by. Spiritualists are often prone to attend their public gatherings, listen to the addresses, and return to their several homes, without making an effort to add something to the happiness of others who were at the very same meeting. They obeyed the letter by attending the meeting, but forgot the spirit when it came to the application of their Spiritualism. The officers of local societies give general welcomes to their audiences from the platform, with the remark that they are glad to see them, yet they never seek out an individual who is in need of a word of comfort, nor do they ask each visitor personally to come again as he leaves the hall. Such work is of the letter, and not of the spirit. We have frequently heard people remark that they have been regular attendants at Spiritualist meetings for two years in succession, yet, in all that time were never invited to join the society, nor received a word from any one beyond the demand for ten cents admission at the door. This shows the need of more spirit and less letter in spiritualistic meetings. Let us now set to work to restore spiritual Spiritualism in all of our public meetings.

The Wagner Bill Passed.

The friends of liberty throughout the nations will regret to learn that the infamous Wagner Bill, depriving the people of the State of New York of their right to choose their physician, has become a law. It will now be the duty of all law abiding citizens to obey the law, and yet work hard to secure its repeal. It is wantonly unjust, and most pernicious in its character. The Spiritualists who voted for the Senators and Assemblymen who have enacted this measure, now will have the privilege of realizing the full effect of their devotion to their party. Every Spiritualist in the State of New York should secure a list of the men who voted for the measure, and be they Republicans or Democrats, should work without ceasing to defeat every one of them for re-election. There is one pleasant fact connected with this matter. The State Spiritualist Association of New York did everything possible to defeat the bill, and is entitled to much credit for its efforts. Honor is due Moses Hull, H. W. Richardson and their helpers in this great contest. They fought the battle of the people, and deserve the people's gratitude. Will the Spiritualists of the Empire State rise above party ties and vote for men of principle hereafter? When the Bell Bill, that makes mediumship a misdemeanor, is put upon the statute books, they will see the need of working together, regardless of their political affiliations in the past.

The Banner of Light

has celebrated its forty-fourth birthday in an appropriate manner, and starts in with this issue upon its forty-fifth year. We have tried to keep faith with our patrons, and have certainly given them a rare treat in our special number of last week. The contents of the Banner of the future will be of the same pattern, and we can recommend the goods to every lover of truth on both continents. We take this opportunity to thank our friends who made special contributions to our columns for our birthday edition, and the general public for its liberal patronage. We have tried to please you, and we hope you will be inspired by the benefit received to become permanent subscribers to the old and reliable Banner of Light. Our thanks would be incomplete were we to omit mention of our esteemed contemporaries, all of whom have spoken most kindly of the Banner, and whose editors have contributed special articles for this festive occasion. The Spiritualist press is a unit in its defense and advocacy of true Spiritualism. There is no jealousy on the part of any of our papers one toward another. May the laity soon follow their example.

Kansas and Missouri.

These progressive western States are taking steps to reorganize the almost defunct State Associations within their borders. The Spiritualists of Kansas have secured the free use of City Hall in Topeka for a four days' convention, May 25, 27, 28, 29, when it is expected that the Spiritualists from all sections of the Sunflower State will move upon Topeka determined to put Spiritualism in its rightful place as a working power in their State. This can only come through thorough and complete organization. Eminent speakers and mediums will attend this Convention, and a royal good time will be enjoyed by all who attend it. Missouri is moving in the same direction as Kansas, under the able leadership of that loyal worker, Thomas

Grimshaw of St. Louis. The formal call for the assembling of the Convention has not yet been issued, but it will probably be held the latter part of May. Favorable reports are received from all sections of the State, and the revival of the State Association is assured.

State Organization in Iowa.

The Spiritualists of Iowa succeeded in organizing a live working State Association on the fourth last. A strong corps of officers was selected, and sufficient pledges made to enable the Association to do good work. Dr. G. A. Hinton of Oskaloosa was elected President; John D. Vail of Marshalltown, Vice-President; Stella A. Fiske of Keokuk, Secretary; Moses Whaler of Delta, Treasurer. Five additional trustees were chosen, all of whom seemed to be good business men and women, deeply interested in Spiritualism, and thoroughly devoted to its welfare. We congratulate our Iowa friends upon their success, and trust that they will now move forward in the work of organizing local societies in their State, and in making Spiritualism a power for good in every city and town in that Commonwealth.

