



ON THE HEIGHTS.

MRS. M. T. LONGLEY.

Far above us gleam the Heights
Fair as Mounts of crystal snow
Flashing in a thousand lights
To the eyes turned from below.
Heights of grandeur and of power,
Heights of Conquest and of Truth;
Who shall scale them hour by hour—
Heights of everlasting Youth.

None can gaze them at a bound,
Slow the climbing day by day;
Upward from the lowly ground
Each must earnest find his way.
Heights of Progress, grand and bold,
Heights of Honor, fair to view—
Ever new, yet ever old
As the Eternal—ever true.

On and on the climber goes—
Never madly leaping there;
They who've gained, as slowly rose,
All must in such progress share.
On and on through storm and night
On and on through smiles and tears,
Ever reaching for the light
Through the swift advancing years.

Upward to the gleaming Heights
Goes the soul undaunted, far—
Undismayed by cloudy nights
For in each he sees Hope's Star;
On and on, until at last
He has gained the highest crest,
All the dangers now are past,
God and Conscience make him blest.

Memory—Its Rightful Use and Government.

(A Lecture Delivered by W. J. Colville in Sydney, Aus.)

The word memory, though a good noun, is so very often most unfortunately associated with such highly objectionable adjectives as bad, treacherous, and others of similar import, that it may be fairly spoken of as an often much persecuted faculty. Memory is moreover so frequently confounded with recollection that it is often difficult to know exactly what is meant when people enquire how they may strengthen and discipline their memories. We have all, doubtless, had the annoying experience, many times repeated, of trying very hard to commit something to memory and failing utterly in the attempt, and what is still more trying, people think they have thoroughly succeeded in committing what they desire to memory, but in the very moment when they are most in need of the committed information, they find themselves totally unable to recall it.

First, let us define memory and in the second place, let us clearly understand what we mean by recollection.

To memorize is to place something safely away for future use in one or the other of the innumerable mental repositories or receptacles contained within the psychic brain, which retains its stores of knowledge and safely treasures all impressions made upon it or within it through years and decades of years continuously, despite the many complete transformations which have taken place in the entire physical mechanism (brain included) during every earthly lifetime of average duration. We commit to memory whatever interests us, whether the object of interest inspires us with satisfaction or displeasure, thus it is found that regardless of our attitude toward a scene or circumstance, if it has proved of sufficient interest to us to really enchain our undivided attention even for an instant, it has got itself photographed somewhere within us.

Persons who complain of defective and tricky memories are they who attend in a desultory manner to several things at once, and because they pay no strict regard to any one event, they receive a jumbled mass of impressions entirely lacking in definite outline. Troublesome dreams which are simply wearying and worrying, are caused by the pernicious habit of receiving impressions in the day time in confused masses, instead of singly and distinctly. When we refer to the contents of our memories which most conspicuously assert themselves at frequent intervals, and particularly when we note the clear outline of events which occurred long ago, the record of which seems positively ineffaceable, we are introduced to one of the most striking phenomena connected with memory, a phenomenon which, if duly considered, can prove of incalculable aid to the teacher who wishes to see the children whom he instructs develop what is commonly termed a highly retentive memory.

Those impressions of ours which seem ineradicable, have been made for the most part without our deliberate volition. Scenes have imprinted their likenesses within our consciousness without our trying to imprint them, and as we are frequently more interested when we are children in trifles than in more serious concerns, elderly people often recall with remarkable ease and precision the furniture of an old nursery, the clothing they wore to a children's party, snatches of commonplace juvenile conversation, and many other unimportant details of sixty or more years ago when much that they were

ordered to learn by heart at school and college they seem to have entirely forgotten.

Memory can never be normally trained by any forcing process, and though the celebrated systems of Stokes and other distinguished professors of mnemonics in England and America, being founded upon the well-known law known as the association of ideas, have something to recommend them to the student who vainly wrestles with what he erroneously calls a bad memory. There is absolutely no need for systems of an arbitrary nature to develop memory among simple minded, healthy children, whose memory functions as naturally and as easily as all their other untortured faculties.

All who are seeking to improve their memories at any period in life do well to practice the art of concentration upon one thing at a time to the utter exclusion of all other considerations; this is really the essence of East Indian Yoga practice in so far as it is beneficial for all races of mankind other than those who are natives of India and surrounding territories.

In childhood we are sufficiently unsophisticated as a rule, to allow things to impress us without pausing to inquire into the how or the why of their so doing. "Make me a child again just for tonight," is a very natural ejaculation, and we shall not do well to overlook the sage words of the gospel, "Unless ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." We hear very much of the innocence and docility of young children, but there is a third element in childish character which touches very closely our present subject, viz: Natural Inquisitiveness. The unspoiled child takes an interest in every new object presented to his gaze and though he can readily turn to the newest which confronts his vision, he examines things thoroughly one at a time and does not wish to go on to the next investigation until he has satisfactorily concluded the present one.

Things may seem small in themselves and yet be agents for developing the concentrative habit in very large degree, and though it is certainly preferable when we have an option, to rivet attention on the most important objects within our reach, much can fairly be said in favor of forming a desirable mental habit regardless of the special instrumentalities employed in its formation. A course in logic is of great use to many people who never seek to become professional lawyers or debaters, simply because it is a great help to everybody to become accustomed to the process of reasoning clearly and reaching conclusions by a distinct deductive process from an accepted premise. To spend a short time every day silently and intently contemplating a deliberately selected object, is a great aid to many people who are seeking to gain better hold over their memories, because this practice accustoms them to orderly processes of thinking.

Loss of memory or lack of memory is a mental disease as much so as any other aberration which calls for mental treatment. Having once gained a firm hold upon an idea or clearly visualized an object mentally, the next point to consider is how to remember, recall or recollect what has been remembered, called, or collected. Every word commencing with re necessarily refers to doing something again which has been done before, it being strictly impossible to recall or recover what has never yet been a part of one's possessions. Recollection is greatly affected by the immediate state of the nervous system, and it often happens that one who is possessed of an excellent well-stored memory fails to remember at the right moment what is very important he should recall exactly then and there, in consequence of temporary nervous perturbation. Intelligently administered, suggestive treatment proves of incalculable value in all cases where lack of nervous equilibrium is the cause of breakdown in public life or in any private situation where it is imperatively necessary to remember a given incident at a given moment.

There is a very great truth embodied in the old adage "Forgive and Forget," and although we know many good meaning people who say they can do the former, but cannot possibly accomplish the latter, we do not hesitate to say that forgiveness cannot be perfect unless forgetfulness also ensues. To forgive an injury, to pardon one who has done us a wrong, is to comply with a noble spiritual precept so far as our will is concerned, but if we retain in our intellects what we have banished from our affections, we are mentally speaking in a most unsatisfactory plight. To forget literally means to forego; forget is also a word of closely kindred import, so much so that we may fairly declare that the three highly important words forgive, forget, forego, are very nearly synonyms.

It is no doubt quite possible for some really kind hearted people to wish well to people who have done them wrong, but against whom they harbor no present resentment. At the same time, it is a most detri-

mental state to indulge when one allows himself to believe that though an unpleasant episode need not leave a moral scar, it must leave an intellectual disfigurement. It is probably easier for many people to govern their will than to control their memory, but memory as well as will, must be duly disciplined before health, success, and happiness, can become our inalienable possessions. "Forgetting the things which are behind," is a very strong expression and one we can never experimentally realize until we have admitted to ourselves that it is within the scope of our possibility to entirely control our thoughts as well as to regulate our emotions.

The shallow training which most children receive alike in school and home, tends to impoverish and becloud the memory and renders the action of the recollective faculty extremely fitful. Too many lessons following at very brief intervals, one upon the other, too many studies which can only be followed out a very little way, together with an unnatural straining after brilliancy and breadth without giving due regard to depth and thoroughness may be truthfully assigned as chief causes for the poor memories which so many people of both sexes and all ages in these bustling times complain.

We often hear people sighing over present decadence and degeneracy despite the tremendous vaunted progress made during the Nineteenth Century, and though we are willing to allow a wide margin for the errors always accompanying a pessimistic view, we do not think it can be truly denied that we are sadly lacking today in many sterling excellencies which our forefathers exhibited. A jaunt through Europe for the purpose of studying the art treasures of many lands, must convince the genuine observer of what the eye lights upon in the great treasure houses of art which are so delightfully abundant, especially in Italy and Germany, that the great painters and sculptors of a few centuries ago were men who allowed impressions to take such hold upon them that they had simply to paint or carve out of their own selves that which they most intensely realized.

A very modern instance of a young American painter is well worth recording. A young gentleman was sent by his parents from New York to Paris to study art; he was afflicted (so he and his friends believed) with a very erratic memory, and though his eye for color was good and his sense of perspective fine, his poor memory gave him a good deal of trouble, and he was beginning to settle down entirely into a copyist devoid of inspiration, originality, or even memory. One day when walking with a party of friends through the splendid galleries of the Louvre, this young man was suddenly so fascinated with a single picture that he stood before it like a statue for two full hours and over. His friends spoke to him, touched him, and in various ways endeavored to gain his attention, but all in vain, for he was entirely wrapped up in the picture. When at length it seemed to those who were watching him, that he had taken a perfect facsimile of the magnificent painting into himself, he suddenly left the gallery and walked very rapidly to his lodgings looking straight before him, but though he plotted himself quite safely over all crossings, he evidently took not the slightest notice of a single object on his way. On reaching the house where he was boarding, he ran quickly upstairs, locked himself into his studio on the top floor and remained there till late in the evening, when he entered the dining room very late for dinner with a radiant countenance, exclaiming joyfully,

"I've done a wonderful afternoon's work. I invite you all to come upstairs and see what you think of my new picture."

To the perfect amazement of all who saw the picture, which was still very wet, they beheld a perfect reproduction of the glorious painting in the Louvre which the artist had been devouring for over two hours that very morning. The only explanation the painter could possibly give was that the original picture had completely photographed itself within him and that immediately upon returning to his studio he had let it come out through the brushes he held in his hand. After that singular experience, a new confidence in his own artistic capabilities took possession of the once careless and forgetful student, and henceforward he found that though only on very rare occasions could he duplicate the marvelous experiences of that singularly eventful day, whenever he allowed himself to be thoroughly taken possession of by an idea, no matter whether he had seen it portrayed on canvas or not, he could embody it with great rapidity and skill and wonderful fidelity to the original.

We all contain an immense fund of undeveloped possibility. What members of a Society for Psychological Research may call our "submerged personalities" may be only the deeper aspects of common faculties which we all glly designate and superficially employ. It therefore affords a fascinating and

highly profitable field for study to accustom ourselves to look for far larger results than ordinary from the very endowments we all claim to possess, but which we employ usually in only the most desultory and slipshod manner.

In order to gain control over the contents of our memory chambers, we need to persistently regulate our thoughts which (popular misbelief to the contrary) is actually an easier task to fulfil than to govern our words and actions, seeing that thought anticipates speech and becomes ultimatum in action. Whatever we hold in our thought sphere and allow ourselves to dwell upon, is certain to express itself sooner or later in corresponding words and deeds which are the fruits of thought. Every thought brings forth, each according to its kind, and every word ultimatum finally in the kind of action which the utterance has forestalled.

It is intensely important for us to hold in mind the continual necessity of guarding the entrance to the seat of our intellect. We need to exercise ourselves with all our senses, which are mental faculties expressed through physical organs. Every sense becomes strengthened through regular, continuous exercise, but all are atrophied in consequence of long disuse and rendered weak and unreliable if we force or strain them. Memory exercises should be taken like vocal exercises, steadily and progressively, but all disagreeable tension must be avoided. Singers and lecturers who use their voices almost incessantly, but do not strain the vocal cords, find their entire vocal anatomy growing much stronger than that of people who "save" their voices and in consequence of such unnatural saving, often find themselves becoming almost voiceless. The same applies to sight and to all other senses or faculties in turn. Each must be kept in constant practice, like the fingers of a pianist or violinist, but each must be treated with confidence and respectful consideration, encouraged to develop normally, but not hindered by fear and distrust.

Whenever you abuse your memory by giving it a bad name, you suggest to yourself that you are afflicted with a very treacherous memory and by force of adverse auto-suggestion you render it weaker and more fitful than it has ever proved before. Put your memory upon its honor, trust in it, suggest to yourself that it will serve you perfectly and you will be delighted to find within a very short time that it is giving up its tricky habits and behaving quite decently.

