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THE WORLD'S STAGE

Life's a play and we are actors all,
Filling parts to suit our time;
Coming here at a secret prompter's call;
Speaking prose or noble rhyme;
All is wisely written for our sake;
And the hour compels the play;
Each with each his place must take;
Tous runs out our little day!

Life's a play, constructed well forsooth;
Master mind, brought to about,
Dream for age, and love and hope for youth.
And all together work it out;
Ah! what pleasure pulses through the hours,
Mingling with the sad and gay,
Men engrossed with all his power,
Making life a woodcock play!

William Brewster.

Niagara in November.

ANITA THUEMAN

There is a certain charm about Niagara in the November days that I miss at all other seasons of the year. The crowds of summer guests have departed, and the winter season is not yet begun. When it rains, as it does, sometimes for days, Niagara is desolated and gloomy as my own heart, and seems to wrap me round with large and tender sympathy. I stand for hours on the stone bridge that leads to the Sister Islands, or out on the rocks, listening to the song of the thousand waters, forever rushing past me, as Time does, leaving me lonely and sad, as before.

Then there are nights when the wild north winds sweep down from the Canadian hills, and drive the spray over the park on the American side, until every sprig is cased in ice, and the walks are paved with crystal. Then I fancy, as I watch the misty shapes that take form in the spray above the Falls, that the spirit of a woman stands there in the cold moonlight, calling to me. Just for a moment the phantom appears, and then, with a moan that the cataract carries down to the depths of the dark river, is gone, its substance scattered on the bank and frozen there. How many times I have stood there alone, longing to follow my phantom bride to her thundering caverns! But some Fate, or a coward's fear, held me back that one such night might save me.

It was last Thanksgiving Day. My annual visit to the Falls was drawing to a close. I had been there in the summer, among the crowd of Pan-American guests, not as one of their number, but as a looker-on. It was not so beautiful then. There was the glare of sunlight, and the excitement of crowds. Now Niagara was all my own.

In the evening, I wandered over the International Bridge. The gate-keeper was half asleep, and when I aroused him, seemed surprised that anyone should be out on such a night. He shivered when he opened the window to take my toll, and a gust of the sharp night air blew into his warm little den. I turned up my fur collar and faced the wind, which grew less fierce as I neared the Canadian shore. The path along the bank was protected from the wind by the hills behind, but still it was very cold, and extremely dark, for the moon had not yet risen. But for the lights on the American side, and a glimmer from the power house above the Horse-Shoe Falls, there was no sign of human life to be seen. Niagara was thundering down in the darkness, as of old, and I pursued my way with bowed head and measured step, listening to its mighty roar, and absorbed in deep reflection.

Suddenly the sound of voices reached my ear, and a woman's shrill, sweet laugh. I started, and listened. I was hearing one of the summer houses that are built on the edge of the cliff, and the voices came from that direction. At first I resented the intrusion, as it seemed to me, accustomed to haunt these places alone. Then curiosity overcame my resentment, and I drew near, unnoticed. A man's voice, deep and powerful, was repeating lines from Shakespeare. Hiding in the entrance to the arbor, I could see him strutting up and down, assuming the airs of some great actor, for the amusement of the little woman who was his sole intended auditor.

The girl was perched on the back of one of the rustic chairs, with its seat for a foot-stool. I could not see her face, but from the man's demeanor, I knew that they were lovers. My curiosity gave place to envy, and that again to sad, sweet memories, and bitter regrets.

I was startled out of my reverie by hearing my own name spoken. It was the girl's voice.

"Oh! Good evening, Mr. Martindale!" She had sprung down from her perch, and I turned instinctively to answer her, wondering who she could be, and how she knew of my presence. But she was walking in the opposite direction, and appeared to be addressing some imaginary figure at the other end of the arbor.

"Do you know what I think about you?"

she was saying. "You are very hard-hearted and selfish. You have plenty of money, but you don't try to do any good with it. You are constantly getting richer on the fruits of other people's labor, and then, after robbing them of their share in this world's goods, you try to rob them of their belief in a better world, and their hope of better conditions in this. I say you are cruel and selfish. But I am just as sorry for you as for the other people. You have destroyed your own happiness as well as theirs. If you were here now, I would tell you so!"