Prof. W. M. Lockwood.

We learn that this well-known representative of Spiritualism is to spend the entire summer at Lily Dale, N. Y., Cassadaga Camp, where, in addition to his regular platform lectures, he will deliver two or three courses to private classes upon subjects pertaining to Natural Philosophy. Prof. Lockwood is a student, and is making those who bear him think for themselves. In awakening the thought power of humanity, he is certainly doing good, hence should be heard with patient thoughtfulness, regardless of agreement or disagreement with his views. Cassadaga has been fortunate in being able to secure him.

Lexington and Concord.

Friday, April 19, will be the one hundred twenty-sixth anniversary of the great struggle at Lexington and Concord, Mass. This event is known as "Patriots' Day" in this Commonwealth, and has been made a legal holiday in commemoration of the contest there waged for Liberty. In honor of the occasion this office will be closed throughout the day. Our patrons will kindly govern themselves accordingly.

22 The salary of the President of the new Steel Trust is to be one million of dollars per year. The executive officers of some of the lesser Trusts receive two hundred fifty thousand dollars annually. The members of the Steel Trust affirm that their President, Mr. Schwab, is worth to them all that they pay him. If his employers are content, no outsider has any right to complain. When the salary of the President of the United States was raised to fifty thousand dollars per year, a great cry was started that it was too much money. How small the sum seems now in contrast with the princely salaries paid the officers of the great Trusts! No true American feels that the President's salary is at all commensurate with the dignity of the office. It could be doubled without any danger whatever.

23 The war clouds still hang low over the horizon of the Oriental skies. Japan and Russia are threatening the peace of the world, and, strange as it may appear, China seems to be anxious to make common cause with Japan. England and other European nations are looking on with anxious eyes, wondering, no doubt, which way they can jump to advantage to themselves.

24 In a recent issue, we gave our readers the impression that the founders of the British Society for Psychical Research were not Spiritualists. Such is not the fact. Eleven out of the fifteen original founders and incorporators were avowed Spiritualists and were such to the close of their lives. Some of them are yet in the form. We make this statement that Spiritualism may be given the credit justly its due for the organization of the most important psychic body that has come into existence in fifty years. Its new President, successor to the late F. W. H. Myers, is Prof. Oliver Lodge. He is well qualified for the place.

25 The unheard cry of the soul is the one who echoes back upon the walls of the inner self of the one who sent it forth. It stings, rankles, beats, aches, hurts, and throbs until the one whose sorrows created it feels as if he were alone on a desert island, even though he be in the midst of thousands. It takes soul to interpret soul, and unless the mortal be in direct touch with his Soul-Self, he hears no response to the call he sends forth.

26 The heart-hunger of mankind can only be satisfied by the sustaining food of the soul. Man may cry for bread and be filled, but the yearning within that calls for more than material food is only answered by the priceless manna of the soul that falls as gentle dew upon the parched soil of the heart, and gives it the strength that endures.

27 It is better to be alone with the Soul-Self of one's being, drinking in invigorating draughts of the waters of Truth, than it is to be the centre of applauding millions or the occupant of the most lordly throne. The Soul-Self is true and constant, while the latter is as unstable as a rope of sand and as ephemeral as the snowflake beneath the ardent kiss of the sun in May.

28 That man is civilized who lives by the light of the soul from within. By that light are the footsteps of each individual guided and through that light produced and cared for by each mortal alone does true salvation come.

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SPRIT 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 Seances held March 22, 1901, S. E. 23.

Invitations.