As school children are often greatly bothered with home lessons and a great deal of nervous apprehension afflicts them and their parents also, it is well to know that the following method of committing lessons to memory has been adopted in many homes with wonderfully successful results. Let some grown person in whom a child has confidence repeat the lesson sentence by sentence, the child repeating it after the prompter. During this exercise no distraction of any sort must be permitted and it is sometimes helpful to introduce the suggestion from time to time "Now we know it."

Suggestive treatment, both oral and silent, present and absent, can prove of incalculable value to all who feel in need of help to aid them in gaining the victory over their at present undisciplined mental faculties. Memory is in most cases a much overrated faculty which, though of decided use, is by no means capable of taking the place of intuition, illumination, inspiration, or any direct perception of truth. Memory is necessarily a historian. It chronicles what has already taken place, but in all its well-stored archives, it has no place for inner light such as mystics and Quakers have wisely regarded as infinitely superior to retrospective vision.

When we are placed in new situations, and called upon to act in circumstances unlike any with which we have been previously environed, memory cannot serve us, for it is only a recorder and we need the services of a seer or prophet. Memory is entirely subordinate to intuition in all the trying and difficult crises of our lives. It therefore happens that many highly intuitive people care little for memory, while the best memorialists are those who pay little heed to interior revelations.

Memory should be disciplined until we can remember and forget at will. Many an old memory which needs destruction is the secret unsuspected cause of many a chronic ailment. Periodic attacks of illnesses such as quinsy, sore throat, rose cold, hay fever, and many other epidemics of disorder which frequently recur at stated intervals are largely fostered by memory, and it is often the case when dates for recurrence are temporarily forgotten because of complete mental preoccupation, the annual visitation is omitted for a season. Should it then and there be vanquished by a determined effort of will united with a new kind of expectation, the tendency will have been surmounted and the old enemy will not reappear.

As we learn to govern our memories by regulating systematically the kind of ailment we supply to them, we shall find life becom-

ing much freer, happier, and more successful, as well as far freer from physical discomfort than it has ever been before. To accustom one's self to absorb only what one wishes to drink in mentally from one's surroundings is a singularly profitable exercise. Memory works best when we are quietly receptive and not struggling to remember, while recollection invariably serves us most faithfully when we are calmly reliant upon our recollective ability. Stage fright causing a debutante to forget her lines or a collegian to break down at time of examination or graduation, is due partly to undue self-consciousness, not unmitigated with fear, concerning a result and partly to sensitiveness to the mixed influences in a miscellaneous assembly.

Memory itself is not at fault when recollection stumbles.

Memory may be compared to a well, recollection to a pump or bucket. We often feel that the water is surely in the well, but we have no means at hand for bringing it to the surface. A clear, distinct, incisive, mental treatment is of the highest value when one feels sure he knows something, but fears he cannot then recall it, though it is sure to come to him afterwards when its appearance may be of no especial service.

Self treatment or auto-suggestion often suffices, but when one is in a state of unusual trepidation, it is a great help to know that aid is being proffered in one's extremity by a firmer and stronger friend. Many ailments of chronic character which defy all ordinary forms of treatment are due to harboring distressful memories. The mental healer must in such cases be very frank with the sufferer and point out as clearly as possible the necessity for getting rid of these distressful and obsessing memories. Remembrance of an old grudge or insult suffices to keep many a sensitive invalid in a state of perpetual distemper, and there are also many cases of continuous suffering brought about by constantly recalling one's own shortcomings in days gone by.

We must forgive ourselves as well as our neighbors, for it is just as injurious to health on all planes, to harbor resentment against one's self as against a neighbor. All who are afflicted with tormenting recollections of past offences should resolve to make all possible restitution for them and live today as nobly as possible, but instead of wasting time and energy in useless mourning over an irrevocable past, those who tread in paths of wisdom let "the dead bury their dead." Remembrance of the least of distinctly pleasurable and encouraging nature, are usually detrimental, because they alienate attention from present activities and often cause a lingering regret over lost opportunities and throw a false glamor over a largely imaginary past, causing the present to appear decidedly mean by contrast.

We do not need to remember every detail of a past experience to garner the harvest of it. We travel to reach certain destinations and while voyaging to a predetermined terminus, there are many incidents of travel, perfectly orderly as episodes of the journey, which we have no need to remember when we have reached our goal. So it is with mental and spiritual growth, we do not need to recall every incident of how we reach our present station. It is enough for us to have within us and around us the results of certain experiences which were temporarily necessary to bring us to our present vantage ground.

Perception is more than Memory; insight is more than recollection and it would be well for us all did we strive less to remember and seek more to perceive.

Whenever we find ourselves in some new situation where all established precedent must fall, memory cannot afford us the information we require, but when we have accustomed ourselves to quietly and confidently await illumination, we shall find that we contain within us abilities far greater than that of memory.

Finally let us make the good resolve and resolutely keep it, to habituate ourselves to the practice of deliberately drawing out of our surroundings their most profitable elements. No matter whether we are reading, listening, walking amid diverse scenes, or however we may be situated, it is always practical and profitable to make ourselves magnets to draw out what will be most profitable to us.

Memory cannot work faithfully when our attention is divided between a number of divergent objects at the same instant, nor can it do its work effectively unless we confine it to its proper domain, and give it a repetition to live up to. In place of styling your memory bad, begin to trust it calmly and complacently. Affirm that you can and will remember whatsoever you will to remember and nothing else, and very soon a poor memory will prove richer, a weak memory stronger, and a precarious memory steadfast.

The best time for consulting anything to memory is whenever we feel confused and (Continued on page five.)

THE SPIRITUALISTS' ANNIVERSARY.

BY L. C. EVANS.

What meaneth this, our day of song and joy?
Why have we all to-day assembled here?
To witness the birth of a new era?
To witness the birth of a new era?
When through a little child the news spread wide
And dashed o'er all the wondering, wistful world,
"The gates of heaven once more are set aside,
The banner of the skies has been unfurled."

Our loved ones who have left this earth, still live,
They talk to us—we hearken to them now;
No more for them departed will we grieve—
No more for them in sorrow will we bow;
We've heard the voice that calls across the way,
There is no death—'tis but a higher birth,
And gazing up to heaven we see a ray
Of light descending from above to earth.

Our loved ones call, they open wide the gate,
And shout aloud to us the joyful cry,
"The time has come, no longer shall you wait
To hear the truth, that man shall never die."
But onward, ever onward will we press
To reach the distant, ever shining goal,
From birth to higher life will be progress,
Developing, ennobling his soul.

"We live, there is no death," the loved ones say,
"We bring to thee glad tidings evermore,
Then sorrow not because we pass away,
"Death" means "true life" on that Celestial shore."
The grave wherein our earthly bodies lay
Is not the end of man, but ever on
Through ages vast of life's eternal day
Shall be progress. For this is but the dawn
Of our existence. Life on earth we know
Is the beginning of an endless day
To follow in the land of higher birth.

When this, our earthly life, has passed away;
And in thableness to come, of which we're told,
We should remember what we now are taught,
Its palaces are not of parent gold,
Nor is the air with constant music fraught.

Our duties there will not forever be
To sing in praise and worship of a king;
"Tis to be the fullest of manhood
To be compelled for evermore to sing;
But so, our duties over there are here
Will be devoted to progression's call,
To do that which may seem to us more dear,
To aid the helpless, strengthen those who fail.

The study of the highest themes of life
Will be the course, more likely, we'll pursue,
To quell the spirit of remorseless strife
And do to others as we'd have them do
To us. To labor for the highest good
That can to mankind here and there be given,
To work and labor on in joyful mood
Will be our duty in the land of heaven.

Then should we not rejoice to hear the truth
Of what is pending in the life to come,
And give welcome to the angel's voice
That comes to us from that our future home?
This night we gather here to hallow give
To those who have ascended to that shore
And who the message clear ring out, "we live,
We are not dead, we've only gone before."
Washington, D. C.

Local Societies and Kindred Subjects.

BY W. W. SPRAGUE.

I will review briefly as possible, the Spiritualistic movement covering a period of forty-five years that I have been identified with the Cause, both as investigator and worker. Experience is the world's greatest teacher. It would seem from the discussion of this subject that has been going on in the Banner, that many of the statements made therein would not bear critical examination, and to those who have not been identified with the Cause for any great length of time are very likely to be misleading as to actual facts. A subject of such vast proportions, and of such great importance, is very likely to suffer not from wilful intent perhaps, but on account of not having had a personal knowledge of the Cause, has been accomplished during that length of time. It seems to me that I ought to be considered a competent witness and speak from actual knowledge.

My parents were Spiritualists, and among the first in that place to hold seances in their own home. The manifestations were of a very crude character, in fact, many seances were held before anything occurred that could be called a manifestation of spirit power. Yet we did not despair. The phenomena at that time were what claimed attention entirely. The philosophy as to how the manifestations were produced followed later. Table tipping, then unconscious trance mediumship with perspiration, followed by speaking that was incoherent, unintelligible and was of no value whatever except as a manifestation of spirit power. Then followed the itinerant trance speaker, Stillman Greenleaf of this state being the first person to visit there as a public speaker.

At that time a trance speaker was one of the "seven wonders" of the world. It would be very unkind not to give trance speakers great praise for the noble work that they did. They were the sowers of the seeds of that Immortal Truth and the revelators of the New Dispensation that has challenged the admiration of the greatest thinkers of our age. Then came Abbie Morse and J. W. Hodges. They were a great revelation to the people then and Cleve Wright, Lockwood or Colville are today, but not their equals. At that time the great underlying principles upon which the superstructure of the philosophy of intercommunication between the two worlds and a future state of existence rest were an embryonic state. Lecturers were iconoclasts, and attacked the creeds of old theology with a vengeance that startled their hearers at times.

To assume that people of today are more curious or are more curiosity seekers now than at that time is utterly absurd. To my way of thinking and from observation, the more intelligent persons are the more curious they become to know and understand whatever occurs that to them is mysterious or uncommon. Curiosity and doubt have been the two greatest factors underlying all human progress. Should we be censured for being curious as to the origin of any phenomenon that may occur? Webster says that to be curious is "a strong desire to see something novel or, to discover something unknown, either by reason or inquiry." If that is true, it would be wise for us to heed this valuable injunction and embrace every opportunity to unfold our bumps of curiosity more fully.

The curiosity seekers always were, and are now, the advance guard in every line of human progress. Their names are legion and the historian, the scientist and student alike honor and revere the memories of all such noble souls.

The manifestations in the early days though ever so crude, claimed the attention of investigators to as great an extent as does independent state writing or giving tests today by our very best mediums.

At that period of time, no societies to my knowledge were in existence. Meetings were mostly held in the homes of those who were investigators. The services of speakers were gratuitous except where they incurred expense by travel. As I look back and compare the people with those of today, I must admit

that they were much more credulous; were honest and sincere, but lack of knowledge and experience made it impossible for them to be as critical in analyzing the phenomena as people are today. It was no fault of theirs, and they had the courage of their convictions at a time when it cost something to stand up and be counted a Spiritualist.

I see nothing to discourage one who takes an extended view from north to south, from east to west, as to what has been attained in a little more than half a century. Was there ever in the history of the world, any movement that made such stupendous progress in that length of time? Its power has been so potent that it has revolutionized and liberalized the entire religious thought throughout Christendom. Need we then be so ungrateful as to cherish even a spirit of complaining? To judge of a movement that has encompassed the earth with its power by what transpires in a year or in five is misleading. The nation takes the census once in ten years in order to fully comprehend the growth that is taking place. If in some localities societies have declined, it does not go to show that local societies as a whole are declining or dying out. We might as well say that because Maine had not gained in population for several decades that the nation as such was declining in population.

Facts are stubborn things and figures won't lie. In the World's Almanac for the year 1899, President Barrett reports 660 local associations in the United States and Canada; fifteen State Associations and fifty-two Camp Associations. For 1900, 625 local associations in the United States and Canada; nineteen State Associations and fifty-five Camp Associations. These figures show in one year a loss of thirty-five local societies but a gain in state and camp associations. If we were to make a canvass today we should find (if reports in the press are true), that a steady gain has been made from year to year. These facts ought to remove all doubt and silence all cavil as to the growth of local societies covering a series of years.

I see no good reason for bemoaning the condition of the Spiritualistic movement at the present time, or continually upbraiding those who are weak, that a moral and spiritual standard of excellence so much desired. Criticism tempered with a spirit of kindness is received by all fair-minded people in the spirit in which it is proffered. No weapon conquers so effectually as that of kindness.

