

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 90

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1901.

\$2.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 11

FORESHADOWINGS.

I dreamed I saw a mighty heaving sea,
Moaning a whole world's voices of a woe.
Tossing and struggling in its anguish to be free,
Rising the agony that shook its breast.
One day, 'twould lie in deathly glassy calm;
The next, 'twould rage and foam in wild alarm—
"Hiss are the voices of the workless poor, who weep
Hot, blood-red tears from eyes that close, but not to sleep."

The giant cliff-heights stood with cruel scorn
And backward hurled the waters from their base,
Despite the threatening storm clouds towards them
borne.

An inward struggle marked the sea's white face—
The waters raged—the great cliffs crashed them
back.

Mad Chaos ruined every visible track—
"Give way; the land is ours!" Sea-voices cried.
"Never!" was thundered back, "die as the millions
died!"

"Have we not conquered through the stress of
years?
Beyoncé! Ye beat against us, all in vain.
For ever yours will be the seritude and tears,
The ceaseless struggle, and the nameless pain.
Ask of Eternal Silence, ask—Ha, ha!
We are your boundary limits; come thus far,
But never farther. Ho! Dream ye a day
Will dawn with power to sweep our iron cliff-heights
away!"

Death's darkness fell and clasped the cliffs and sea—
Huge slip-sag tongues of fire flamed to the sky—
Terrible thunders rolled—the sea heaved awfully—
The cliff heights shook and tottered in reply—
Then suddenly the fire-crypts of the world
Flung wide their gates, and down the cliffs were
hurled
In ghastliness—a lull—then swept along
Sounds of a conquering army marching to a song.

Silence wrapt all—a silence deep as death;
The darkness passed to twilight, grey and dim;
Earth's farthest corners felt Reform's life-giving
breath.

And lo, there burst an international hymn.
Twilight fast changed to starlight, and the Deep
Laughed with gay children's voices, as the sweep
Of victory-music filling every way
Proclaimed the actual dawning of the People's Day.

In the far East rose Freedom's herald-star,
Kissing the Sea with Love's peace-kindling glow
Bidding Humanity's incessant moaning bar,
Redeeming even the lowest of the low—
Then Hope's fulfillment gave far more than dreamed,
And Dawn in justice-robos arose, and beamed
Upon the North and South, the East and West,
The promised day, and sang the sea to rest.

Today there moans a terrible wild sea!
Throughout the world Wealth's cliff-heights from
secure,
Thinking their misused powers will last eternally
To keep the sea within abysses sure.
But louder yet must Earth's sad voices swell
From out the deathly glooms of Oppression's Hell,
Before the stern demands on Labor's side,
Thundering that "Right is Might" shall win reforms
world-wide.

Devotion.

In the Early Days.

BY PAUL F. DE GOURNAY.

It is interesting to turn back to the early
sayings and doings of the spirits, especially to
messages so patiently spelled out by the tilting
of a table and yet often fraught with an eloquence
and a wisdom the more remarkable
for the consciousness of their construction. Addi-
tional interest will be felt, perhaps, in the
perusal of some of these old-time spirit utterances
as coming from a foreign land and dating
from an epoch when "table turning" was a
fad taken up by high and low without any
idea of the real mission of Modern Spiritualism.

It was at Paris, in the early part of the
year 1853; a few young men, intelligent and
well-educated, imbued with the generous
ideas of republicanism which they advocated
in a political journal, had been thrown out of
employment by Napoleon's coup d'état, their
journal suppressed and themselves marked as
suspects. Bound together by the ties of
friendship and a community of opinions and
aspirations, they had continued to meet, daily,
in the rooms of the defunct journal, where
they spent most of their time discussing the
new order of things.

It happened, one evening, that one of these
young men came across an American news-
paper containing among other items mention
of some spiritualistic doings and referring
especially to that phase known as "table-tilt-
ing." He translated the article for the benefit
of the others. "Pahaw! how ridiculous!
It is a fake, a Yankee hoax invented by the
fertile brain of a reporter," cried one. "No
matter," said another, "let us see if we can
make the table talk. It will be as good a
way as any to kill time."

So absorbed these young fellows had been
in their dream of liberty, they had not heard
of the table-turning craze which was ere long
to have the freedom of the imperial palace
and the special favor of Empress Eugénie.

Drawing a small table to the middle of the
room, they seated themselves around it and
were soon puzzled by the erratic motions of
the erstwhile inert piece of furniture. What
was it? Electricity? Magnetism? They
thought they could account for the motions,
but then the table obeyed their mental as
well as spoken wishes. Here was intelli-

gence, but whose? Their curiosity, their in-
terest, grew apace, every evening they sat
around the table, experimenting and discuss-
ing. At last they learned from a better in-
formed friend that they could converse with
the mysterious intelligence by means of a
code. The "yes" and "no" method might do
at first, but they soon were initiated to the
slower but surer one of the alphabet.

The first time they tried this, they asked
the intelligence, whatever it might be, for its
name. The table spelled readily: "Pytha-
goras." "What a force!" they cried; "but
what's in a name, as Shakespeare says; let
us hear what that ancient has to say to us
moderns."

From that day on, during many months,
they received, daily, communications from
the unseen. The spirit would often take the in-
itiative and counsel, criticize and admonish
them, but they were earnest students who fell
into the habit of asking for the definition of
words suggested by themselves. The answers
came readily, with amazing spontaneity con-
sidering the wide scope for thought they often
presented. Another remarkable fact was that
these definitions, which affected a quaint,
archaic form, were invariably composed of
thirteen words.

It is some of these peculiar sentences,
recorded at the time by Eugene Nus and
which he made part of a book published many
years later under the title "Things of the
Other World," I shall now present the reader,
regretting only that much of their quaintness
is necessarily lost in the translation. Nor
have I space to quote otherwise from Mr.
Nus' book samples of the castigation his
caustic wit gave the detractors of Spiritualism
and the scientific bats who shut so obstinately
their eyes to the new light.

As a prelude, however, I wish to transcribe
here some messages voluntarily given by the
spirit to warn the investigators against possi-
ble dangers. "There are," he said, "two
sorts of hallucinations: the bad leads to fear;
the good, to light."

"It is owing to the preoccupation of the
sitters the unity of the phenomena tends so
much to false conclusions solitary vanity
produces solidary foolishness."

"The most dangerous force is the material
practiced in solitude. Solitary experimenting
is the source of error, of hallucination, of
madness. The solitary investigator destroys
himself by his individual preoccupation and
self-conceit. Madness is at the end of the il-
lusion path."

"Religious thought should mingle always
with your scientific researches. God domi-
nates all your actions; faith in Him will di-
rect your important desires and preserve you
from frequent errors in details."

"Make fewer concessions to Reason, this is
the only means to deserve divine strength."

Here are a few of the spirit's oracular say-
ings:

Conscience: A spiritual organ which separates
the elements of the soul, as the stomach
separates those of the body.

Infinity: A purely ideal abstraction, above
and below all that the senses conceive.

Geology: The study of the transformations
of the planetary being in its periods and re-
volutions of existence.

Physics: The knowledge of the material
forces which produce the life and organism
of worlds.

Chemistry: The study of the various prop-
erties of matter in the simple and compound
states.

Astronomy: Order and harmony of the ex-
ternal life of worlds, individual and social.

Passion: A note of the key-board of the
soul whose vibration resounds altogether in God.

Friendship: First manifestation of the soul,
relation of the sentiments, desires and habits.

Love: The pivot of mortal passions, the at-
tractive force of the sexes; the element of
continuation.

Family: Potentiality of groups; union of
beliefs by common origin and tradition.

Life: Action of all or part of the elements
of substance individualizing a form.

Death: Cessation of individuality; disinte-
gration of its elements; return to universal
life.

Soul: Particle of substance which God de-
taches from the universal force in each indi-
viduality.

Intelligence: Tonality of man; starting
point of reason towards the understanding of
God.

Reason: Emanation from the great plan-
etary Being, proceeding from the finite to reach
out to the infinite.

Sentiment: Emanation from the Being of
beings, descending from the infinite to illu-
minate the finite.

Good: Harmony of the being; association of
the passions forces in accord with destinies.

Evil: Trouble in the phenomena; discord
between effects and the divine cause.

Faith: Faith defies that which sentiment
reveals and reason explains. Another defini-
tion of Faith was: "Truth perceived by senti-
ment and conquered from the sentiment of
another epoch."

Religion: Sentimental potentiality, by which

the Being attains to the proven nature of
God.

God: Absolute unity, infinite, universal,
part of every whole, whole of all parts.

I know a mediocrity lady who is impelled
to utter just such oracular sentences while
engaged in ordinary conversation. They are
mostly foreign to the subject under discus-
sion; they seem to be whispered to her and
she is forced to voice them, in and out of
season, to the amusement of her friends.

But, to return to our Parisian investigators.
They were not quite satisfied with some of
the precepts authoritatively taught by "Pytha-
goras." His frequent references to God and
what seemed to them pantheistic tendencies
puzzled them. One evening he dictated the
following beautiful prayer:

"O Life universal, divine Power, infinite
motion, unique force, eternal fount of morals,
unitary Faith, absolute Truth—God! make
that the associations of men be solidified
by love, by science, that they may progress
into the preceivable fatherland!"

"You mystify us," said the young man,
"with your often contradictory sayings. You
have told us some things our reason rejects
absolutely; others we accept as beautiful and
true. If we are too dull of comprehension,
say so; if you can explain your meaning more
clearly, do so. Say plainly what you wish us
to believe, even if you sum it up in one word
that will reach our intellect."

The table rose with a slow, indescribable
solemnity of motion, and struck out the let-
ters:

A-D-S-U—

"This is not a word, there is some mistake,"
cried one. "Wait, let it continue," said the
others:

M-D-E-U-S.

"Adsum Deus—I am here, God."

They left the table. One and all, these
sceptical Parisians had felt a creepy sensa-
tion along their spine.

"This was the only time," says Mr. Nus,
"that I, at least, noticed an impression of the
kind produced by the phenomena. Whether
it came from our own mental predisposition,
or from I know not whom, or I know not
what, it was truly imposing, truly grand."

Man's Aural Self.

BY CHAS. DAWBARN.

CHAPTER X.

Ignorance Plays the Doctor.

It would be foolish to deny that we are
daily witnessing cures of human infirmities
and diseases not only without the use of
drugs, but often without any skilled treat-
ment whatever. Such cures necessarily have
a cause, and every cause is material. Even
thought itself is now seen to be an expres-
sion of intelligence by energetic vibration of
substance. Every disease has a cause. Its
cure must also have a cause. With the cause
of the disease we are not now concerned, but
we perceive that its cure demands the use
of sufficient energy to change the vibrations
throughout the form of the sufferer from
those of sickness to those of health. The ap-
plication of energy, by directing it into a
special channel, is what we call power. This
power necessarily has its own headquarters.
It comes from somewhere. We have already
asserted that there is a store of unused en-
ergy in every human form, just as there is
unused energy in every pound of coal. We
now add that just as the coal is reduced to
ashes without any manifestation to mortal
sense of its unused energy, so the human
form may disintegrate without the slightest
demonstration of its stored up energies. But
those energies have been there all the same.
We have all witnessed scenes of unusual ex-
citement when the mortal exhibits strength
far beyond the normal. Where does that
strength come from? The maniac, or the
sufferer in frenzied delirium, evolves a power
that sometimes requires that of several at-
tendants to master and overcome. Since it
is energy from the form, exhibited by the
form, we may at once realize that it was a
flash from the unused reservoir. Herein we
have the source of the abnormal power ex-
hibited by the fanatic and the enthusiast
the world over. By a certain process, which
they do not understand, they have tapped this
reservoir of untapped energy, and are thus able
to exhibit a power, in some directions, that
is called inspirational, and counted as proof that
Divinity is at work. Ignorant man is always
afraid of the abnormal. In the discovery of
this great reservoir of energy, embedded in
human form, we have the key to many of
the mysteries of human life, and particularly
to the cure of disease.

Disease manifests itself by changed vibra-
tions. We may safely assume that any one
whose temperature remains strictly normal
has not much the matter with him. If that
temperature be severely increased we call it
fever; or, on the other hand, by increasing
feebleness we know that energy is escaping

unused. In either case cure demands an ap-
plication of power, whether to arrest the
turbulent vibrations that menace destruc-
tion, or to supplement the feebleness that
would permit the form to drop apart. That
power must come either from within or with-
out, unless it be a mingling of both. So, in
order to understand the cure of disease, we
must study somewhat carefully this remark-
able exhibition of power of which Homo did
not know he was possessed.

We perceive unused power in the sufferer,
and unused power in those around him, such
power being unknown as well as unused. The
physician has tried every kind of power he
could sense to attain the desired end. He
has used the drug both crude and refined;
has tested water, both hot and cold; the col-
ored ray, the magnetic and electric battery
have been prescribed; each and all because
they seemed to possess power which he hoped
to utilize for his patient. And, as we all
know, they sometimes answer his purpose,
more or less efficiently, and again they ut-
terly fail.

It is certain the patient can only be helped
by power. The doctor knows full well that
his physical strength cannot be utilized to
help his patient. He does not know that his
aura can blend with the aura of the sufferer
a thousandfold more beneficially than the
aura of the drug. He is ignorant that his
aura constitutes a "field" far more potent
for cure than that of any battery with which
science experiments.

Herein is the secret. Man, as we have
seen, is of a size vastly larger than his mortal
sense can grasp. Energy is wielded by intelli-
gence to his utmost bound, and can be, when
needed, concentrated, more or less effectively,
at any desired point. There is no line at
which the energy must stop from passing in
either direction. The aura is but attenuated
form. The form is but concentrated aura. It
is precisely the same intelligence, energy and
substance in both alike. Nature has but the
threefold manifestation of her oneness with
which to do her work.