Again we gather at this altar, and again we reach out to the source of life, of love, of wisdom, and drink in the influence. Bound together by ties of love, and trust, working together to lift all to a better understanding of the opportunities that come to them, we go forward at this time. May we have strength, may we have understanding, and above all may we have that sweet spirit of patience and of love so flowing through us that all hearts may be gladdened by our approach, all life made brighter by our presence. How our hearts ache and yearn for those who sit in darkness; how we would throw the sunshine of peace and knowledge over every tear dimmed countenance; how we would gather them up in our arms and carry them until the sorrow and the grief are passed and they are able to stand strong and firm in the knowledge for themselves. May the dear ones who come back animated by this same desire to come to give unceasingly of their love and inspiration, come so strong, so steady, and so filled with their purpose, that the messages shall be clearer than ever before, and may these messages go out into the world like swift-winged arrows, true to the mark, and may the hearts wherein they lodge be made stronger and better for their coming. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Henry Parker

I see first a spirit of a gentleman. I think he is about thirty-five or thirty-eight years old. He is tall and quite thin and he has blue eyes and dark hair with just a little bit of the silver coming into it. He has a dark mustache which is not gray at all and he stands here with a kindly expression in his eyes, and reaches out to me as though he would express all that is in his heart to those to whom he would go. The first thing he says is "Oh, I do feel such a responsibility when I come. All the old condition of care and of protection for those who are dependent and who love me, comes back to me as I stand here. My name is Henry Parker and I used to live in Dallas, Texas. I have there now a wife. I desire so much to express to her my consciousness of her life, my understanding of her sorrow, my eagerness to lift all her burdens and to do what I can to bring light to her. I have been with her almost constantly since I came over here, and with the knowledge that has come to me of her faithfulness and her devotion to everybody about her, I have grown to love her even more than I did when I was in the body. I want her to know that last week when she went away to make the visit, I went with her and was sorry that so much was said that brought uncomfortable conditions to her. Tell her please, that I do not think she was in the least to blame, and that I stand by her striving to give her strength and to make her feel that her sadness and her thought that perhaps she had said too much, was only super-sensitiveness. Her mother is with me and as she comes this morning, she says, 'I do want to send a little message; I want to speak to Luella and tell her that I believe she will get much better before very long.'"

Henry Harvey.

The next spirit who comes is a man about sixty-five years old. He is short and stout and seems very quick and energetic in his manner. He has bright dark eyes and a full beard around his face, which is quite gray. His forehead is full and broad and his hair is heavy. His hands look strong, as though they were always ready to take hold to do their part in life's work. He doesn't speak to me directly, but stands looking off as though he were trying to collect himself and to think himself into a condition where he could speak as plainly as he wants to. All at once he looks up and says, "I was only trying to recall myself as I used to be before I came over here. I had absent-minded spells and in one of them I went away and did things that brought trouble to my family. I am sorry that it was so, but it did not seem to be anything that I had any control over, and so many times since I have come over here I have wished that I could explain or give some thought about my condition. I finally came to myself, but had been away so long that I could not come back and take up the old conditions. My name is Henry Harvey, and I lived in Lincoln, Neb. I went from this part of the country a long time ago and left my people as I say in a state of anxiety, uncertainty, and doubt. Many of the things that were said about me are absolutely untrue, with no foundation or fabric of truth in them. It was simply a physical condition, and no trouble, and nothing that would bring disgrace. I say this to ease my own mind as well as the minds of those who are left. Many of my people have come over and I have been able to speak to them, but

I wanted this word given out, and particularly to one whose name is Arthur, and who will understand and be glad of this message."

Grace Alden.

I hear a voice that speaks before I see the person. It is a bright, cheery voice and rings out here in a sweet way. It says, "Please let me come as quickly as I can. My name is Grace Alden," and as she speaks she comes right up to me, and she is very beautiful indeed. Her face is fair and round. Her eyes are blue and full; her hair is brown, and is combed so prettily, just as though she took much pains with it, and she looks down at me with the merriest little way and says, "Oh, dear, I did not want to go, and I just feel so glad to come that my heart is bubbling over with joy. I want to get to my own people, and they live quite a way from here, out in Freeman, Ill. I don't care so much about going back to live if I can only let them know that I come back and see them and help them. I didn't like the cold very well, and this winter I felt so many times that I was glad I wasn't there when I saw all the trouble they had, because it has been awful hard to keep the old house warm, but when they get into the new one, conditions will be much better. I want to speak a word to Bert—to tell him that I know what he has done, and I believe he will have pretty good success in it, too. I want to tell Milly that if she will keep on with her music I will help her with that, because I understand it now better than I did when I was here, and I am able to help her at times."

Charles Maynard.

