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NO. 15

"RESCUE"

THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS.

Musical evening bells, what are ye ringing?
"Harmonies" golden through silvery calm;
Desolate beings are touched by our bringing
Strains from God's music-land's wonderful psalm.

"Far away echoing over the city,
Murmuring hope to the sin-laden life,
Molestening 'unfortunates' eyes with our pity,
Kissing the friendless and stilling their strife.

"Many an outcast is eagerly listening;
Hands wrung in anguish are folded in prayer;
Crime-haunted eyes become softened and glistening;
Womanhood fallen grows stainless and fair.

"Lips that with oaths and with curses have spoken
Quiver in silence—then part with the word
'Mother' in passionate pleading tones broken,
Memories of Childhood's white innocence stirred!

"Many a wandering woman forsaken,
When we are chiming the eventide hymn,
Hears a lost chord in her inner life waken—
Visions of Maidenhood nothing can dim!

"Enter we palace, and cottage, and alley,
Places degraded and lurid with sin;
Climbing the mountain, and flooding the valley,
Rending the city-born multitude's din.

"Heaven's forgiveness our voices are telling,
Borne by the storm-winds away o'er the sea,
Spreading it everywhere, pitifully dwelling
Near the abandoned wrecks drifting to sea.

"Hush, O Humanity's ocean of sorrow;
Quench thy wild mourning and restfully lie;
Chime we the dawn of a happier tomorrow—
Christ will be born in the World's by-and-by!

"Strong be your faith, O ye aged and weary!
Peace fills the way which the Holy One trod;
Cling to this thought when the long nights seem dreary—
Stars are the lamps of the City of God!

"Purity mantle thee; innocent maiden!
God give thee nobleness; happy, calm youth!
Children, with angel-thoughts be your souls laden!
These are the keys of the Temple of Truth!

"Lift we our voices at even and morning,
Slaying the feet of the restless that roam,
Speaking of death as the spirit's bright dawning,
Singing of ultimate peace and of Home.

"Listen! We plead for the fallen and falling;
Go with this message inscribed on your soul!
'Rescue'—the voice of the Master is calling—
'Rescue the perishing—I will make whole!'

"Keep overflowing the wells of your pity;
No sweeter mission was chime in your ear;
Labor for love in the heart of the city;
Winning from Sin makes the rescuer dear."

Musical evening bells, chime out the Story
Ever—that wonderful Story of Old!
Shed in our lives the ineffable Glory,
Borne from the Christ in the City of Gold!
—Devotion.
Sydney, Australia, 1901.

Mrs. Piper's Alleged "Confession."

BY LILLIAN WHITING.

On October 10th there appeared in a syndicate of newspapers a reportorial article which was variously headlined as a "Confession" of fraud on the part of the well-known medium, Mrs. Piper; as the "Downfall of Spiritualism," or the "Disintegration of the Society for Psychical Research," and—for aught I know—as the complete and final extinction of all our convictions or dreams of Immortality. From several cities—New York, Chicago, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, and others for all that I know—copies of this extraordinary document poured in upon me, sent by friends who were variously incredulous, indignant, or delighted as may be, until my stock-in-trade of this article with its gorgeous headlines would have served to set up a news-stand. Over the ocean the matter was cabled to London as the "profound significance" of the revelations of Mrs. Piper.

Edgar Fawcett, the poet and novelist,—with whom, for a dozen years and more the correspondence between us had been largely illuminated on his side by declarations of his positive knowledge that each and all alleged communications from the unseen were alike fraudulent, and to whose assertions I had seldom referred in reply, beyond the intimation that we should both have an opportunity of knowing, when on some fine day we should both find ourselves released from this present life.—Mr. Fawcett sent me a clipping from the London Post, I believe, with its enlightening disclosure that henceforth and forever all faith in any intercourse with those in the life beyond was exterminated, and I am not sure but that this estimable authority assured its readers that any faith in that life itself was equally futile. Mr. Fawcett marked this delectable clipping with a significant and emphatic "Now!!!" A month has now passed since this cataclysm, and the solar system still seems to

be revolving serenely as usual—at least, Sir Robert Ball in his delightful lectures before the Lowell Institute has intimated nothing to the contrary,—and so we may calmly examine this occurrence, and the result reminds me of Mr. Aldrich's charming story of Margaret Daw, whose concluding sentence is, "There was no Margaret Daw." Likewise, regarding the commotion over what Mrs. Piper said, the one reply is—Mrs. Piper claims that she made no such assertions as were attributed to her!

The article of mine which appears in the Banner for Nov. 16, was written when I supposed the alleged interview to be wholly genuine, and I wrote, therefore, from that standpoint. A few days later I had a long talk with Mrs. Piper, who explained the entire manner in which the interview was conducted. She clearly pointed out to me that when she used the term telepathy, in explanation of the messages that came through her organism, that she meant telepathy from those in the Unseen, and not from persons in this world,—as she was made to appear to say, in the interview. Mrs. Piper also tells me that she did not say that she "denied the spiritistic hypothesis." As for her connection with the Society for Psychical Research, it has never been severed; it still continues unbroken (if I may be tautologous in the effort to be clear), and Dr. Hodgson had the usual "sitting" with her the very day after this famous (in)famous (?) interview appeared. The anecdotes and instances which the writer made Mrs. Piper appear to relate were taken bodily from the published Reports of the Psychical Society. But, as I said in the article in the Banner of Nov. 16,—even if Mrs. Piper had said all that was alleged, it would in no wise invalidate the evidence. Of that evidence she cannot possibly judge. It stands for itself,—so absolutely convincing in a great number of instances that it would bear the test of the most searching legal inquiry. Still, as has been said before, Mrs. Piper's own attitude toward this evidence, either of belief or disbelief would be of no consequence, as she is, from the nature of it, the least fitted to judge. As Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage well said, Mrs. Piper's judgment of what occurred when she is in trance would be like the judgment of a patient whose senses were locked by ether of the work of the surgeon and attendants during that time. As a matter of fact, however, Mrs. Piper was very much misrepresented, and the entire episode is of very little consequence. Perhaps I may be permitted to add that, for my own part, I never feel the slightest disturbance or annoyance over any real or alleged exposures of fraud in reference to the communication between those in the Seen and in the Unseen. There is fraud, and, in common with all seekers after truth, I am glad when it is exposed and destroyed. There is genuine and immortal truth because this communication is made possible by the Divine Power, and it is as much a law of the universe as is that of gravitation, or of the attraction that holds the stars in their courses. Spirit to spirit, independent of the physical mechanism, responds each to each, and the near future is to give still more abundant proofs of the operation of this law between ourselves and those who have gone on into the "life more abundant."

The Brunswick, Boston, Nov. 30, 1901.

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Commencing with the issue of Dec. 7, 1901, the Banner of Light will be sent to any new subscriber for four months for

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During that period Miss Lillian Whiting, under a special engagement, will contribute a series of articles upon topics of interest to all Spiritualists, Liberalists, Metaphysicians, and Occultists. Now is the time to subscribe. Let us hear from all quarters of the globe at once.

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"There is beyond the silent night
An endless day;
Death is a door that leads to light—
Love leads the way.
Longing to know and do the right
I sought the truth, I found the light!"

The Bible is a Good Book to Those Who Read It With a Pure Heart and a Sound Mind.

BY C. S. CARR, M. D. (DR. TALKWELL.)

Since Dr. Talkwell has discontinued the routine of his church services, this leaves him free to visit other churches. Probably no preacher in this city visits or attends the services of so many different churches as Dr. Talkwell does. His habit of attending prayer meeting every Wednesday evening, each week in a different church, has been continued for several years. Sometimes the Doctor in speaking to his own people on Sunday morning tells what he hears in other churches. In a recent discourse the Doctor said:

I attended a prayer meeting last Wednesday evening. The subject for the discussion was the Bible. The preacher said those who read the Bible and sincerely try to follow its precepts are sure to be good and useful men. He cited instance after instance where people brought up to read the Bible and shape their lives according to the teachings of the Bible had been successful in business, happy in their domestic relations and very useful in the community.

This preacher went on to say that the average person could afford to let Bible criticism go its own way; that it is the scholar's business to study the Bible minutely and critically—a business about which the ordinary person need not concern himself. He said that the Bible is a plain book which every person could read for himself and those who did so were almost sure to have every good thing befall them.

All this sounds very well and proved very satisfactory to the people who listened to it. I feel sure that every one present thought the preacher was telling the exact truth in the matter. They believe that their lives have been governed by the teachings of the Bible. They feel sure that what this minister tells them about the Bible is exactly what the Bible teaches, and every one who says or believes anything else about the Bible is wrong. The preacher himself leads a contented and prosperous life and so do most of his congregation. They are probably sincere in attributing this happy state of affairs to the fact that they read the Bible and try to practice its precepts.

But while I was listening to all this, I could not help thinking of the other side of the question. The Bible is a heterogeneous collection of books. To regard the Bible as a single book is very misleading. The Bible is composed of 66 different books written by different men in different ages of the world. The purposes which inspired the writing of these different books are very dissimilar. It, therefore, happens that they express entirely different sentiments. Some of the books are very good indeed, while others are not so good. If a good man be allowed to read the Bible for himself, he is very likely to select the good things that are in it, and thus make the Bible of use to him. But a bad man can find himself supported and encouraged in his badness.

For instance, the Spanish inquisitors, who tortured men for their private convictions, were readers of the Bible and were trying to shape their lives according to the teachings of the Bible. Cotton Mather, who has placed an eternal disgrace upon our country by executing witches, was a Bible student, and he supposed he was carrying out the teachings of the Bible by executing these unfortunate people in this horrible way. It is the general impression now that there are no such people as witches, and this conclusion has been reached not by reading the Bible, but in spite of the opinions of those who claim to be guided by the Bible teachings. All sorts of cruelty and horrible persecution have been carried on in the name of the Bible. Indeed, it is very doubtful whether any of these things would have been thought of had they not been suggested by the Bible.

I have in my possession a book in which a good old Presbyterian clergyman shows to his satisfaction that negro slavery is a Bible teaching. He proves by text after text, scattered all through the Bible, that it is not only right to enslave the colored men of Africa, but that it was ordained that it should be so. In the days when this book was written, many other books of the same sort were published, and thousands of clergymen, guided by their Bible study, advocated slavery. Guiteau, who assassinated Garfield, was a Bible scholar and supposed that it was a divine command that caused him to commit that horrible crime. We have in the insane asylum of this city a man confined who was considered a menace to the community in which he lived and dangerous to his family. He was a quiet, inoffensive man, following the vocation of engineer, only a few years ago. A revival occurred in the community where he lived. He attended some of these meetings, and was convinced that the word of God was to be followed in every detail,

and no heed to be given to anything that conflicted with the word of God.

He began to read the Bible and to reach his own conclusions as to what the Bible taught. Whenever his conclusions collided with the usages of civilized community or the written law, he insisted upon obeying what he called the word of God. In a short time he had become so obnoxious to his family and community that he had to be confined as a maniac. I have held considerable correspondence with this man and have had long conversations with him, and I am not only convinced that he is a dangerous man, but that he became so as a direct consequence of reading the Bible.

Before he began to read the Bible he was perfectly harmless. He was so quiet and unobtrusive in his way that he was almost a nonentity in the community. As soon as he began to read the Bible he became stern, fearless, unyielding and full of curious notions. He took the Bible as it reads. He read that Abraham was commanded to sacrifice his own son. Abraham started out to do this dreadful deed and had proceeded so far in the details as to bind his son upon the altar where he was to be burned and raised the knife to slay him. He was only stopped from committing this terrible deed by another command direct from God.

He read this narrative in the Bible. He believed that he also had received a direct command from God. He was quite free to say that should these commands dictate to him that he should take the life of a member of his family or any other person, he would do so without a moment's hesitation. Thus by reading the Bible he had become a dangerous man. He was not a bad man at heart. He had always been a quiet neighbor and loved his family. His whole trouble consisted of the notion that either through the Bible or by direct revelation he was liable to receive commands which must be obeyed, even though they conflicted with his reason and his heart.

This was the fatal mistake he had made, and yet this was exactly what the preacher was telling his congregation at the prayer meeting the other evening. He was holding up the Bible as above reason. He told the people that the Bible was the word of God and whenever it conflicted with reason, or whenever it conflicted with their hearts, they should be willing to sacrifice their reason or their hearts to the teachings of the Bible.