To the physician's eye his patient lies ex-
hausted and perishing for want of energy,
which he terms vital force. With all the
means alluded to he has failed to revitalize
the dying form. At this point we perceive a
most important distinction between the un-
used energy of the physician and that of the
patient. Each wields his own power to the
extent of his knowledge. Neither can wield
that of the other. And there is no necessity
he should. There is a vast supply of unused
energy possessed by both the dying man and
the doctor. The patient may, all uncon-
sciously, use his to antagonize and discourage
his physician. The doctor may, in his ignor-
ance, by his thought of the coming death, still
further depress that of the patient. His
smile and his pleasant talk are utterly with-
out effect. Yet it is thought which, alone, can
wield the hidden energy. Both need educa-
tion in the use of their own superabundant
energy. The hour of sickness is no time for a
pupil to commence his studies. And if the
sick man know nothing of his own size and
his own power the educated physician must
perform work on without him. We assume
that this philosophic doctor understands the
nature of aura, and the power of its intelli-
gence and energy. He sees this power un-
used by his patient. He knows yet further
that while form cannot bleed with form, yet
aura can measurably blend with aura. Let
us remember that the intelligence in the aura
of the sick man lacks experience of its own
power over form. It remains quiescent be-
cause of its ignorance. The doctor who
stands by the bedside of his patient may not
himself sense aura, but his own outreaching
personality, his own intelligence in his own
aura is perfectly well aware of it. That
physician now calls upon his own hidden
forces. He does this by mind power, and
auto-suggestion. The intelligence within his
brain invokes the intelligence external to his
brain, calling upon it to instruct the intelli-
gence acting within the aura of his patient.

He says, in effect, to his own Ego, "Teach
the Ego of this form that he is entitled to use
and utilize his utmost powers in compelling
the vibrations of his form to resume their
normal movements." It is a matter of in-
struction only. The doctor cannot compel.
If the patient has been trained to reject and
disbelieve that he has any such power, the
effort will be unsuccessful. But if, on the
contrary, he has ever opened communication
with his own Ego, even unconsciously to mor-
tal sense, he can at once commence the most
rational treatment of disease ever discovered,
and one reducible to an exact scientific basis.

This truth seems to have been grasped by
many of the laity; and, in the very front are
lay women who found that religious zeal
opened to them somewhat of their own inner
forces. Every worker of miraculous cures,
throughout the ages, has unconsciously
wielded this same power, and very much in
the same way. He has called upon God; that
is to say, he has turned to the inviolable,
evoking powers the mortal sense could not
grasp. Lo! they were there, and in answer,
as he supposed, to his prayer, but really be-

cause such powers were always part of him-
self, waiting only to be invoked by an ap-
peal to the inner life.

We must here note that, as such powers
inhere to humanity, the physician possesses
them as much as any of these lay cures of
disease, and can, if he will, supplement them
by scientific knowledge and experience un-
possessed by his rivals.

The man who cannot swim calls upon God
to help him, and he drowns. If he has ac-
quired the art he swims ashore without mak-
ing any appeal to anybody. That is a step
physically gained. He has acquired confi-
dence in his own powers. The sick man who
is mentally unable to use his own inner en-
ergies for his own cure calls on God and the
doctor to save him. If he is cured by either
of the twain it will be because cure is sug-
gested to him, which is all God and the doc-
tor can do. If he has previously acquired the
use of his own inner energies, even to the
most trifling extent, he is encouraged to sug-
gest his own cure, and usually succeeds—but
not always.

The wonderful mistake of the ignorant enthu-
siast is to over-estimate the effect he can pro-
duce on other men. He ignores the fact that
he cannot reach any fellow mortal unless that
mortal can outreach to meet him, and blend
aura with aura. The great mass of mankind
is not yet sufficiently advanced to realize that
aura is the larger portion of a man's individ-
uality. Much less are such men and women
ready to learn to wield its powers. The life-
long sufferer, the victim of a chronic dis-
ease, is always more likely to be in touch
with his inner life, and is therefore more
likely to be most easily "suggested" into the
vigorous use of his wasting energies. To such
invalids cure often comes as a miraculous
evidence of some inner power, which they
either call God, or attribute to some healer.
They not only loudly proclaim their own cure,
but soon gather in enthusiastic flocks, and
proceed to build churches and temples to the
glory of the power which healed them.

The trained physician looks on somewhat
woe-begotten, for he knows full well that
cure of disease can never be a matter of
chance. He, however, smiles when he listens
to the claims of these enthusiasts that the
power they can individually and collectively
gather from the inner life will not merely
banish disease, but raise the believer above
the conditions in which disease is possible.
They claim to grow strong upon indigestible
food; they set climate at defiance; laugh at
the epidemic, and sneer at hygiene. They go
still further; they fancy they are possessed
of an inexhaustible and omnipotent power.

It is as if the world had suddenly discov-
ered how to get ten per cent. more power out
of its coal. However startling the first re-
sults, even that ten per cent. would soon be
exhausted, and a fixed limit reached as be-
fore. These enthusiasts have discovered a
tonic, a stimulant, which invigorates a suffer-
ing mortal. But it has its rigid limits, and as
their attempted cures are often miserable
failures, leaving the poor patient more help-
less than before. When they claim to reduce
fractures, set broken bones, and perform
surgical operations by this inner power, un-
aided by physical science, they are demon-
strating their own ignorance of both the ex-
tent and the limit of the power they are
wielding. And when some of them go still
further and claim that death itself can be
averted, they are outrunning universal experi-
ence, and ignoring the facts upon which phys-
ical science has uplifted the world.

Let us mark the limit they cannot pass.
Here is a shrieking babe. Its nurse is help-
less as it lies upon her knee. The healer—
one or many—may suggest peace and quietness
to its heart's content. Aura may blend with
aura, but until the pla is removed, and the
cruel wound made by the careless nurse has
healed, the inner voice will be silent, and the
outer voice will continue to shriek. Instead
of a pla it may be a dislocated joint, or a
broken bone; there may be a rupture or an
aneurism; or the patient may be convulsed
by poison just swallowed. In all such cases
mere mental treatment, or any other than
physical force, becomes ignorance playing
with human life. The skilled physician finds
his turn has come, and rightly denounces the
bigots who prefer to let their patient die
rather than to seek his service.

In a recent case the writer saw a dear
friend suffering the tortures of the damned
from a cruel cancer. She had been a firm
believer in so-called Christian Science, and
sought the aid of its most experienced healers.
Three times a day they invoked the inner
power, and she as earnestly sought to help
them. But the pain continued, and the dis-
ease triumphed. At last humanity demanded
that something effective under those condi-
tions be done. An enemy had built his fort-
ress, and banded his flag. He was in pos-
session, and could not be driven out by either
God or man. Then for humanity's sake let
the pain be smothered, and the sufferer al-
lowed to pass peacefully from her disas-
trous form. The physician is at last com-
menced—the pain is smothered—and presently
(Continued on page five.)

THE REPERING RAIN.

BY STEPHEN BARNESDALE.

Brown lay the drizzle of earth,
Drear was the sky overhead,
When my soul within me was stirred and wrung
By the sorrow of hope that was dead.

Dead within me it lay
As the corpse of a human soul;
Dread! and the shroud around it was wrapped,
Ready for burial.

Oh! Hope of the morning of life,
So fresh! and sweet! and fair!
Surely you'll leave me not ever thus
In the depths of grim despair!

Come back to me now I pray,
While the shadows gather around;
Come back! and renew my early years,
When my heart leaped with merry bound.

But ah! Those years are fled,
No'er to return again;
And the sorrow of earth is the rain that falls
To ripen life's golden grain.

"History of Medicine," by Alexander Wilder, M. D.

One of the most fascinating books of historical character that has ever come to our table is "History of Medicine," by Dr. Alexander Wilder. The reputation of Dr. Wilder as a scholar, reformer, writer and lecturer is so well known to our readers that it is only necessary to call attention to his latest work to insure it a hearty welcome. Not only with all those whose fondness for historic lore, in general and for medical bibliography in particular should Dr. Wilder's book find a large field for usefulness, but the particular style in which the subject is treated renders it one of much more than ordinary interest to the general reader. While, as its title implies, it is a historical account of the origin and growth of the healing art, and as such is a most valuable addition to the library of the physician, the treatment of the theme is such as to render its perusal by the layman a source of unalloyed enjoyment. It is not merely scholarly in a historical and literary sense, as it would be expected to be from the pen of so gifted a man as Dr. Wilder, but the arrangement of the several parts of the theme is such as to awaken the interest of the reader at every page and hold it to the end.

Beginning with a brief outline of the history of medicine and of the multiplicity of succeeding sects of physicians from the earliest recorded period, the author proceeds to give a more extended account of the newer schools of the healing art of the last two centuries. From archaic practice down through the long list of changes that have marked the evolution of the medical art he traces its development with a clearness and understanding of his subject that appeals not only to the interest of the practitioner, but to that also of the uninitiated reader, who at least knows the importance of keeping well, even if he does not himself know how to get well and must employ another to show him. It would be scarcely possible in a review of ordinary compass to take up the various chapters of this work, dealing with the practice of medicine in the ancient historic period, the middle ages and the renaissance with the expectation of doing justice to this part of the work

itself. The period, or succession of periods, is a long one, and is very exhaustively considered. It embraces many changes in the world's conceptions concerning the cause and cure of disease, and is necessarily considered with much that has long been obsolete in practice. Nevertheless, in a historical sense it has its interest, which must always claim the attention of the student of the world's progress.

The condemnation which the various medical cults of all ages, even down to our own time, have heaped upon the real and imaginary discoveries of each other is well known. The facts relating to the entire subject under review are arranged in careful order and so attractively dressed as to take it out of the category of the too often dry historical narrative. In the hands of Dr. Wilder it becomes a biographical dictionary of the world's most conspicuous and successful medical reformers. From this account we learn that there is no one name in history that can lay claim to the sole distinction of having been the father of medicine, or the discoverer of the art of healing, which is as old as the race itself. But interesting as the history considered may be, the broad and comprehensive view of the medical art, as given in Dr. Wilder's book, it becomes more intensely so as it brings us down to a period more nearly within the memory of later times and so on down to the present. The history of medical legislation, especially throughout and to the close of the nineteenth century, is detailed with painstaking care. Considerable space is devoted to a historical account of the great conflict for medical exclusiveness that has ever been waged on the part of the self-styled "regulars" as against the increasing liberal sentiment of a more liberal age.

Another incident of the history of legislation is the appearance among the legislators of some of the states, adopting or attempting to adopt these exclusive and tyrannical laws, of the names of some who in later years became distinguished in higher public office. As an instance in point, there appears the name in connection with the legislation of New York of Horatio Seymour in favor of the most liberal laws governing the right to practice the healing art, and that of William H. Seward advocating ultra exclusiveness, both of whom in later life became governors of the state. But in the case of the latter it only shows the ease with which human nature may decide in some directions while narrow in others. For many years—from time immemorial for that matter—there had been a persistent opposition on the part of the practitioners of accepted theories to any new medical cult. At the time of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence from British rule, the foremost advocates of civil and religious liberty including Thomas Jefferson and the celebrated Dr. Rush, also a signer of the Declaration, were outspoken in criticism of the prevailing medical assumptions and usurpations of the time, making unavailing efforts to rid the New World, by appropriate constitutional safeguards, of one of the tyrannies and humbugs that had so long been the curse of the Old.

But exclusive privileges, once conferred and enjoyed, are difficult to dislodge, and the privileged class is sure to keep a jealous watch over what it comes to assume to be sacred rights, denying to other men of equal or greater talents like opportunities. So that despite the ridicule which the pretensions of medical "science" have always brought upon it, there has ever been found a too ready disposition on the part of suppliant legislators to protect it in its exclusiveness. Up to about

the year 1840, most of the states that had adopted legislation forbidding the practice of medicine, except in accordance with certain obnoxious restrictions, had repealed it in accordance with a more liberal public demand. In several of the States—notably Connecticut and New York—the conflict for medical freedom had been prolonged and bitter, until finally at the ballot box the friends of reform prevailed over the close corporation that had held these two states in their grasp.

Among others who had been zealous advocates of that reform, appears the name of the ever consistent champion of freedom—Horace Greeley. The fight against the tyranny of medical exclusiveness had been carried on principally, from the beginning, by the ranks of the established order. Dr. Rush of the University of Pennsylvania and Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse of our own Harvard Medical School throwing the weight of their great reputations upon the side of reform. Nevertheless, the opposition within the ranks was determined, persistent and even violent, and it was only after a liberal public opinion had been created and brought to bear that any legislation could be obtained. And it was not merely this end that was sought, but the raising of the standard of medical attainments was the first and important consideration. To this end schools were opened and colleges multiplied throughout the entire country.

One of the interesting features of this book is the large array of distinguished names of those who have taken a leading part in the struggle for the improvement of medical knowledge. Two of the most prominent names connected with the substitution of the foreign-born American practice, for that in vogue were those of Dr. Samuel Johnson and Dr. Wooster Beach, doctors of those standard were all those whose liberal tendencies rebelled against the medical bigotry that had so long prevailed. The result was the gradual and inevitable evolution that has since followed. But having succeeded in accomplishing this emancipation from foreign methods and setting up in their stead an emancipated and more liberal status, a movement was set on foot by some of the stronger of the reformers themselves, having for its object the building up of a new and exclusive privileged establishment. This was done through the formation of various so-called medical societies, one of the earliest and most insistent being the American Medical Association of New York, in 1849, of which Dr. Beach, a one-time reformer and advocate of medical freedom became a quasi sponsor. The avowed object of this society was to restore the original conditions, at least so far as monopoly was concerned. It is a singular commentary on the consistency of individual professions, but one that must frequently be made, that those who clamor loudest for professional or personal freedom are often too ready when the occasion promises a selfish advantage to aid in preventing others from realizing a liberty they had once demanded for themselves.