Next I see the spirit of a man about forty-five years old. He looks as though he had worked way beyond his strength when he was here, and he stands with a little stoop in his shoulders. I know even after that he was not able to be worked, and that gives him this stoop. He says, "God help me, I don't know how to help myself. I've tried every way to get light, and somebody told me if I would come here and speak a word that perhaps I would be better. Oh, the care that comes back to me and that kept me here so long! I fought death as if it had been a wild beast trying to devour me, and in the fighting I seemed to lose all my identity and all hope. It was because I didn't want to die. There were so many things to keep me, not pleasant things, but so many duties. It did not seem to me that I ought to go, but consumption was in the family and I had to succumb. I left a family, too, and they need help so much. I suppose I must tell you who I am, if I am to get any help, and who they are, but it seems so cruel to speak their names out in this way. Mine is Charles—(must I give the rest?)—Maynard, and I lived in Peoria, Ill. My wife's name is Daisy, and my heart aches so to get to her; if only I could stand where she could see me. If only I could speak to her loud enough for her to hear me, I would be content forever. If this message gets to her, I hope that she will understand that it is because I need so much to express myself that I give it. It was not my fault that I did what I did, and I want her to feel that whatever has come, I am still as fond and as anxious to help her as she would wish me to be."

To John Wheeler from Mamie.

Now I see a little girl. I think she is about eleven years old. She has dark, curly hair and dark eyes. It is parted in the middle and taken back and two curls are tied with a ribbon and the other four or five hang round in curls. She stands up just as though she was ready to have her picture taken, so that I can look her all over. She has the prettiest little dress on. It is brown and has some red braid on it round the bottom, round the sleeves and up round the neck. She has a little pocket in the front of it that seems to have been put in for her, with a pocket handkerchief in it, and she is just as proud as she can be. All at once she throws back her little head and laughs because she is so glad she has come. She says: "I have come with my mother and I want to go to my grandmother and my father. My father's name is John Wheeler, and my name is Mamie, and we used to live, and my father lives there now, in Nashua, N. H. We did not live right in the city but out a little ways because I used to have such fun playing outdoors in the summer and in the snow in the winter. When I came over here, nobody expected I was coming. Came as quickly as anything and so just woke up over here and found my mother, because she came before I did. My grandmother is keeping house for my father and she is awfully worried about him, afraid he is sick,—but he is not. He has a secret, and that is what keeps him so quiet, and I haven't come to tell it. I have only come to tell her that we send our love both to him and to her. They have my picture in the same place. It is never moved, and I am glad of it because I always know just where to find it."

Robert Dyar.

Here is a man, of I should think twenty-seven or eight years. He is just as bright as a dollar and has blue eyes, brown hair and a cheery way. He swings in here as though he just wanted to say "Good-morning" and give his little word of cheer. "My name is Robert Dyar, but everybody called me Bob. Don't suppose there ever was a Robert that wasn't called Bob. I am well acquainted here for I used to live in Chelsea, and I drove a team a good deal, a grocery team, I mean, so I had a chance to make a good many acquaintances,—back door acquaintances,—but I enjoyed driving around as much as though I had had a millionaire's team and had the pleasure all for myself. I believe that the only way to be really happy is to take what you have and get the most out of it and not be wishing all the time for something else, and that is what I used to do. I have, oh so many friends that I want to get to, for I used to think everything of many people, but I have some relations that I would like to reach more than all the rest,

especially George, because he is in great need of advice and strength at this time. If I could tell him just what to do, I would do it, but I can help him in making up his decisions. He has had an awful lot of trouble, and if ever a man deserved better things, he does. I want to speak to Lillian. I want her to know that I have seen her and what she is trying to do. She had better stay right where she is and not try to make any change at all at present. It will be better for her and better for those connected with her. I could say a lot more, but that is about all I can say at this time."

Emma and Ned Rose.