In Haverhill, Mass., where I have resided since 1874, there was prior to that time a society for several years. Internal dissension crept in and it went to pieces. For several years after no organized society existed. There has been no time since when there has not been one, and sometimes two societies in existence. I have been identified as a member with them for nearly a quarter of a century, acting the greater portion of the time in some official capacity, and ought to have a practical knowledge of what has been accomplished, and of what has been demanded of those who have the management of a society and seek to meet the requirements of a critical public, from Sunday to Sunday.

The Haverhill Spiritual Union (of which I am a member) does not boast of a large membership. However, we are increasing gradually and what we lack in quantity we can truthfully claim in quality. We work harmoniously together and all for the best interests of the society. We are able to secure the best talent to be found in this section of the country. The audiences are composed of as reputable persons as attend the churches, and many of our members and regular attendants are in mental acumen, far in advance of the average churchman. In looking backwards over this entire period previously referred to, when no organization existed, I maintain that the growth of the great truth has been unprecedented, and never equaled in the history of the world by any other religious movement.

Numbers many times seem to be the most inconsequential factors in a movement. To judge correctly of anything, the results must be the criterion by which it must be judged. These results have been accomplished under the most adverse circumstances, measured by the most crucial tests; antagonized by the combined powers of the churches, assailed from every quarter by the relentless hands of materialism and skepticism, yet defeat has never been written across its snowy banner.

Every household became a church, every speaker a teacher and every psychic a demonstrator of this immortal truth. Without churches or costly and luxuriously appointed temples, without pope, priest or bishop; without anything save the divine seal of the infinite carried upon the immortal pages of time, the results have been so vast, so reaching and certain in effect that the ordinary person has but a slight comprehension of what has been accomplished. No power could stay the tidal wave of thought that like a vast avalanche has swept over the entire field of religious action and ecclesiastical government, shaking it from centre to circumference.

It might be asked, why do not the local societies have a larger membership? There are several good and substantial reasons that can be given to this query. It is not only an old saying but a true one that a "burnt child dreads the fire." In relation to the Spiritualistic movement this is especially true. While thousands from the sacred precincts of the churches rejoice because of this new revelation that has brought to their consciousness the most stupendous fact of the ages, they very soon perceive that it is not necessary to subscribe to a creed or to belong to an organization in order to become a Spiritualist and an equal partner of this priceless boon. They discover also that forms and ceremonies are not required in the acceptance of a demonstrated truth. What is true is the inheritance of every human soul. The experiences of church discipline with its limitations still cling to them and with these experiences they most naturally say, when asked to join a Spiritualist society, "No not at present." Many times they retain their membership in the churches long after they have ceased to be active members and occasionally attempt to warm themselves by the dying embers of old theology.

Another class I should designate as the drift-wood, the mental and spiritual scavengers who never assume any responsibility in the way of financial assistance, or as workers. They are ever ready and willing to reap where others sow, but can never be induced to join. There is another class still that will aid financially in order that meetings may be kept up so they can have the privilege of attending when they choose, but will never join.

After years of experience as a worker in different societies, I have never found but one way to deal with these different classes and that is to allow them to do as they please. I know that a certain amount of diplomacy is necessary in winning the support of some persons when nothing else would, not even the absolute demonstration of a truth. If those in our ranks as workers who have been more successful in establishing and building up large and prosperous societies (and there are such) would impart the grand secret to the rest of us who have grown weary in the work, we will see to it that they have a "Golden Crown" here and now.

Is it really a fact, one that can be proved, that our speakers as a whole, are more poorly compensated for their labor than are other public workers? It is an axiom in political economy that all things sell in open market for what they are worth; this is the universal law governing all the commercial and business affairs of human experience, and known as the "law of supply and demand." It applies alike to the teacher, the preacher, the mechanic and to all persons who have their labor to sell. Each one will command exactly what he is worth. This is an immutable law, and cannot apply to the Spiritualist unjustly, any more than to the great army of public workers beside him. If we have an unusually large number of poorly paid speakers, we need not look very far to find the reason why it is so.

Once on a time, a good honest minister preached in the "Red School House" on the Ridge so called. His son, a young man of some seventeen years, was asked by a friend of his father, "Is your father still preaching on the Ridge?" The son replied, "Yes sir." The interrogator then asked, "Is not the pay rather poor?" The young man replied, "Yes, but the preaching is poor too." This one example carries with it the proof of the law, and is of more value to the business man and the student, than any amount of sophistry that can be presented by the financial quack. This is the governing principle throughout the entire field of human activities, and applies to every one alike. With our speakers as a rule, there is an unknown quantity not accounted for which, very many times, amounts to more than the salaries paid for public work. And that is, what is received for private sittings.

I have always been an advocate of a high rate of wages because I believe in a high state of civilization, but incompetence and high salaries never are associated together. There is at the top of the ladder always plenty of room, and the man of superior ability can command a salary in proportion to his ability. Each one will gravitate to that position to which he is adapted, as surely as "water will run down hill."

The question of settled speakers has been much mooted of late. This is well, and the pros and cons should have a fair, free and unbiased hearing. Substantial reasons can be advanced in support of either side of the question. The most potent reason against settled speakers is that a large percentage of the speakers do not believe in it or favor it themselves. This statement I have from them personally. They admit that in many ways it would be beneficial and desirable. Then again the societies, as far as my knowledge extends, do not favor it, neither will they support the change. The strongest argument in support of it is the large expense incurred in travel, and loss of time that otherwise could be utilized for the benefit of societies. This is a very important item. Then comes that of having a home, and the more intimate social relations between people and pastor, all of which should have our careful consideration.

If, however, we have 625 associations, and only 329 mediums, lecturers and ministers, or only one lecturer to two societies, some of them would be obliged to itinerate more or less. Then there is another objection that has not been mentioned, and that is, the wealthy and most flourishing societies would, like the wealthy and popular churches, secure the services of all the talented speakers. As it is at present, the poorest societies can occasionally have the services of the best speakers. My position in the matter is that each society has the privilege now to elect which method is the most desirable and practical, and that it should be the sole judge.

We must grasp this fact, for it is a fact that stands out in bold relief that Spiritualists are in many ways different from churchmen. They would not be Spiritualists unless they were so. These differences can easily be accounted for by natural causes. As I have previously stated, it does not follow as a necessary requisite that, to become a member of a society, it is compelled to become a member of a society. If, however, you desire to affiliate with a church, you are obliged to comply with the rules, and subscribe to its creeds as a necessary requisite. Note the great difference. Spiritualism is a universal truth and the free inheritance of every human soul. It cannot be bestowed upon a church or a sect, neither can it be taken from one by any ecclesiastical authority. One is a gift of the infinite as much so as life itself. The other is an ecclesiastical prerogative of the church, and purely of human invention. By what right or authority can a church claim more than an individual, to the sole heir and dispenser of a divine truth? This is a knowledge that is fast dawning upon the minds of all thinkers and scholars of this age. One is the antithesis of the other. Spiritualism gives to man the largest freedom possible, and commands him to seek the truth himself. The other makes him the servile slave of church authority, and forbids him to think for himself. Therefore he is compelled to accept what the pastor expounds as truth, as the mouthpiece and messenger of the church.

Are we as a progressive body, whose central thought is evolutionary in purpose and educational in practice, ready to accept and adopt as one of their methods, with the unjust truthfulness and dangerous prerogatives, which ignore entirely the most sacred right and the most valuable gift vouchsafed to man, and that is the right to think. If we are, what have we gained, what different, and what better are we as a religious body, than the church? "A tree is known by its fruit" it is a truism that is fast following us. My opinion is that we should "make haste and go slow" in the adjustment of these most important matters. Whatever the church contains in the way of good government, that commands itself to Spiritualists as being practical and valuable, and adapted to their needs, they will cheerfully accept and adopt.

Haverhill, Mass.

Spiritualism.

BY DR. HELEN DENSMORE.

In an article by Alexander Wilder in the issue of the Banner of Light for March 6th, the author dilates on the declension of Spiritualism. Mr. Wilder regrets the want of organization and attributes the seeming falling off in the spread of Spiritualism.

It has always seemed to me a mistake to call Spiritualism a religion. It cannot be a religion in the sense of an organization upon tenets of faith, for there are no Spiritualists that believe alike on any subject of religious philosophy. A belief in an invisible world and the possibility of communicating with it is the only article of faith held in common by all Spiritualists.

When one considers how surely a belief in immortality, in the continued existence of the human ego after death, was losing ground in the world and especially in the scientific world fifty years ago, and how surely that belief has come to the front since the advent of Modern Spiritualism; how surely a belief in the inter-communication of the unseen world has permeated and is permeating society to an extent never be-

LIEUT. GOVERNOR CURED.

General Thomas, Oldest Living General of the Civil War and Formerly Lieut. Governor of Vermont, relieved of Rheumatism by Dr. Greene's Nervura Blood and Nerve Remedy.



LIEUT. GOVERNOR THOMAS CURED BY DR. GREENE'S NERVURA.

Ninety-two years of age is the illustrious soldier-statesman, General Thomas of Vermont.

He has held office as Representative, Senator, Judge of Probate Court, and Lieutenant-Governor.

Strong of purpose and of clearest record, everyone may depend absolutely on his word. Listen to him now, you who suffer with rheumatic pains and twinges. Read his letter telling "for other's good" how Dr. Greene's Nervura relieved him of pain. General Thomas says:

"I am pleased at this opportunity to add my testimonial to the worth of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. The many years of life's journey left its touch upon me in the form of rheumatic pains. I have found benefit and relief from the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura, and give my permission to publish this letter for others' good."

Rheumatism creeps into the joints and muscles through deficient blood circulation and disordered nerves. Every thick atmosphere aggravates it. Every trifling cold strengthens its grip.

Ordinary practice never cures rheumatism, but volumes of evidence exist to show that Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, devoid absolutely of mineral elements, is the true and certain specific. Why let your pains and your stiff joints and your shoulder aches continue without making the test of the medicine General Thomas commends for the good of all sufferers?

fore known, surely there is great cause for satisfaction to Spiritualists. No matter if they are not labelled Spiritualists, if they have no connection, or even repudiate its technical claims. The Psychological Research Society with its Mrs. Piper has invaded the ranks of science and has been and is thundering its doors. The Theosophical Society with its ramifications in forty states and its occult teachings is making for Spiritualism and making Spiritualists of many of its members. Christian Science and mind cure are familiarizing the world with a knowledge and belief in the power of the spirit to overcome matter, regardless of the coldest, ablest, and inconsistent of their formulated beliefs.

An answer to the question "If a man dies, shall he live again?" has been the burden of the human race; and until answered by intercommunication with those who have cast aside the instrument through which the spirit has manifested itself, it has been an unsolved riddle. How different now! The change is seen in the public press, expressions from the rostrum, and even science is turning a kindly side toward the subject. By all the rules of logic applied to any other subject the existence of the spiritual world and the possibility of communication with it has been proved, scientifically proved if you please, and at the present ratio of acceptance it will be the exception rather than the rule for men to disbelieve in the immortality of the soul. And all this is the result and the unmistakable growth of Modern Spiritualism.

Thomas Jefferson's Religion.

Extracts from two letters from Thomas Jefferson to Charles Thompson, who was secretary of the Constitutional convention, which were read before the Columbia Historical Society in Washington, Dec. 4, by Mr. H. B. Lockier:

"I replied: 'Say nothing of my religion; it is known to myself and my God alone. Its evidence before the world is to be sought in my life; if that has been honest and dutiful to society, the religion which has regulated it cannot be a bad one.'"

"It is a singular anxiety which some people have that we should all think alike. Would the world be more beautiful were all our faces alike, were our tempers, our talents, our tastes, our forms, our wishes, aversions and pursuits cast exactly in the same mold? If no varieties existed in the animal vegetable or mineral creation, but all were strictly uniform, catholic and orthodox, what a world of physical and moral monotony would it be! These are the absurdities into which those run who usurp the throne of God and dictate to Him what He should have done. May they with all their metaphysical riddles appear before that tribunal with as clean hands and hearts as you and I shall. There, suspended in the scales of eternal justice, faith and works will show their worth by their weight. God bless you and preserve you long in life and health."