It was not, however, until nearly a quarter of a century later that this American Medical Association was able to enforce its dominating spirit through the various legislatures, and this at first only to a more moderate ex-

tent than had been originally contemplated. Then began the series of enactments throughout the states and territories for its object the ultimate exclusive control of medical practice by these new allied forces. In spite, however, of the medical lobbies that were everywhere established, resistance to these measures had been sufficient in many of the states to tone down to a greater or less extent the demands of the new hierarchy, which, as Dr. Wilder intimates, only awaits, as a more convenient season for raising its demands. Indeed, the author sees a tendency on the part of certain of the previously proscribed but now acknowledged schools to forget their own fight for existence and join with their ancient enemy in a crusade against all practitioners who would follow methods other than those included under the title of "regular." A most valuable feature of the book is an alphabetically arranged synopsis of medical statutes for the last quarter century, setting forth the restrictions with which the cure of disease is bedged about in the various states and territories. Chapters on publications of American reformers in medicine, giving a very complete catalogue of these works, and upon the later developments in surgery and medicine complete this most interesting and useful addition to medical literature. The book is provided with a very fine index, is neatly bound in cloth and contains 946 pages of clear type, with a frontispiece half tone of the distinguished author. It is published by the New England Eclectic Publishing Co., New Sharon, Me., and may be procured at the Banner office.

Our National Convention.

BY DEAN CLARKE.

After an interim of twenty-nine years from my first visit, it was my great pleasure to join the excursion party arranged and conducted from Boston to our national capital by that genial and adroit manager, J. B. Hatch, Jr., to take part in the ninth annual convention of the N. S. A. It is needless to describe our journey thence via the Fall River Line to New York, and thence over the Royal Blue Line, but it is not amiss to say that our carload of delegates from "the Hub" and its New England environs, were not slow in the use of their famous Yankee "gift of gab," and kept the air vocal except when the louder strains of the "Golly Trio" silenced their wagging tongues, and gave their auditory nerves a rest (for which each one silently prayed, no doubt), by a change of vibration. Of course the foregoing allusion implies that our company was composed of many "inspired" speakers of the "fair sex," who, as usual, kept their charmed auditors of the un-fair sex as silent as St. Paul would have commanded them to be.

Altogether our journey to our destination was pleasant and cheerful, despite the fast falling rain that obscured our view of the beauties of the many-colored autumnal landscape that sunlight would have made enchanting.

In good time we arrived at the governmental centre of our great and glorious nation, and soon afterward became members of a "congress" about as important to the welfare of the N. S. A. at least, as the one that usually assembles there is to our nation at large. Our company of about sixty were very comfortably domiciled at the Fairfax, where nearly all of the other delegates found excellent accommodations. Right here it is

but just to us all to say that one landlord told our conductor that we were the most orderly and "desirable" convention guests he had ever had, and that all his help "liked" us; a pretty compliment for "crasy Spiritualists" indeed! Our boarding place across the street at the Ebbitt House was all that its fame led us to expect, only that its waiters too often waited too long for Yankee impatience. Evidently they have no need of the Scripture injunction: "Let your moderation be known unto all men."

The "Reception" held on the evening of our arrival, in the Red Parlor of the Ebbitt, was a very fraternal "mutual admiration" affair. Everybody smiled, and was "glad to see you," and

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

It was my great pleasure to meet there for the first time several of my coworkers, of whom I had read and wanted much to see. As usual I had the misfortune to disappoint all who had "sized me up" by the big words I sometimes "slang" than the Goliath who defy the Truth, but it is some consolation to know that brains are less bulky than bowels. As this was my first opportunity to attend a convention of the N. S. A., I made the most of it by steady attendance at all of its sessions but one, when, with a few others, I bled myself away to Mt. Vernon to visit the home and tomb of Washington. This was a privilege long coveted, and most heartily enjoyed, the more so since visiting the far more costly and ostentatious mansions of Napoleon and of Gen. Grant. The simplicity of Washington's abode much better accorded with my democratic tastes than the splendor of either two. Ere long I hope to see which has the best "mansion in the skies."

THE CONVENTION.

conducted most of the time by the President of the N. S. A. in an adroit and masterly manner, was a gathering of practical, sensible men and women, who knew what they were there for, and proceeded to business looking to the good of our Cause with an earnestness and ability that betokens future success and progress.

Any one having doubts of the utility of the N. S. A. would have had every vestige of them eradicated by attendance and an intelligent observation of the fraternal unity and businesslike methods of its members. Earnest discussion was availed in by gracefully yielding in opinion, but all seemed willing to concede to each opponent a respectful hearing, and a right to differ in judgment, and all appeared willing to abide by the decision of a majority.

Those who had anticipated a "tug of war" when the election of officers came were happily disappointed by the almost universal concurrence of feeling and unanimity of sentiment as to who were fittest and best suited as servants of both spirits and mortals.

Great praise is due to all candidates who withdrew from the arena in the interest of peace, good will, and yielded gracefully to defeat of personal ambition. When all would-be leaders become unselfish and magnanimous enough to do likewise, "in honor preferring one another," discord will cease, and the best good of our Cause will become paramount over personal ends and aims. The overwhelming avalanche of votes to select Brother H. D. Barrett as president, was a significant manifestation of good will, good judgment, a worthy appreciation of high merit, and of fraternal love for one who has

MARK CHESTER.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

"Wall, now, marm," said he, "jest you set up nearer the fire here, an' give yerself a rest. I wants ter talk with yer fur a little while. Yer jest let me gin yer this 'ere five dollars fur yer time, fur I can't expect yer ter gin me yer precious time fur nothin'."

Mrs. Erie laid down her work, but repudiated the money.

"No, no! Mr. Kester," she said, "I cannot accept money from any one, although I am very grateful to you for the fish. You earn your money very hardy, and why should I not work as well as you?"

"Wall, marm, es fer thet matter, you do double or treble work. Ter take care o' this little house is all ther work yer ought ter dew, while someone else aims therewithal. Now look a here, marm; yer jest take this 'ere five dollars, fur I want ter hev sum wud dun. I am greatly in need of a couple o' flannel shirts, an' I can't make them ther shirts. I couldn't bring in ther flannel tonight, but I'll send it ter yer alirly in ther mornin', an' yer must take ther money now, marm, fur I may not be able ter cum ter see yer agin fur a long time."

Mrs. Erie gave him a penetrating glance; but as he looked as if he were in earnest, she gladly took the money. She needed it badly, for Jane and herself had both felt the gnawing of hunger of late, and the rent was due.

Uncle Kester's eyes twinkled delightedly as Mrs. Erie folded up her work; then she drew her chair a little nearer the fire and sat gazing into it abstractedly.

"Wall, now, marm, thet's more comfortable like," and he settled himself back with a sigh. "Yer see, marm, I am gittin' a little tired o' Molly evenin's an' nights, an' I hev ben eatin' my dinner alone this many a year; an' this 'ere place, now, seems more homelike. My old bones is gittin' a little stiff an' rumatic, yer see. Molly, she's made me as comfortable as she could—ther good, stanch, old gal—but then, she's only a boat, arter all, an' yer can't expect too much outen a boat, yer know."

"Yes, I should think it would be quite wearisome to remain out-of-doors all the time," asserted Mrs. Erie.

"Wall, marm, when yer cum ter think o' it, it is. But when a man hev no wife, nor no home, he kin jest make a boat dew him, somehow; an' Molly—old Molly—she's ben very kind ter me an' made me as comfortable as she could. I shouldn't want ter seem thankless ter Molly, yer know."

Mrs. Erie smiled at the old man's conceit.

"Well," she said, "it is fortunate that the boat does not possess a mind, otherwise, of course, she might feel hurt."

"But there's somewhat else about Molly. She's named arter Molly, yer see; an' tother Molly, she knows, I guess, though she's ben in that other world this 'ere many a year."

"Do you mean that she is dead?" asked Mrs. Erie.

"Wall, thet would be what sum folks would call it; but sum how or nuther, I can't jest make it out as she is dead. 'Pears like as though she jest lived right thar in that boat with me, or, rather, thet she jest hovered over me an' it; jest like a little turtle-dove, yer know, a spreadin' its purty wings out ter perfect us. Can't seem ter git it outen my mind; an' then when I goes ter sleep, 'pears like as she was a sweet angel as kissed an' comforted me, fur, marm, ter tell ther truth, it's rather a lonely life ter lead, fur a man as hev no home, nor no wife, an' fishes all day by himself, an' eats by himself, an' sleeps by himself, an' talks to himself; an'

then, yer see, marm, if I gits sick down thar in that boat, it would be rather hard, yer see."

"Indeed, it would, Mr. Kester, very hard."

"I wouldn't hev even a darter ter give me a drink, es you hev, marm. In thet respect, you air better off nor me."

"Jane is a good girl," said Mrs. Erie; "still, I feel much anxiety on her account."

"What may she be now, marm, thet she's not here with you?"

"I supposed she was in her own room until a moment before you knocked. I wanted to speak with her, but on opening her door I found she had gone out without my knowledge. It is eight o'clock and quite dark, which makes me very uneasy about her."

"May be she has a lover, marm."

"O, no; she has never yet received visits from any gentleman. Really, Jane is not acquainted with any young man, to my knowledge. Probably she will be in directly."

"There air young men as don't care ter hev a gal's mother know when ther gal meets him out on the sands in the dark."

"What do you mean, Mr. Kester?" and Mrs. Erie's eyes were a frightened expression.

"Wall, now, I don't like ter make any more trouble fur ye, marm; but I think as how yer darter Jane is a walkin' now on ther beach with that thar young millionaire, Marcus Chesterfield."

"O, Mr. Kester! It cannot be possible. He could never think of Jane as a lover; besides, he is engaged to be married to Isabel Morton."

"Wall, thet's jest it," responded the old man. "Ef he was free an' clear, an' he loved Jane, an' wanted ter marry her, yer wouldn't hev seen me here tonight, perhaps; but, then, arter all, perhaps yer might. Something sort o' draws me here, whether I keer ter cum or not. Now, marm, yer darter is out thar a walkin' on thet thar beach with that thar young millionaire, as don't want ter marry her, an' as is engaged ter another gal; an' I jest send you a gold' off in ther darkness, arm-in-arm, jest as lovers should; an' I sed ter myself, as how her marm oughter know on't; fur I tuck it fur granted thet yer didn't know about it."

Mrs. Erie groaned aloud.

"O, Mr. Kester!" she sobbed, wringing her hands. "What am I to do about it? Jane will not listen to anything I may say. Must I see my child go to her ruin?"

"Wall, no marm. She shall not go ter her ruin, if we kin help it; but, perhaps, it may not be quite so bad as thet. She is a pretty fair-minded gal, is Jane."

"That is very true," replied Mrs. Erie, more cheerfully. "She has such strength and purpose of will, that I believe she would die rather than yield to anything she could, or would not, approve of; and, with all her faults, she has never shown the least leaning toward vice. I thank you, Mr. Kester, for letting me know of this; for, when she returns, I shall have a long and serious talk with her."

"Speakin' o' lovers, marm, dew yer think thet an' old man hev no right ter thet thar epithet?"

Mrs. Erie laughed.

"I suppose," she answered, "that there may be many old men who love very devotedly."

"An' should yer think, marm, as how I mightn't be one o' them old men, as would love devotedly, as would cherish my wife, ef I hed one; as would provide fur my wife, ef I hed one; as would love my home, ef I hed one; as would make a lady of my wife, in so far as I could; as would take all the heavy burdens off my wife, ef I hed one?"

"I feel sure that you are a man like that."

"I feel sure that you are a man like that."

"I feel sure that you are a man like that."

"I feel sure that you are a man like that."

"I feel sure that you are a man like that."

"I feel sure that you are a man like that."

"I feel sure that you are a man like that."

"I feel sure that you are a man like that."

be a lover like thet, unless he meets a lady who would be willin' ter become his wife, an' let him love, an' pervide, an' protect her, can he, now, marm?"

"Certainly not," answered Mrs. Erie. "But you are so good and kind, Mr. Kester, I think there might be a great many poor, lonely women, who would love you very dearly—oh, very dearly, indeed!"

"But yer see, marm, I don't want a great many women; I jest wants one, an' no more nor no less."

"Yes," and Mrs. Erie's eyes drooped beneath his bright and eager glance.

"Now thet one woman, as I love, an' want ter make my wife, an pervide fur, an protect, hev a only darter, an' I would like ter be a father ter thet thar gal."

"O, would you?" said Mrs. Erie, clasping her hands.