This is a dangerous doctrine to teach earnest, unlettered men, for they are liable to begin to read the Bible and to try to put it in practice. The modern theologian has in devious ways managed to eliminate all of the dangerous doctrines taught in the Bible, or at least the most of them. He has done this by the use of many curious assumptions and strange inconsistencies. But then, the ways of the modern theologian are entirely unknown to the average man. If you convince such a man once that the Bible is the word of God and ought to be obeyed to the letter, whether his reason dictates it or not,—it is liable to make him a very unhappy if not a very dangerous man.

We ought not to forget that it was Bible students that caused Jesus to be crucified. The scribes and Pharisees, the Sanhedrin and the chief priests, were all great Bible students. They read their Bibles every day. They knew every text by heart. They thought they were obeying the Bible when they killed Jesus. The mistake they made was simply putting the text of the Bible above their reason. This is a very dangerous mistake to make. The Bible is a good book when treated with reason, but once let reason be made subordinate to the letter of the Bible and nothing will save a man from the wildest follies, except infidelity to his own convictions.

I am free to confess that those people who read the Bible and try to practice its precepts are generally law-abiding, useful citizens. A good man instinctively selects from the Bible the good things he finds there. He was not made good by reading the Bible, but he was good before he began to read it and remained good in spite of reading it. A great many inspired and useful things can be found in the Bible. There is no more sublime poetry in the world than is found in the Psalms, and yet in those very Psalms is found the most horrible imprecations and curses.

I repeat that it is dangerous to teach a sincere person that the Bible is the word of God and must be obeyed whether it agrees with his reason or not. The Catholic and Greek churches have guarded against this danger by teaching the people that the church only has the right to interpret the Bible to the people. In this way the church is able to avert the danger which otherwise might follow as a result of this doctrine. The Protestant church has not always been successful in protecting the people against the evil results of placing the letter of the Bible above reason. All sorts of strange and even dangerous religious sects have arisen as a direct result of teaching the people that the Bible is to be placed above reason and then

allowing the people to interpret it for themselves.

But in the main, the Protestant church interprets the Scripture for the people, and the people are generally content to follow what the preacher tells them. It is very lucky for the world that the masses of the people have not taken the theologians too seriously. Had they really believed what their preachers have been telling them all these years—that the Bible is wholly the very words of God himself, that every text is to be regarded as a command from God and to be obeyed implicitly, no matter what reason may say or the heart may dictate, the Bible is to be obeyed in every instance,—had the people really believed all this and attempted to put it into practice, each man for himself, a terrible state of affairs would have resulted. But luckily the masses read the Bible very little, and when they do read it, they read only such places as have been pointed out to them by their teachers. Their teachers being mostly good men, they have selected only such portions of the Bible as seem to them to be good. They hold to the doctrine that the Bible is greater than human reason, but unconsciously they have used their reason and used it to good advantage, too, by eliminating all such portions of the Bible as are incompatible with the present stage of civilization.

They have carried this process of elimination even too far as applied to the sayings of Jesus. They find that some of the things that Jesus taught are very inconvenient, if not impracticable, in the lives they choose to lead. They get rid of these things by simply ignoring them as they do other portions of the Bible they do not like. But in order to enforce those portions of the Bible they choose to select they insist upon it that these passages are to be obeyed even though they conflict with reason. And even by selecting such passages as seem to support the peculiar ecclesiastical system to which they choose to adhere, they can in this roundabout manner make the teachings of the church to be the word of God which is to be held higher than human reason or human love.

There is a sense in which the Bible is the word of God. Men of olden time were inspired by God to do and say certain things. These inspirations were to them revelations. These revelations were the word of God to the men who received them. God has not changed his relation to the human family. Each man receives his own revelation from God direct. This revelation comes to him through what we know as conscience. There comes to each man's heart intimations of right and wrong which to him is the word of God. This was true of the men who wrote the Bible and remains true of those who read the Bible.

My own convictions of right and wrong are to me the word of God. I read in the Bible that men of old times had similar convictions of right and wrong. Then the Bible is a help and inspiration to me. I find most of the Bible to be a confirmation of my own revelations. Whenever the Bible seems to conflict with my best judgment, or my most sacred convictions, I refuse to be guided by the Bible.

This is not a dangerous doctrine to teach men. It is entirely safe to trust the natural impulses of the unsophisticated mind and heart. It is only when these impulses have been dwarfed and thwarted by the alleged revelations of other men that the doctrine of revelation becomes dangerous. That God has revealed his will to men is a beautiful doctrine so long as each man receives his own revelation, but as soon as one man begins to receive revelations which are binding upon another man, then the mischief begins, and once begun it will not cease to grow worse and worse as long as society can tolerate it.

There is nothing better than human reason. There is nothing higher than the dictates of one's heart. If men would follow these revelations there would be no conflict, there would be no Jew nor Gentile, no Greek nor Roman, no Protestant nor Catholic, no Christian nor Pagan. Men would all be led in the same direction. There would be different degrees of growth, of course, but while one lagged behind and the other stayed ahead, they would all be traveling the same road and all finally reach the same goal.

As long as we try artificially to make men's notions of God agree by the use of creed or dictum of any sort, so long will we disagree. But once let human reason and human hearts have full sway and all men will be led in the same direction. Then will men, each one for himself, receive that light "which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world."

Columbus, Ohio.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.

LIFE'S ANTITHESIS.

BY EDWIN POOLE.

Cold is the winter wind, that o'er the river
Comes sweeping on, to blight the flowers we cherish.
Warm is the breath of Spring, the new-life giver
Restoring to us that we thought had perished.

Cold is the wave of death that chills the features
And stops the heart that beats for us, in love.
Warm are the waves of angels, that reach us
From hearts still living in the world above.

Dark are the tempest clouds that roar and threaten
With savage lightning bolts to life to destroy.
Bright is the rainbow, in its sombre setting,
A harbinger of safety and of joy.

Dark are the clouds of sorrow and affliction
That shroud us in habiliments of woe.
Bright is the peaceful glow of benediction
That only pure love can ever bestow.

Harsh is the roar of waves in wild commotion
Hurting their mighty force against ship and shore.
Soft is the singing lullaby of ocean
Waiting the ships that bring our loved ones o'er.

Harsh sounds the voice of the death angel, calling
Some dearly loved one from our household band.
Soft are the tones of sweet affection falling
From souls triumphant in the better land.

Bitter the benediction to the ancient teacher
As 'twere his life were forced the deadly draught.
But sweet the waters of immortal nature
Which his illumined spirit deeply quaffed.

Bitter indeed the cup of heavy sorrow
That lips must often drink while here on earth.
But sweet the promise of love's bright tomorrow
That ushers us unto immortal birth.

So to the sense of vision and of hearing,
So to the sense of feeling and of taste,
We find these great extremes in life appearing.
From which a truth can readily be traced.

Only through pain can love attain completeness,
And darkness proves the wondrous worth of light.
Through bitterness we find the purest sweetness
And wrong defeated shows the power of right.

The Silver Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Wallis.

The most notable and pleasant function of the year was celebrated in the Regent Saloon of the St. James Hotel, London, on Thursday evening last, the 11th inst., in the Silver Wedding commemoration of two of our best-known workers and faithful servants of the Spirit-World, the well-known and widely-esteemed Mr. E. W. and Mrs. M. H. Wallis. The handsome chamber, adorned with flowers, brilliantly illumined by electric light, and filled with a gay assembly, formed a most attractive spectacle, while the handsome toilets of the ladies, and the smiling faces of the gentlemen, lent an added charm and lustre to an historical occasion. While the evidently happy host and hostess, the "bright particular stars" of the gathering, crowned the event with the hearty and sincere good will with which they welcomed their numerous guests. In several respects it was a notable function. It is seldom so large a company of "the Old Guard" is seen at our meetings, rare is it that such a delegation of our workers gather together, nor is it often that the recollections of the earlier days of

stress and effort for the Cause are recalled to our memories by the presence of so many who made history for us in the day of small things, and so laid the foundations of the success that now unmistakably marks Spiritualism in this country. The contrast between the "then" and "now," was, indeed, conspicuous, and was, undoubtedly, a source of gratification to many present who had borne the heat and burden of the first onslaught of our battle for the reality of the communion between the two lives of man.

Mr. Wallis, on behalf of himself and Mrs. Wallis, extended a warm greeting to the guests of the evening, asking all to feel that it was a family gathering and not a formal assembly. That they were to feel as if in the home of himself and wife, for they realized that walls have their limits, so it was necessary to select a place to accommodate their friends with comfort to all, hence the meeting in the Saloon to which they had been invited. He referred to the great number of letters, telegrams, and resolutions from societies which they had received, a list of which is given below. He spoke with feeling on these widespread manifestations of regard, and his only regret was that all to whom he had referred could not be present with Mrs. Wallis and himself on the occasion. He gratefully acknowledged the many tokens of good will which they had received, he assured them that their gifts, which he happily described as "their materialized thoughts," would ever be cherished in their memories and held honored places in their home. He knew that many desired to say a few words, and while speaking at such gatherings was inevitable, he invited those who would address them to be brief in their remarks, he felt he could not do better than to leave that in the hands of his good friend, Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, whom he had now the pleasure of calling upon to invite any friends who wished to address them.

Mr. E. D. Rogers, rising, said he did not know much about Silver Weddings as at that time when he had been a student, and when such things are now celebrated they were not the fashion. He did not know whether Mr. and Mrs. Wallis ought to be congratulated for living happily for twenty-five years together; they could not help doing so. He did not see why they should be congratulated on a like period of united work, for it was unusual to them both to labor hard and faithfully. Why should any one be congratulated on completing one twenty-five years more than any other like period? But he knew these good friends, he knew their sincerity of purpose, their devotion to duty, their good work for the Cause, and he felt that they cordially united with the other friends present in congratulating them, and he was sure that the good will and esteem in which he knew they were held in all parts of the country was well deserved and justly bestowed. So, he wished them every future happiness, a further period of good work, and the blessings of the friends for many years to come.

Mr. T. Everett, president of the Marylebone Association of Spiritualists, said that there was no more glorious work than conveying the Gospel of Immortality to our fellows; life without that knowledge would be but a desert, for himself; if he did not know the friends of his friends for many years to come, to live at all. They all knew that this work was that of the good friends whom they had assembled to honor, the soul-inspiring addresses that came from the lips of Mr. and Mrs. Wallis were a delight, not only to the audiences of the Cavendish Rooms, but to our societies all over the kingdom. The pub-

lic life and private character of these two noble workers endeared them to all who knew them. And he hoped that many present would live to see the Golden Wedding of his dear friends, as many had participated in that of himself and Mrs. Everett. It afforded him, on behalf of the Executive of the Association which honored himself by its presence, to present to Mr. and Mrs. Wallis the beautiful and handsomely framed address to its recipients, accompanying his remarks with many expressions of sympathy and good will.

Mr. A. W. Orr, president of the Manchester Alliance, cordially felicitated Mr. and Mrs. Wallis on the event of the evening, and bore strong testimony to the esteem in which they were held by the Alliance, the Salford Spiritual Church, and the friends in Manchester and district. He was delighted to be present and have the opportunity of meeting so many of the notabilities of the Cause, of whom he had often read, and he hoped to be able to induce some of them to visit "the old Manchester" and give it all the pleasure and benefit of their presence and experience. He had the highest regard for Mr. and Mrs. Wallis, and wished them every happiness and prosperity.

Mr. John Venables, Walsall, said it was just five-and-twenty years ago that Mr. Wallis delivered his first trance address in Walsall, and he felt that the occasion was a most important one. He was a worker and a man. It was a pleasure to be present to congratulate them both on their Silver Wedding, and he was sure that the gathering must be a delight to them both.

Madame Florence Montague was delighted to participate in the feelings of her dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wallis. Their names were well known in her own country, where they had endeared themselves to the American Spiritualists whom they had met. She felt she must also congratulate them on their three splendid sons, who were such a credit to their parents, and from her heart she wished them every future happiness, and the happiness that life could afford, and every success in the work to which their lives were devoted, for each was an honor to the Cause.