The next spirit is a woman about thirty-five years old, perhaps forty. She comes right here to me and stoops over and looks into my eyes. I see that she is not so troubled as she is eager to get to her own. She says, "Will you please say that my name is Emma, that I came with 'Red Rose'; I belong in Providence; I have been trying to get through a certain medium in that place to give evidence and a message. I don't think I shall need to say any more than this about who I am. I want particularly to get to William. I want him to know that I am as anxious as I would be if I were here, but with more strength and a better understanding of what is to be done. I can't see that there is much that I can do, but the Indians who are with me can do a great deal, and it is to them he must look for strength. I have been where he asked us to go, but as yet have been unable to do the thing he asked to have accomplished. Now while this sounds indefinite, it means much to him and to me, and I believe that is what this department is established for, for the individual spirit and the one it wants to reach, and so I have taken advantage to speak this way. I thank you so much."

Fanny Harris.

Here is a spirit of a woman just about thirty years old. She is pretty as a picture. Her eyes and hair are brown; she has a fair, smooth face and the dearest little way. She comes right up and takes my hand and says: "I don't want to come as if I were up for show, but I just want to give quietly and softly my little message of love to those who are dear to me. My name is Fanny Harris and I belong in Hyannis, Mass. I have been seeking this avenue for some time. I had heard about it, but I was not quite sure that strangers would be admitted; finally I came and everybody was kind to me. I find myself in the circle and speaking almost without effort. I want to get to Edward, he is so anxious to know what has become of me. He is doing everything that he thinks I would like to have done and it seems to me that I can only tell him that I am perfectly satisfied with every effort he has made, all that he has done about putting me away and all about the home, that it would be a comfort to him and me. Our baby is with me and I am so glad to have it, because I should have been lonely over here all alone. I do want to come into the home and just touch him as I used to and have him tell me about the day's work and how everything has gone, and that I have confidence in him and trust that he will be all right. If you could only know what a pleasure it is to speak back across the chasm that is bound to come between those who do not understand spirit return. If you could only know what joy it is to send your love even by a messenger, your dear love, then you would understand what it is to me today to come here and speak as I am speaking. I wish I could thank you. It seems so ungrateful to come here and be able to give my word and have nothing with which to compensate you and no way to thank you all for it. You are so good to me and have helped me so much, if there is anything in the spirit that I can do, I shall be glad to do it."

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As many inquiries are made regarding the present condition of Ferdinand Fox-Jencken and his family, it seems best to devote the present letter to this subject. Looking over my records I find that at least sixty-four persons have within the last four months sent me money by mail for him and for other needy sufferers, or have handed it to me personally. These sums of money have ranged from ten cents to ten dollars, though one lady of means and of equal generosity has sent me money three times in all; one gentleman sent me fifteen dollars for Ferdinand, and twenty-five dollars directly to him before I began to write about him in the Banner; and one lady entrusted me with fifty dollars, leaving it to my judgment in what way, and for whom, it should be expended. I have now settled up all the accounts, and answered all the letters, with the exception of two dollars received today from Kenwood, N. Y. So many have taken part in this generous work, that I feel that a statement should be made through your columns of the way in which these sums have been expended.

The money has been spent almost wholly for Ferdinand, except what has gone to a very poor, worthy, and hard-working man, the father of the four little girls alluded to in previous letters. I have known this family for two years, and feel sure that all they have received went in a most deserving way. But as it is Ferdinand for whom your readers especially care, I will proceed with his case.

My sympathies were aroused in his behalf last December, but it was not until early in January that I began to take the family under my especial care.

I found them living in the most meager manner, and his health has been during the entire winter so feeble that his earnings were reduced to almost nothing at all. What little they had had been brought to them by the unselfish efforts of Titus E. Merritt of

New York, and Mrs. Robinson of Brooklyn. What he had brought was in the way of money which he collected from many persons.

Mrs. Robinson solicited aid in Brooklyn with great energy, and asked Mr. Courlis to give a "benefit" for the family, one-half of which was given to them. It was she who induced her class of girls to give ten dollars, and she gave herself, or solicited from others, many useful articles, as clothing for Ferdinand and other members of the family, the Singer-machine, a mattress, a woolen quilt, and other things.

But in spite of all this kindness, I found them in January on my first visit ill from cold, from insufficient food, and from inadequate clothing and bedding. It was then that I took up the case, and prosecuted it with all the more vigor because Ferdinand was soon after taken very ill, and went to his bed of pain at the hospital.