"Yes; an' ef I was a father ter thet thar gal, I would protect her, an pervide fur her; an' then, when a cussed millionaire cum around, enticin' her out in the dark, on thet thar beach, I would horsewhip him within a lock o' his life, cuss him! Now, marm, you air thet thar woman as I love, an' as I wants ter pervide fur, an' as I wants ter protect. You air the truest, an' best, an' purest little woman as ever I seed, 'cept Molly—always, 'cept Molly. But Molly, she hev ben an angel this twenty year or more, an' she sed to me in a dream, last night:

"Nathan—Nathan! Listen to me. Go an' marry thet purty little woman, thet I know yer love, an' I won't be jealous o' yer. Yer must hev someone ter look arter yer, an' love yer in yer old age; an' she's the best little woman as ever lived, an' she's poor, an' she's in trouble, an' she's no one ter pervide fur her, an' love her. An' then I sed ter Molly, sez I: 'But, perhaps thet thar little woman don't love me; perhaps thet thar little woman won't hev me; an' ef I axed her, an' she sed no, I should be more lonely an' heart-sick then before.' An' Molly, she sed: 'Thet thar little woman does love yer, Nathan, though yer old—perhaps ten year older then she—an' yer a rough old fisherman, Nathan. Thet don't make no difference, Nathan; thet thar little woman, she sees down deeper'n all thet, an' she knows thet yer hart is big, an' thet yer hart is good.'—Now it was Molly an' not me thet sed thet-ther. I am jest tellin' yer what Molly sed—'an' thet yer wud make her a good husband, an' pervide fur her, an' protect her an' her darter. Of course, Nathan, yer only a old fisherman, an' yer never hed no larnin'—yer ought ter hev study'd grammar, Nathan. Now yer jest go an' tell thet thar little woman thet yer love her; an' yer'll make yerself an' her both happy an' contented.' Now I dew wish yer wud cum here an' set down on my knee, an' put yer little arms aroun' my neck, an' say, 'Nathan, I love yer! an' I will marry yer, an' I will be yer wife, so help me God!'"

Mrs. Erie burst into tears, and going to the old fisherman she threw her arms about his neck and buried her tearful face in his bosom.

"O, Nathan!" she sobbed. "I do love you. I have loved you for a long time. You are so good—you are so kind—you are so loving! Who could help loving you?"

CHAPTER XX.

"H OLD YER EYES, NATHAN.—EID YER EYEWERS."

The old man raised the head of the woman he had learned to love in spite of Molly the angel, or, rather, in accordance with the wishes of that angel, in spite of Molly the boat, and wiping the tears from her eyes, with her own little handkerchief, he tenderly kissed the sweet lips, fondling her head the meanwhile, as a father fondles the head of his child, something the faded hair as he said:

"Thar, thar! Don't cry my purty. Yer shall never shed another tear of old Kister kin help it, an' yer shall never take another stitch fur them thar proud wimen-folks up thar at thet thar hotel. No, my purty; old

Kister's got money enough fur to buy this 'ere little cot, which is jest big enough fur you an' me, an' Kister he'll fence in a little garden at the back, an' yer shall hev a lot o' flowers. Moreover, Kister, he'll put a nice little porch over the front door, an' we will train roses all over it; an' in thet thar back garden, yer shall hev yer chickens an' yer turkeys, an' Kister 'll buy a boss, an' a cow, an' yer shall hev yer little buggy ter ride in; an' then yer may shide yer thar, parst ther thar hotel, an' look pearst like; an' yer shall hev a new bunnet, an' some new gowns, an' nobudy shall ever look down on yer no more; ef they do, ole Kister 'll be in ther har, right off; an' then, perhaps, yer'll go out with me in Molly omet in a while. Oh, we'll put thet posies back inter them pale cheeks," he continued, pinching them softly and kissing them, "an' ther blue shine inter these ere eyes. I never hed the chance of doin' all sech things fur Molly, fur she died, poor gal; but I will do all ther more fur you, my purty; an' then yer shall make ther old man's coffee, an' fry ther old man's fish, an' bile his eggs fur him, an' mend his old torn coat an' trouses, an' make his shirts fur him; but yer shall make no shirts fur no other man livin'."

Mrs. Erie's pale face was lying against the old man's breast during this time, tears resting on her cheeks but a happy smile on her lips. Her arms tightened about his neck as she drew down the grizzled head, kissing him on either cheek, his forehead and his hairy neck. He was large, hairy, long and powerful, while she was rather small, pale and delicate looking.

"O! Nathaniel; you are so good, so loving, so kind. How happy I shall be! No more sorrow, no more loneliness, no more stitch, stitch, stitch. The song of the shirt will not hum its eternal refrain in my ears. Oh, Nathan, darling; how did you know that I wanted a little garden in front of the cottage and a porch, a back yard with trees, chickens and turkeys? There is a whole acre of land belonging to this cottage, dear. Oh, how I have longed to have this little place for my own; how I have longed to have that little rose porch over the front door. How did you know all this? I never told anyone."

"Wall; a sea-gull telled me when he quacked; Molly, she telled me when she rocked herself on them thar waves out thar. The sun he telled it ter me when he lifted his bright, laffin' face up outen ther fog behind them thar mountains; the moon, she whispered it ter me softly, an' pears like she winded us together in her wide white mantle; an' all them little stars shot ther arrers at me, fur all on them were so many little cupids, but they wearn't blind, fur ther arrers went inter my hart, an' ther eyes looked straight toward this little, lone, black house, outen here on this 'ere beach—an' thet reminds me, sweet—yer shall hev this 'ere little house painted white, or, perhaps, yer'd rather hev it yaller, in honor o' my yaller-tails, fur I hev made ther money ther'll pay fur ther paintin' of it, a catchin' o' them thar yaller-tails. Perhaps yer'll like it painted red, or sea-green, or sky-blue—oh, any color yer'd like best, my purty; or how wud yer like it a painted of a dove-color? fur it will be the biddin' place o' two turtle doves, sure's my name's Kester—Nathaniel Kester; an' thet reminds me—an' your name 'll be Kester too, now, won't it?"

"I hope so," sighed Mrs. Erie.

"An' your name's Erie now. This 'ere lone, black place looks more like the nest o' a raven then it do like ther eris o' an eagle."

"But, Janet Janet Janet!" exclaimed Mrs. Erie. "Jane is the eagle. She is the soaring bird. God grant that she may find an erie suited to her lofty ambition." The poor lady started up. "We have forgotten Janet, entirely, in our great happiness. What about Janet? Oh, where is the child now? Why does she not return? Nathan, Nathan, I hope no harm will come to her."

(To be continued.)

nobly earned the continuous honor so unanimously accorded. Great credit also due to Brother Mayer for the brave manner in which he acquiesced in the will of the great majority, of which he became one. The worthy treasurer of the N. S. A. was as cordially re-elected as was every other officer. The re-election of Hon. A. Thompson as one of the trustees, was as much credit to the good sense of the Convention as it was an honor to his distinguished ability as a financier. A few more generous givers and practical business workers like him and Bro. Mayer would soon put our Cause in working order, and give it a prestige of success never known before. I was personally gratified that Bro. Kates was put on the board of trustees. He is in the field of practical labor and is level-headed enough. I opine, to see what is most needed for the interests of the N. S. A. and our greater Cause. Only such persons should be elected to leadership as combine a high order of mediumship with practical business qualifications. The success of our movement depends largely upon spirit guidance. That such a selection has been made at the convention just closed to fill every office of the N. S. A. is a cause of rejoicing. In both worlds, and is a warrant for its continued success in well doing.

THE EVENING MEETINGS

for lectures, music, and tests, were in all respects a great success. The large hall was filled each evening by a highly intelligent audience, who listened to some of our ablest speakers with appreciation and delight expressed by fixed attention and frequent applause. The music by the Colby Trio of Boston, selected by the trustees, was of the highest quality, gave excellent satisfaction and made harmonious conditions for the speakers and mediums who followed. The test mediums, Mrs. Pepper, Mrs. Kates, Miss Gault, and Mr. Altman were at their best, and gave many striking and convincing facts. Such work as they do is eminently proper on our platform, and the more it is combined with equally good lectures the better. It is mediocrity and incapacity and fraud in both lines only that should be tabooed.

The address of Hon. J. B. Townsend of Ohio, though interrupted at the busiest hour of the convention, because of its intrinsic merit, and the captivating manner of its delivery, commanded close attention and general assent. As it has been published in pamphlet form, and appears in the last Progressive Thinker, its thought by this time is generally known.

In regard to the inconsiderate manner in which the convention acted upon having a history of Spiritualism prepared, I will not now comment, further than to say I hope that ere it is too late they may see that "Penny wise" may be "pound foolish." Delay will increase expense by increasing the difficulty of obtaining indispensable facts.

THE DEDICATION OF OUR HOME,

over which Sister Longley, the very efficient and popular Secretary so graciously presides, was a very interesting and heart-moving occasion. Its generous donor was the central figure of the scene, and all hearts were warm with grateful appreciation of his munificence. Bro. Barrett's address of acceptance and of thankfulness in most touching and felicitous language, and all the other participants vied with him in suitably voicing the deep emotion and gratitude which was universal. The angels were there also to bless the donor, and he surely must have realized the full significance of the assurance: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Long may he live and give.

That Unsightly Wall Paper.

Among all of these modern conveniences which Ruskin and Carlyle have condemned as shams there is none more pernicious than wall paper. Paper hangings are the modern, meretricious substitute for tapestry hangings, which were really handiwork and could be taken down for cleaning. The latter served both for warmth and decoration, whereas wall paper serves only for the latter and that only when it is new and clean.

It is an accumulator of dirt and disease, and the pasting over it of fresh layers only serves to prevent the serious harm which this phase of the matter become that in New York repapering without removal of the old paper is forbidden.

The sensible modern decoration for walls is paint. But little more costly than wall paper in the beginning and susceptible of even greater decorative treatment. If the material be good it will, before its term of usefulness ceases, be found more economical than the latter. It can be washed and rubbed, and to be removed needs only the application of a fresh coat.

Few householders perhaps appreciate the beauty of a wall painted in monochrome, but there can be no better background for pictures; and even at its worst estate paint is more truly decorative in effect than tawdry wall paper.

The next time you have a room to be renewed try the plan of painting with a good zinc white tint in oil, and I predict that all the remaining rooms in the house will receive the same treatment in due time.

Stanton Dudley.

Mrs. Piper's "Subliminal Self."

Haven't Mrs. Piper and the pseudo friends who prevailed upon her to tell the world—so much per column—that she doesn't know about Spiritualism and Mediumship, gotten her into something of a snarl by her "confession"? Let's see.

Mrs. Piper thinks all the things said and done while she was in a profound and unconscious trance were performed by her "subliminal self," that Dr. Phelan, Geo. Peckham and the host of others whose names she spoke and characters she assumed were only make-believe spirits. Yet the intelligence asserted that they were there in proper person speaking and writing through her. Now, if they were not there, Mrs. Piper's self is wickedly falsified. If Mrs. Piper is herself a truthful, honest woman—as all who know her seem to agree—is it conceivable that her inner and subliminal self is a "preposterous scoundrel," as Prof. Shaler asserted? If, on the other hand, her inner and unconscious self is a liar and trickster, how can it be that Mrs. Piper's outer and conscious self is an honest and truthful person?

Will Mrs. Piper or her pseudo friends please crack this nut?

W. F. Peck.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 447 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Will Found by Medium.

Frankfort, Ind., Commandery Knights Templar Gets a Fortune Through Spiritualism—Story of a Will.

The Frankfort, Ind., Knights Templar commandery has just been awarded a bequest of \$18,000 through a queer combination of circumstances. The late Mrs. Hiram Bradley, a trance medium figured prominently.

Hiram Bradley, a prosperous farmer of Clinton county, died some four years ago. No will was found, and his wife administered the estate, and two years later married a farmer named Isaac Miller. No one put in a claim to any of the property, and the right of the widow to the whole estate was never questioned. Soon after the second marriage a trance medium appeared at Frankfort. A. H. Boden, an attorney at Frankfort, attended one of his seances and asked the medium to call up one of his friends. In response to the request, a voice, purporting to be that of Judge James D. Suit, who had died three or four years before, answered and talked of many things that had occurred during his practice and when he presided as judge of the Circuit court. Among other things he said that he had written a will for Hiram Bradley; that the will had been duly acknowledged in the presence of two witnesses and it would be found in a certain law book in the speaker's library.

In the meantime Judge Suit's library had been sold, but the book indicated was found, and in it was a will, attested by two witnesses and signed by Bradley. It bequeathed the bulk of the estate to the widow and the commandery of Knights Templar and made some minor bequests to other persons.

Mrs. Miller resisted the probating of the will on the ground that it was a forgery, but one of the witnesses was still alive and testified that he signed it and saw Bradley affix his signature. The will was proved and suit was entered by the Knights Templar commandery. Today, upon facts agreed to by both sides, the court held that the will was valid. The commandery gets about \$18,000 by the decision, and the agreement binds Mrs. Miller not to appeal the case.—Anderson (Ind.) News.

For Over Fifty Years

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

Mrs. Piper's Confession.

BY JOSEPH F. SNIPES.

This lady and her late paper continue to engage the attention of psychical students. After careful reading of her so-called "confession," a term adopted by the N. Y. Herald for circulation purposes, it seems to me the principal motive for her retirement from the service of the scientific profession is a desire for greater freedom, to better satisfy the general public (a laudable object), and, incidentally, for better pay.

It is doubtful if Mrs. Piper ever confines herself to "other pursuits." In ascribing all the phenomena through her mediumship to earthly mental transference, her own sub-consciousness, or the "mind of some silent person alive somewhere else in this world," she advances a theory which is more far-fetched and improbable than the simple declaration of the "familiar spirits" themselves, and the conclusions of their painstaking reporters.

It seems to have taken her fourteen years to discover "whether she was possessed or charmed." That she herself does not know whether spirit people have spoken through her entrancement is no more remarkable than the fact that none of us knows anything in our sleep. Whatever occurs in our unconsciousness is a tale that is told by others, not a personal realization, and the best judges of the value and independence of the operation are the outside critics.

If Mrs. Piper has not had clairvoyant and clairaudient power to see and hear and recognize a spirit visitor, bringing evidence of a separate individuality, then she falls to equal thousands of her more gifted sisters. If she has these gifts, and has cultivated them, and they usually accompany entrancement, but not at the same time, she certainly must have had evidence enough to satisfy herself and others.