Mr. J. J. Morse said all the world loves a lover, and they had two lovers to congratulate that night. All the world honors a worker, and the friends of the Cause had united in the service of Apollo, Mars, and Thespis, and in each walk of life which they had selected they had achieved success. He was perhaps their oldest living colleague, and it gave him pleasure to join with others in the occasion on which they were assembled. He hoped they would live long to work beside each other, and to maintain the comradeship that should subsist between comrades in the ranks. He referred to the trials that our workers endure in serving the movement, and said he was glad to know that the love and sympathy extended to our friends had helped them on their way, and would continue to do so, he trusted, for many years to come.

Mrs. Wallis then rose to respond to the various remarks that had been made, doing so with an emotion she had evident difficulty in controlling; she could not express all she felt, her heart was full, the kind words, the loving sympathy, the large numbers present, went home to her heart; she would ever remember the occasion, and would take it as an inspiration to go on in the work to which she was devoted. She most sincerely thanked one and all, and all that had been said, and for the many messages sent by those who were unable to be with them that evening.

Mr. Wallis in responding expressed his delight at the many of his old-time friends present; to Mrs. Bullock, in whose house he "found the light"; to Mr. Butcher, who was his ally and comrade in the earliest times; to Mr. Morse, with whom he had so long worked in harmony; to Mr. Rogers, a valued friend; to Mr. and Mrs. Everett, whom he highly esteemed; and to those dear spirit friends whom he loved so dearly; many others whom he knew and esteemed, but who could not be with them, and to the departed friends, Mr. Champenowne, Mr. Robert Cogman, Mr. John Lamont, and others. He was rejoiced at the presence of Madame Montague, Mrs. Lydia H. Manks, Mrs. J. J. Vango, Miss McCreadie, Mrs. Annie Mellon, and many others of his co-workers. He keenly felt the responsibility laid upon him by Mr. Butcher, and he felt that he must endeavor to live up to the expressions they had listened to that night. He assured them they would endeavor to deserve such encomiums as had been lavished upon them. In the name of his wife and for himself they would endeavor to be worthy of the trust placed in them. They lived their lives in their midst, and before the world, and he felt the testimony clustering around their Silver Wedding was some proof they had not lived and worked in vain.

At this point refreshments were served to the guests, the catering doing full credit to the resources of the establishment, and being greatly enjoyed by the company, in which the gentlemen, as amateur waiters, assisted the regular staff.

During the evening an excellent program was presented, in which the following ladies and gentlemen, with others, took part: Mr. Ernest Morse, Miss Wallis, Mr. and Mrs. Wallis, A. Wallis, Miss Caney, Miss Brinkley, Mr. Ernest Wallis, Miss Florence Morse, Mr. Leslie Orr, Madame F. Montague, Mrs. Hainbow, the various contributions being received with great favor and applause.

Mr. Will Phillips, Editor of the "Two Worlds," who was unable to be present, sent the following letter: "Dear Mr. and Mrs. Wallis:—Mrs. Phillips wishes me to express her regret at not being able to be present at your silver wedding, and I also am reluctantly compelled to regret my inability to attend what I am sure will be a most interesting and pleasing function. It would have given us both the greatest pleasure to have reported in person to your kindly invitation, but circumstances are against the consummation of our wish. Our desire for you is that the twenty-five years of united labor for the Cause of Spiritualism—so much beloved by you both—may be extended to another twenty-five years. You may have a glorious Golden Wedding in the 'sweet by-and-by.' Our best wishes are extended to you on this most interesting occasion, and we trust that the richest blessings of the Angel World will be yours continually—as they have been in the past. Accept, therefore, dear friend, our felicitations and heartiest congratulations."

and believe me on behalf of Mrs. Phillips and self, Yours ever sincerely in the bonds of true fraternity, Will Phillips."

Among the large assembly was noticed: Mr. and Mrs. T. Everett, Mr. Frank Everett, Mr. Boddington, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Caney, Mrs. Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. Simkin, Mr. and Mrs. Maebeth Bain, Miss Fanny Samuel, Mr. J. T. Dale, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Florence Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Wilber, Mrs. Bathie, Mr. Knowles, Mr. A. W. Orr, Mr. Leslie Orr, Mr. and Mrs. D. Gow, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lucking, Mrs. and Miss Edith Brinkley, Captain and Madame Montague, Mrs. Vango, Mr. and Mrs. Elth, Mr. and Mrs. Miss E. B. Barker, Mr. and Mrs. E. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Spriggs, Mr. B. D. Godfrey, Mr. and Mrs. Coombs, Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, Miss Rogers, Mr. Dawson Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. H. Withall, Mrs. L. H. Manks, Mr. and Mrs. T. Blyton and family, Mr. and Mrs. Golden-Billas, Mr. and Mrs. Picken, Mrs. Case, Mr. Leigh Hunt, Mrs. Jos. Briggs, Miss Shorter, Mr. S. J. Vango, Mr. Barnum, Mr. T. J. Boyd, Mr. George Spriggs, Miss Bremner, Mr. Lowenthal, Miss McCreadie, Mr. F. W. Thurston, Mrs. Forbes, Mrs. J. Stannard, Miss Barron, Mr. W. J. Boulding, Mr. Belstead, Mrs. Leccord, Miss Roseman, Miss Young, Mrs. Beasley, Councillor Beasley, Mr. H. Hawkins, Mrs. White, Mr. J. A. Whitely, Mr. F. V. South, Mr. Porter, Mrs. Carr, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Clatworthy, Mr. and Mrs. John Venables, Mrs. Thuston, Mr. and Mrs. Butcher, Mrs. Annie Mellon, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. and Miss T. Bent, Mrs. Stair, and Miss Renouf.

Among the immediate family connections of the host and hostess the following were noticed: Mr. A. and Mrs. Misses Wallis, Mr. and Mrs. Wallis, Mr. Wallis, Mr. Edgar Eager and family, and Miss I. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Warhurst, Mr. and Mrs. H. Wallis, Mr. Ernest Wallis, Mr. and Mrs. Bert C. Wallis, and Mrs. Master Rainbow.

Letters of sympathy were received from Harrison D. Barrett, editor of the Banner of Light; Mrs. M. T. Longley, secretary of the American National Association of Spiritualists, Washington, U. S.; Mr. Wm. and Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Judge A. H. and Mrs. Dalley, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Lock, Philadelphia; Lyman C. Howe, Fredonia, N. Y.; Max Mochelbruch, San Francisco; Telegrams of greeting were received from the Freckleton Street Society, Blackburn; the Birmingham Spiritualist Union; the Brook Street Society, Huddersfield; Mr. and Mrs. Burdell, Bradford; Mrs. Kate Taylor Robinson, Manchester; Mr. and Mrs. Davies, Cardiff; Mr. A. Kisson, secretary of the British Spiritualist League Union; Mr. John Kinsman, editor of "Psyche," and others, while other congratulatory communications were received from upwards of twenty of our leading societies from Dover in the South to Aberdeen in the North; Cardiff, Ilfracombe and Merthyr Tydfil in the West; Newcastle-on-Tyne and North Shields in the East, and other places in the Midlands, of which space will not permit detailed mention.

I count life just as stuff to try the soul's strength on.—Browning.

"He who measures himself by the achievements of others, whose environments he can never fully understand, gauges himself by an imperfect standard and aims either too high or too low to meet the proper conditions for his own intellectual powers."

MARK CHESTER.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

Mrs. Erie expected that Jane would be bitterly opposed to her marriage; but, contrary to all expectations, she seemed rather pleased than otherwise, and treated the old man with greater respect than she had ever done before.

The cottage was painted a soft dove color; the acre of ground belonging to it was fenced in; trees were set out; a pretty trellis was erected over the door and porch; roses were planted; the front yard was sown with grass seed for a lawn. Uncle Kester had money enough to pay for the cottage, and make all necessary improvements. Mrs. Erie grew plump and comely with happiness and contentment. Many pretty and convenient things were added to the furnishing of the house, and the old fisherman looked more like a civilized being than he did when he made the boat and sands of the shore his home. Mrs. Kester had her horse and buggy, and Jane shared many a pleasant drive with her mother.

During much of this time Mark had been alone on the fishing grounds. He had worked like a beaver and had made considerable money; but, when everything was settled satisfactorily at home, the old man returned to his boat and to his employment of fishing for "yaller-tails."

Thus, four rather uneventful weeks passed by. Mark went out in the boat regularly each morning and returned each evening with a fine lot of fish. He still ate his dinner on the beach and took his breakfast at the hotel. On bright moonlight nights he often walked about the town and some distance beyond it—out where the fields were lying asleep in the moonlight. He particularly noticed one large field of about a hundred acres—a beautiful level tract of land—which gave evidence of having been, in former seasons, sown with wheat or barley. He noticed a sign near the entrance to the field, and on going to it he read by the moonlight: "This Field To Let." Every time he strolled out in this way, he passed the Morton house, and, involuntarily, his eyes sought the window where he had, on one occasion, noticed the desponding figure of that young girl, whom he now knew to be Isabel Morton. The house was always bright, and looked attractive and cheerful.

He had, by this time, become acquainted with much that was transpiring around him. He knew that Isabel Morton was betrothed to Marcus Chesterfield. The old fisherman had also told him Jane's story; but he had never yet met Isabel Morton face to face. He knew she was a very beautiful girl from the glimpse he had of her on the evening of his arrival at the hotel. He also knew that she was not happy, and, strange as it may seem, he could not keep his mind from dwelling upon her. He spent the larger part of his evenings writing, and his book grew apace. He said in his heart that he would write a good book—one that should influence those who read it to become better men and women—and his hero should be the highest ideal that dwelt within his soul. He would look within and behold the mirrored image of one whom he could love and adore—the highest type of his ideal of womanhood.

We have already described Isabel Morton to the reader, and the description of Mark Chester's ideal tallied exactly with that of Isabel Morton; and, of course, his hero was a poverty-stricken young man who meant to, and should, accomplish great things. He should be as handsome as Apollo and as strong as Hercules, and he should become a millionaire through his own efforts and lay his wealth at the feet of his beautiful ideal love.

He thought if he were indeed to become rich, he would like to place his money in such a way as would benefit mankind in general. He did not know, as yet, just how he should spend his money—much would depend on his future love—for he felt sure he should find her, some time.

It was now the first day of February and Mark counted up his earnings for the month, or that portion of his earnings which he had been able to save, and he had precisely two hundred dollars.

"Not so bad," he thought. "Two hundred dollars, if put to the best possible use, may bring me large returns; but, whatever use I put them to, they shall, in some way, benefit the poor man who has, perhaps, a family depending on him for support. But for this kindhearted old fisherman, I, myself, might now be tramping the streets of Redondo or Los Angeles, without employment and homeless. I will find a way to benefit other men as he has benefited me."

That night, in his dreams, he seemed to be walking in the large field before mentioned; and, as he walked along, gazing at the ground, he discovered that it was scattered over with golden coins, and he picked up, one after another, five dollar gold pieces, ten dollar gold pieces, twenty dollar gold pieces, until his pockets could hold no more and both hands were filled. In his dream, then, he sat down on a hillock and counted his treasure: just three thousand dollars. He awoke with a start.

What could the dream portend?

As he looked toward the foot of the bed, he discerned a shining mist. Soon it took form, or, rather, a form appeared in the centre of it, the misty light surrounding it like a halo, and, as he gazed, he recognized the form of his own dear mother. She smiled lovingly upon him and stretched forth her beautiful arms as though to embrace him; her lips moved; a soft voice issued from them.

"My son, my dear boy! It is I, your mother. Listen to me. Because you desire to benefit your fellows, your wishes shall be granted. Hire that field. All shall be well."

The form melted slowly away and with a happy heart Mark fell asleep. Once more he dreamed of the field; but this time every inch of its surface was covered with waving grain. The spirit of his loving mother had given him a clue. O, how happy it made him to think that he could still watch over him, help him, and show him what he ought to do, not only to benefit himself, but others.

The next day while he and the old fisherman were rocking on the waves, Mark said:

"Uncle Kester, I would like, in some way, to make more money than I can at this work." Then he related his dream, and told his foster father how he saw the spirit form of his own dear mother, and what she said to him.