"I, too, have made a wee little book from the same materials which I call the 'Philosophy of Jesus.' It is a paradigm of His doctrines, made by cutting the texts out of the book and arranging them on the pages of a blank book in a certain order of time or subject. A more beautiful or precious morsel of ethics I have never seen. It is a document in proof that I am a real Christian,

that is to say, a disciple of the doctrines of Jesus, very different from the Platonists who call me infidel and themselves Christians and preachers of the gospel, while they draw all their characteristic dogmas from what its author never said or saw. They have compounded from the heathen mysteries a system beyond the comprehension of man, of which the great reformer of the vicious ethics and deism of the Jews, were he to return on earth, would not recognize one feature. If I had time I would add to my little book the Greek, Latin and French texts, in columns side by side, and I wish I could subjoin a translation of Gassendi's synopsis of the doctrines of Epicurus, which, notwithstanding the calumnies of the Stoics and caricatures of Cicero, is the most rational system remaining of the philosophy of the ancients, as frugal of vicious indulgence and fruitful of virtue as the hyperbolic extravagances of his rival sects."

Mr. O. A. Ederly.

Mr. Peck was on the eve of departure for Washington, D. C., when the Spiritual mass meeting of this city closed. During the month of March, while he was absent, Mr. O. A. Ederly occupied the rostrum. I am pleased to say that Mr. Ederly is one of the best trance speakers that I have ever listened to. His guides handled their subjects in a masterly way, were grammatically correct; clothing their ideas in beautiful language, eloquent and pleasing to all who heard him. His reasoning was philosophical and conclusive, and indicates a wide and extended sphere of usefulness in the future. His messages after close of lectures were very satisfactory and convincing to those who received them.

Wednesday evenings were devoted entirely to tests, and Sunday afternoons at our medium's meetings he did excellent work. He is a broad-minded, and very conscientious man, and I believe is abreast of the times. May he enjoy a long and useful life, here, where so many good workers are needed to redeem the world from ignorance and superstition. God bless him and all other true workers for reform.

L. L. Randolph, M. D.
St. Louis, Mo.

The Philadelphia Spiritualist Society

celebrated the 53d anniversary of Modern Spiritualism on Sunday, March 31st. Rev. B. F. Austin gave two fine discourses suitable to the occasion. The Children's Lyceum helped greatly to make the meeting a success. We had extra music, having an orchestra engaged for the day. Mrs. Corbion and Mrs. Woodring sang the solos, which were highly appreciated. An important feature of the occasion was the presentation of a gold pen knife to Rev. B. F. Austin, by the president, Mr. Locke.

We have with us this month Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter of Detroit, Mich., who are doing splendid work for our society. We are having large and appreciative audiences. Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter are both good and true and while they preach Spiritualism they also try to live it, and the good influence that they bring will benefit all those who come in contact with them.—Julia R. Locke, Cor. Sec'y.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1901.

Spiritualist Societies.

We desire this list to be as accurate as possible. Will secretaries or readers please notify us of any errors or omissions. Notices for this column should reach this office by 10 o'clock noon, of the Saturday preceding the date of publication.

BOSTON AND VICINITY.

Beacon Spiritual Temple meets in Berkeley Hall, 100 Berkeley Street, every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. F. A. Wiggin, speaker and psychic. All are welcome. Mary L. Porter, Sec., 11 Edgewood St., Roxbury.

The Gospel of Spirit Returns Society, Minnie M. Foster, Assn. Sec., 110 Huntington Avenue, holds day meetings at 7:15. Discourse and Evidence through the mediumship of the pastor.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday at 10 Tremont Street. Business meeting at 4 P. M. Speakers: Mrs. M. A. Allen, President; Mrs. C. A. Allen, Sec. 14 by Mrs. Allen, Dorchester, Mass.

Monten Spiritual Lyceum meets every Sunday at 1:30 P. M. in the Palace Hall, 1 Appleton Street. Seats free. J. H. Hatch, Corresponding Sec., 100 Washington Street, Dorchester, Mass.

Eagle Hall, 616 Washington Street. Meetings held every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Hattie M. Deery, President.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society meets at 114 Tremont Street, Boston. Business meeting at 1:30 P. M.; evening meeting, 7:30 P. M. Hattie M. Deery, President.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union meets every Wednesday afternoon at 114 Tremont Street, Boston. Business meeting at 1:30 P. M.; evening meeting, 7:30 P. M. Hattie M. Deery, President.

Commercial Hall, 60 Washington Street. Meetings at 11:20 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Hattie M. Deery, President.

Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont Street. Bible Spiritualist Meetings, Sundays, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Hattie M. Deery, President.

Someville Spiritual Society, 55 Cross Street. Meetings at 11:20 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Hattie M. Deery, President.

Independent Free Thought Bible Spiritual Society will hold services Sunday at 12:15 Washington St., 1:30 P. M. and 7:30 P. M. Hattie M. Deery, President.

The Cambridge Industrial Society holds its regular meetings the second and fourth Fridays of the month, at Cambridge Lodge, 100 Cambridge Street. Mrs. O. M. Hartwell, President. Miss A. M. Cane, Cor. Sec., 131 Auburn St., Cambridge. Supper at 6:30. Evening meetings at 8 P. M.

Cambridgeport, Washington Hall, 177 Massachusetts Avenue. Meetings every Sunday at 1:30 and 7:30 P. M. L. J. Akerman, President.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Woman's Progressive Union of Brooklyn holds meetings at 114 Broadway, Brooklyn, every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. L. J. Akerman, President.

Miss A. J. Chapin, Blind Medium, holds a free meeting every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, 23 Tompkins Avenue, near Duane Street, Brooklyn.

Conference and Spiritualist Meetings every Saturday evening at 114 Duane Street, near Coleman's music store. Free to all. Strangers welcome.

Mrs. Titie Evans holds meetings every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, 114 Duane Street, Brooklyn.

The Advance Spiritual Conference, 116 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Meetings every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. Good speakers and mediums always in attendance. Seats free. George Deane, President; Mrs. Winnie Brown, Treasurer; Mrs. Dr. Frank Cor. Secretary, 114 West 22nd Street, New York City.

Christ's First Spiritual Church, Hartford, Conn. Meetings at 1:30 P. M. and 7:30 P. M. at 122 Asylum Street. Good mediumship and spiritualist work.

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since then may be laid at our own doors—and have originated largely from a too over-confidence in the power and influence that could be exerted in its behalf from the other side of life. The spirit-world has ever been ready and willing to work with us—but has at last rebelled from the attempt to push a dead weight up the hill. There are duties for us as Spiritualists to perform, and grave consequences may follow upon the heels of neglect. Have we not been as prone as others to resist all innovations? Were not our greatest enemies to organic effort to be found in our own ranks? The most difficult work before National and State organizations has been the breaking down of individual prejudices against these institutions. The worst, stubborn kind of a mind that we have to deal with is one that is prejudiced. This kind of mind has worked no end of mischief to our Cause because it can never be satisfactorily reasoned with. Just how to deal with these most thoroughly individualized men and women is one of the greatest problems that confront us at the present time. It would seem too late in the day to offer an argument for belief in organization, yet there are many who are not yet ready to take hold of existing organizations and make them the power they should be in the community.

What has been accomplished in the past should be an incentive to us to make even greater efforts. We should not be content to rest upon their well earned laurels, but through individual efforts care for ourselves and the world's welfare. No movement in religion can rest solely upon its past history, and ever continue to make new history, and the history of today must always be in advance of that of yesterday.

Again, are we not making a grave mistake when we allow the various new cults that have risen up around Spiritualism to appropriate to themselves the healing thought and power? This very thought gives all the life there is to Christian Science. Yes, it is the most vital element in Metaphysics, Christian Science, Mental Science and a dozen more new sects. This thought of healing first knocked at the door of Spiritualism but failed to find a cordial welcome. Even now some of us who are tainted with the ideas of spiritual healing are looked at with a little askance, as if we were heretics of the milder sort. Now this thought might be made one of the most vital elements in our religion. I should have said must be made the most vital thought of our religion. For the strength and power of the spirit-world is most certainly ours, if we only live right and ask for it.

Most certainly come in time to those who most earnestly seek it. As Spiritualists we have done so little to recognize the healing power of the spirit-world that it is almost a wonder that it is not entirely withdrawn from us. We should not only recognize our clairvoyants, magnetic and spiritual healers as prophets of the new school of medicine, but should lend them all the assistance in our power.

Lately a great deal has been said with reference to our local societies—perhaps much of it had better been left unsaid. Yet it is well for us to know their condition, and if possible discover and apply the remedy. Again it is hardly just to make comparisons with the conditions that obtained in the past. Then, in our great centres, there were few local societies—and these were well sustained. Now in the place of the one well equipped and well sustained society we have several societies and dozens of places where some kind of spiritualist meetings are held. Therefore in our large cities there can be no just comparison with the past. In our smaller places societies were kept up largely by the hard work and liberality of the few. In the past few years the means of communication between the suburban villages and great centres of population have been greatly increased. Time and space have almost been annihilated—with the result that the few who have found it such a hard struggle to keep up the local society in the smaller cities and towns have either joined their forces with those of the larger cities or else have sought that retirement which is made by uniting with some liberal Christian church.

Again the children of Spiritualists have been greatly neglected as far as placing before them the teachings of our religion is concerned. We have probably not more than a dozen or fifteen Children's Progressive Lyceums in Massachusetts. Therefore the children of most Spiritualists drift into some sectarian Sunday School. These children grow up either opposed or indifferent to Spiritualism. We can expect no aid from them, and must look for our recruits largely from those somewhat advanced in years, who seek Spiritualism on account of the comfort and consolation it brings to them. The officers of our local societies in Massachusetts, as a rule, are competent men and women, with earnest and zealous in their efforts. Today there are plenty of indications of a revival of interest in nearly all our local societies in Massachusetts. It is our strong faith that all our societies will ultimately meet that success that they have earned. It might be well for us even now to study the methods employed by other religious organizations, for in them we might find something worthy of our emulation.

But, in order that I may not trespass upon time that belongs to others I must close.

Today we have much to be thankful for—and much to encourage us in our future work. The influence of the State Association is steadily increasing, and societies are looking toward it for assistance in their time of need. There should be more of this kind of cooperation in its organization, looking toward a closer affiliation with the local societies. This will come in the near future. There should also be outlined a system of missionary work—and funds should be forthcoming to make work of this kind practicable. It should not be behind other religious organizations in charitable and educational work—but before anything of this nature can be entered upon it must be much better endowed than it is at the present.

Yet, in closing, allow me to say that the outlook is brightening with the light of the new day when man will perceive more clearly his duty and also be placed in a position where he can do more nearly as he would like. The world is certainly coming rapidly to the recognition of the fundamental principles of our philosophy, and the spirit-world is coming into closer touch with those still encased in physical bodies, uplifting those who are almost crushed by untoward conditions and bringing the light of immortality to every child of earth. Such really is the blessed mission of mediumship. Ought we not then, of all people, to rejoice at our anniversary? For such light and knowledge no other religion vouchsafes unto humanity.

Successful Consumption "Cure."

The remarkable success of the Dr. Stevens' East India Consumption Cure—the constantly increasing volume of business has made necessary to secure larger and more commodious quarters, with increased facilities for caring for patients. An entire suite of rooms is now occupied in the Powers Block in Rochester, where the physicians in charge are better able to treat and advise patients personally as well as by mail. The recipe which has been so widely advertised for the past twenty years, may still be had free of charge by all who write W. A. Noyes, 647 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Anniversary Address.

BY GEO. A. FULLER, M. D.

How swiftly the years roll by! It seems only a few months ago we were congregated together to celebrate our Golden Jubilee—and now it is our fifty-third anniversary! How much of our hopes and fears, our defeats and victories those years contain! They are not as stranger years to most of us for we have lived through them and most of us have contributed success to the success of this movement whose anniversary we are now convened to celebrate. Therefore its anniversaries are doubly dear to us—both on account of the event that ushered in a new religion and also for the sake of our intimate connection with its growth. For these reasons I may be permitted to say that I take a pardonable pride in its history, its elucidation of great principles, and its rapid strides through the closing years of the most remarkable century that the world has probably ever known.