Now let us hear from those professors in rebuttal. If the statement of the lady be true, that she finds nothing in her reports to warrant her belief in their spiritual origin, then her opinion is to be weighed against the united judgment of all these skilled skeptics, who have finally confessed conviction.

"Science" covers a multitude of pretences. Anything we know is science. How do we know anything? Through the senses and reason. Then if the ordinary senses and the cultivated reason are satisfied we have positive knowledge or literal science. The actual conditions of another life cannot be realized until we personally enter it, but, like many other matters of fact, it is possible to be fully convinced of its real-existence in advance of a visit.

In view of Mrs. Piper's theories, shall we now discard all our own strange and convincing experiences? What of the numerous evidences concerning matters unknown to the sitters and the seer, especially the prophetic which are later verified? Shall we discard the testimony of all the distinguished gentlemen who have thoroughly investigated similar psychics for so many years?

After all, in such important studies, it does not matter so much what other people think as what we know. For myself, I have many trances of truth, and I believe in the existence of a natural interchange of thought and testimony facts between the inhabitants, relatives and friends of both intermingling spheres, stenographically recorded weekly for the last forty years, and nothing but self-justification or annihilation of reason and common sense can nullify the value of all human speculation and books to the contrary.

Among many other serious and talented students of scientific and occult matters is the Rev. Henry Frank, of the Metropolitan Independent Church of New York City. Sunday, Oct. 27, in his discourse before a large audience of "The Invisible Man," he said:

"Science must always be positive, never cowardly. When shame faced in the presence of indisputable facts, instead of being heroic, a progressive conqueror, it becomes a fearful coward. A fact is a fact, and that is all that science needs. In the past, before the mighty mysteries of Nature were recorded on the pages of history, Science stood pale and afraid, and refused an honest confession. But in the last one hundred years, by the force of increasing knowledge, it has been compelled to admit the revelations of the microscope and the crucible, and their analysis of facts and legitimate conclusions. 'Most people believe in ghosts and are afraid of them, but there is nothing in Nature to be feared. Ghosts are subject to scientific investigation, and just as we have been able by the progress of modern science to wipe out all the petty onslaughts of the demagogue against the air of thousands of years ago, so this time has approached when man hesitates at nothing. There is only one thing that is

supreme in all Nature—the mind of man, an easy match for any problem that may confront it.

"The New York Herald has put forth the so-called 'Confession' of an eminent medium who for fourteen years has been investigated by a Society for Physical Research, and very closely and legitimately under their own conditions and restrictions, and through this medium this society declares it has discovered that the majority of the alleged phenomena are realities, and that before their very eyes, in their scientific laboratory, they have seen developed such evidences as other scientists and profound philosophers have heretofore scorned and ridiculed, and such as the multitude in their ignorance yet dispute. Science has found that these things are not mere phantasms, but facts. I am not advocating any theory, only the scientific. The spiritualistic and the materialistic investigator may rest upon a common ground of discovery, and may look across the road of progress, not as mutual foes, but as mutual friends! (Applause.)

"Be not deceived by the newspapers. The word 'Confession' assures the contradiction of a previous statement. Mrs. Piper has not denied the phenomena obtained by the society during all those years of investigation; she simply retires from her previous submission, and resumes her individual responsibility. She gives her own interpretation of the facts, but does not attempt to deny them. Spiritualism and the materialistic investigator may rest upon a common ground of discovery, and may look across the road of progress, not as mutual foes, but as mutual friends! (Applause.)

If You Feel Depressed

Use **Hornford's Acid Phosphate.**

Dr. W. E. Pitman, Lynchburg, Va., says: "I have used it in nervous depression and dyspeptic troubles, with good result."

Society Briefs.

The Boston Spiritual Temple held services in Chickering Hall, Huntington Ave., Sunday, Oct. 27. The subject of the morning's sermon was "Do the clergy tell the truth about Spiritualism?" The lecture was given by a clean-cut and critical though just analysis and no standing room was left for their unjust and ignorant position. The subject was handled in Mr. Wiggin's ablest manner. A seance followed. The evening gathering showed a large increase in numbers over any of the previous statements. Mr. Piper was answering questions and in the evening following for Mr. Wiggin's brightest and best work. The Ladies' Schubert Quartet sang morning and evening in their usual delightful manner. —Mary L. Porter, Sec'y B. S. T.

St. George's Hall, Pawtucket.—The Pawtucket Spiritual Society opened its meetings again for the season on Sept. 23. Mrs. May S. Pepper being the speaker, with a very good attendance. She was also the speaker Sept. 15. Mrs. S. C. Cunningham was the speaker for Sept. 22 and 29. Mrs. Goodrich spoke Oct. 6. On Oct. 10 was commenced a series of business evening meetings as an experiment. Mrs. Edith L. Smith was the first speaker, followed by Miss Lizzie Harlow, Oct. 24, and Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding for Oct. 31. Dr. Hale was the speaker Sunday evening, Oct. 13. Mrs. S. C. Cunningham Oct. 20 and Mrs. Kenyon Oct. 27.

The attendance on the Sunday evenings seems to be increasing, but the Thursday evening meetings have not fulfilled our expectations. The society is about to have a Charter from the State of Rhode Island, as it has made arrangements for the same. The Lyceum keeps plodding steadily along and from all appearances we have every hope for an active member of the future. The members of the Lyceum hold a developing circle every Sunday morning at the close of the Lyceum meetings.—Geo. Kinder, Sec'y.

In the city of Anoka, and village of Champlin, great interest is growing with many of the intelligent portion of its citizens, and they are endeavoring to bring Spiritualism into the value and belief of the community through the aid of phenomena, through the mediumship of Mrs. Hardy of Minneapolis, who has given several materializing sances, under strictly test conditions—at the residence of Mrs. S. M. Lowell. Our experiences in materializing phenomena produced through the aid of Mrs. Hardy are certainly very convincing to the most skeptical, and we are in hopes after many years of talking and oftentimes laughed at, that the frozen dispositions caused through bigotry will melt into an anxiety to realize truth.—S. M. Lowell.

The Boston Spiritual Temple held the usual Tuesday night meeting in Chickering Hall Building, Room 10. Every seat in the room was taken and the audience greatly enjoyed a short talk by Mr. Wiggin, followed by a long seance. Many strangers are attracted to these week evening meetings by the remarkable powers of mediumship shown by the seances. Gradually led by the teachings given, in the short addresses, into a knowledge and love of the philosophy of Spiritualism. Music was furnished by Miss Sloan.—Mary L. Porter, Sec'y B. S. T.

Cambridgeport, Washington Hall, 573 Mass. Ave., opposite Pearl St., President writes: Our meetings all day yesterday (Nov. 4) were well attended. The room was full. We had with us our old friend, Bell Robertson, in the evening, who gave a number of character readings, giving satisfaction to all. Serita Spanish conduct, read many articles, all being recognized. We are progressive. Managed by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnson (nee L. J. Johnson).

Report of meetings for Oct. in Temple of Honor Hall, 591 Mass. Ave., 1st meeting. Discourse and messages by Mrs. S. E. Hall, assisted by Mrs. B. Robertson of Boston. A good audience. Second meeting well attended. Discourse of marked ability by Mrs. Hall and messages all recognized. Third meeting an increase of attendance and much interest shown. Music by Mrs. M. Parker and Mrs. E. Kennedy, both inspired by the angel world. Meetings every Sunday, 7:30 p. m., all invited. Chairman, J. E. Hall.

Fitchburg, Mass., Oct. 27. Mrs. Nellie Noyes of Boston spoke for the First Spiritualist Society Sunday to the largest audience of the season. The two addresses were ably presented, followed by a large number of astrological and clairvoyant readings, accurately given. Miss Howe, pianist, finely rendered several selections. Dr. C. L. Fox, President.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter served the Waltham Spiritualist Box Union Church Oct. 13 and 20. His lectures were listened to by appreciative audiences and were of such a nature as to set people thinking and a credit to the Cause of Spiritualism. His spirit descriptions were very fine and correct. Oct. 27, Mr. J. S. Scarlett occupied the rostrum and gave a forcible and instructive lecture, followed by delineations. Ella A. Wheeler, Cor. Sec., 74 School St.

Brookton, Oct. 27. Mrs. Annie Wheeler, secretary, writes: The Brookton Chalice Progressive Lyceum No. 1. Mr. Geo. W. Nutting, conductor, held its session as usual in Harmony Hall, Sunday, Oct. 27, at 2 p. m. The Lyceum gave a concert; the following program was rendered: Recitations by Mildred Tirrell, Etta May Skean, Edith Tirrell, Francis Tirrell, Anna May Bird, George Nutting, Nellie, Walter D. Packard; poem, Mr. A. P. Blinn.

The People's Progressive Spiritual Association of Brookton commenced its meetings for

the season on Oct. 6, with Mr. A. P. Blinn of Boston as the lecturer. He has served the Society through the month of October, and has given us some very interesting discourses, especially the last two. All received the close attention of the audience and at times liberal applause was given. Mr. Blinn, for the thoughts expressed. He has earned the good will of the Brookton Society, and any society that he may serve will find him a willing, earnest and able worker. We hope to have him with us again.—J. B. Hastings, Sec'y, 719 So. Main St., Brookton, Mass.

The Halden Progressive Spiritualist Society, at its meeting Sunday evening, Oct. 27, had for speakers and mediums Mrs. Hattie C. Webber and Mrs. Sadie L. Hand, who appeared at their best, and many comforting messages from spirit friends were given. In the absence of the president, Mr. Milton, the vice-president, Mr. Davidson, conducted the service, assisted by Mr. Snow, who spoke briefly on the Abolition of Capital Punishment.—John R. Snow, Sec'y.

Worcester Association of Spiritualists, G. A. H. Hall, 35 Pearl St. The Sundays of Oct. 6 and 13, Dr. George A. Fuller occupied our platform. The name of Dr. Fuller, as all are well known, is a name that stands in truth both grand and inspiring and clothed in the choicest language. He was followed Oct. 20 and 27 by Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn. In her usual vivacious way she sends the sharp arrows of Truth into the stronghold of Error, regardless of consequences. Her mental readiness, service, assisted by Mr. Snow, who spoke briefly on the Abolition of Capital Punishment.—John R. Snow, Sec'y.

The Montpelier Spiritualist Association had the pleasure of listening to two lectures by Harrison D. Barrett, Oct. 27. Mr. Barrett is a great favorite here because of his absolute fearlessness as president that he feels at his right, and fearlessly confronts him on his selection as president of the N. S. A. This society is working to establish a library of spiritual books; an effort that was highly commended by the speaker, who, as president of the Banner of Light Pub. Co., promised to aid us by donating several volumes.—Carrie Weston, Sec'y.

Boston, Oct. 27.—The Lyceum opened as usual, having the lesson from card No. 2. After the march the following took part in the literary exercises: Recitations by Ellsworth Hasdell, Eva Scott, Harry Green and Herbert Leslie; songs, Esther Bots and Little Ray; piano solo, Rebecca Goolish. Master Eddie Smith and Charlie Hatch were present from the Spiritual Lyceum and rendered a musical selection. Master Eddie also rendered a vocal selection of his own composition. Mr. Leslie made a few remarks on Spiritualism as a beacon light to guide us on our way to heaven. Remarks by Mrs. Butler regarding her seances, and Mrs. Annie Scott. Mr. Leary favored us with some remarks. The Lyceum is to have a fair in Paine Hall the 15th, 17th, 18th and 19th of December. All are welcome. Closed with singing at 12:45.—S. E. Jones, Sec'y.

Appleton St., Boston, Mass., Friday, Nov. 2.—The regular meeting of the First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society was held as usual. In the evening Mrs. Hattie C. Mason opened meeting with singing, after which Mrs. Alice S. Waterhouse opened the meeting with a few brief remarks. Mrs. Grace Sutherland executed a fine piano solo. Mrs. Annie Scott then gave interesting tests. Dr. C. W. Willis spoke briefly and of the cordiness of our new hall. He predicted a good season for the Ladies' Aid Society; he closed with communications. Mr. Fred Taylor sang very acceptably, "Better than Gold." Mrs. Healy gave some excellent tests. Mrs. Annie Scott then gave interesting tests. Dr. C. W. Willis spoke briefly and of the cordiness of our new hall. He predicted a good season for the Ladies' Aid Society; he closed with communications. Mr. Fred Taylor sang very acceptably, "Better than Gold." Mrs. Healy gave some excellent tests. Mrs. Annie Scott then gave interesting tests. Dr. C. W. 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BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1901.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON AT 4 O'CLOCK FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., at Second-Class Matter.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE

No. 204 Dartmouth Street, next door to Pierce Building, Copley Sq.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE
Per Year \$2.00
Six Months 1.00
Three Months50
Postage paid by publishers.

Issued by

BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Harriet D. Barrett, President.
Frederic G. Tuttle, Treasurer and Bus. Man.
Harriet D. Barrett, Editor-in-Chief.
Marguerite C. Barrett, Assistant Editor.

Matter for publication must be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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To Investigate Psychic Phenomena.

Many friends of psychic science are undertaking to create a fund for the purpose of endowing some liberal university and charging it with the duty of establishing a department for the scientific investigation of the phenomena of Psychism. Back of this movement are such eminent friends of Spiritualism as Rev. M. J. Savage, Prof. James H. Hyslop, Rev. R. Heber Newton, Mrs. Rose M. de Vaux-Royer, and many others. The circulars announcing this movement in the field of psychology are already being widely distributed and are attracting no little attention. Without any hesitation whatever, we venture to declare the principle involved in this work to be most excellent in character and of the utmost importance to all lovers of truth. Every true university should have a department of Psychism, under the tuition of practical psychologists who are thoroughly versed in the demonstrations of psychic science. Educational work of this character is greatly needed by all classes of people, Spiritualists not excepted.