Now the old fisherman was not one of those men who pool-pool at youth and its dreams; for he knew, full well, that but for the hopefulness and ambition of youth and its feeling of certainty of success, very little would be accomplished in this world, and he fully believed that Mark's mother had appeared to him, to help him, for had not his own Molly watched over him ever since she left him, all so broken-hearted and lonely, on old Yarmouth beach?

"Wall, now, lad; I'll tell yer jest what I think it all means. Yer see, with good management, yer kin make a heap o' money outen that thar field. Now, sonny, let's reckon a bit. Yer kin hire that thar field for two dollars an acre; an' yer kin have a hundred acres in it. Thar's a season is jest a comin' on, an' we've had a number of purty good showers a' ready. It's time that thar field was plowed an' sowed this mornin'. Now at thar's a hundred acres in that thar field, yer kin hire it for two hundred dollars, an' yer hev got jest that an' no more nor

no less. Now yer go an' see that thar man, es hes bet that thar field to rent, this yer evenin', arter yer git through here, an' yer'll git thar field, sure; an' yer say ter him, now I'll gin yer one hundred dollars down, an' a nuther hundred when I sell my crop. Now yer'll want about a hundred sacks o' barley ter sow it with, an' it'll cost yer sunnwhar in the neighborhood of a dollar a sack. I think yer'd better take a day off tomorrow—yer shan't lose nothin' thar day I got married ter thar sweet little womeen up thar at thar nest, es I call it, for it is a purty nest now, ain't it?"

"It certainly is, Uncle Kester."

"Wall, then, es I was a sayin', yer take a day off tomorrow, an' hire yer field, an' go an' buy that thar hundred sacks o' barley, an' yer pay down fifty dollars an' pay thar rest arter yer reap; then yer jest go over thar, ter that thar settlement, whar them poor men an' thar families be, an' jest set um a wurk in yer field a plowin' an' a sowin' of it. Sow it down ter barley hay, my boy; then yer jest keep rite on a fishin' with me, an' make all thar money yer kin. Yer'll still hev fifty dollars so thar yer kin pay yer men at nite, an' they kin cum rite here on thar beach an' git it, while yer air a eatin' o' yer bite an' an' sup."

"Thar season, so fur, hes been so wet an' rainy that yer'll git a good crop. Now let's reckon, my lad. Thar's one hundred acres. Yer'll git on an average three tons per acre; thar'll make three hundred ton o' good barley hay; that kind o' hay is a bringin' ten dollars a ton now, an' it won't be no cheaper'n that. Yer'll make three thousand dollars clean cash. Now it wunt cost yer no more'n one thousand dollars fur labor, an' pay yer men well, tew; then yer'll be a'rainin' money here all on thar time—an' wunt a thousand dollars make thar harts o' them thar an' thar families—glad? Yer bet it will!"

"Now, lad, when everything's paid, yer'll hev two thousand dollars clean cash, besides all thar yer kin air here a fishin', an' thar's what yer angel marm meant fur ter tell yer, an' thar's what yer dream pinte at. Now yer'll hev that thar land fur a year, fur two dollars a acre, an' arter yer barley's cut, yer kin plant it ter Yankee beans—an' thar lord knows how many beans yer'll git—fur I can't tell yer; an' yer jest keep them men outen thar ter wurk, an' put bread intin thar starvin' mouths o' them thar children."

"Oh, Uncle Kester! How good—how very good you are to tell me all this, for I am a stranger to this part of the world, and without your advice should not know how to manage. Why did you not do something of this kind yourself?"

"Wall, it's jest this ere way, yer see. I was born in one o' them thar fishin' smacks that lay at anchor off old Yarmouth banks, an' I hev been a rocked on thar cradle er thar deep ever since. Thar sea, an' Molly, an' them thar yaller-tails hes more at ranchus fur me then thar fields er thar barley dew. I'd git himself, es sure es yer live, an' when I hed no pardner it was about all I cud dew ter keep them thar fish an' clean um, an' sell um; but they say, in unlon thar's strength, an' now that you an' I air pardners, we hev more strength—an' vlay verry, I gess."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THEY MEET AT LAST.

Mark followed the old man's advice; and when the poor men at the settlement of shanties and tents, heard that their labor was required in the field, they thronged the beach at night, after the old fisherman and Mark had landed. But Mr. Kester and Mark were very careful to employ those who needed the work, instead of those who could earn money in some other way.

Mark had, of course, already hired the field, and now

he hired ploughing and sowing machines, together with the horses to run them; his barley was purchased, and in two weeks more his field was as green as possible, and really presented a beautiful sight. Not many weeks thereafter, the great field was a waving mass of thick barley, completely headed out.

Every night, when there was a moon, Mark visited his field; and often the old fisherman went with him, that he might see that the work was perfectly done.

The seasons in Southern California are about two months earlier than in more northern climes. It was now March, and the whole country was green and beautiful. Roses and calla-lilies were plentiful everywhere. The whole country was a vast garden of beauty. The mountains and hills were clothed with verdure. Many of the houses and cottages were nearly hidden from sight by flowers and fragrant vines. The vast groves of orange trees were filled with sweet blossoms. The apricot trees were all clothed in white like a bridal array. The peach trees were covered with pink blossoms. Immense barley fields waved their tasseled heads of grain in the fragrant breeze. The sky wept and laughed by turns, and on Sundays, when Mark remained on shore, he thought that Paradise could not be more beautiful.

The meadow larks were singing, the mocking birds had just commenced their roundelay, and everything was glad; for the rains had been plentiful this season, which is not always the case in this fair land.

Mark Chester was as busy as he could be, and consequently as happy as falls to the lot of mortal man. Mr. and Mrs. Kester were very busy and happy also.

Now that Marcus Chesterfield was away, Isabel Morton breathed more freely. She became cheerful and happy; tripped around the house and garden like the beautiful fairy that she was. But Mark Chester and Isabel Morton were destined to meet. It would be a remarkable incident if they did not, in a town of such small dimensions as Redondo.

Isabel Morton knew how to sing. She had a fine voice and consequently made one of the choir in the principal church of Redondo.

Mark Chester was also a fine singer, having a deep bass voice. The leader of the church choir boarded at the hotel. Mark and this gentleman became acquainted, and the choir leader soon discovered that Mark knew how to sing; he therefore invited him to join the church choir which Mark did, for he had not the slightest intention of becoming a recluse—he intended to be at onee with the world and make of himself all that he could possibly be; he meant, also, to be a power in the world if he could; but, at the same time, he would endeavor to put whatever talents he might possess to the best use he could toward helping all mankind. He wanted to leave the world better for having lived in it. He knew how to sing and had a good voice; he would help to make the world happier by giving forth the best music he was capable of, and so on Sunday in April, the choir had a new member, and the new member was as handsome as a man could well be—a fine, robust, yet genteel looking young man.

When Isabel Morton glanced at the new comer her heart gave a bound. Surely he must be Marcus Chesterfield's twin brother! In form and feature they were almost exactly alike; but, oh, how different the expression—how different the coloring!

(To be continued.)

Any scheme of social reform which leaves out the changing of the individual, and formation of character through education, is a failure. In giving a man such an education you put him in touch with a larger world than the material; you place him above the caprice of his external environment.—Pestalozzi.

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Harriette D. Barrett, Editor-in-Chief.
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in advance to the Banner of Light, and send you a copy of "Lisbeth," Mrs. Twining's greatest work, or of some other book of the same selling price, if "Lisbeth" is already in your library. This grand offer is open only to Jan. 1, 1902, and every reader of the Banner of Light should at once avail himself of it. Now is the time to get up your clubs. Send in your lists at once, and secure Miss Whiting's splendid articles, also the Banner of Light and its excellent premiums.

A Suggestion.

The holiday season is at hand. Even thus early people are planning their outings in the way of gifts for their friends. Thousands of dollars will be spent by Spiritualists for various articles that will have little intrinsic value in themselves, and will only serve as ornaments for a few days, after which they will be cast aside as faded and broken mementoes of the holiday season. The money thus wasted could be applied to a nobler and worthier purpose. We do not ask our readers to neglect their loved ones nor to stifle themselves in any way that would add one iota even to their enjoyment, but we do venture to suggest that all holiday offerings should be made useful in character, and adapted to the needs of those upon whom they are bestowed. Comfortable clothing, a pair of shoes, a barrel of flour, are much more in keeping with the spirit of the hopes of the New Year, than are gew-gaws, fancy

pictures, costly flowers and trinkets of no practical use. It would be well for all liberally inclined persons to make their gifts serve the needs of those upon whom they bestow them.

But they can do even a greater and nobler service to their fellow men than this. They can pool their monetary offerings, and provide a home for their homeless brethren. They can set aside a certain sum to be spent in gifts for their own, and then take the money they throw away in useless fancy articles and appropriate it to that noble charity of doing for others. These words apply to Spiritualists with double force. They now see their aged and indigent brethren sent to almshouses, to be cared for by the unsympathetic public. A few dollars from each Spiritualist who can afford it, will provide ample funds with which a home can be endowed and opened to the needy in our ranks. The Veteran Spiritualists Union awaits the union of heart, soul and pocket book on the part of Spiritualists to open the home it has purchased to those who are in need. At this holiday time, can we not set aside a portion of our cash that we expend in personal pleasures only, and apply it to this most worthy object? The Home at Waverley is now the nearest approach to our needs that the Spiritualists possess. Its endowment depends upon each individual who truly loves his religion. Are there not four thousand persons who have five dollars each to give to this worthy object? Such a small sum will be missed by no one, yet a combination of four thousand such, opens a home for our deserving poor, and removes the stigma of neglect from the escutcheon of Spiritualism.

The Waverley Home is a concrete object; no other plan offered at present is more than a glittering abstraction. The Spiritualists of the United States should at once create an endowment of generous proportions. Today there are a dozen true hearted workers who are depending upon public charity for their living. We are in receipt of letters asking if we cannot render financial aid to some deserving follower of the Cause. It is impossible for one or two to carry the burden alone, but our entire body can do it, and the load will be felt by no one. A division of labor is the sharing of honor, and Spiritualists, sooner or later, will recognize the truth of that statement. It is now time to act. Our own are in need, and stranger hands are caring for them. Winter is at hand with all its hardships and privations. Prosperity has blessed many of our people most signally for the past year, but it has failed to reach them all. We now appeal to the favored ones to remember their unfortunate sisters and brothers.

Let us take hold now to make the new year one of glad rejoicing to our suffering brethren. One friend will give two thousand five hundred dollars to the Home provided the Spiritualists of America will raise five thousand dollars. Any other denomination or people could and would raise ten times that amount in less than one month. We can do this needed work if we will but try. A little retrenchment on the part of every Spiritualist, and the savings thus obtained carefully husbanded, and the work is done. Even if there are less presents bought of doubtful utility, we shall yet have the consciousness that we have purchased treasures of the spirit, out of our wish to do for others, that will compensate us a thousand fold. If the two hundred fifty thousand Spiritualists in the United States and Canada would but give one dollar each for this noble purpose, a fund would be provided that would yield an income sufficient in itself to care for all of our worthy poor for a quarter of a century to come.

Thus far we have spoken of the Union itself. The Banner of Light feels the need of sustaining that organization along different lines than those hitherto followed. We have already referred in our issue of Aug. 31, to a Banner of Light Endowment Fund, the interest from which is alone to be applied to the support of the Home and its inmates. We will do our part in contributing to that fund, and will gladly lend our aid to the work of caring for those of our household of faith who have no homes of their own. The noblest service one can render is that which is given to those in need, without the thought or hope of reward. Our aged and indigent Spiritualists are now cared for in the almshouses of the land. This is a burning disgrace to us as a people. In our freedom from creedal slavery, let us remember to be generous to the friend who severed our bonds. That friend is Spiritualism, and we can best prove our gratitude to the angels who have given us the light, by doing something for the angels incarnate who have no homes of their own, and no health with which to provide themselves with food and shelter. We suggest that the Banner of Light Endowment Fund be at once filled, and placed in the hands of faithful trustees with instructions to devote only the income from that fund to the noble purpose under consideration.

Mrs. Clara L. Stewart.