No other religion has ever made such gains in so short a period of time. In order that we may accurately note what has been accomplished we must not make comparisons with that of the Christian church during the last half century, for that church has nearly two thousand years of struggle behind it. During that period of time its organization has been completed and its principles crystallized into form. Our years have been of a preparatory nature—during this time the pioneers have been felling giant Upas-trees, removing the debris of centuries—making the place pure and sweet where yet the new world arose in its majesty and glory. None of us can say but that the work has been well and faithfully done. They were true to the light that they received. In fact, they build so well that it is not necessary for us to overthrow and build anew. The foundations of a Science, Philosophy, and Religion were most thoroughly laid during the early years of this movement. A science that gave to the world the positive assurance of immortality and spirit return founded upon a careful and critical examination into the claims of mediumship; a philosophy that brought a new meaning and significance to life; and a religion that most fully supplies every demand of man's spiritual nature. Such a foundation do we find in the writings of Davis, Britten, Finney, Wm. Denton and Emma Hardinge Britten, Mrs. Maria W. King and others. These were all not only intellectual giants but also seers and prophets who caught the inner meaning of things. Here stands revealed not only the unspeakable beauty of all things but also the divine unity.

Well may we pause and view with pride our past history, and loiter at the fountains where drank so many of the sages who have transmitted to us teachings of transcendent beauty. I love to return again and again to these springs in which I find the source of these great streams of thought known by the names of the varied cults that flow on and on through the great literary circles of the world, whose wisecracks are all unmindful of their humble origin.

This anniversary is one of peculiar interest to us not only on account of the labors and efforts of the past it seeks to emphasize, but also because of the many problems confronting us demanding our solution. Ours is a steady march from one victory to another up to a certain point in our history. At that time it would almost seem as though we became drunk with our successes. Our failures

Review of The Field.

20 Tremont St., Friday, April 12.—The regular meeting of the First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society was held as usual. The evening meeting was given over to the mediums and a social time enjoyed. April 19 a grand opening was held at our new headquarters, Investigator Hall, 9 Appleton St.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum that meets every Sunday in Palace Hall at 1:30 p. m., is increasing in numbers every session. The season now drawing to close has been the best since it has been organized. New members and workers are becoming very much interested in the work of the school. We have had during the season many interesting talks to the children from some of our best speakers and mediums. The subjects that have been given have attracted much attention both inside and outside the Lyceum. Sunday, April 7, the talk was on "Spirit Photography," and April 14 on "State Writing." Many photographs and slates were exhibited. May 20th will be celebrated as memorial day, and a fine program is being prepared by the committee in charge. Mrs. C. Fannie Allen is arranging a special feature to that effect. Prof. J. W. Manard, the blind pianist, will be present and favor the school with some fine music. Several speakers, musicians and mediums will be invited to take part. We invite the members of the G. A. R. to attend in uniform. A full program will appear in this paper. J. Brown Hatch, Jr., conductor.

Dwight Hall, Thursday, April 11.—The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society held the usual weekly meetings, the president, Mrs. I. P. A. Whitlock in the chair. Supper was served at 6:30 p. m. to a large number, the officers of the Berkeley Hall Society being present as guests of the evening. Evening meeting at 8 p. m. Remarks from Mrs. Allen, president of the society. Miss Orissa Smith, poem; Mrs. Shirley, poem; Mrs. Porter, secy of society, remarks; Miss Ella Robbins, song; Mrs. F. A. Wiggin, remarks, followed by Mr. Libbey; Dr. Dean Clarke remarks and a poem; Mrs. Hattie Mason a few words. The meeting closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

Sunday, April 14, the Lyceum opened as usual, all of the officers in their places. After the march the audience were entertained with recitations, music and songs by the following scholars: Recitations by Baby Embury, Baby Lamont, Ella Adams and Clifford Lamont; songs by Clara Weston, Esther Botta, piano solo, Rebecca Goodlett, duet by Annie and Ethel King; duet by Dr. Hale and Mrs. Stillings; remarks by Mr. Leslie, S. E. Jones, Secy.

Fitchburg, Mass.—There was a large attendance at both services of the First Spiritualist Society, April 14. Mrs. C. Fannie Allen of Stoughton was the speaker. The subjects for the addresses were taken from the audience, and were presented in her usual interesting and eloquent manner, followed by many satisfactory mental readings. The piano selections by Miss Howe were finely rendered. Dr. C. L. Fox, President.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid of Stoughton held its annual dance in the A. M. Hall on Thursday, April 11, there being a fair attendance. Our next meeting will be held on Thursday, April 25, when Mrs. Dr. Caird of Lynn will give automatic messages. Friends are cordially welcomed. Mrs. James Robertson, Secy, Reading, Mass.

People's Progressive Spiritual Association of Brockton had their speaker March 21st, Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, who was at her best both in lecture and poems. April 7, Mr. W. F. Barker of Boston served the society. Mrs. Barker was also present and many messages were given. April 14, Mrs. Nettie H. Harding occupied the platform and gave an interesting address, and a very large number of tests all being recognized. Wednesday, April 17, the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists held a convention with the local society in Harmony Hall, 25 Centre St. A large number of very able speakers and mediums were present. J. B. Hastings, Secy, 55 Elm Hill Ave.

At the Woman's Progressive Union, Brooklyn, Sunday, April 14, Mrs. Lease spoke to large and intelligent audiences at both sessions. Subject in the afternoon, "The Poet and the Toiler," was well received and beautifully illustrated. At the evening meeting, "Marriage and Motherhood" was her theme, and round after round of applause greeted her as she portrayed the misery and degradation of an unhappy marriage and the "Multiplication of the Unfit." Mrs. Lease is noted for her oratory and was at her best. We bespeak for her great success in the grand good work she is doing for humanity. Mrs. N. B. Reeves.

The Malden Successive Spiritualists, at their meeting Sunday, April 7th, 76 Pleasant St., Masonic Building, held regular religious service, conducted by Mr. Milton. Mrs. Dr. Caird of Lynn and Mrs. Bird of Boston gave messages to an appreciative and good sized audience. Sunday evening, April 14, Mrs. Hattie J. Webster was speaker and test medium. J. R. Snow.

Brooklyn, New York.—Miss Chapin, the Blind Medium, was given a testimonial at 237 Duane Street, April 13, by her friends and patrons. The affair proved a success, artistically and financially. Miss Chapin sang two of her sweetest inspirational songs; and students of the School of Acting and Music, under the reading and "Little Medium" Harry Astin held his own at the piano; Medium Merly made appropriate remarks, and Miss Chapin gave remarkable messages. Every one went away well satisfied and promising Miss Chapin a better attendance than ever at her Saturday conference.

N. B. The beautiful Anniversary Banner was on sale and many comments were heard about it. All admired the title page design of our chosen emblem—the sunflower.

Providence Spiritualist Association.—Sunday, April 7, we had Dr. G. A. Fuller, who delivered two very able lectures, which were listened to with the closest attention. April 14, we had a medium's meeting. The Rev. W. G. Constock made a few remarks which were of a very high order. D. F. Bampton, Secy.

Christ's First Spiritual Church, Hartford, Conn.—Meetings today evening at 7:30 in Temple of Honor Hall, 200 Asylum St. Madame Haven, Conductor. Good music, under leadership of Miss Gertrude C. Laidlaw, soprano. April 14, half hour song service; invocation, Madame Haven; Scripture reading, interspersed with remarks, by Mr. John A. Decker, chaplain; address by Mr. E. B. Barker, subject, "If Life is Worth Living." Messages, Madame Haven.

Hartford, Conn.—April 4th, Mother Barker's 79th birthday was celebrated with gifts and flowers from relatives and friends; it was a pleasant occasion to her. A birthday poem was recited by Mrs. Milligan; speeches by Mrs. Storrs; tests by Miss Deed. After collation all joined in wishing the Mother in Israel many happy returns of the day.

Sunday, April 7, commemorative service of the opening of their home for spiritual meetings by Mr. and Mrs. Storrs for the six years at their home in Hartford, was held by these faithful workers for the Cause of truth and progression and many have found peace and comfort through the ministering angels of light and life of Mrs. Storrs. Mrs. M. V. Lincoln.

For General Debility

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. W. L. Severance, Greenfield, Mass., says: "For years I have prescribed it in general debility, nervous exhaustion and insomnia, with the happiest results."

Anniversary, Hartford, Conn.

The fifty-third anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Storrs, Sunday, March 11. Music by Messrs. Weeks and Bartlett; opening remarks by Mrs. Storrs; a poem recited to Boston at the forty-third anniversary was read by Mrs. M. V. Lincoln; remarks by Mr. Bartlett, Mrs. Patterson, Miss Keweenaw; messages by Mrs. Dore, The evening service opened with song by Mrs. Weeks and Mrs. Milligan; address by Mr. Kingsley; messages by our friend "Pat"—Mrs. M. V. Lincoln.

Life Saved by Swamp Root.

The Wonderful New Discovery in Medical Science.

Sample Bottle Sent FREE by Mail.

Swamp-Root, discovered by the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, is wonderfully successful in promptly curing kidney, bladder and uric acid troubles.

Some of the early symptoms of weak kidneys are pain or dull ache in the back, rheumatism, dizziness, headache, nervousness, catarrh of the bladder, gravel or calculi, bloating, yellow complexion, puffiness or circles under the eyes, suppression of urine, or compelled to pass water often day and night.

Albin, Miss, April 11, 1901.—We have had Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing with us since the 23d of March. She is doing good work wherever she goes and making friends. Our philosophy is better than our church people anticipated, and as Mrs. Twing does not carry a fire brand and antagonize the church people, even the ministers are coming to hear her. They know too little of us to open their churches for our services, yet Mrs. Twing is doing much good; she reaches the hearts of the people and they go away after hearing her, better in thought! At many places, she is the first to present continuity of life and communion of the two worlds. The South needs missionaries; our people are warm-hearted and only need the friendly presentation of thought, if new, to consider it. Jerry Robinson.

The Spiritual and Ethical Society of New York

Celebrated the fifty-third anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, April 7th. A most pleasing entertainment was given, which, being very long, cannot be reported in full. The principal speaker of the day, was Mr. Henry Frank, who gave a very happy speech on a subject given by the audience, "The Resurrection." His thought of the meaning of the word, was exactly in accord with the teachings of our glorious philosophy. Without knowing it, Mr. Frank is a true Spiritualist. All of our people were delighted with him, and no one had any fault to find with what he said.

The violin playing of Mr. Herwege Von Ende charmed the audience. He is a master of his instrument and tears of delight seemed ready to flow from all eyes, at the sound of the sweet soul-music. One number on the program that was received with great pleasure and applause, was a recitation by our youngest member, Neil Burgess, Jr., aged eight years; his father, the well-known comedian, and his mother being members also, of our society. The little fellow shows great talent, evidently inherited from his father and mother.

Other excellent numbers were the recitations of our friend, Mr. Throckmorton, singing by Miss Luneshoss and Mr. Scharf, addresses by Mr. Rose and Miss Cushman. The Misses Sage and Hills played well.

Mrs. Brigham, our dear speaker and teacher, improvised poems of merit and the audience seemed to like my own song: "The obligato," on the violin

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, located at 204 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass., is now offering a complete assortment of books, pamphlets, and periodicals at very low prices. The following are some of the books now in stock:

THE CASE OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT. A book by the author of "The Banner of Light," which has been published in many languages and is now being translated into French, German, and Italian. It is a book of great interest and value, and is now being offered at a special price of \$1.00 per copy.

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masters, instead of being slaves to our own passions, prejudices, and mental misapprehensions, let the Spiritualists come together as an army of progress, and march to the music of soul-enlightenment for the pleasure of altruistic endeavor. Let us meet combination with combination, provided ours be the combination of the sweetest, holiest and truest of soul emanations.

Material wealth is as ephemeral as the snowflakes, and so are all material combinations that ever have been or ever will be made. By forming spiritual essences into one grand whole, the attempts to overreach the weak on the part of the strong can be overcome. By putting forth the all-potent thought that Right will surely triumph, victory for spirituality is already more than half won. By combining the highest expressions of soul-endeavor the powers of darkness will be defeated by and through the flashes of truth's rays athwart their pathways. By combining our noblest spiritual efforts, the world can be led to recognize the realities of the soul, and turned away from the glare and glitter of seeming material splendor. By a union of spiritual forces, all organizations of capital and labor, physical and credul, can and will be spiritualized and a true civilization for all mankind established on earth. Spiritualists, let us work together to establish the great Steel Trust of Spirituality, through which salaries of greater worth than a paltry million dollars per year will be paid to all of the children of men. Through such a Trust salaries of Love, Honesty, Truthfulness, Kindness, Justice and Mercy will be paid daily to every child of God, and the sun of Altruism will shine in glory over a spiritually redeemed and emancipated humanity. Spiritualists, will you do your part in this great work, or will you leave it for others and thus miss your one chance to prove that you have made the world better for your having lived in it? The choice is yours; make it and abide by it.