Most families have good clothing and bedding to fall back upon in a time of emergency. I tried to ascertain why they were so destitute of these things, and found it in the fact that when they married, some years ago, for love, she was a very poor girl, and they entered on married life without any "outfit" on either side. Neither was strong, the babies came, he was too feeble to do continuous work, and as the months passed on, their privations increased, while their resources diminished, and so it went on.

It soon became clear to my mind that as the office where he reports for duty is on 125th street in New York, the one staring necessity of all was to remove the family from Brooklyn to near that point in New York. Their location in Brooklyn was so remote that it took three-quarters of an hour, by trolley, to reach New York City; while to go from that point up to 125th street takes forty minutes more by the elevated railroad. To go there and to return took then three solid hours of time and strength from the working day of this feeble young man.

Ill, and suffering through the night from want of warm bed-clothes, he had to be aroused by an alarm-clock at three o'clock on a winter's morning, to drink a hasty cup of coffee in a cold room, and then, insufficiently clad, take the windy elevated road for an hour and a half, to report for duty. It is no wonder that his weak constitution succumbed to such a regime as this.

When I said that they had better move to New York, all they could say was that they had no money to pay for moving. Then I began to write about it in your columns and the money began to come in.

As many who sent me money, especially those who sent the larger sums, wrote that they sent it because I was to take charge of it and see that it was expended according to my best judgment, I subsequently requested that the money for Fox-Jencken better be sent to me. The money came in more rapidly after that and justified me in taking the responsibility.

I decided that the best way was to send Mrs. Jencken from three and a half to four dollars a week, for food for the family and for fuel. After Ferdinand began to work and until they were settled in New York, I allowed her five dollars a week. The extra dollar was to pay Ferdinand's car fare between Brooklyn and New York, and for a cup of hot coffee at noon to eat with the lunch he carried. He must go every day in the week, as the cars run on Sunday. In New York city the employees have a free pass on the elevated railroads. And I paid all the rent from Jan. 15 to May 1 out of the money sent.

In Brooklyn their rent for four poor rooms was eight dollars a month. In New York they pay twelve dollars a month for four good rooms. And as he saves fifteen cents a day for car fare and the cup of coffee, he saves in thirty days \$4.50, which more than makes up the difference in rent.

I will now make a general statement of the articles I have purchased for them out of the money that has been sent to me.

Two oil stoves, to save fuel in summer and warm days in spring and autumn, an oil can, hat for Ferdinand, as his was broken at the hospital, cleaning his blood-stained suit, shoes for him, seven sheets, three double blankets and three comforters, thirteen yards of carpet, bound and spread over the most of the sitting-room, oil-cloth for the kitchen floor, neat hat for Mrs. Jencken, folding bedstead and mattress for Ferdinand alone in the sitting-room, so that he can sleep well, bureau with five drawers, various necessary cooking utensils, bread-box, new alarm clock to wake Ferdinand, two winter underdrawers and two winter double-backed shirts for him to keep him warm next winter, white plates, bowls, saucers, dishes and platter for eating, cretonne covering for old lounge and for the folding-bed and many more minor items. I also deducted the traveling fare of seven trips from Arlington to Brooklyn, five trips to New York, cost of cashing checks and of sending money in letters and a part of the stamps for more than one hundred letters and many postal cards that I have written. A part of the last was paid by an anonymous friend in Port Huron, Michigan, who sent me one dollar's worth of stamps.

Two days before they moved to New York, I went to Brooklyn and put into Mrs. Jencken's hands \$19.73, the balance after putting \$25.00 in her own name into a reliable New England savings bank which pays four per cent interest.

Out of the \$19.73 she was to pay a small grocery bill in Brooklyn, and ten dollars for the moving van, retaining the rest for current expenses. She and Ferdinand are more than delighted with the \$25.00 in the savings bank. They hope to keep it there and to add to it from time to time.

I omitted to say that I gave \$6.25 of the money to Mrs. Jencken's old father to buy pantaloons, shoes, stockings, hat and underwear, so that he might present a respectable appearance in New York. He is a good, kind, industrious and sober old man; and as Ferdinand must be away from early morning

till late at night, his assistance seems necessary for Mrs. Jencken who is not strong. Her mother has been dead many years and the old man and his daughter cling very tenderly to each other.