This true and tried worker for the "Good Cause," has labored diligently in behalf of organization in her home State of Wisconsin for the past two years. She has realized that union means strength, and has devoted herself day and night to the work of bringing the scattered forces of Spiritualists of Wisconsin into one harmoniously working body. In this unselfish labor she has been signally successful. With almost no encouragement whatever, she planned a State Convention in April of 1900 for the purpose of organizing a State Association. A few persons only responded to the call, yet they took hold with a will, organized a State Association and went to work. Mrs. Stewart was chosen President and journeyed up and down the State, sounding the call to enlist in the army of progress, and succeeded in rallying a goodly number to the support of the Cause who had been indifferent to all things of a spiritual nature. Mrs. Stewart was unanimously re-elected to the Presidency in 1901, and nobly has she performed her every duty. In eighteen months she succeeded in raising more than three thousand dollars in her State, which sum was expended for the good of the

Cause in that great Commonwealth. She has had loyal aids in her good work, but it is to her leadership, her devotion to the Cause, her executive ability that the success in Wisconsin is most largely due. Mrs. Stewart is one of the N. S. A.'s staunchest friends, and has done much to sustain that organization in all sections of the land. A few more workers like Mrs. Clara L. Stewart and Spiritualism will flourish as a green bay tree.

The Massachusetts State Spiritualist Association.

The Spiritualists of Massachusetts should not forget that the annual convention of their State Association will be held in Boston on Tuesday, January 7, 1902. Important business will come before the body in which every true blue Spiritualist is interested. This organization belongs to the people, and we trust that every Spiritualist in the State will see to it that his name is upon the roll of membership prior to Jan. 7. Hostile legislation is to be encountered at the State House this winter, and no one who really loves Spiritualism for its own sake can afford to withhold his support from an organization whose chief purpose is to protect and defend his rights in all sections of the State. If mediocrity is to be attacked, stringent medical laws enacted, compulsory vaccination enforced, and capital punishment maintained by our opponents, it is time the Spiritualists banded themselves together for their own protection. The State Association offers them the means to the desired end, and by giving it en masse they can make it a power to be feared alike by the professional politician and by the enemy of our Cause. The State Association can be made an aggressive body if the Spiritualists will but support it loyally. Every town in the State should have a live society to work up public sentiment in defense of honest mediocrity, and against oppressive laws of all kinds, particularly against those favoring medical monopoly, vaccination poison, legal murder, and judicial outrage. Spiritualists of Massachusetts, join your State Association and make it a power for good in the land.

Capt. E. W. Gould.

As stated in our last issue, this well-known friend of our Cause has taken leave of earth. He has spent ninety years in the mortal form, and almost up to the last moment of his life he was in full possession of all his faculties. Capt. Gould was a man of great ability. He was a philosopher, yet was eminently practical in all he said or did. In early life, he was called upon to buffet with the crude conditions of pioneer life, and nobly bore his part in every struggle. He set out to win in the battle of life and those who know him best realize full well that he carried his resolution out to the very letter. From a life of privation and extremely limited circumstances, he advanced to a position of trust, wide influence and comparative affluence. He toiled early and late that he might win the victory in his great contest with the world.

For fifty years he was in active service on the Mississippi River, as a steamboat operator. During the greater portion of that time, he was in command of one of the largest boats on the line. He retired from service about twenty years ago, and at once prepared a history of Mississippi steamboating, covering the period of his half-century of labor. This book was replete with useful information, and was well received by those who were interested in river navigation. It was an accurate history of the most stirring period of our national life, and gave a very clear exposition of the causes of the growth and subsequent rapid decline of commerce on the great Mississippi. From this field of labor, Capt. Gould acquired a competence, and stored his versatile mind with many useful facts that he utilized to advantage in after years.

He first heard of Spiritualism while in command of a steamer nearly fifty years ago. He investigated it carefully from a philosophical standpoint and became thoroughly convinced of the truth of its claims. He accepted the phenomena as facts, but relied upon them more in the philosophical sense than upon any personal evidence they had given to him. He was a great reader, and posted himself to the best of his ability with all phases of spiritualistic thought. He was a subscriber to every paper published in the interests of Spiritualism, and was an impartial contributor to the columns of them all. He believed thoroughly in education, and spent generous sums in circulating the literature of Spiritualism among those whom he knew to be interested in the subject of psychic science. He believed that the press of Spiritualism deserved generous support, and he labored earnestly to secure it whenever he could get an opportunity to do so.

Almost from the time of his introduction to Spiritualism, Capt. Gould was an ardent advocate of organization. His contributions to the Spiritualist papers twenty years ago and more, often dwelt upon this theme, and he constantly strove to awaken an interest in it on the part of his readers. He was ably seconded by the late John B. Wolf of Washington, D. C., and the labors of these two devoted friends of the "Good Cause" bore fruit in abundance after many years. Dr. Wolf passed to spirit life, and left Capt. Gould to carry on the important, pen work alone. This he did most gladly, even in the midst of many discouragements. A severe illness came upon him some years ago, and it was deemed impossible for him to recover. In view of his seeming impending departure from life, he felt impelled to turn his fortune over to his kindred, that unpleasant feelings and possible litigation might be avoided after his transition. Contrary to the expectations of all of his friends, he regained his health, and added nearly a score of years with grace and dignity to his career. From the time of his recovery, however, he found himself circumscribed in nearly every effort he made to serve the Cause he loved. It was almost a case of the recipients of his bounty forgetting to consider their kinsman and benefactor, even though his hand had been the hands to earn that which they were then enjoying.

Capt. Gould did not forget Spiritualism at any time and faithfully did he endeavor to further its interests. He traveled far, and by voice and pen sought to inspire his brethren to rouse themselves to action. When the call was issued in 1892 for a National Spiritualists' Convention in Chicago, to be held in 1893, he eagerly added his voice and influence to the project. He was elected as a delegate to that Convention from one of the societies in St. Louis, where the greater portion of his life was spent, and was one of the most prominent workers on the floor. He was a member of three of the most important committees of that great convocation, and wisely lent his counsel to all measures that would further the Cause nearest his heart, and most essential to spiritual progress—a permanent National organization. His hopes were realized in part, and he again took up his pen to make the new organization a success.

He was a delegate to every subsequent Convention of the N. S. A., save the one recently held in Washington. He was always a prominent figure at those gatherings, and was in deadly earnest in his advocacy of all measures he deemed to be for the best interests of the Association. He gave, accordingly, to his means, to the support of the organization he had worked so hard to establish, but felt that his labors with his pen and voice were offset to what he could not do in the way of financial offerings. He was an aspirant for a position on the Board of Trustees on two occasions, and was grieved that he did not receive an election. But he did not falter in his support of the organization itself, and up to the very last week of his life, he was occupied in writing important suggestions to the press for the purpose of strengthening the N. S. A. Capt. Gould felt at the post of duty, after a long and useful earth-life. He was gentle in spirit, sincere in soul, and was honestly devoted to Spiritualism as he understood it. He will be missed by his thousands of readers, and warm personal friends throughout the world. He faithfully endeavored to add something to the happiness of his fellow-men, and all who knew him will unite in saying that he has been successful in this quest in rich, full measure. His mental vigor for the past twenty years has been the wonder of all who knew him. He always credited it to his abstemious habits, and even temper. He was a "good man and true," and has earned the rest that is now his.

Again in the Antipodes.

From the columns of our valued contemporary "The Harbinger of Light," we learn that Dr. J. M. Peebles has reached Melbourne, Australia, where he purposes remaining for an indefinite period. This is the fourth visit of Dr. Peebles to the South-western Continent, hence he has found hosts of warm friends to bid him welcome. This they have done in the most cordial manner. A reception was arranged for the venerable "Pilgrim," under the direction of Mr. W. H. Terry, the able editor of "The Harbinger of Light," upon his arrival in Melbourne. It was largely attended and the warmth of the greeting extended to Dr. Peebles made him feel at home in the hearts of the multitude that had assembled to welcome the distinguished guest. Dr. Peebles will return to America via India and Europe, thus completing a fourth voyage around the world. We wish our gifted brother every success in his work among our brethren in the antipodes, and a safe return to his native land.

A New Arrival.

News came to us last week, too late for insertion in the Banner of Nov. 30, of a new arrival in the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. C. L. Evans of Washington, D. C., in the person of a splendid baby boy. Both baby and his mama are doing nicely, and his advent is an index of the fact that the family of the N. S. A. has been permanently enlarged. We congratulate Trustee Evans and his good wife upon the new happiness that has come into their lives. We consider Baby Evans one of the Banner's wee Spiritualists and give him greeting accordingly. At this point we venture to remind our readers that this new comer in the Evans family is a Spiritualist, and that he will be carefully nurtured in the tenets of Spiritualism. Born Spiritualists who are reared in the faith that is knowledge are the hope of our Cause in the future. Converts are often uncertain.

The Great Poughkeepsie Seer.

It is gratifying to note the renewal of interest in the inspired works of the world's greatest seer and prophet, Andrew Jackson Davis. New editions of some of his volumes have recently been issued to meet the growing demand for his works, and we are now prepared to fill all orders at short notice. No Spiritualist library is complete unless it contains a full set of this gifted sage's works. His entire twenty-nine volumes can now be obtained for the small sum of twenty dollars. This is a mere bagatelle in itself and brings these splendid books within the easy reach of people in the most moderate circumstances. These volumes of Dr. Davis will make a most excellent holiday gift for a friend whom you know to be a lover of good literature. Send in your orders and learn first hand the foundation principles of Spiritualism.

Another New Book

has found its way to our table. It is entitled "Corse Payton," and is from the facile pen of Mrs. Gertrude Andrews, one of the most talented histrionic artists of the day, as well as a singularly gifted writer. Mrs. Andrews has long been a welcome contributor to the columns of the Banner of Light, for she always has something of value to say upon any subject she feels called upon to discuss. Her new book is rich in fact, full of taking suggestions, and shows what true Yankee grit and independence of spirit can accomplish when their possessor really sets out to achieve success. The book is worth reading, and should have a good sale. Orders received at this office.

The Americanization of the World.

We are in receipt of a prospectus of a new annual about to be issued by W. T. Stead, England's greatest journalist of the present age. The forthcoming work will be of interest to all English speaking people, as it is a prophecy of the future with respect to the influence of the United States as the leading world power. The work is divided into four parts, in each of which some very striking contrasts are drawn. Mr. Stead declares the primacy of "John Bull" a thing of the past, and is the first to hail "Uncle Sam" as his successor. The work should and will have a large sale.

"The World Beautiful in Books."

A copy of this excellent work, by that deservedly popular writer, Miss Lillian Whiting, has come to hand from the press of Little, Brown & Co., Boston. It is needless to say that the work is up to the high standard Miss Whiting has ever maintained for herself in all of her writings, and is, therefore, of great interest to all lovers of good literature. We shall be pleased to receive orders for this and all other works of the distinguished author, at the usual rates. A more extended review of this new book of Miss Whiting's will appear in a future issue of the Banner. In the meantime, purchase a copy and learn for yourselves what it really contains.

We had hoped to be able to announce that the proposed donation of Morris Pratt of Whitewater, Wis., to the N. S. A., was an established fact ere these words greet the eyes of our readers. The matter is yet in abeyance, the property having been deeded to Trustees for educational purposes, with the hope that the N. S. A. would ultimately become the beneficiary and custodian of the munificent gift. It would seem as if the officers of the N. S. A. would commit a great error if they nullified the vote of the Washington convention accepting the gift, by refusing to accept it now. We hope for the best, however, and are optimistic enough to believe that the Spiritualists of America will yet have a school of their own.

It is decidedly amusing to read the criticisms we are receiving because of our utterances with regard to the barbarous war in South Africa. The extermination of a liberty loving people, to say nothing of the destruction of two republican governments, is hardly spiritual, to say the least, and we shall not refrain from criticizing what we believe to be rank injustice and inhumanity. What is true of England in South Africa, is also true of the people of the United States in the Philippine Islands. Both nations are equally reprehensible and deserve scourging for harboring the demon, War, in their midst, and in giving the monster the life-blood of their bravest sons.

A good friend in British West Indies has become interested in Spiritualism through reading an account of the N. S. A. in the New York World's Almanac. And he is not alone in this. The N. S. A. has been more instrumental in placing Spiritualism before the people of the world than any other organization ever formed under its auspices. Through the secular press and its public records, it reaches multitudes, where the Spiritualist press reaches a comparative few. Such work as it is doing is of the utmost value to our Cause, and is worth a thousand times its cost in dollars and cents.