Human Rights.

The rights of men have become so few in number that a person frequently has to pause to think before he acts in even the simplest of matters, lest he may break the law. Judge Pennypacker's decision has refastened an obsolete Sunday law two hundred years old upon the people of Pennsylvania. The same may be true of other states. It has even come to the pass that a man must be cautious about criticizing the most unjust rulings of a Judge, lest he be sent to prison under an injunction. Many other legal points can be cited to show that the liberties of mankind are being ruthlessly invaded. Tyrannical medical laws, vaccination horrors enforced by brute strength, and other flagrant outrages might be instanced in support of the above proposition. But the rights of men in regard to life, health and liberty are not the only ones that are being invaded. His right to breathe fresh air is now denied him, and he has no redress in the courts or anywhere else.

Let a respectable man or woman walk on the streets of the average large city. Soot, smoke and dust are inhaled with every breath he draws. If he escapes from these three evils, he receives the smoke from an odorous pipe, or a vile cigar that extends into the air a few inches from the mouth of a biped who sucks away at it as he once did at a rag wrapped around a tablespoonful of sugar. Enter the dining rooms of the most fashionable hotels, run upon the European plan, also the best equipped restaurants, and here the civilized man finds the cigar and its contaminating odors awaiting him. Go into the waiting rooms of all hotels and clouds of smoke befall the air to the disgust of every sensitive, and to the detriment of the health of every man in the room. The smokers now have no respect for the ladies in the dining rooms, nor for the stenographers in the waiting rooms, nor for the health of the invalids, or semi-invalids, who patronize these hostilities. On the street, no one is now safe from the pipe and cigar, while the sputa from both as well as from the chewing of tobacco, makes the sidewalk anything but wholesome for a cleanly person.

What right have these smokers to thus vitiate the air? The right of custom as well as the sanction of society, to say nothing of the privileges granted by the hotel and restaurant keepers, and the officials of the city. A man has a perfect right to smoke on the street if he wishes to make a stove pipe of himself. If the non-smoker does not like it, then let him keep off from the street. A man has a right to smoke in a hotel dining room, provided the rules of the house do not forbid, even though every guest in the room is outraged by his action. A man has a perfect right to smoke in the parlor of any lady when she gives him permission, even though the atmosphere is polluted thereby for every inmate of the house. A man presumably feels that he has a right to expectorate upon the floor of street car, depot, waiting room, or sidewalk, even though the ladies in whose presence he does this, strenuously object to it. Their skirts sweep up his filth, their garments are soiled, and their health possibly injured by his indecent course. What is all this to him? He is acting within his "rights," and he brazenly dares anyone to interfere. A woman scrubs the walk before her door until it is scrupulously clean. Along comes a specimen of manhood who deliberately throws upon the walk a quantity of tobacco juice, or sputum of a far more dangerous character. Yet he has a right to do this!

It is not enough to say that there are ordinances against spitting. Those ordinances are not enforced, and policemen conveniently look the other way when they see the offense committed. There is another class of spitters to whom we must refer. They are the consumptives who are frequently seen upon the streets of all cities and towns. They deserve all of the sympathy and kindness that can be given them, but they should be taught to refrain from expectorating upon the streets. They have as much right to do so as have the tobacco chewers, but within their sputa lurk

the germs of disease that is most baneful in its effects upon the health of their fellowmen. Let them walk or ride abroad as much as they please, but give them something into which they can expectorate the bacteria that come from their lungs. This will hold good with regard to many other diseases, but they all testify to the general disregard that is now paid to the rights of human beings to fresh air, sound health, and happy lives. We have no desire to circumscribe the liberty of any individual, yet we hold that true freedom is only found in conserving the rights of one individual as if they were the rights of all.

But the question of the smoker is one far more difficult to settle. So long as delicate, sensitive and refined women declare that they love the odor of a good cigar, so long as they welcome the caresses and scent the breaths of tobacco-pickled men, just so long will the rights of human beings continue to be invaded in this way. It is beyond the comprehension of a rational mind how any cleanly, delicate woman can welcome the odors of a pipe or cigar, or sleep in the arms of one who is reeking with the odors of tobacco and whiskey. So long as women gladly do these things, just so long will the appetite for whiskey and tobacco continue to be born with the children of each succeeding generation. "Good men smoke," is asserted as an answer to the above arguments. Granted; good women smoke and drink, but does that fact warrant all human beings in doing the same thing? Is a man a truly good man who can and does deliberately befall the air his friends must breathe? Why does a good man smoke? For his health? Nonsense! Because of a fixed habit? Yes, frequently, but more often because the appetite was given him by his mother who loved the odor of a good cigar, or by his father who was steeped in tobacco when he was begotten.

If there must be smokers among men, then there should be some limit placed upon their actions. Let them be prohibited from smoking on the streets, in the parlors of private houses, in hotels, restaurants, reading and writing rooms, in sleeping cars, and public places, and be confined to certain infected places. Let them be given one large room in a hotel, without a particle of ventilation, save the door by which they enter, said door to open from the ceiling, and the ceiling to be the roof of the building itself. Let one house or perhaps two be erected in each city, where these smokers can congregate and saturate themselves with smoke to their hearts' content. These houses, however, should be in secluded places, and be erected in such a way as to force the smoke upward into the sky, and not outward to pollute the atmosphere that respectable people must breathe. Right is right in all respects, and we would not deprive these people of their right to smoke, but we would protect the rights of those who are decent enough not to do so. If women love smoke, let them go where they can get it, but cease to become mothers when they thus debase themselves. Unpalatable as the fact may be, upon the women, in a large measure, rests the responsibility for the evils of smoking and its concomitants. When women respect themselves enough to decline the company, the caresses, and to bear the children of these men above mentioned, the evils they are now committing will soon be eradicated.

Modern Warfare.

We touch this subject with extreme reticence, and were it not for the fact that the Boston Herald has seen fit in its issue of March 21 to consider it at length, we should pass the matter over in silence, although we feel most deeply upon the question. The Herald is a journal of great influence, and is inclined to be conservative in utterances. It has been an ardent advocate of national expansion, and has stood resolutely by President McKinley's policy in the Philippine Islands. Its editorial utterances have never been such as to cause the charge of being all things to all men to be laid to its door. Its convictions have been fearlessly expressed, and it certainly takes first place in regard to ability in the composition of its editorial page. It seldom speaks unless it has strong evidence upon which to base an opinion, hence its statements carry weight in the public mind whenever they are read.

In view of the foregoing facts, the long editorial on the present war in the Philippines is of great importance. Our comments are based upon the Herald's statements, and our readers who believe in the righteousness and justice of America's contest in the Philippines are respectfully referred to the Herald for its proof of its statements. The Herald declares, and addresses written testimony to prove its assertions, that the American soldiers are engaged in the high and noble calling of shooting down the Filipinos like grouse at the command of the United States Government. The Herald further states that these same soldiers, when desirous of securing information from the Filipino leaders, regarding the so-called insurrection, resort to methods that are to say the least very "highly civilized." (7) They seize a Filipino official, hold him down, and then administer the "water cure." This "cure" (7) was never excelled by Toque-mada in palmist days. They pour a large stream of water into the unfortunate man's mouth, while a soldier presses his knees upon the man's stomach and chest, to keep him from drowning. The man's body is kneaded, churned, thumped and otherwise roughly handled until a confession (7) is extorted from him, with regard to matters pertaining to "pacification" of the islands. The Herald also says that the soldiers in the Philippines declare that the only good Filipinos are dead ones, and act accordingly.

These are strange statements to emanate from a staunch supporter of the war in the Eastern Archipelago. Had they been published in any religious paper, or anti-imperialist journal, a howl of derision would have arisen, and very little attention would have been paid to them. As it now is, the remarks of the Herald have double weight,

and indicate that the actions of the representatives of our nation, in their Christian efforts to "benevolently assimilate" a people whom we should protect in the enjoyment of their liberties, have become too scandalous to be longer ignored. These methods of dealing with enemies in war belong to the age of mediæval barbarism, admitting for a moment that war is ever justifiable. If members of the several Christian sects believe in treating their fellow Christians, for the Filipinos are Christians, in this barbarous manner, then they must face their own consciences in the matter. If Spiritualists believe in it, acquiesce in it, or tacitly endorse it, then we must confess that we do not believe their Spiritualism has penetrated very deeply into their souls. We have no further comments to make upon the Herald's words and leave the matter for action on the part of each individual Spiritualist. Is such warfare honorable and Spiritual?

Civilization.

"Nineteen centuries of Christian civilization have produced the tramp, the thirty-inch gun and John D. Rockefeller" was the remark of a brassy ex-Congressman to a body of reformers in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, recently. "The tramp and Rockefeller are the antitheses resultant from Christian economic conditions, while the gun is the instrument that both these gentlemen look to for protection of their liberties. Strange, is it not, that implements of destruction are so popular, while implements to educate the unborn masses are so unpopular? It costs fifty thousand dollars to manufacture one of our largest guns, and eight hundred dollars for every shot it fires. Fifty thousand dollars would build a commodious, well-equipped, twelve-room school house, in which children can be taught the blessings of liberty under the flag of peace and love. Eight hundred dollars will pay the salary of the average school teacher for ten months, yet the Christian people of this nation prefer to spend money to make big guns and to fire them, that civilization may be shot into other Christians, than they do to spend their money in educating the coming citizens of the nation, under competent instructors in decent school houses."

These forceful words of the Wisconsin statesman are fraught with deep meaning to every Spiritualist. He has put into plain terms the exact condition of things in the world today, and thereby shows the necessity for a higher civilization for mankind. Who shall lead in the great work of introducing this advanced civilization, if it is not the Spiritualists? Have we, as a body, by our fruits, shown ourselves to be competent leaders and teachers? Have we so far outgrown our love for war and conquest that we would do everything in our power to put a stop to the manufacture of implements of destruction? By no means; there are Spiritualists who hold that war is a blessing, and deserves fostering. They will even denounce the angels in heaven for teaching otherwise, and will sacrifice Spiritualism as an institution rather than advance one step toward mental and spiritual freedom. What can Spiritualists do to create a better state of things? They can cease their internecine quarrels, give up their petty envies, jealousies and spites, and work together in a spirit of consecrated devotion, for the good of their fellowmen. They can put into practice the ethics of the angels, and find their greatest joy in living and doing for others. When men live "all for each and each for all," we shall have plenty of school houses in all sections of our nation. The cost of discharging a big gun will be turned into the noble work of providing food for the hungry and employment for the unemployed. Altruism is the name of the new gospel, and Christianity will have to give way to its greater, its purer and its true civilization. Spiritualists, will you help in this good work?

Detroit and New York City.

These great cities are soon to be the centres of grand Spiritualist revivals, under the leadership of the N. S. A. Detroit leads with a grand mass convention April 26, 27, 28, and New York will follow with one of equal moment on May 1, 2, 3. Such gatherings have become a distinctive feature of spiritualistic propaganda, and are doing a great deal of good in the way of awakening an interest in Spiritualism, to say nothing of the help they give to local societies in the way of additions to their membership. These mass meetings in the cities named close the series for the present season, but will give way to the regular annual conventions in the several States, for the election of State officers and delegates to the National Convention in Washington. We trust that our readers in Michigan and New York will remember the dates of the conventions in their respective States, and attend them en masse. Let thousands be present, and prove to our opponents that Spiritualists are at last ready and willing to defend their religion. "In union there is strength," and union was never needed so much as it is today. Spiritualists of America, will you rally to the support of the principles you profess? If so, now is the time to do it. Your liberties are endangered, yet you remain inactive. Arouse yourselves, and tell the world that you purpose remaining free.

"I Am a Spiritualist."

Under this caption, that veteran worker for our beloved Cause, Dr. J. M. Peebles, utters some very truthful words in the last number of his excellent journal, "The Temple of Health." As a matter of fact, whatever Dr. Peebles has to say, is always worth reading, because he speaks to the point, and never leaves any one in doubt as to his meaning. He shows the after-dark-Spiritualists, the camp-meeting-Spiritualists, and the church-supporting-Spiritualists, just how cowardly and small they really are in their actions, and places them in a position to see themselves as others see them. The doctor claims that it is a mark of honor to be known as a Spiritualist, and has no re-

spect for any person who offers an apology for believing in Spiritualism. His vigorous remarks were called forth by the religious census of Philadelphia, through which it was found that only one hundred and three persons had the courage to say that they were Spiritualists. Just why a person should find it difficult to admit that he is a Spiritualist in public, as well as in private, is and always has been a mystery to us. A Spiritualist is a spiritual man or woman, honest, sober, truthful and industrious. "A person must be all of these things in order to claim to be a Spiritualist." Very true; but if a man or woman is a true Spiritualist at heart, all of these virtues will be their soul-vestments without any ostentatious display of them on their own parts. When Spiritualists live their Spiritualism, they will never be ashamed to say that they are Spiritualists, nor will they be one thing by profession and its opposite by action. Let us have more courage, devotion, and frankness on the part of Spiritualists, and our Cause will prosper as never before.