I think all the friends who sent money will be very glad to hear of the \$25.00 in the savings bank. It is surely an admirable plan for children to put money into a savings bank. It teaches them the value of money and keeps them from spending it unwisely.

Yesterday I went to see the family in their new home to which they moved April 3. Ferdinand was at home when I reached there and had just eaten his warm noon meal. All of them are well, including the two babies. The older one cried the first night and said she wanted to "go home," but she has found that the new home is better than the old.

Even the little cat showed by her playful antics that she too is contented in the new quarters. Ferdinand found her last winter on the street, hungry and cold like himself. He took her up and brought her home in his bosom. He loves animals and longs to prevent their sufferings. He has told me how his aunt Maggie Fox used to run out on the street and fight men who were cruel to their horses.

Mrs. Jencken says that her husband now seems as well as he has at any time since she met him first. I asked if she thought he had any real organic disease. It is her opinion that he has not. But we cannot expect him to ever be a very robust man on account of the delicacy of the constitution he inherited from his mother.

His greatly improved health is due to several changes that have been made in his condition which I will proceed to enumerate as follows:

The removal of the family to East 135th street, New York, enables him to report for work in seven minutes instead of one hour and a half. He can come home at noon and eat a warm meal with his family. He sleeps in a room by himself and can thus gain the rest he so much needs. He has an ample amount of warm bedding so that instead of shivering through the night in his day garments, he has a proper bed. And, finally, his spirits are greatly cheered by the favorable change in his circumstances and by his knowledge that he has so many kind and thoughtful friends.

One day when he and I were alone on a street car, he asked me to be a friend to his wife if he should be removed to the other life. He said he could not bear the thought that she might not have enough to eat. I assured him that I would always remember her and do all that I could for her.

He is still on the extra list and does not make full trips every day. But if his health continues as good as it has begun to be, we trust that he will receive a permanent position. In that case he will have about \$1.65 a day.

I must reiterate my thanks and my appreciation of the magnificent response that has been made by Spiritualists to the appeals that you have allowed me to present through your columns. The money has come from Maine to California and from Minnesota to Texas. Every gift has been gratefully received and I have answered every letter except the anonymous ones. Spiritualists have shown in this matter much generosity and much tenderness of heart.

And they showed the same to me when in danger of blindness and without money to meet the necessary expenses, they have come so nobly to my relief. Spiritualism surely gives tenderness of heart, a deep feeling for the woes of others and a longing desire to relieve every species of suffering whether physical, mental or moral. It seems to me that this tribute to the effects of our tenets on the character of its adherents should be definitely expressed by one who has experienced such kindness for others as well as for herself.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.
Arlington, N. J., Apr. 6, 1901.

From the Missionary Field.

Our last report left us at Anderson, Ind., where we had just completed the organization of a fine society composed of 104 members. Since that writing we have organized seven new societies and chartered them with the N. S. A.

We left Anderson for Economy, Ind., feeling very tired after the hard work and excitement of the week spent there. At Economy we were entertained in the home of brother A. W. Swain and wife. After brother Swain had engaged us to come to Economy, his daughter Inez, a beautiful girl of fourteen years, an only child, was taken sick and we found her in bed. The severe cold she had finally resulted in pneumonia and she passed to the higher life.

This beautiful girl was a true Spiritualist, and said to us when we first came, "I will join the new society, and if I get well, my little girl friend and I will organize a Lyceum, and do our best to make it a success." She was delighted with the prospects of a Spiritualist society and a Lyceum, and signed the list for membership.

Once when the two doctors came into the room she reached out taking both their hands in hers and said, "Doctors, can you do anything for me?" They told her they were doing all they could do for her. "Don't be afraid to tell me if I must go," said she, "for I am not afraid to die."

On one occasion she said to us, "I am willing to go, I am not afraid, but it will be so hard for mama and papa." She told her father and mother that her greatest sorrow was in consequence of leaving them to mourn, that she was going to Summerland, but would come to them often. She was brave and uncomplaining, and could not bear to see others grieve.

Before she passed away she made all arrangements for the funeral, selecting six of her girl schoolmates as pall bearers, and requesting her teacher to arrange the singing. She showed great thoughtfulness, and won-

BY EDWIN WILDER

(Continued from last week.)