Several law suits are now pending involving the right of any person to make requests to organizations bearing the name Spiritualist. One of the most important of these suits is the famous Case will of Lafayette, Indiana. It is expected that the case will be tried this month. The results are eagerly anticipated by all Spiritualists, as the decision of the judge and jury will establish a precedent for the courts of all States, when similar cases arise.

Robert Collyer says that whenever he hears married people declare that they have lived together thirty years and never had a difference, he is always led to believe that they must have had a great deal of indifference. Many Spiritualists have lived thirty or forty years in Spiritualism and have never had a difference—but have had so much indifference as to fail to do one thing for their religion.

What others think of you? They don't read "I'm a Brick." Just stick to those books that molly-coddle you; they will make you feel better. Besides, you will not have to think of anything to make you better. You will be satisfied with yourself as you are.

When Spiritualists incorporate the great trust of Spirituality, establish granaries of Truth, build temples of Wisdom, and scatter broadcast the bread of Love, they will have proved themselves the people chosen of the angels to lead in the work of healing the nations of the earth.

The man who seeks to exalt himself by endeavoring to tear others down is sorely in need of a physician. He is the well man who exacts merit in others and keeps self out of sight.

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

"Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment."

"An Institution is the lengthened shadow of one man."

"What we love that we have, but by desire we becare ourselves of the love."

"Self-trust is the essence of heroism."

Letter from Judge Dailey.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The holiday season is upon us. Thanksgiving has passed, but in this goodly city of churches we are still thankful for the good things of this life, and enjoying the excellent digestion which waits on yesterday's appetite. The religious thought of the world, at least among Christian people, is rapidly changing to a broader and more comprehensive view of the relation of man to the world he lives in, to the spiritual world and to Deity.

Of late I have written but little upon these matters, although a constant observer of what is transpiring. A little can leave a measure of meal, but it seems to take a great deal to leaven the religious thought of mankind.

Time is working great changes in the attitude of liberal religious teachers and religiously inclined scientists, towards Spiritualism. No Christian has ever been as good as a Christian, and no Spiritualist as good as a Spiritualist.

I listened to a remarkable discourse the other evening, from Mrs. May S. Pepper, to a large and appreciative audience, wherein she answered the question, as to whether a Spiritualist could be a Christian? The control was most eloquent. The argument and illustrations presented were forcible, and the conclusion was summed up in these few words: "Yes, a Spiritualist can be a Christian, but a man cannot be a Christian without being a Spiritualist."

I write more particularly to speak of Mrs. Pepper's work during November, here in Brooklyn. Through some misunderstanding, her engagement with the society under whose auspices she had spoken hitherto, was not carried out, by reason of the discontinuance of the meetings of that society. This is to be regretted, for the Woman's Progressive Union has done a great work, and its members are still active, and with the assistance of Mrs. Ackerman, who acted as cashier, I engaged a hall for Mrs. Pepper, and she held meetings for the three last Sundays, afternoons and evenings in November, and the results have been most gratifying.

It will be a source of comfort to Mrs. Pepper's many friends, to know that her health is greatly improved, and, if she will refrain from overwork and avoid petty annoyances, to which all good mediums are subject, I know of no person who can do so much to educate and at the same time demonstrate the truths upon which modern Spiritualism is based, as she. I certainly know of nothing so comforting to the bereaved, as the convincing communications which she gives to them in the hour of bitter affliction. I have attended all of her meetings here, and in the great number of communications given, there has not been one that has been disputed, for all have been recognized, and often, her audiences have been in tears at the manifestations expressed by those to whom they have been given. And yet, few of the many eloquent preachers in our city, and throughout the land, give this bread to their people. Instead of the hungry, and drink to the thirsty, let what we require, both for our bodies and our spirits. The Master, as he met the woman at the Well of Jacob, distinguished between the waters of that well, and the living waters which nourish the soul.

I quite agree with the eloquent preacher who said: "I am a Christian, but I am not a Spiritualist, because, if spiritual truths embraced in the doctrine of Spiritualism were not taught by the great Founder of Christianity, then He taught nothing."

Nothing could better demonstrate the anxiety of many to hear the spiritual world, than to observe the numerous persons clustering around Mrs. Pepper at the close of her meetings, and coming to our home to visit her during the week. She is to be at Tuxedo Hall, borough of Manhattan, N. Y., in January, with her residence at our home, 451 Washington Ave., Brooklyn, as it has been during November.

Fraternally yours,

A. A. Dailey.

Union Meeting.

THE LADIES' AID SOCIETY IN PAINE HALL.

Friday, Nov. 23, the union meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society was held with the vice-president, Mrs. A. F. Butterfield, in the chair. We had a grand dinner party, and representatives from all the societies were present. The tables in the banquet hall were beautifully decorated and bountifully supplied.

In the evening, after a musical selection by Mr. E. W. and C. L. C. Hatch, Mrs. A. F. Butterfield welcomed the guests, and said: "In union there is strength, and I hope this meeting will place in your hearts' memory the representation. I regret very much the indisposition of the president, Mrs. Albee, but I know her spirit is with us." Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse then spoke briefly, and said in closing: "The feeling of love and harmony that pervades the hall will be a benediction to all."

Mrs. Hatch introduced Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, as one of the old workers, not in years, but in good work for the spirit world. Mrs. Byrnes said in part: "The Chairman would not refer to age, but to my work. It always affords me pleasure to meet with any society that has Aid and Help among its watchwords. I love any work that is for humanity. I hope as the years roll on that I shall hold in your hearts' memory the work I have done. Let us be true and steadfast to that Cause that will unfold us to the higher possibilities of life."

Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, president of the Ladies' Industrial Union: "If there is ever a time when our Spiritualism seems to be waning, a gathering of this kind encourages us to move on. This is a movement that should continue." Referring to the words of Mrs. Byrnes, she said: "When we can listen to the noble words of our worthy speaker who in such a true and noble way can proclaim the truths of her religion, we should be glad to think we are of the same belief."

Mrs. N. J. Willis, next speaker, said: "It is pleasant to know you are holding a union meeting. Truth is a unit and cannot be divided. We can agree to differ, but never disagree. We must stand strong in the individuality that dares everything for truth." Mr. Chas. L. C. Hatch played a violin solo, which was ably rendered by Mrs. M. J. Butler spoke briefly. Mrs. Iona Stillings gave a recitation which was very well received. Mrs. Elsie Webster of Lynn said she was glad to be present, and gave tests. Miss Etta Williams gave a recitation, "Charcoal," which was enjoyed.

Mr. Symonds said he preferred to be last upon a program. He spoke of the Thanksgiving time, and said: "The old New England custom, Thanksgiving, is very dear to my heart, and I would hate to see it forsaken. These union meetings are of benefit to all, and I believe it a proper way to become acquainted with our neighbors."

Dr. Dean Clarke presented the Boston Spiritual Lyceum: I am glad to be present and hope it will be a profitable occasion to all. Our enemies are forging chains for some of us, we can hear the clanking in the distance, and coming events cast their shadows before. The days of oppression are not all past. We must resolve to stand firmly and truly and defiantly together for the truth."

Mrs. Porter, secretary of the Boston Spiritual Temple, spoke as follows: "I feel very small in more ways than one as I stand before you, for I feel the society I represent will not be properly represented, but I am proud to represent my society, and to meet with this society, the oldest in Boston. I believe whether Spiritualism is old or new it is only ours as far as we can use it."

Mrs. C. F. Loring then spoke: "I was pleased to be invited to the union meeting, and I hope it will be productive of great good. We should be thankful that we have so many avenues of thought open for us. Spiritualism is more than six or sixteen years old for me, yet I have never seen the time I have been sorry for the knowledge of spirit return." Mr. E. W. Hatch then gave a vocal selection, which was well received.

Mr. J. S. Searlett followed: "These meetings are of vast importance, and I hall any movement that will bring harmony into the ranks." Mr. Harold Leale said: "There is sorrow and sadness reigning with pleasure and joy, and I have been requested to sing, 'Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?' which he rendered very effectively. Mrs. Anna Scott gave some convincing messages. Mrs. S. C. Cunningham said: "I am more than pleased to lay my little offering upon this Thanksgiving table. I have been benefited by listening to the different speakers tonight; I believe we should have more union meetings. The churches prosper because of their unity. These meetings will give you strength." She gave some excellent tests.

Mrs. Minnie M. Soule said: "I am glad to be with you. I have never been in a meeting which has touched me as this one has. I have always believed we needed union meetings, we must get together often, and let Boston know we are in earnest. I want you to know that if you cannot see me, my spirit is unceasingly working with your spirit for the good of all. If we should never meet again, want you to know, every one of their unity. These meetings will give you strength." She gave some excellent tests.

Mrs. Chapman spoke briefly. She extended her love to all, saying: "I belong to every society that is working for good and am glad to add my mite to the fraternal meeting." Mrs. Hattie C. Mason was glad the meeting had been so successful and hoped every one would take the deeper meaning and thought home to themselves and profit by the same. This closed the evening's entertainment, and surely one of the most harmonious meetings ever held in the city. The hall was literally covered with bunting and flags. Old Glory waved from platform and balcony. The rostrum was decorated with tropical plants and cut flowers, and everything was beautiful. We were sorry that the president of the N. S. A., Mr. H. D. Barrett, could not be with us, but duties called him in another direction.

We thank all who in any way helped to make the meeting a success.

Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y.

Announcements.

E. W. Sprague and wife, missionaries for the N. S. A., are free to make campmeeting engagements for the coming season of 1902. They are platform speakers and lecturers. Address Rochester, Ind. Home address, 618 Newland Ave., Jamestown, N. Y. The Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday in Appleton Hall, 9 Appleton St.—good entertainment and supper served at 6.15 p. m. Luncheon Association meets in the Appleton Hall, Alex. Caird, M. D., president, Sunday, Dec. 8, Mrs. May S. Pepper of Providence will be with us. Music by Thomas' orchestra and Unity quartet—See.

E. J. Bowtell has open doors for campmeetings in 1902. August 17 engaged at N. Atlantic, Ct. Address Box 82, Enayville, R. I. The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists, 671 Mass. Ave., Cambridgeport, will have for speaker, Friday evening, Dec. 13, Mrs. N. J. Willis, the readings, Miss Etta Willis.—Mrs. H. E. Hall, Cor. Sec'y.

The Maiden Progressive Spiritualists will have for speaker and medium Sunday eve, Dec. 8, Mrs. F. E. Bird, Main Building, 76 Pleasant St., 7.30 p. m. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Johnson conduct Gospel Spiritual Meetings every Sunday at Washington Hall, 673 Mass. Ave., Cambridgeport. Sunday afternoon at 3 p. m. Indian healing, test, developing circle. Evening service, 7.30 p. m. Dec. 8, Mr. Chase, Belle Robertson, mediums are expected. Indian Jubilee Monday evening, Dec. 9, 8 p. m. Wednesday evening, Dec. 11, Mr. Courlis will resume his New York City seances at Hall One, Monroe Bldg., 9 E. 59th St., where he will demonstrate the power of the spirit by business messages and tests.

Waltham S. P. W. Church, Shepherd Hall, 185 Moody St. The speakers for December are Mrs. Nellie Barbeck, Dec. 1; Mrs. A. J. Pettigill, Dec. 8, 15 and 22; Mr. E. C. Dane, Dec. 29. Dec. 12 a supper will be served from 5.30 to 7.15 p. m. Mrs. N. S. Noyes will give astrological readings in the evening. Ella A. Wheeler, Cor. Sec'y.

Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, speaker and test medium, will serve the First Spiritualist Society, Fitchburg, Mass., Sunday, Dec. 8.

The Cause in Albany, N. Y.

Maggie Wait lit down here last winter, and took the salts by surprise. She created a genuine interest, even enthusiasm, among converted many. Her work, as attested by reliable friends of the Cause, was straight, and without a shadow of any appearance of doubtful methods, from first to last. I am glad to know this, and record it. She gave the Cause an impetus in the Capital City. Mrs. Cunningham of Boston has put in two months here, and I hear good reports of her seances. She impresses people with sincerity and fine womanly qualities. I had the honor of her presence at a lecture Sunday evening, December 1. We had a good audience and the appreciation seemed more than average. Quite unexpectedly to me it has been arranged and announced that I will speak here again next Sunday, December 8. Bro. E. H. Doty, with whom I stop, in a strong support, and reliable friend, and with co-operation of such as he, it would not be difficult to develop a vigorous, growing society in Albany with staying qualities. He is loaded with interesting experiences and I intend to utilize some of them. Lyman C. Howe.