"A blooming maiden once was taken captive by a cruel giant by the name of Hate. He bound her fast, and when she would not yield to his power, he smote her with the sharp weapon of Suspicion, and cut her head from her shoulders. As her head fell at his feet she opened her eyes of limpid blue and sweetly smiled. As he turned away from the spot, an angel clad in garments of purest white stood before him. Much he marvelled, for it was the maiden whom he thought he had slain. "Who are you?" he cried in loud, affrighted tones. "I am Love," replied the angel, "the conqueror of Death and the grave and here I am to save thee from thyself. Be thou at peace with thyself, and come with me, and I will give thee rest." The giant bowed his head, then turned and followed where she led. Thus Hate yielded to the power of Love, and she was once more a victor. Which of these dost thou prefer to entertain, O Spiritualist, Hate that kills or Love that gives Eternal Life?"

"Wisconsin Spiritualists held their second annual convention in Milwaukee, April 16, 17, 18. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Mrs. Clara L. Stewart, Fond du Lac, president; Mrs. C. McFarlin and J. C. Bump, Milwaukee, vice-presidents; Mrs. N. K. Baker, Portage, secretary; W. Mason, Fond du Lac, treasurer; J. C. Lowell, Fond du Lac, Mrs. Frances Wheeler, Madison, Joseph P. Francois, Green Bay, and N. P. Nundson, West Superior, trustees. A more extended report will be given later.

"The Osteopaths of Wisconsin have affected a compromise with the physicians of the old schools, whereby they are given one member of the Board of Registration in Medicine, in exchange for the withdrawal of their opposition to the medical bill now before the Legislature. Thus is principle satisfied when selfishness decides that money and position are worth more than justice and right. The medicals have won in Wisconsin, and are likely to carry a high hand there.

"Moses Hull was asked by a member of the New York Legislature if he would oppose the Wagner Bill, if it were amended so as to exclude magnetic healers and clairvoyants from its provisions. "Yes sir," was that noble patriot's reply; "I oppose that bill on PRINCIPLE, and not for selfish gain to any one." "Well," said the legislator, "you are the only one thus far whom I have found that takes that position." The Christian Scientists, Osteopaths and other irregular schools have stated that they would not care if the bill did pass, provided they secured exemption. They were seeking personal advantage—not principle." Comment is unnecessary.

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer in England, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, says his nation is on the verge of financial ruin on account of the Boer war, and its consequent expenses. This little pastime in South Africa has cost the British nation the snug little sum of \$775,000,000 in our currency, and the end is not yet. The Boer picnic is quite an expensive luxury, isn't it?"

"Music is the highest expression of intelligence when poured forth in the melody and harmony of song. Through music infinite intelligence is seeking to educate the children of men to recognize the melody and harmony of Love in the songs of Nature heard only by those who are at peace with themselves.

"The sons and daughters of the living God of Truth are always seeking light and wisdom from any and all sources. They are never content to stay in the valleys when the grand mountains of progress remain unexplored. The true Spiritualist is always climbing higher and higher, striving to become a child of the God of Truth through his own efforts.

"Thrice armed is he who knows his quarrel just." This old saying can be paraphrased by Spiritualists to read, "He is triply strong who knows the justice of his cause." As Spiritualism stands for equal rights for all mankind, it makes triply strong for the right every person who embraces it.

"Knowledge is proud that she knows so much, while Wisdom is humble that she knows no more." Which of these twain are you, O Reader? The true Spiritualist seeks wisdom always, and makes knowledge his servant in his quest.

"The best of a gift is the giving." Such being the case, should not each mortal seek to give of his or her best to humanity that that best may return to him in rich, full measure in the joys of the spirit. The angels so loved their brethren on earth that they gave to them their most precious gift, namely, spirit return. Are we giving anything in return for their goodness unto us? We can do so by living right and doing right thereby setting a noble example for our fellow men.

SPIRIT Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. MINNIE H. 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 March 23, 1901, S. E. 53.

MESSAGES.

Emma Connors.

The first spirit who comes to me this morning is a girl about eighteen years old. She is very delicate and slight. Her eyes are blue, her face is pale and thin; her hair is brown but it looks sick like the rest of her as if all the life had gone out of it and she coughs constantly as she comes up to me. It takes every bit of energy that she has to speak definitely. She says, "So long I have waited to come, it seemed as if I never could get here and be strong enough to express myself, but this morning I have been helped and it is so good to stand here with those about me who are willing to aid me to get to my own people. I came a long way, from Leadville, Colo., and my name is Emma Connors. I am so glad that it is true that I can see my people and send a word to them. I didn't know a single thing about this and you can't imagine what it is to want to live so much and struggle and struggle to live and then finally to come over into the other life and find it so real and so sweet. Oh, sometimes when I see my mother sitting and crying over me and wondering if it is possible for me to have any knowledge of her life I just yearn to speak to her so loudly that she will hear above all the tumult of her own feelings, my expression of love to her. Her name is Annie and my father's name is James and I want them to understand that I know how hard it was not only for them to part with me but to do all they did for me. I didn't realize what a burden my sickness was until I came over here and now I can see that the expense of it and the care and all, made heavy burdens for them but perhaps I will be able to help now and then and surely when they open their eyes to receive me or even if they never do and it is only when they come over here to me, I shall be able to give them comfort and take care of them. I am not unhappy, only anxious and I thank you so much for giving me this opportunity."

Tina Harvey.

The next spirit that comes to me is a girl about fifteen. She has dark eyes and hair and she is plump—just as plump as she can be. She has the brightest little way and jumps around as though she was full of life and animation. She says, "Oh, I don't mind coming at all. It seems just as natural for me to come as it would to take a trip to see my grandmother if I were still in the body. My name is Tina Harvey and I used to live in Buffalo, N. Y. I have a great many friends there today. I was interested in music and had a natural taste for it so that when I come back to my friends and say I go to every concert and every place where I hear music just as I used to when I was here, my friends will know that of all the music I liked, bands pleased me most. Band concerts of every kind I always went to, I can't say that I expected to come here for I really planned for, oh, so many years ahead in my life, but when I did come I thought it wasn't much use to fuss over it but rather to take it naturally and make the best of things. My mother is with me. She died long before I did and when I came over here and found her, I can tell you that it was pretty good to have her. I always used to wish for her and yet nobody ever gave me credit for caring a bit whether I had her or not. My father is alive and we both—my mother and I—want to get to him and help him about his affairs. He needs it very much. His name is Will and he gets pretty discouraged over the way things are going but I don't see any need of that. I think things look a good deal brighter for him this spring than they did last and I wish so much that he would just give us an opportunity to come and speak to him personally, I am sure we could do some things to help him. That is all, thank you."

Charles Cunningham.

Now I see a man. I should think he was about forty years old. He is very tall and not very stout; his eyes are deep blue and his lashes and brows are dark as is his hair, and he has a full dark beard. He comes with distress pictured in his face. It is more as though it was the last condition of life when he faced death and it seemed that he could not be spared for this man left a family in earth life and it is to them that he desires to put out his hand and to express his thought. He says, "If you please, my name is Charles Cunningham and I lived in Cambridge, Mass., and oh, I do want to return and give something like positive proof of my continued existence. I have not the least desire to take up any business condition or to carry on the affairs of my people. I only want them to be assured of this fact,

that I live and am conscious. I know when they are assured of this they will know the rest will be done as far as I am able. I want to get to Mary, I want her to understand that many times the headache that is hers is my influence, and that I am then struggling to make her conscious of my presence. I have my father with me; he came since I did; it was a pleasure to me to be able to tell him about the things I had learned and to help him. My mother, my sister and my wife are alive and need us more than I can tell."

Freddie Stevens.

The next spirit is a boy, perhaps fourteen years old. He is quite fair. His hair is almost gold, his eyes are blue and he has a pretty round face and he looks more like a girl and acts more like one than he does like a boy. He was a boy of studious habits, stayed indoors and never cared for sports that boys usually are fond of. He says, "My name is Freddie Stevens, and I used to live in Utica, N. Y., and oh, I do feel like the spirit who came before me, that it is only for love of those who are left that I come. My grandma comes with me and she says that if we could only get a word to my mother whose name is Frances, that it would be a great help to the rest on both sides of life, the spirit and the mortal. I have a little sister over here and she was only a baby when she came, but she is growing now and she goes to the home very often. My books and many of the things I used are still where they were when I left them and my dog is alive; my mother when she looks at him often wonders if he misses me. I was there the other day when the Sunday school teacher called and I want mamma to know that I know what she said, 'That if ever a little boy went to heaven, I did.' I wanted to speak right out then and say I wasn't in heaven, I was there with them. I suppose they have to say that, they don't know what else to say, but it seemed to me that if they would only try to find out where we were instead of guessing that we had gone to heaven, it would be much better for them and they would know a little more than they do now. It isn't of much use though to try to make them find out till they get ready, because they have an idea that God doesn't want them to. If they only knew it, God wants them to find out all they can. At least, that is what my grandmother says."

Blanche Damon.

Now I see the spirit of a woman about twenty-five years old. She is dark, very stylish and rather imperious looking. She is slight and walks in here with the grace of a queen. She looks first at one and then another in the circle and sweeps around as if she expected different things when she came. All at once she puts her hands up to her face and begins to sob as though she had hoped to find some one here whom she knew. Her hands are covered with rings; she was fond of them, fond of all things that money will buy. That made it much harder for her to come to the spirit and she says, "My name is Blanche Damon and I lived in Cincinnati. I had never been east and it seems strange to come here today to give my message but I came, being attracted by some spirits who were coming this way. Oh, how I want to get to George! I want him to see if he can't make it easy for me to come. I went away so suddenly that it was a shock to him as well as to me. He doesn't talk much about it but I can feel his grief. I want him to understand that I don't blame him for anything that has happened. I am afraid that I was too much interested in my own affairs and my own life to do the best things for everybody but I am trying to learn better. You see it is hard for one who was brought up all alone to be unselfish and while I did not mean to demand much, I am sure I did. Tell George, too, that I have seen Frank and that Frank says he will take care of me as well as he can and if there is anything that he can do to help him he will do it, and too I want to say this, that I don't like what the family have done but there is nothing to do but to bear it. It is their way and they thought they had a right."

Thomas Cotton.

There is a man comes right here now. He is short and stout and gray. He is the jolliest old man you would want to see. He is not so very old either he says, because he was able to tend to business up to the last of his life. His name is Thomas Cotton and he lived in Farmington, N. H. He says, "I have been quite a long while since I came over here but at the same time I am just as much interested as if I had just gone off. It is a funny thing when you think of it, how the door swings open and you rush into spirit life. Now for my part, when I went I never expected to. The first thing I knew somebody tapped at my door and I went over to spirit land. I want to say that Hannah is with me and she is just as fussy as she ever was. Everything has got to be done up in apple-pie order right on the dot and it is awfully provoking sometimes when your are in a hurry, then you must wipe your feet before you can walk across the kitchen floor to get a pail of water. Tell Martha that we will help her as we can, but it is not much because there is not a very steady string for us to travel back and forth on. Things have changed since we came over but still there is a familiarity about the place and the conditions that make it easy to trace our way."

Lizzie Reynolds.

I see the spirit of a woman. The first thing she says is, "My name is Lizzie Reynolds, and I came from Buffalo, N. Y. I certainly don't come to give you any thought of what I believe or don't believe, but through my anxiety to get to my children. Oh, the mothers in spirit life, how they yearn to reach their own! As I come today I feel such an outreaching of my love and tenderness toward the little ones I left. I want to get to Marjorie and to Fred and

I want them to feel that their mother is with them. Every night since I have been gone, I have been with them when they went to bed and watched over them, and have seen tears in their eyes or smiles on their lips and have been happy or sad as they were. I suppose by and by I will grow weary used to it and will be better able to help them but now my heart aches and I just yearn to take them with me. I can't do this and I would not dare if I could, but I wish so much that they could be taught about me and could know that I do love them and yearn to get to them. If Charles could only realize that I am as much alive today as ever, he would not do as he does. He would certainly open the door for me but he just tries to shut it up because he cannot understand it. I hope this word will reach them and that they will know how glad I am that I can at least see them and know what is going on. I wish I could give the word to them as I would like to."