Modern Spiritualism has an abundance of facts that should be presented to just such a body of students and teachers as we have referred to above. In truth, Spiritualists themselves should establish and endow a psychic university, in which psychic phenomena could be properly presented, studied, analyzed, and classified by persons qualified to do so by their understanding of the merits of the facts under consideration. Such an institution is a necessity if Spiritualism is to do the work the angels intended it should do, when they made their message known to the world through its mediumship. But our Spiritualists have sadly neglected the educational side of their work, and have depended too much upon their emotions to give them the proofs they desired in their investigation of psychic phenomena. Many of them have frequently mistaken their impulses for intuitions, and have been led into the wildest vagaries in consequence. Ofttimes, from the lack of proper exercise of will power, their intuitions have been misdirected, and they have accepted as facts many things that rested only upon the shifting sands of the imagination.

Spiritualism is rich in facts, and has compelled the scientists of this age, by its insistent and persistent declarations of the same, to investigate them. Having done so in part, the scientists now come forward and ask for an institution in which psychic phenomena may be systematically studied, and reduced

to that orderly form that must always precede the establishment and proclamation of a new science. This work should be done by the Spiritualists, and instead of holding aloof from these students who are inaugurating this movement, they should render them every possible aid in their philanthropic undertaking. If the Spiritualists will establish a university of this character, they can do the very thing the promoters of the undertaking in question purpose doing and will receive their hearty co-operation in all of their efforts. The aim of both parties is the same—truth, pure and undefiled, being their only consideration, why then should there be any differences between them? Truth belongs to all mankind, and no Spiritualist, or scientist, has any right to claim that he is the sole possessor of it. Let them recognize the oneness of truth, and the results of their labors will take care of themselves. Spiritualism means more than a mere label, and has too much to do to quibble over terms.

But many Spiritualists feel aggrieved at their friends, the scientists, because some of the latter claim to be the only ones who have demonstrated the fact of life beyond the grave. Is not such choler decidedly childish in character? Have not those very Spiritualists presumed to treat with contempt the very men who were proving that the facts of Spiritualism were true? Are they so far removed from bigotry as to be able to throw stones at the scientists without being reminded that they themselves were living in glass houses? In the past, many Spiritualists have assumed that they were in possession of all the truth there was in the world, and proceeded to conduct themselves with the same degree of intolerance that was manifested by their Calvinistic brethren of the past two centuries. Some of them today look with disdain upon science, and publicly declare that they have no use for education. Such as these join in protesting against the scientific investigation of Spiritualism, and eagerly abet those who feel that mediumship will lose prestige, if scientific methods are resorted to in studying Spiritualism in their endeavors to minimize the labors of the Psychical Research Society. This position is as unjust as is that of the haughty scientist who arrogantly declares that he is the only one who has proved Spiritualism to be true. Because pseudo-scientists are bigots is no reason for Spiritualists to be the same. It is rather a just cause for their being more liberal and broadly tolerant in their views.

If the Spiritualists will but conserve their vital and financial energies, they can deal with the psychic phenomena that are multiplying with astonishing rapidity everywhere from their own premises in the same logical, scientific manner as is resorted to by such men as Crookes, Flammarion, Aksakof and others. They can do better work even than can our Psychical Research brethren, for the former will work from the premise of friendly interest, while the latter usually start with a strong prejudice against any and all claims of Psychism. Let the Spiritualists then establish their university, record their splendid facts, present them to the world in an orderly form, and the scientists of all nations will enter the spiritual laboratory for instruction. We say again that Spiritualism is rich in psychic facts, but those facts need careful collating that no doubtful timber may be placed in the spiritualistic temple. They need better conditions for their manifestation, and more considerate attention on the part of the Spiritualists who witness them. Guess-work and semi-theoretical, nonsense and diphany of speech should all be cast aside that the more substantial, uplifting and strengthening powers of the soul may do their splendid work. The endowment fund is a good idea; education is needed, and we wish every effort made to advance the science of psychology a full measure of success. But we claim that the Spiritualists should be the first to do this work. Failing to do their duty, they must not condemn those who take up this work and carry it forward to success.

The Late Convention.

It is not our purpose to discuss the work of the recent National Convention at any length. We have spoken with regard to some of the work that it succeeded in doing, and have also mentioned a few of the things it failed to do. One important topic, however, has been unnoticed up to this time, and we deem it fitting that a few words should be said with respect to that question. The delegates adopted an amendment to the By-Laws that abolishes (forever, we hope), the proxy system. Hereafter societies can only be represented by the delegates selected by the members of the same, or in case such societies cannot send delegates from their own ranks, they can direct the Committee on Credentials to fill the vacancies, but they must place in the committee's hands a direct order to that effect, also sealed instructions to the delegates thus selected. This does away with the proxy system of the past, and makes it impossible for representation of an unjust character hereafter.

In case an order to fill a vacancy is received by the committee unaccompanied by a sealed letter of instructions, said vacancy cannot be filled. Direct representation is the aim, and the sealed instructions to the appointees simply acquaint the delegates thus selected with the real aims and purposes of the societies they serve. Such instructions also enable the delegates to cast their ballots in harmony with the real wishes of the members of the local societies. It is, perhaps, the nearest approach to direct representation that can be made in the work of the N. S. A., until that body or the local societies are able to pay the traveling expenses of the delegates to the regular annual gatherings of the National body. That time is afar off and may never arrive, hence we feel to give the present plan our hearty approval. It makes it possible for all societies chartered with the N. S. A. to be represented understandingly in all Conventions, yet renders it impossible for any person or body of persons to "pack" a

Convention in his or their own interests. We have long been opposed to the proxy system, and are much gratified at the solution that has been found for this knotty problem. When we consider the far-reaching import of the amendment that made this change, we are led to wonder that it was adopted with no opposition. In point of fact, it is alleged that many delegates are unaware of its passage, and that it is now a part of the organic structure of the N. S. A. But so it is, and we congratulate the delegates upon their statesmanlike and most progressive action.

One other important measure was also adopted by the Convention. It was a resolution making Boston the place of meeting for the tenth Annual Convention of the N. S. A. This choice was a surprise to us, and to the great majority of the New England people, as Boston had not been named for the Convention of 1902 prior to the Washington convocation. As a matter of fact, the Banner of Light had favored the selection of the city of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for the next Convention, and its editor had been an earnest advocate of that city's claims up to the time Boston was named on the floor of the Convention. The Banner, as will be seen by examining its files, had advocated Milwaukee for 1902, St. Louis for 1903, and Boston for 1904. The withdrawal of Milwaukee was also a surprise, and left no opposition to the report of the committee that named Boston. Had a vote been taken, we are assured that Milwaukee would have received a goodly number of votes, possibly enough to have won the Convention.

We are greatly pleased that Boston is to have the next Convention, and the Banner of Light pledges itself to do all in its power to make that gathering the best and most profitable one ever held in the United States. New England seldom does anything by halves, and we are already assured that they will furnish the music and the place of meeting for the Convention free of cost to the N. S. A., and will further contribute the proceeds of a grand musical and literary entertainment to the N. S. A. treasury as an earnest of their love for Spiritualism and of their belief in and love for the N. S. A. itself. It is also purposed to make the Western and Southern delegates to the Convention royally welcome to the "Hub," and acquaint them with the real meaning of New England hospitality. We are pleased to note that there is a common interest among the Spiritualists of all shades of belief in the great Convention of next year, and an earnest desire to make it an epoch in the history of Spiritualism. New England will do her best to make the Convention of 1902 a social, numerical and financial success. If the other States do proportionately as well, and we believe they will, the tenth National Convention of the Spiritualists of America will be the grandest event in the religious history of the world.

A Progressive Spiritualist.

These words can be truthfully spoken of Hoa. James R. Townsend of Lima, Ohio, whose able address before the recent National Convention in Washington, D. C., appeared in the columns of our last issue. Mr. Townsend's remarks were the result of careful thought and lofty inspiration. They prove him to be in the foremost rank of the reformers of the day, and give ample evidence that he has the courage of his convictions. It takes courage in any man to combat popular errors, and to boldly proclaim a new and true gospel unto the masses. The majority of mankind have not outgrown the philosophy of egotism, or selfishness. When they are advised to think of and do for others, regardless of self, they are sure to rebel. Mr. Townsend did not hesitate to proclaim a new economical and ethical system, in which the philosophy of August Comte was enlarged upon, and a spiritual altruism outlined to the children of men. "It is not too much to say that this ideal is the spiritual beacon, given unto the sons and daughters of earth, to guide them into the kingdom of the soul where true liberty and genuine civilization can be found. We commend this address to the thoughtful attention of all Spiritualists, and trust that they will avail themselves of Mr. Townsend's generous offer to send them a copy of the same, free of cost, upon receipt of name and correct postoffice address.

We have known Mr. Townsend well for more than twelve years, and have always found him to be a man of his word, a truly progressive Spiritualist and practical philanthropist. When we first met, he was actively engaged in politics. He was chairman of the Democratic State Committee of Ohio, a member of both branches of the Legislature of that State, in successive terms, and enjoyed a lucrative practice at the bar. Politics and law are said to go well together, but Mr. Townsend could not retain his interest in them, and square matters with his conscience. His religion of Spiritualism forced him to look for causes, and induced him to cease dealing with effects. He was obliged to forsake politics, and to 1903 the law only as an aid to his work as a business man. Progression is the watchword of Spiritualism, and Mr. Townsend applied it to his own life in turning from parents that would separate him from the spiritual life from which he derived so much comfort. He perceived that every profession or business should be followed merely as a means to a spiritual end. Material affairs must be spiritualized ere the civilization of the soul can come in.

He was too active in mind to allow his energies to become atrophied from disease, so he sought the business world for an occupation that would enable him to work out his ideals along truly progressive lines. He looks upon labor as a divine means to the unfolding of the soul, and believes that the wealth of the world should be utilized as a spiritual force in the work of enabling man to find his soul, and live the life it reveals to him. In other words, Mr. Townsend believes in the spiritualization of wealth through the efforts of its possessors, by turning the same away from the avenues of selfishness into the broader highways of altruistic love. He looks upon Spiritualism as the one great

means by which this work may be accomplished. Mr. Townsend's ideals are all spiritual in their nature, and truly progressive in their real character. He places the gospel of unselfishness against that of greed, and advances, step by step, in the direction of his exalted goal. His methods are original, and seem to be boldly conceived, yet he is, in reality, but the instrument of the advanced souls in spirit life to work out needed reforms for the entire human race.

In our associations with him as the owner of the Light of Truth, as an interested visitor at Canadaga Camp, as a member of Board of Trustees of the N. S. A., and as a friend, we have ever found him to be the same high-minded gentleman, and progressive citizen we look upon as a type of the true Spiritualist, and therefore give him our full confidence and esteem. We believe that his ideals can be made of service to humanity, and unqualifiedly endorse his altruistic principles as aids in this great work of benefiting mankind. He has been singularly successful in his business enterprises of all kinds, which fact may be considered an index of the power of the spirit world in practical affairs when the principle is right and the purpose is just on the part of the one who puts them forth. When spiritual growth is made the first aim in life, man has no time to spend with the things that pander to the senses. With Mr. Townsend, spiritual purposes are always foremost and he endeavors to make material things serve spiritual ends. He is a man of progressive thought, lofty ideals, and praiseworthy ambition to serve others as well as himself. We wish him success in all good works, and trust that he may dwell long enough in mortal form to see his splendid ideals realized. He is yet a young man, being less than fifty years of age, hence has many years of active service for his fellow-men before him.

Mrs. M. A. Brown.

This gifted medium and supporter of Spiritualism suddenly took leave of earth on Friday, Nov. 1, from a stroke of apoplexy at the early age of 67 years. Mrs. Brown has been an active worker as a medium for over thirty years, and her guide, little "Lulu," is well known to the multitudes who have sought the medium's home seeking tidings of the loved ones "over the river." Mrs. Brown was the centre of a large circle of devoted friends, and she was never so happy as she was when giving messages of comfort to the troubled souls of earth. She was also a very reliable business medium, and several very important legal documents, as well as pieces of lost property, have been discovered and restored to their rightful owners through her organism. She was a devoted friend to the poor, and willingly divided her substance among those who were in need of aid.

In her mediumship she has always had the loyal support of her faithful husband, between whom and her most perfect harmony has existed from the day of their marriage down to the hour of her transition. He is now alone in the home that was ever a place of rest, a spiritual centre to him and his companion. No children blessed their union, but her love went out in full measure to the little ones in other homes, all of whom will greatly miss "Auntie Brown," as they affectionately called her. Her sister, Mrs. Wm. A. Hale, so far as we know, is the only surviving relative of our arisen friend. Her unexpected transition will cast a pall of sorrow over many hearts and many homes will miss her suavely influence for years to come. She has been a faithful friend to Spiritualism, and has loyally served her guides. She has earned the rest that is now hers, and the angels have given her a loving welcome to her home in spirit. Her many friends in the mortal extend to her their loving thoughts as she enters upon her new life in the realm of the soul. Peace to her memory.

Hon. Sidney Dean.