A Card.

Belle Bush would respectfully inform the readers of the Banner of Light that she was never a "Union Spy," as stated in a Washington paper in connection with its report of the N. S. A. Convention held lately in that city.

I would also say that the various reports which appeared in several local papers of New Jersey, and in some of the New York City Journals, relative to the closing of Belvidere Seminary were sensational enormities, and stand as false in the minds of all their intelligent readers, hence I shall refrain from giving them any further notice other than to say of those who started such unjust and cruel insinuations, and the gossip who ignorantly repeated them, that "Faster forgive them, they know not what they do."

In conclusion I would kindly refer my readers to the article which appeared in this paper Nov. 23d, entitled, "A Few Short Paragraphs," the pathos of which I would express as follows:

Cured by a Mighty Power!

Dr. Peebles, the Eminent Scientist, of Battle Creek, Mich., has originated a Method that Banishes CHRONIC DISEASES.

Write to Him and He Will Cure You.

Dr. PEEBLES, the Grand Old Man of Battle Creek, Mich., and your case has been pronounced incurable, just what the Doctor of consulting physicians will carefully consider the same, you will find a complete diagnosis of your case stating just what may be expected from a course of treatment with them. All sufferers are invited to write him for his "FREE" A. B. NO. 10. CUREABLE DISEASES, for as the Doctor says, "every symptom or condition has a cause and when the cause is discovered its removal by proper methods is easy." The Doctor has proven the truth of this statement time and again by diagnosing and curing thousands of cases not understood or cured by the regular practicing physicians of his own profession.

"I am well and a thousand times obliged to you." If you are in poor health, no matter if you have suffered for years and your case has been pronounced incurable, just what the Doctor of consulting physicians will carefully consider the same, you will find a complete diagnosis of your case stating just what may be expected from a course of treatment with them. All sufferers are invited to write him for his "FREE" A. B. NO. 10. CUREABLE DISEASES, for as the Doctor says, "every symptom or condition has a cause and when the cause is discovered its removal by proper methods is easy." The Doctor has proven the truth of this statement time and again by diagnosing and curing thousands of cases not understood or cured by the regular practicing physicians of his own profession.

DR. J. M. PEEBLES.

The doctors for a complete diagnosis of your case and get their literature explaining fully the wonders of their treatment and also Dr. Peebles' essay "The Psychic Science in the Art of Healing," explaining fully the wonders of this Grand Science and Psychic treatment of the greatest power known to man for the relief of suffering and cure of disease. Sit down and write today, ready to obey the call of the "Masters" experience, trouble is there is hope for you in this Grand Science. Address,

DR. PEEBLES

Institute of Health
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Ah, me! there are sorrows which battle speech,
That sighs cannot soften, or tears relieve.
Where brave souls smile in the face of Death,
And heart-strings silently grieve, and grieve.

222 Cherry St., Kansas City, Mo.
Nov. 23, 1901.

The breath of our own souls makes our atmosphere, and if love grows commonplace with us, it is because we are of the common herd ourselves. Love is an alchemy. But we must be alchemists to use its spells.—Ouida.

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- Karma.
- Law.
- Language of Spirit.
- Matter a State of the Substantial.
- Moral Code of the New Religion.
- Nature of Religion.
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SPIRIT Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides, or that of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a social 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 each communication 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 November 7, 1901, S. E. 24.

Invocations.

Oh Infinite spirit of love and wisdom, we reach out to thee for some expression, for some word, some better understanding of thee. We ask that the holy ones who have passed from one condition to another, who have gone on into the great life where truth reigns supreme, may draw very near to us at this hour. We ask that the blessing of their presence, something of their knowledge, may be vouchsafed unto us. We would grow out of our weakness, out of our misconceptions, out of our uncharitable ways, out of our misunderstandings, and would stand free and clear and sweet and strong in the light of the spirit. Oh help us to come to that condition to which we aspire, for which we strive and work. May we not forget the present day and its duties. May we fill the hour that is now with us so completely, so full of love and kindness that it shall stand forever bright and golden. May we draw very near souls wherever they suffer or bleed. May we come close to them with the precious word of this continued life and the message of the spirit. Wherever sin is, wherever the darkness of despair is brooding, wherever sorrow is throwing its shadow, there we would send our spiritual energy and thought and would help by love, by tenderness, to make brighter the condition. Bless us all. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Will Sanborn, Jaffrey, N. H.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a young man about thirty years old. He is tall and slender, his eyes are just as blue as the sky. His hair is brown, he has a brown mustache and a ruddy complexion. He comes over to me with a gracious manner, almost like a girl, and says, "Come, let us see what message I can send that will help my mother; she is in the greatest need. For a long time I have felt that if I could send word to her from the spirit, it would help her to bear her trouble and suffering. My name is Will Sanborn; I come from Jaffrey, N. H. My mother is so anxious to get some light on this subject that I make this effort to assist her. Tell her that I am not working as hard as I did but that I am trying to understand people and life better than ever before. I know she has been worried about my condition; she has said to herself that if only I could have accepted religion before I came away that it would have been much better for me. I want to tell her that I can't see that it makes the least difference what we subscribe to or what our thought is. We are benefited as we strive to be pure and useful. She knows I would not hurt a fly, that I would bring pain to no one; she knows too that this tender heart I had for her would prompt me to tell her all I have seen and just as it is. I want her to believe me when I say I am not in torture, I am not unhappy only as I am unhappy in a vain attempt to reach her. Uncle John is with me, he says, 'Tell Sarah it isn't much use to find fault with the conditions as they exist but to have patience and that will help her to bear the things as they are.' I'd like too to send a word to Walter. She will know and she will do it. Please say that I send so much love. Thank you."

Katherine Sedgewick, Jersey City, N. J.

The next spirit that comes is a woman about eighty years old. I should think. She is old and tottering and her skin looks like a piece of parchment. She has brown hair but it isn't her own. She has her mouth closed tight as though there were no teeth inside, but she smiles sweetly when I describe her this way and says, "Go on little one, they wouldn't know me if you described me in any other way. My name is Katherine Sedgewick; I was Aunt Katherine to almost everybody. I have been anxious to tell people that since I came over here I have grown young again. The old wrinkled body with parchment skin as you call it, was only a body that the spirit had outgrown and it was rolling up like a scroll to let the spirit free. I lived on Palisade Ave., Jersey City, N. J. I was very closely connected with the Eatons; they are all in a way, interested in this subject, so I thought I'd make an effort to return and tell them how I am. They will be pleased to know that I have the poll-parrot with me, although they may think it is funny but somehow it is pretty good to have him. He was a pet of mine. Perhaps I won't try to say any more except this, that I haven't lost my interest in any living thing or any condition in life. Thank you."

John Cummings, Halifax, Maine.

I see the spirit of a man who is just as nervous as he can be and he wrings his hands and seems in such distress as though he could hardly wait to get here. He says,

"My name is John Cummings; I lived in Halifax, Maine, and oh, I want to get to Annie. If I could only tell her that I know, I know, I know—I know all that has been and I am just as unhappy as I can be. I can't seem to get any peace or quiet or ease I am so anxious to speak the word and have her hear. Tell her please, to open the doors and let me in, to sit for me, to give me some opportunity to come closer and say what I want to. I am sorry too for what I did living. I am sorry in dying that I couldn't say more, I am sorry that after death I can't get to her plainer. If you will only make this effort to reach her, telling her that I have much to say and that I can say it if she will give me the opportunity, I shall be everlastingly grateful."

Henry Peterson, Schenectady, N. Y.

I now see the spirit of a man about fifty years old. He is short, not very stout, with dark eyes and hair with just a little of the gray mixed in it. He is very quick and sharp in his way of speaking; he comes along to me rather impatiently as though he felt more impatient with himself than with me and was striving to get a hold of himself in this way. He says, "Quick, quick, say for me what I can't. My name is Henry Peterson, I lived in Schenectady, N. Y. I thought I was going to say so much about myself and my people, but I find about all I can say is that I am conscious of life and friends, and helpful conditions from those who are more in the light than I am. I was not a church man, in fact, I had no use for anything of the kind but I wish now I had been more charitable to those who were in that line of thought because their very sincerity and earnestness made them better citizens perhaps than I was. I do want my friends to know that I am striving to be as good and patient as I can be. I have my little girl with me. Her name is Lizzie; she says, 'Tell them all that we often come and often bring blessings of which they are unaware.' That makes me think that sometimes we are able to exert an influence over others which brings brighter conditions that nobody ever knows anything about and really we don't care much, for it is only to bring the result and when that is accomplished we are satisfied. Thank you."

Hattie to John Wheeler, Willington, Conn.

The next spirit that comes to me is a lady. She is about medium height, rather slender, fair face, blue eyes, and her hair is neither black nor brown but has a sort of an ashy tint. She is very quiet and moves so slowly toward me as though she were making a supreme effort to control conditions long enough to get the message to her own people. She is very sweet in her expression and as she comes over to me she says, "This is so new and strange. I had never thought it possible that I could reach my own after I left them in the body. It may seem strange to you but I had never had any intimation of this method of communication between the two worlds and it was only after I had been here some time and begun to question whether it were impossible for my friends to see me when I could see them so plainly that I had an understanding of the possibility of returning. I want so much to go to Connecticut, Willington, Conn., to John Wheeler. It is such a new matter to him that I am half afraid as I speak that he won't receive my message, and yet I will do what I can to make him understand that I am near him, watching over him and doing all I can to bring brightness into his life. I am Hattie; he will know and understand when I say that everything he could do for me was done, that there was not the least thing I could wish for or suggest that was left undone, but it seemed after all there was nothing to do but to slip away from him as I did. His care has been doubled since I came away and I feel an anxiety over that, but I have my sister with me whose name is Ella; she says, if we come together and make a manifestation for him, then he will be better able to understand than he will from this printed message. God bless him. I wish I could get to him as plainly as I am talking to you. It would mean very much to us both. I thank you."

Sadie Gardner, Omaha, Nebr.

Here is the spirit of a girl about eighteen years old. She is just as bright as a dollar and seems to just fly around here with such an interest in everybody and everything. The first thing she writes is Sadie and then after that Gardner. After she writes that down she puts up her little hand and on her finger is an engagement ring. She says, "I was engaged and about to be married when I was taken suddenly ill and came over here into the spirit. You can't imagine what it is to have all life so suddenly broken in upon. Why I had no more idea of dying than I had of cutting my head off myself and to all at once slip right away and come over here was more than I could understand. I didn't have any people over here and so it seemed that I just started out to make all the friends I could and to do all I could to get back. I want to send this word to Fred. I want you to know that I didn't live in your part of the country. I lived out in Omaha, and it is a vast city. Oh, I had so many friends there and everybody just cried and felt badly for my coming until it seemed the biggest tragedy in the world and really it wasn't. I wish you could have seen the flowers I had and I was put away in the dress that I should have been married in, so after all death claimed me instead of Fred and the flowers were more like a bridal array than they were like a funeral, and I enjoyed them so much but I did want to speak. I felt I should have to about that I was not dead. I knew them and knew what they were doing, but it didn't do any good, there wasn't any chance some way, nobody tried to see whether I could say anything or not and so they put me away and that is why I made up my mind that if it were ever possible, I would come. It is only by chance I found this place and as quickly as I could, I came. I

hope this letter will get to my own people. I want my mother too to hear and also I want to say to her that I have Aunt Sarah with me. She will know and she will be glad."

Frankie Lane, Harrison, Ohio.

I see the spirit of a little boy only four years old. He has a very dear old lady with him. I think she has been in spirit land a long, long time, longer than he. His name is Frankie Lane. He says, "Grandma Lane is with me. We want to get to Frank Lane, who is my father, and lives in Harrison, Ohio. I like to drive the horse just the same as I did. I see papa when he is driving around and I climb up on the seat and tell him to drive fast. Grandma says I can grow just as well over here as I could if I had been left, and I am growing every day. Do tell him so; tell him if he would open his eyes he would see me. They put my crib away because they couldn't bear to see it, but if they would take it out I would come there and sleep sometimes when grandma would let me."