James Murphy.

The next spirit that comes is a young man. He is shaking and trembling, so agitated is he in coming. His name is James Murphy; he lived in Springfield, Mass. When he went to the spirit he went out quickly, so quickly that he didn't have a chance to say good-bye. He says, "Oh, you don't know what it is to take such a journey and have no chance to plan or say a word. How I want to get to my mother! How I want her to know that I am with her! Her name is Margaret and I want to send this word to her as definitely as I can, that I know and am helping her. Tell her, too, I am glad that something was done right after I came, which helped her a little financially. She will know what I mean and tell her to stop church prayers outside and give me one or two in the home; to think of me there and it will give me more strength. I can't go to the church with her. I don't feel at home there, but back in the old kitchen, I could sit and talk with her by the hour and if she will only sit for me, I will try and come to her. Thank you."

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY ONE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I received today a very interesting letter from a young lady in the southern part of the State. She resides with her mother on a fine farm, her father being away from home most of the time on business.

The letter referred to other matters, and in the course of it, she mentions that they are vegetarians, and says that they eat peas, beans, lentils, macaroni, potatoes, rice, unfermented bread, vegetables, fruits, and fresh eggs which their own hens furnish them, and plenty of milk from their cow. She says that her mother arranges their meals so that they combine all the necessary properties as much as possible. She concludes the letter with an invitation for me to visit them this summer, when I make my long-promised visit to a dear Philadelphia friend, who spends the warm months about two miles from them, on the shore of a pretty lake.

This will be a pleasant outing for me, and will not interfere with correspondence and the Banner work. The fact that my brother can take charge of my home during my absence makes this summer a favorable time for me to be away. In the autumn he expects to go to a National Home for soldiers in the South, which will agree better with his health. So, Mr. Editor, I shall make no garden this summer, for after wooing my lovely floral friends out of the ground, and giving them the tenderest care, it would be cruel to go away and leave them to be choked by weeds, and to hang their heads in thirst, wondering why their guardian angel does not bring them water.

As the sun comes further north, bringing the long days of June and filling the air with life, it will be difficult to resist the temptation to enter on garden work. But perhaps the soil will do all the better for a rest, and I will look forward to the flower-beds of 1902.

Frequent letters come from Florida, stating that my brother, Dr. Boardman and his wife, have been spending the winter in that lovely region in a very enfeebled condition. The palm-beaches, the pines, the long, drooping mosses, and the bright moon-lit nights satisfy one's sense of beauty, but the dampness of the air is bad for weak lungs, rheumatic joints and aching heads; and we have wished many times that they could have been baked again in the sunny glare of wonderful, historic Egypt, as was their choice the previous winter. I long to see them home again this spring, and I hope that a northern latitude will bring some vigor to the frame of my beloved brother. He never complains, but we know well that constant inactivity is hard to bear. The soul is all right; it is the fleshy body that is not at ease. To such a weary one it will indeed be sweet to be within the light of God, as a child rests in the bosom of its mother.

As I think of those who suffer, my mind recurs to Fox-Jencken's wife, who is now to be reckoned with those in pain. Bravely has she borne the brunt of care, and industriously has she worked settling the family in their new quarters. Then physical nature gave way, and organic pain set in. Still I have reason to think that the disease can be corrected by simple appliances, and that we shall soon see her restored to her ordinary health.

As to Ferdinand, it is delightful to see how strong, well and buoyant he is. I saw him all yesterday at their home, and I wish that all the friends who have been so kind in sending me money for them, could see with their own eyes the home which one can now call a comfortable one. That is what a home should be—comfortable. We do not care for luxuries, nor for what is called style. Style is only a relative thing, after all. What would seem stylish and indeed rich to one,

would be sordid to another. The simple shades and muslin curtains, the oil-cloth on all my floors, with pieces of cheap Ingrain carpet plaited bound, here and there, the old lounge draped with awning cloth, and the book-cases covered with cretonne, the little folding bed with its drapery, all of which go to make up my little home, would be called mean and intolerable by those who measure the value of rooms by the money they represent. But it is truly comfortable, and I am thoroughly satisfied with it. Would that every old lady in the land were as well supplied with the means of comfort!

"Oh! when I am safe in my little home, I laugh at the pride of Greece and Rome."

I have one nice bit of furniture in my room. It is a black walnut writing desk, and was bought in Minneapolis, when my seminary moved into new quarters, and I was so situated that I felt well able to pay for a handsome desk. The only trouble is that it is and always has been too small. Still if it were one whit larger, it could not stand between the door and the closet that is filled with the salable books, and it has to stand there, so that the light from the window may fall on my good eye, leaving the had one in the shade.

The Bible praises one who "beareth all things," but there is one thing that it does seem as if I could not bear, and that is a light upon my "Worcester eye."

By the way, I learned something about the appearance of this stricken eye the other day that I did not know before. My brother who lives with me has the true "hunter's eye." That is, he sees everything, and the slightest movement in any object is sure to attract his notice.

We were talking together, I was facing the light, and I was quite excited about something that I had lost, though it was found shortly after. To tell the truth, I had lost Prince Leo, the large, cream-colored dog, who is going next week to the country home in southern New Jersey, spoken of in the early part of this letter (where he will have to live on vegetarian diet, like his new mistress).

Well, my brother and I were talking, when he said: "Why, Abby, how queer your left eye acts!"

I begged him to explain, when he said that while the pupil of the other eye was fully dilated by my excitement, the pupil of my bad eye kept just the same, and looked like a round, black bead, without altering like the other one.

Of course I knew before that its iris was incarcerated, but knew not that it had lost all power of motion.

One often speaks of the pupil of the eye dilating in terror or excitement. On looking over the above, I see that I have said this very thing. But a moment's thought shows that such a statement is erroneous. The pupil does not dilate. It is the iris that dilates or contracts, as light increases or diminishes, and as it does so, one can see more or less of the interior chamber of the eye, which always appears black, no matter what the color of the eye, on account of the black lining of the back of the organ. Nature lined it with black, in order to absorb the superfluous light. The pupil in human beings always looks round, because the hole in the iris is round.

When we look at the eyes of our friends, and note that those of one are as blue as the sky, of another, the fascinating, changeable grey, and of yet another, a dark, honest brown, not one in ten thousand of us thinks of the fact that the iris which gives these varied colors is made of muscular fibre. These fibres must be very small, very elastic, and most curiously intertwined, and wondrously fitted together. Fingers that seem almost miraculous when we compare them with the clumsy ones we work with, put together the tiny threads of every seeing eye in the broad creation.

Geometry, too, ruled the work, for, if it were not so, then the fibres would not so unerringly make a circular opening in the centre, an opening that always preserves its roundness, though the iris, as a whole, contracts and dilates freely with every variation in the amount of light.

Did these marvels work by chance? Is it not rather true that these facts, with myriads more, are the result of intelligent design? And this design is apparent not only in a baby's eye, and in the eyes at which you tenderly gaze, fond lover, but also in the moons of Jupiter, in the splendors of the nebula in Andromeda, and in the mysterious depths of the millions of nebulae that transcend the powers of the largest telescope.

Whether near, or far, there are ever manifest in all creation the ineffaceable traces of intelligent design. We see it in all that comes within our cognizance. And this being so, the same must prevail in the regions beyond human thought, and must doubtless act to infinity.

We can think of time, not only the span of one human life, but of the incalculable eons that make the life of a planet. And having gone so far, we grasp the sublime intuition that time, both past and present, is eternal. We measure the size of our farm, of the country in which we dwell, of the earth itself, of the volume of the solar system, and of the stupendous distance of 61 Cygni. And having done so much, we grasp by the same sublime intuition the notion that space, as well as time, is infinite.

In the same way, as we find proofs of intelligent design in every object on earth, and in all the orbs that come within human ken, so may we, by the same sublime intuition, grasp the notion that this intelligent design prevails endlessly.

The existence of thought gives evidence of a thinker. So, the existence of intelligent design gives evidence of a designer. And when we conclude that this design continues endlessly, we come to an infinite designer, and that is God.

Some will here say, "You cannot prove God. Then why accept a theory that no one can prove?"

We freely grant that no finite mind can prove God. It cannot grasp infinity. If it could, then it would itself be God. But the finite mind can accept a greatness and a power that it cannot see, and can rest in it. It cannot see God, but it can rest in God. It cannot grasp infinite being, but it can be encompassed by it. In this thought may be found consolation, rest, confidence, joy, exultation, and triumph. Infinite life is: then I cannot die. Infinite intelligence exists. Then I can go on developing intelligence forever. Beauty, truth and goodness are infinite. Then I can go on progressing in these qualities forever and forever. I do not remember when I came into individual being, but I am alive now, and can go on forever.

"Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant, barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis naught to me."

Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the wide waste as in the city full,
And where He vital dwells, there must be joy.

When e'en at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to the Spirit-world,

I cheerful will obey; there with new powers,
Will rising wonder sing, 'Where'er I go,
'Tis universal Love that smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression.

But I lose
Myself in him, in light ineffable!
Come, then, expressive silence, muse his praise."

So sang the soulful Thomson after describing the majestic march of earth's seasons. So have written, or said, or thought, the most spiritual, the most progressive, the most inspired souls that have lived a brief life here on earth, and have then passed with glad exultation to brighter regions beyond.

"Weak, timid, frail, yet would my soul,
Fain be to theirs allied!"

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

Arlington, N. J., Apr. 13, 1901.

The Awakening of the Self.

This self is not the little personal self known as Mrs. A. or Mr. B.

The true Self; the higher Self is the heir of all the ages, and its awakening is the sense of blissful rest in which the tired pilgrim, after long wanderings, begins to get a glimpse of its true home.

No more change, sorrow or trouble; no more disappointed hopes and broken friendships; we have found peace, we have passed from the little personal life, to awake into the higher consciousness.

The climb may have been difficult and we only as yet have got a glimpse, but that glimpse is very sweet and satisfying. Others may have entered into fuller possession of their heritage and become Path-Finders, making of themselves a way for others. "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life," said Jesus; but the humblest soul to whom this awakening has come as it were "shut up in measureless content." The seers of old saw this condition as a refuge from the heat and a covert from the storm; as the shadow of a great rock on a weary land.

Jesus spoke of it as a shutting of the door on the outside turbulence, for communion with the Father in secret—our own Higher Self—and great are the rewards of this communion; power flows into our mortal weakness, the changelessness of a love divine consoles us for the instability of earthly friendships.

It says in Kathapanishad: "When once he knows himself mid bodies bodiless, amid the infirm firm, great and widespread, the wise has no more grief. He is not born nor dies, he ever unslain remains though the body be slain. This Self is not attainable by explanation, nor by mental grasp, nor can one whose mind is not at peace gain that Self by knowledge merely."

In finding our true and Higher Self we find God—and in finding Him, we find our true relationship to all that exists. In no other way is the highest altruism possible.

If we fail in this one sacred quest, our efforts, philanthropic, social and reformatory, must be measurably abortive. Here alone is the source of all true power. Why? Because we have touched the source of all power, "I am in the Father and the Father in me"; and when the disciples, questioning, asked Him to show them the Father, He said: "Have I been so long time with you and yet have ye not known me?"

It will be no extra cosmic God, adored with temples and gems and gold, that will be man's highest conception of the divine in the coming future, but the God of Humanity, and our sacrificial altar will be service.—Elizabeth Hughes, in The Theosophist.

Thomas Edison says: "All atoms possess intelligence, have power of selection, and are always striving to get into harmonious relations with other atoms." With due respect for a great genius and a brother mechanic, I dare to differ. Intelligence implies volition, choice—power to do or not to do. Is the atom so endowed? If its movements at all times are spontaneous, forced, a necessity of its own qualities and environments, as science predicates, then what evidence have we that it has choice in the matter or that intelligence guides its movements? Does chemistry endorse the great inventor's views? Or does it teach that atoms of necessity kill or cure, produce health or disease, growth or decay, attract or repel, taste sweet or sour, cause life or death, etc.? Is there any volition or choice about it whatever, or is the result—whatever it may be—inevitable necessity?—Otto Wettstein.

"Through harmony grows the little things,
Through discord often collapse the great."

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