It is with regret that we are called upon to chronicle the transition of this distinguished representative of our Cause to the higher life. He has gone home, ripe in years, and laden with earthly honors. His life has been a most active and useful one in all respects. In his earlier years, he imbibed the love of liberty, and never did he lower his flag throughout the eighty-three years he spent in mortal form. He was an abolitionist from childhood, and devoted his great energies to the noble work of overthrowing African slavery. His voice and pen were ever at the service of the bondman, and he never spoke without accomplishing something of his purpose. At an early age he entered the Methodist ministry, and for forty years was actively identified with that denomination as a clergyman. In 1854, while in the pulpit, he was elected to Congress from the State of Connecticut, as a Republican. He took part in the famous contest that resulted in the election of Gen. N. P. Banks as Speaker of the House of Representatives, and was one of the tellers throughout the controversy. He was a life-long friend of Gen. Banks, and was ever his trusted counsellor. In 1856, Mr. Dean was re-elected to Congress by an increased majority, but retired at the close of his second term to take up the work of the ministry. During his Congressional career, Mr. Dean was the Washington correspondent of the New York Independent, and his articles, over the nom-de-plume "Putnam" became famous throughout the land.

In 1863, Mr. Dean removed to Rhode Island and was pastor of the Methodist church in Pawtucket for two years. His next charge was in Providence, where he also remained for two years, from which place he removed to Warren, R. I., where he preached for two years more. He then retired from active pulpit work, although he did not surrender his ordination papers, and became the editor and press agent of the Providence Evening Press, the Rhode Island Press, and the Morning Star, which positions he held for fifteen years. In 1880, he retired from his several

editorships, and devoted his attention to literature. He prepared an exhaustive work entitled "A History of Banks and Banking from the Bank of Venice, 1171, to 1882," which was published in Boston in 1884. This work is looked upon as authority in its especial field and reflects great credit upon its author. During the next ten years Mr. Dean lectured in nearly all of the States of the Union upon different subjects, but kept his facile pen busily engaged at all times. He was a tireless worker in all fields, and never wasted a moment's time with things of little worth.

While yet in full fellowship with his church, he began to investigate Spiritualism, and it was not long before he became thoroughly convinced of its claims through his own mediumship. As soon as he had determined its truth, he boldly proclaimed his convictions to the world, severed his connection with the church, and began to work for his new religion. He soon became one of its ablest and most powerful advocates, and was everywhere looked upon as a dangerous antagonist to popular errors. Mr. Dean was much in demand as a Spiritualist speaker. He made himself acquainted with its literature, carefully studied its science and philosophy, and made himself master of its religious phases. He accepted phenomena as proofs of a life beyond the tomb, and reasoned from them to an immortal existence for the whole human race. For a few years, he was one of the editorial staff of The Light of Truth, and for one year was its Editor-in-Chief. A partial stroke of paralysis forced him to retire from active work nearly ten years ago, and he has since resided with his family in Brookline, Mass. He is survived by his devoted wife, two sons and a daughter, all of whom have the truths of Spiritualism to comfort them in their sorrow. Sidney Dean was a man of the people, true to truth as he understood it, and always loyal to the right as he perceived the right. He was a truly good and noble man, and the world is the better for his having lived in it. Peace to his memory!

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Wallis.

These true and tried friends of our beloved Cause in England, celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their most happy marriage, and that of their joint entrance into the field as active workers for Spiritualism, on Thursday, Nov. 14, 1901. Together they have shared life's joys and sorrows, and together have they worked for the religion of their souls. Five and twenty years in the harness is a long period of time in anticipation, but they have found it all too short to do the work their busy hands have found to do. We congratulate them upon this their glorious "silver wedding" day, and hope that for fifty years to come they may be found in the active service of God, humanity, and the angels. Fifty years hence we will help them celebrate their "diamond wedding" and will agree to lead off in the first dance on that happy occasion. We can only be present in spirit at the celebration of their "silver wedding," but we can and do send them our heartfelt greetings, our best wishes, and the kindest regards of all their thousands of friends in America. This devoted couple has served Spiritualism faithfully and well for a quarter of a century, and they have both earned an honorable position in its history. They deserve well at the hands of their brethren everywhere, and we hope they may reap the reward in both material and spiritual things that is so justly their due. We wish them every success in their good work.

Anti-Vivisection.

The New England Anti-Vivisection Society has done a most excellent public service by securing statements from the vast majority of the candidates for office in Massachusetts from the Governor down to Assemblyman. It puts every man upon record with regard to this great question, and the replies to the four queries propounded are of unusual interest. Some of the candidates are opposed to all forms of vivisection, while others, the majority, favor it under severe and far-reaching restrictions. If we could reach our readers before the election was over, we should publish the names of all candidates, and state their positions with respect to vivisection. We feel that all Spiritualists are in duty bound to support only such men for office as are known to be humane in their thoughts and efforts. Every believer in unrestricted vivisection should be defeated for public office every time he offers himself as a candidate. It would be well for the State Spiritualist Association to ascertain the standing of all candidates for office with regard to compulsory vaccination, capital punishment, medical monopoly, and clairvoyance, before every election, and acquaint the voters of the State with the replies received. This will prove a most excellent means of restraint for those officials who want votes, and can get them only in this way.

Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing,

the well-known lecturer and talented author, was taken seriously ill just before the opening of the National Convention in Washington, and was unable to attend that very important gathering. The delegates and visitors were much grieved at her illness and sent her many love-freighted messages of healing each day of the meeting. She was greatly missed by all, for her counsels have ever been of value in the work of organization. She was to have filled an important place in one of the evening programs, and would have spoken upon the subject, "The Children; Our Crown Jewels," had she been able to fill the place assigned her. Mrs. Twing is a most faithful worker for the Cause of Spiritualism, and numbers her friends by the thousand in all sections of this land. We extend our sincere sympathy and best wishes for a speedy recovery in which we are joined by all of the Spiritualists of America.

Photographs of Mrs. Minnie M. Soule are for sale at this office; twenty-five cents each.

For more information on Liberty Mutual, call 800-368-2262.

SPIRIT Message Department.

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MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides, or that of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a special representative of the Banner of Light, and are given in the presence of other members of The Banner staff. These circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seance held Oct. 10, 1901, S. E. 24.

Invocation.

Oh infinite power of love, in thy care we would rest and would refresh ourselves and then with new strength and new care go forward to the heights so humbly. We come so weak at times and yet always with the confidence and the knowledge of the power that is in thee. May we be made strong for thy cause, may we be made brave to climb up to the heights where peace reigns; may we be made so true, so noble, and so much better for having dipped into the sea of life and power. Down to the everyday life we would come with a better understanding of men and women. Whatever their condition of life, whatever their sin, their sorrow, or their misdeeds, may we be made steady, sweet and loyal as thou wouldst be for walking in their midst. Bless us and help us. Make us ever true and steady and in this special work, our especial mission, which is to heal the wounded heart, to open the eyes of those who are blinded with sorrow and grief, may we find what is best to do and do it nobly and right. May the hearts that are bleeding listen for the word and may the word cheer and sanctify and bless them. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Frank Wingate, Dover, N. H.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a young man about thirty years old. He is very light with light brown hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion, slender and delicate looking, and he comes slowly as though it took every bit of strength he had to make this effort. He says, "Oh, I am more than anxious to come, but I don't know how to begin. I can tell you my name. It is Frank Wingate, and I can tell you where I lived,—it was in Dover, N. H., and I want to get to Lucy, but beyond that it seems as though I haven't strength to tell what I want to. I have the greatest desire at times to break through the silence and say all that I want to say, but then when I try it seems as though I speak out into the air and nothing is heard, and I wonder and wonder if ever the time will come when I will get response to my thought. I have Uncle Joe with me; he keeps encouraging me and tells me to stop thinking about it, to go on with my studies and do anything I can over here, then once in a while to go with new strength and see what that will do, but somehow I can't settle myself down to get back. I am so anxious always to get back. I want to get to Charlie, too. I want him to know that I am interested in every single thing he does. It doesn't make any difference whether it is about his shoes or anything of more importance, and I am sure he will know what I mean when I speak of it in this way, but I do have such an interest in him and I want him to think of me as alive. It hurts me for him to think of me as gone, dead, out of his life forever, with perchance a time somewhere when he comes he will see me and know me. It is awfully hard and that is what makes me weak when I think of it; I have a great desire to overcome it. I hope this will reach them and that they will make a way for me to come into the home."

Flora Mason, Deerfield, N. H.

The next spirit that comes to me is a girl about twelve years old. She has brown hair, rather a fair skin and dark brown eyes. She is very pretty, but her skin looks waxy, as though for a long time before she went away it had that waxy look. Her hands are small and delicate looking and she is just as quick as a fly, jumping about from place to place, and seems to have her own little independent way of saying and doing things. She says, "My name is Flora Mason, and I lived in Deerfield, N. H. My mother's name is Ellen and I want her to know that when she has asked me to come I have been there. I have seen her when she sat and tried to get the writing and I have tried to write. I haven't been able to do it yet, but if she keeps on, I will. I want her to know, too, that Grandma is with me; Grandma says that if we keep on we will get the line established so strongly that nothing can break it down again, and I also have Aunt Sarah. I didn't know Aunt Sarah, she passed out a long time before I did, but she says, 'Never mind, here I am able to come and help,' and she makes an effort to do it. My mother had trouble about her house and had an awful lot done, changes made all around; we were there and settled her in thought and we saw that she was working too hard, but there wasn't anything to do but to let her finish it up the best she could and now she is tired, but we can help her to get her strength all back again. Thank you."

Abner Chase, Fargo, No. Dakota.

The next one that comes to me is a man named Abner Chase. He is strong, square shouldered, has black eyes, and black hair. He is about forty-five years old and he comes

from way out in Dakota, Fargo. He says, "I was a railroad man and I went there. The place was in its infancy and I had a good deal to do about the place. I don't know that I care a cent about picking up my past life and giving what I went through. Of course I know that when I am put to the test, I can tell who I am and what I did, but I now have the greatest desire in the world to establish a railroad between the house where I am now and the house where I used to be. I have laid out my lines in my mind which is the way I used to work when I was in earth life. I have run one or two cars along the line, but they haven't gotten very far into the station. Now my desire is that if I keep a train going and make all the noise I can, somebody will be attracted into that station and pay attention to what comes in. I have the greatest hope and I might almost say a knowledge that I shall accomplish what I want to. There is a little circle of influences out in Fargo where this thought is needed very much. They are getting narrow and I don't like it. I want the broad life and the broad thought to get there and certainly for such free people and such a free country it is a shame to have it get narrowed down more like you eastern folks do. I want to send this word to Josephine. I want her to know that she has the power and so have I, and with power at both ends we can run a track through that will bring passengers and carry letters that will bring pleasure to us both. I have my little girl over here, her name is Edith. I want her to understand that she has an interest in earth life as well as in this life over here, so I am making this supreme effort for her as well as for myself. I thank you for having given me this opportunity and I hope I will be able to come again."

Abigail Dodge, Washington, D. C.

The next one that comes is a woman, tall, slender, and just as sweet as a flower. Her face is not beautiful only as the spirit shines through it; when she speaks or smiles, the light in her eyes is like the light from beautiful places. She walks over to me and says gently, "Little one, I am heart sick and tired and want to have my voice heard among my own people. It is love that makes me look so bright and hope that makes my face look lovely to you. Hope that I am at last to come into communion with my own. My name is Abigail Dodge. I have had so many experiences in this new life and such a desire to express them to my people in the body. I want to go to Washington and there I will find many friends of mine, friends who will recognize me and who will be glad to get this word from me. I always believed that when a truth was shown to you there was nothing to do but to give it out again and in this circle, in this new sphere of life where truth seems all there is, it seems to me that I am absorbed by it and with it and a new energy is generated in me; by this energy I make myself known. I have so many with me who have much to say to the people of earth, who have so much of love to give, who have evidence and proof of their existence to speak out, and yet we are kept back because of prejudice, doubt, and a misunderstanding of our spiritual existence and consciousness. I have often prayed fervently that the truth might come to my own and that they might receive it, but this message I send: God bless you all; open the door as quickly as you can, for we can be of assistance to you aside from making the law known to you. I have James with me; he says that although he has been troubled over many things that have come since he went away there has been the same indomitable will to overcome difficulties with him, so he has persevered and now brings a new strength to his own purposes and those who are dear to him."

Red Feather to Frank.

There is an Indian comes now, tall as he can be. He comes right up to me and right up in the front of his feathers I see one red one, just as red as can be. His name is Red Feather, I know it by that red one being there, and he says, "It is about time the red man had a chance to say a word to his own. He stand round and help all the time. Now I desire to send this message because I want my people to understand that I am working as fast as I can. I belong to Frank. Frank knows me. He will know me when he sees this for he has asked me to come. I belong down in Maine. He belongs down in Maine and we do a lot of good. We do good with medicine, we do good with magnetic healing, we do good taking away pain and seeing things clearly. I want to give new faith to Frank. I want Frank to know that I can do the thing he has asked me to do. I want him to know that I bring the old lady with me. She is getting strong and will help all she can. That is all. That is enough. You can say that I say that is enough."

Gertrude Shaw, Danvers, Mass.