I must mention one other feat. The medium called for an earnest skeptic and charge-

Southern Journeyings.

My next stopping place was Greenwood Miss., where I tarried all night and in the morning started for Abbeville, the home of Jerry Robinson, who is as far as I can learn the only outspoken Spiritualist in Mississippi. A gentleman boarded the train at a little station as I was nearing my destination and asked me if I was not the lady Mr. Robinson was expecting. I replied that I was going there.

Carrie E. S. Twing.

First Spiritual Church of Buffalo,
N. Y.

The speakers who contributed to the interest of the occasion were Moses and Mattie E. Hull, W. V. Nieuw, J. W. Dennis, H. W. Richardson and Mrs. R. Augusta Armstrong. The medium who worked and who carried the messages truthfully, Mrs. A. E. Atcheson. Miss Alice Coates, workers and members in the First Spiritual Church. Mrs. Atcheson gave spirit messages that were soulful and comforting to those who received them and were recognized as true messages from spirit friends. Miss Coates appeared for the first time in public and her work in the spiritship parities of the character of psychometre, but blends beautifully with the purely spiritual, and thus her work is impressive and

The Anniversary in Washington, D. C.

Please allow me to say that the N. S. A. is active in seeking to meet and defeat the measures in various states to legislate against the practice of mediumship, and of medical liberty. President Barrett is commissioned to work wherever possible in behalf of our medium, and he has already done much effective work. More must be done, and we are ready for the work, but Spiritualists everywhere must be alive to the situation and do

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Mary T. Longley,
Secretary, N. S. A.

The fifty-third anniversary of Spiritualism

ST. PAUL PROGRAM.
10.30 a. m., Conference; 12.00 to 1.30, dinner in dining hall; 1.30 to 2.30, reception to officers and members of State and Local Associations; 2.00 p. m., Meeting of Lyceum; 2.30 p. m. Invocation, Mrs. J. P. Whitwell; Address, "The Future of Spiritualism," Mrs. Z. I. Gates; Address, "Value of Spirit Phenomena,"

Address, Mrs. J. P. Whitwell; Address, Mrs. M. C. Tryon; Tests and Spirit-
Greetings, Mrs. Mary Jacobs and Mrs. John
Sauer; Mrs. J. Robinson, Mrs. E. A. Chad-
sey, Mrs. F. Kilshaw and Miss Louise F.
Chryst supplied excellent music and songs.
The Lyceum children offered interesting ex-
ercises, and creditable recitations.

May 26 will be Memorial Sunday.
Mrs. Mary E. Lease will serve the Wo-
man's Progressive Union, Brooklyn, the res-
ident of this month.
Mrs. Annie L. Jones, medium, will work
for the First Association of Spiritualists
Fitchburg, Mass., Apr. 21.
Geo. A. Fuller will lecture for the Provi-
dence Spiritualist Association Sunday, Apr.
21.

The Philadelphia Spiritualist Society is about raising funds and books to start

library, and for this purpose will hold a Grand Book Reception at Handel and Haydn Hall, 5th and Spring Garden Sts., on Wednesday evening, April 24. It is solicited that contributions of Spiritual, Occult, Theosophical and all books of advanced thought. All those having books and wishing to contribute to this good work, will kindly send the same to Mrs. Thomas M. Locke, 605 North 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Cor. Sec.

Convention Notice.

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The fourth annual convention of the N. Y. State Association of Spiritualists will be held in the First Spiritual Church in the city of Buffalo, May 31, 25 and 26, 1901.

A large number of eminent and talented speakers and mediums will be present and their efforts will be spared to make this a most profitable and enjoyable occasion. The annual election of officers and board of trustees will be held at this time.

Our State Association, though sadly handicapped by the lack of funds, has made a strong fight against the restrictive legislation attempted in our State Legislature, the

The question so many times asked, "O what use is a State Association?" has been fully answered in our State, and it is earnestly hoped that it has fully awakened the thousands of Spiritualists who are or have been dormant.

to coldly indifferent towards state and local organizations; and to the necessity of our societies being supported. A list of our speakers and mediums who will take part in our Convention will be published later. Individual membership in our State Association costs \$1.00 a year. Address all communications to

Herbert L. Whitney, Sec'y.
1066 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.