Grace Carpenter (Special).

"My dear sister: I am so glad to have this opportunity to speak to you. When I first came over here I was so shocked, that I couldn't quite collect myself to find out what had happened. I seemed to be in a dazed condition from the shock. It didn't last long, however, and since I have realized all that has happened I felt a little homesick, for I had looked forward to so much happiness in life and it seemed as though my dream was so rudely broken, but I am happy now. I can see that I can do very much for all those I loved and I am trying to come very close to you. When you got the news I was with you and tried to comfort you and since that time there has never been a day that I have not been to you at some time trying to make myself felt by you. You are quite mediumistic and I shall be able I am sure to come strong enough so that you will see me and know when I am there. Try and see if I cannot write through your hand, give me a little quiet time and remember this, that I am as happy as I could be to have my plans broken in on so unexpectedly. I have tried to come several times before but your letter has helped me and made me stronger. I will come again some other time. I send so much love to you. Goodbye."

Nov. 21, 1901.

To Edna Taylor, Shakers, New York.

Some weeks ago, spirit Grace Carpenter came to one of our public services for recognition. She gave the manner of her death and expressed the greatest anxiety to reach her people. After the service a gentleman in the audience who lives in West Medford, told me that he worked with some relative of Grace Carpenter's, and he had at first thought the spirit might be trying to reach him. She has again come to our private circle and the message she sends will, I hope, give you comfort.

Most truly yours,

Minnie M. Soule.

Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1901.

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND THREE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The close student of "Paradise Lost" is deeply impressed by the plan of the universe that was formulated by the genius of Milton. In that he conceives it to be infinite, we agree with him; but in that he considers one part of it to be wholly given over to sin and pain, we know that he is wrong, for that any individuals or any locality should be irreclaimable from moral evil cannot harmonize with the omnipotence of the principle of goodness.

Milton divides the good and the evil parts of the universe by the crystal floor of heaven. Each extends infinitely in an opposite direction from the other, but the separating plane is definite and impassable, except that angels may pass to the earth, which he places towards the upper part of the hemisphere of darkness, to aid man to rise towards heaven, while devils may freely pass to man's abode, to tempt him to acts that will lead him to hell, by a caseway that Satan constructed when he made his first journey from his infernal palace to the newly created earth.

It did not accord with Milton's plan that any human being who fell to hell should ever be reclaimed there, nor that Satan could ever recover his lost estate in heaven. That Milton conceived of the universe as infinite shows how deeply he had drunk of the fountain of astronomical truth, newly opened to man by the science of Galileo and the philosophy of Kepler, and shows how thinking men had advanced since Dante wrote. But that he rigidly adhered to endless punishment in an eternal hell for any finite being in the universe shows that the hard notions of an unprogressive theology still clung to him, and prevented him from seeing that God is the life, light, and soul of the universe, and that this life, light and soul will gain inevitably and continuously on the darker portions of the universal nature which is the manifestation of God.

"But blessed are your eyes, for they see: and your ears, for they hear."

Some will exclaim,

"If God will eventually reclaim the darker portions of creation, how will it be when all this has been accomplished? What will then come?"

We reply that as the genesis is an unending one, there will never come a time when creation will cease to occur, and as this process of reclaiming the darker (because more newly created portions and beings) will continue forevermore. Some worlds and some souls have been so long in process of unfolding that they approach perfection. Such worlds will then be melted into ether, and their particles will enter into new combinations, because they are matter, and not souls.

But the souls who have immeasurably distanced us on their journey to perfection, will not be melted away into seeming nothingness. On the contrary, they will shine with increasing individual lustre, and show to struggling souls, who are just beginning to emerge from darkness, what they may themselves look forward to, if "with patient continuance in well-doing, they seek for glory, honor, and immortality." No souls need strive in vain. There is a divine spark within them that must in time lead them God-ward, but this process will be vastly accelerated by their own strenuous endeavor.

We were led into this line of thought by one of the "Notes by the Way," in "Light," often so provocative to mental activity. It alludes to an American writer who suggests that the operators at seances may be human beings, possibly dwelling in the earth's atmosphere, who may never have ascended to the spiritual realm proper. He remarks that if such spirits can create materialized forms, what may we not expect of those who have progressed far ages in the spiritual realms.

The comment of "Light" is that this suggestion has the flavor of newness, and he says we often hear of "earth-bound spirits" with the inference that they are all more or less evil. It goes on to say that "earth-bound" may only mean at school, and reminds us that they have the advantage of dealing at first-hand with the occult forces. In reading the above, I was led to reflect that all finite and individual spirits are "at school," and that it would misbehave them on a higher form to criticize in the slightest degree those on the form below their own. Unless we have misused our advantages, the place we now occupy is the right one for us. Now we are in the body, and are subjected to most varying influences, and receive varied grades of advantages.

Some of us, through no fault of our own, have imbibed notions and habits that would make it well-nigh impossible for us to go far from the earth, on being released from the physical body. Some of the gentlest and sweetest persons we know are very much taken up with pretty clothes for themselves and their children, with dainty appointments in their houses, with beautiful little baby-carriages, and the like. On leaving the body, they will linger near the places and things that they loved, and if their little ones are still in earth life, they will surely cling to them. Such spirits are of course earth-bound, for the present, but the term is used in no opprobrious sense. By and by, as their children grow up, and the care they need becomes of a more spiritual nature, they will become more spiritual, and will "allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way."

Even that dear spirit whom I call my angel mother is not yet wholly freed from earth. Once when I asked her if she had yet joined that soul-mate, whom she will sometime inevitably join, owing to the very constitution of their being, she made this reply:—

"I watch over my children. I am as yet in oneness with them."

When she gave me this answer, six of us were still in the flesh. Now there are five. The coming decade will surely take most of us, if not all, over the thin divide. When we are all there, my angelic mother will no more be earth bound, but will speed unfettered towards that ever-receding point which is the goal of such as she.

Others of us will be earth-bound in some other way. Some are deeply interested in chemistry, in the anatomy and physiology of expressions of life. They may take exquisite delight in separating and then gathering together the elements of flowers, and may be able to rain these dainty creations from the ceiling of some seance-room, where they find a medium with a physical organization appropriate to this effort.

Other spirit chemists, more ambitious and more daring, will delight, with the aid of the medium's control, to build up a form in the semblance of a human one which will look indeed like that of one who has departed. They will enter this form themselves, and then the delightful sitters hear the spirit talk with their mortal ears, or see it doing the wonders that frequenters of materializing seances are familiar with.

I have myself seen an arm of a spirit suddenly lengthen till it was certainly five feet long. And once, when the good and reverend Aaron Perkins, who baptized two of my brothers in Hamilton, N. Y., in 1853, was making a desperate effort to materialize a form that I could recognize, and I said to him, "Why, Mr. Perkins, you are not so tall as you used to be," he suddenly shot up till he was a foot and a half taller than he was before. I could not recognize his face. He was not skilled in "making-up," but I shall never forget how the medium's control, the little and shrewd Prairie-flower laughed, when he took so long to swathe his neck in the white checker that was the regulation neck-gear of a minister in my younger days.

Mr. Perkins was a very good man, but he was about the last of all my friends that I could expect to meet at a seance of this kind, and I had not thought of him for years. He gave his name, too.

Many of us feel indebted to spirits who linger on the earth plane, to prove to doubting mortals that they can manifest in a way that can be sensed by their physical organs. Nothing but this sort of evidence can satisfy those of a materialistic turn of mind. Even Jesus revealed his continued existence to the sceptical Thomas by assuming a materialized form that he was invited to handle. And he gave a still more remarkable exhibition of his power in this direction, on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, at a later date. John states that he fed his disciples, who were hungry after hard work, with bread and fish. And we learn in Luke that when he met the eleven apostles in Jerusalem he showed them his hands and his feet which had been nailed through to fasten him to the cross. Then he asked for food, and they gave him a piece of broiled fish and of honeycomb, which he ate in their presence.

On these occasions, he undoubtedly materialized the form that he used, as is evident to those who read the simple story, untram-

meled by the notion that there was anything miraculous in the events. A belief in materialism prevents one from seeing the truth. But the key of naturalism unlocks all the hard doors, and shows that the same being whose healing power relieved so many sufferers before his crucifixion, also proved to his disciples after that event that he was still alive, and as much their friend as ever.

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

Arlington, N. J., Nov. 23, 1901.

Healing.

BY MRS. M. A. REED.

All healing is done through a chemical, vibratory law. By changing the thought of a person the heart action is changed and the patient has confidence in the physician or means employed to heal.

The diversified and varied methods employed today in healing are all good, because they are bringing the people greater understanding. Jesus, the Christ, taught us how to heal by the spoken word, and why do we not do it? He said:

"Physician, heal thyself."

Why do not believers in Christ heal themselves?

He said, also, "The kingdom of heaven is within." That meant harmony and peace. How many have found it?

He taught us that nature's first law is harmony, order, and he gave us the keynote, which is love, to help us get into harmony—health.

Now the real cause of disease—lack of ease—is inharmonious vibrations, thoughts full of fear, kindled into activity it may be by the parent or physician—unconsciously, of course.

Thoughts are potent things. Jesus knew that, when he said, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," a truth which has been proved many times.

Thought causes motion; motion, vibration. We should be careful how we start discordant thoughts vibrating, for we little know where they will lodge themselves.

Jesus Christ healed through Love, the Logos, and the love he sent out started harmonious healing vibrations which did the work. After he had demonstrated the power of healing, the people believed on him and he left this assurance that those who believed on him should do the works that he did and even greater.

He is in our midst today as never before. He said: "I go away, but I will send you the comforter, the holy spirit, the Logos, which is love." That still small voice is speaking to every soul, to quell the discordant, jarring notes of this earthly life, and bring man into a consciousness of the oneness of all life.

We are all children of the great Father of Life, and dependent upon that source for life. Let us begin to realize it and come closer to that loving power that gave us birth, believing in the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of man. That is what the Master taught us. Let us imitate his example and try to be one with all the good in order to do these good works.

116 W. Newton St., Boston.

Tune Your Harps to Songs of Praise.

BY FANNIE D. HINDS.

We often listen to songs divinely beautiful, filled with melodies all entrancing, the harmonies of unconscious outbursts of heavenly exaltation, sung by the happy souls released from bondage of gross elements enwrapped in the vision of new found existence; songs of joy to wander in the labyrinths of peace and beauty. Songs are varied by touch of fingers and voice as the soul inhales the beauty of the surroundings. Every music must search the hidden to reveal the rare. Color of flower adds color to the song, delicate, sweet, rich and luminous, of fragrance subtle to be caught by the heart attuned. Songs of joy in forest as well as glade voice anthems of majesty and quiet. The waters, too, sing their measure, rippling, trilling in grander volume, yet ever in harmony.

All nature sings, all nature weeps and groans, working out the chord divine. Each link of the chain adds to the finish of the one coming before. So song is born and reborn, echoing the last Amen to begin the new measure. Tuning one's harp is the work of life, constantly needing our undivided attention. We too often neglect the pitch and discord follows. Working and trying to sing our song, making the melody imperfect, are what we all do more than less. Tune your harps to lofty themes, guard the pitch as well as the strings. The effervescence of sparkling dew drops, the ecstasy of love, the influence of things holy and pure bear us on to the mountain heights where the rhythm is heard in perfect accord with the beat of that master's hand, who stands upright in his glory with the newborn song of life eternal still ringing in his heart, as when of old the new awakening clothed him in visions fair, songs of triumph, glad songs of victory gladdened the world. The bells of heaven are ringing each day for one's brothers and sisters all.

Tune your harps to fain the throng. Listen to the birds, listen to the sea. Listen to the acts of love done for you and me.

Listen when the sunshine sheds glory all about.

Listen when the heart is glad, and frees itself in a shout;

Listen to the silent touch of kindness from the heart.

Listen to another's song, some note you may prolong.

Listen when the heart is sad and catch a cadence rare.

From which with skill you may evoke, a melody most fair;

To comfort others when their path leads through the dark.

Listen ever, listen always, blending prayer with praise.

"Eternity is now, always has been and ever must be."

[Faint handwritten text]