The next spirit is a woman about twenty-five, I think. She is about the medium height and neither very light nor dark, with blue eyes and dark brown hair, almost black, and a fair skin. She is just as pretty as she can be and is not at all embarrassed, just walks over to me and in a bright way, says, "I thought I would come as naturally as I could because if I try to make up something before I get here, I forget it. I have tried two or three times and every time I got mixed up and couldn't say it. I come from Danvers, Mass., and my name is Gertrude Shaw. I have George in the earth life; I want to get to him. I always called him George. I want him to understand that I am not very far away from him. Death isn't so bad after all, only that you can't talk to your friends. Why when I came over I expected I was going to have a lot of pain and a hard time finding my friends. It just seems as though I stepped out of a room where a lot more were talking. It was so easy I couldn't realize it was all over. I have seen a lot of beautiful things over here and lots of places I could not go to when I was alive, but after all I think they are very much like the earthly things only more beautiful, and I wonder if it isn't because I see plainer that I was like a baby when I saw things in earth life, and over here I am older and more beautiful and so the same things look beautiful to me. I don't go to church as much as I did, but I have seen Sam, Sam Field; I know George will be glad to know that I have; he has helped me quite a little. I wish I could get back and go to ride. You know I always was so fond of riding that I would like to take a ride with George now and then. I am sorry he had to make so many changes, but perhaps they will bring him better conditions than if he had tried to keep along just as he did. I have a little sister over here; I never know her, but when I got here I found her, and she is such a comfort,—goes everywhere with me; I am just as fond of her as I can be. I wish I could say a good deal more, but this is about all I can say clearly and definitely. If he were here I should tell him over and over again how much I love him and how fond I am of him. Goodbye."

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Many who read the papers have been surprised and shocked by the theory proclaimed of late by Prof. H. H. Powers of Cornell University, in regard to those who are weak-minded or feeble in a physical, mental or moral way. He thinks that on the principle that only the fittest should survive, all criminals, idiots, insane persons, drunkards, and all degenerates, in short, should be at once killed, and be thus made incapable of transmitting their characteristics to posterity.

Prof. Powers' views have to do only with the present, physical side of life. What all these slain are to do when they are out of the flesh does not seem to occur to him. Perhaps he does not think they will go on living at all, or it may be that he thinks their life principle is then swallowed up in universal life, and will be able to take up individual existence under more favorable conditions. Perhaps he is a reincarnationist, and thinks it matters but little if a present incarnation is suddenly and violently brought to an end, and the person be able to soon start another life on the physical plane.

Whatever the professor's views may be in regard to these souls that he proposes to at once turn out of their present earthly tenement, most persons, who have heard of this proposition will be strongly revolted by it. So far as Christianity is concerned, it violates one of its foundation principles, which is that the love felt by the Nazarene should be directed in an especial degree to those who are unfortunate. Jesus was sorry for those afflicted by physical diseases, by mental maladies, and also for the sin-sick soul. Instead of wishing them to be cast out into the spirit world, in order to fall under the influence of perverted souls, or to be "tormented before their time," he gave them human love and sympathy, banished disease through his own life-giving currents, expelled the obnoxious spirits by the word which expressed his own tremendous will force, and gave the sin-sick soul to understand that as he would not condemn them for what they were sorry for, neither would the Father who was still greater than he condemn them, and bidding them like a wise judge, who was also their elder brother, to "go and sin no more."

As the true genius of Christianity has been able to somewhat express itself, in spite of the bigotry, intolerance and want of comprehension of many who have adopted the Christian name, we have asylums for the insane, schools for idiots, refuges for fallen women who desire to live a better life, homes where drunkards can be restrained or cured, hospitals where persons can be treated free of charge for every variety of disease, malformation, and deficiency in the use of the senses, and if any new ill should appear, an asylum or a hospital would soon appear, where those afflicted by that ill could be treated, and be, if possible, restored. Our invalid soldiers and sailors have their State or National Homes, and pensions are conferred on disabled ones, and extended to those survivors who were dependent upon them.

Because a child is born blind, or wanting in mental power, we do not think he should be killed for it, any more than a soldier should be shot, because he had lost a leg in the war. We know that the Spartans expelled all sickly and deformed infants, and had them exposed on Mount Taygetos, but we do not live under Spartan regime, and believe that a better mode has come on the earth. As sweet Marjorie Fleming, Walter Scott's little pet used to say,

"Jesus had not yet come on the earth, to teach men to be more merciful."

Prof. Powers goes much too far, and yet there is a grain of truth in what he inculcates. We do not think with him that afflicted persons should be killed, but where there is a likelihood that their ailments be transmitted to their posterity, we think they should be prevented from procreating or bearing children. And if this cannot be prevented if they be left at large, we think they should be held under the surveillance of the government.

Paul went as far as to say that no drunkards would inherit eternal life. This cannot be true, for all persons, drunkards included, are souls, and came out of the Infinite Soul, and therefore they cannot possibly die, and will sometime spur their low estate and climb God-ward. But we certainly think that no drunkard should be allowed to procreate children, because they are apt to inherit the same desire for intoxicants. If it can be prevented in no other way, he should, "pro bono publico," be imprisoned and put to hard labor. If he be allowed to remain with his family, it is the plain duty of his wife to bear him no more children. Let her rear as well as she can those already brought into the world, let her care for him as a husband and father in all reasonable ways, but let her not commit a crime against the state, by bringing more children into the world who

are likely to be cursed by the craving for strong drink.

Is this to take from a drunkard his rights as a man? He forfeited those rights when he allowed his brains to become first stimulated and then addled by liquor. He has no right to bring drunkards into the world, and it is the right of a just government, which subordinates individual cravings for the wrong, to the general good, to prevent him by force, if he do not submit to her behest by his own free will.

While we are very, very sorry for all persons who are tainted by scrofula, or tuberculosis, we certainly think it would be criminal in them to transmit these dreadful conditions to unborn children. Let them be cared for tenderly, give them all the sunshine that they can have, but teach them how wrong it would be to impose their own sufferings on the next generation, just for the fleeting pleasure of a moment.

As to those who have contracted fearful, unnamable disease by prostituting their heaven-given powers by indulging in the lowest, coarsest forms of sensuality that a human being can commit, such persons have forfeited their right to propagate the race. We would give them imprisonment at hard labor for life. But we would not kill them. We would hope by proper diet, regular hours, honest labor, and wise instruction, to develop them outwardly and inwardly, so that when they came by nature to the end of life on earth, they would be in some measure prepared for the higher life, and there would be some chance of their carrying on the eternal progression which they had begun while here. But if we killed such a person, we would have killed only his fleshly body. He would be filled with anger by his untimely taking off, would return to the old haunts of degrading pleasure, obsess persons of similar sensual nature, and thus do lasting harm on the earth plane of life.

Today is the twenty-seventh day of October. The date is present with me with marked distinction for two reasons. One is that it is Soul Communion day, and in a few minutes will come the half-hour when souls all over this country, in South America, in all parts of Europe, in the Sandwich Islands, and even further away, will unite with the spirit world for the bettering of humanity. If the Holy Spirit be, as I believe it is, the consensus of aspiring souls everywhere in the universe, we may well say,

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers."

The other reason is that tomorrow, Monday, begins poor Czolgosz's last week on earth, for some day on this week he must take his seat in the fatal chair.

We say "poor Czolgosz," not because we have the slightest sympathy with his dreadful crime. For crime it was, though he did not consider it such, before its commission. Misled by unwise teaching, inheriting the traditions of life in suffering Poland, he, as well as McKinley, were victims of the money power. One was lovable, pure and high, and he was a victim in the sense that if the government were perfect, and all were cared for like the members of a wisely governed family, there would be nothing for anarchists to talk about.

We want a government, a strong one, and a perfect one. It will come in time. But perfection in this respect, as well as in all others, is a long way off. When the government is perfect, all will be in happy homes, they will have enough of the kind of work that suits them best, their tastes will be gratified, and their reason will not be unsettled by the sufferings of the poor.

McKinley said in the first moment, "Let no one hurt him."

He says the same today, and with yet more emphasis, as his vision is still clearer in the light of the spirit world.

"Let no one hurt him. Keep him in prison. Keep him at hard labor. Teach him the right. His days and nights of anxiety since Sept. 6 have already taught him much. Do not kill him. His soul would return to earth, fired by revenge, and his reason upset by the memory of having been expelled from his body by shocks of electricity. He would implant the seeds of revenge and murder in mortals of congenial spirit, and mischief would be wrought that could not be controlled or effaced. Let him live out his earth life, learning the lessons that he has to learn, and then when the time comes for him to die, he will do good and not evil in the life beyond. Do not let them hurt him."

So would the good McKinley speak.
Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.

Arlington, N. J., Oct. 27, 1901.

A Tragedy of Transitions.

In July last, while we were engaged at Lily Dale, we received a notice of the transition of Grandma Houghton, mother of Mrs. A. J. Chapman, in whose home she lived, at Norwich, Ct. The 10th of this month—October—we received a letter notifying us of the sudden death by apoplexy, of Sanford A. Chapman, husband of Mrs. J. A. Chapman. Mr. Chapman was a man of seemingly strong and robust health, an active business man of sterling integrity, an energetic, push-ahead character, whose genial nature and kind-hearted disposition made him a large circle of friends. Mr. Chapman was the central figure in the purchase of the property now known as "The Norwich Spiritual Academy." The change of the building belonging to this property at the time of its purchase, into the beautiful Temple now owned by the Spiritualists of Norwich, was largely in the hands of Mr. Chapman, who for several years has acted in the capacity of president for "The Norwich Spiritual Union." His sudden death sent a thrill of great surprise and sorrow throughout the community, and his friends regarded his loss as a calamity to the Spiritualists of New England in general, as he was a silent aid in many public affairs connected with the spiritual movement.

On the 17th of this month, while attending

the N. E. A. Convention at Washington, we received a telegram announcing the transition of Mrs. J. A. Chapman, which, although not unexpected, as she had been ill for over a year, yet, coming so soon after the death of her husband, impressed us with the force of a social tragedy in nature's order of human evolution. The shock we felt, was not so much in the fact that one's friends die, but at the great loss to us and all Spiritualists in the country, of staunch representatives and supporters of the movement. Grandma Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, were Spiritualists of the Mrs. A. H. Luther type; who are not afraid to be counted in the list of Spiritualists, and look all opposition in the eye with the firm calmness of a Thomas Paine, and the decision of character of a Judge Edmonds.

Mrs. Chapman, who acted as secretary for the local society for several years, was a most extraordinary woman. Strongly individualized, a seeker after truth, plain and unpretentious, yet thoroughly opposed to the shams and mouthing pretenses of popular society, possessing a gifted and poetical intellect, a lover of science, she loathed the assumptive arrogance of credal claims, and pagan ceremonies, yet possessing a tender heart, her sympathies for the misfortunes accompanying human life, were boundless. She knew no creed or church save that of human aid. A mother to all who needed a warm heart and a strong defence, a sister to those who merited her confidence, a friend to all and a noble woman whose unselfish devotion to the Cause of Spiritualism would melt into tears of admiration the hearts of those who knew her unwavering fidelity to the Cause she loved.

What a change is here! In less than four months an entire family save one, Edie, a niece of Mr. Chapman's, gone on to higher life. Their beautiful home overlooking the city, a haven of rest and recuperation in former years to many a tired speaker and medium, soon to be sold and perhaps inhabited by strangers. How the hearts of many beside the writer of this will ache at this legal transition.

When the telegram announcing the death of Mrs. Chapman was handed us at Washington, we retired to an ante-room to peruse its contents. A flood of sorrow swept over our heart while the great Cathedral bells were chiming the departure of some other soul to the realms of life beyond, recalling the lines of an old song, which we have re-arranged as expressive of the tumult of the human heart, under these bereavements.

"O, tolling bells, O, tolling bells,
Deep, deep within your tone there wells
A wail of pain, our souls lament,
For a life now down, but nobly spent.

"Why do ye ring of sad farewells,
While over there where angels dwell,
We hear the chime of other bells,
'No more farewells,' O, tolling bells.

"While ringing out a soul's farewell,
What can ye tell, O, tolling bells,
Of griefs and woes, of sorrows and tears,
Of sorrows' hours, and efforts' years?

"Have ye no joyous notes to ring,
O, tolling bells, for us to sing?
In endless realms where friends do dwell,
Ye sing of this, O, tolling bells.

"And when friends die, O, tolling bells,
Ring out they've gone where angels dwell,
Peal out this truth in joyous tone,
Earth's struggles o'er, Heaven claims its own."

W. M. Lockwood.

Passed to Spirit Life.

Oct. 25, 1901, Mr. Charles R. Bennett, at the age of 79 years, 8 months and 2 days. Mr. Bennett was an active and earnest worker in the Cause of Spiritualism, and will be missed more than any other man in the People's Spiritualist Society, in which he took a great interest and worked unceasingly for its success. He was a man who had the respect and esteem of all who knew him. The People's Spiritualist Society held memorial services in honor of his memory on Sunday evening. The hall was crowded with friends who were anxious to pay their last tribute of respect. Mr. Chas. E. Dane of Lowell was our speaker for the day, and he paid a glowing tribute to our risen brother, Mrs. Belcher of Marlboro also spoke at some length of his many virtues and kind acts which endeared him to all.

Thos. R. Johnson.

Worcester, Mass.

Maud May McFarlin.

Passed to the higher life, at the home of her parents, 479 Milwaukee St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Maud May, daughter of Edwin and Catherine McFarlin, aged 20 years, Oct. 21st, 1901, of heart disease.

Maud was a beautiful girl, lovely and beloved by all who knew her; she had been taught the beautiful truths of Spiritualism early in life and by the demonstration of spirit return and the almost constant companionship of the loved ones through the mediumship of her mother, she felt a joy and peace in knowing her release from pain and suffering was near.

She bade them make no change in any of their arrangements, and especially requested the brother whose wedding-day was fixed for the day on which her funeral occurred to not postpone or change in the least, as she would be with them.

The funeral was conducted by Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley, assisted by Clara L. Stewart. The interment was in Plainview, Minn.

The Wisconsin State Spiritualist Association of which Miss McFarlin was vice-president, extend to the father, mother and brother their heartfelt sympathy in this hour of their mingled grief and joy.

Clara L. Stewart.

"Unlimited scepticism is the child of ignorance, as is also unlimited credulity."