I listened with breathless amazement to this accusation. I thought I must be dreaming. There was something so weird about it, as if my own soul had risen from its long sleep to accuse me. But in a moment it was all clear to me. This girl knew me by reputation, and thought of me, as the world did, as a cynic and miser and infidel. For the first time in many years I longed to correct the impression, and would then and there have stepped forth to vindicate myself, had not the man in his turn accosted the invisible spectre of my false self. I remembered how, in the summer time, I had stood on that very spot, watching the people come and go, and how one man whom I had met before had pointed me out to the girl at his side. Now I could see that this was the same couple, and by his speech made out that he had been present at a political meeting which I had addressed, and had debated some of my statements very earnestly. He was now referring to that occasion.

"Mr. Martindale, you have the benefit of a fine education, and you use your superior knowledge to dazzle and confuse the minds of the people. You know very well I was right that evening, but you made the others believe I was wrong. But the cause of right will triumph in the end, and your name will be handed down to posterity, as one of the enemies of progress!"

This said, she abandoned the phantom to his own thoughts, and laughed heartily. "Come, Adolf!" cried the girl. "I am cold, and the moon will soon be rising. Let us race up the river. We can see her best from above the Horse-Shoe Falls."

I had stepped out into the pathway, intending to accost them, and she ran into my arms. She uttered a frightened scream, and turned to her lover, whose first look of anger changed to astonishment, as he saw before him the original Mr. Martindale.

"Pardon my intrusion," I said, laughing. In my turn, at them. "It was quite by chance that I heard your conversation, but I am very grateful to you for pointing out to me the error of my ways. I think I should profit by your company, if I may share your walk up the river. May I accompany you?"

The girl had by this time regained her composure, and said, "Please pardon us, Mr. Martindale. We were just amusing ourselves."

"On the contrary, I am very grateful, and see nothing to be pardoned in your remarks. I am quite aware that the world in general thinks of me as you do, and perhaps justly. Therefore, if you do not object, I should like the pleasure of your acquaintance, which I am sure will help to improve me. You enjoy Niagara, I see. So do I. That is common ground, to begin with."

The young man, rising to the occasion, handed me his card, and said, "It is too dark for you to read it, Mr. Martindale. But my name is Adolf Meier, attorney-at-law, of Buffalo. And this is Miss Gertrude Meier."

"Cousins!" I queried, my voice betraying surprise.

"No. Gertrude was adopted into our family when she was a very small child. By her salaried mother's wish, she has borne our name. Soon I hope to bestow it upon her again. We are to be married next year."

"God bless you!" I rejoined. It was the first word of blessing that had escaped my lips for many years.

We were now walking briskly toward the Horse-Shoe Falls. We watched the waning moon rise, large and red, and mount the heavens, behind the cloud of spray that hangs perpetually above the brink of the great cascade. Then we retraced our steps, and crossed to the American side. As if for our special benefit, the park was arrayed in all its winter glory, glittering in the moonlight, and a pale arc, the semblance of a rainbow, hung in the mist above Prospect Point. It was my task to put my new friends wholly at their ease with me, so we chatted gaily on various topics of mutual interest. When we parted, I promised to visit them at their home before leaving Niagara.

All that night I wrestled with that phantom of my false self which they had arraigned. The next day it followed me everywhere, until at last I turned and flung it into the flood of Niagara's rushing waters. I seemed to see it hurled over the edge of the cataract, and dashed in pieces on the rocks below. Without a second look I turned away, and an hour later found myself in the young lawyer's office in Buffalo.

Evidently he was surprised to see me, but I seated myself, and said that I had come to consult him on business.

"You and Gertrude said some pretty harsh things to me last night, Mr. Meier."

"Yes, not expecting to be heard."

"Well, I pitched the fellow you were talking to into the river today, and to keep him down, I am going to make several important changes in my business affairs. I want to lift some mortgages, and transfer a couple of titles. You are to make out the papers. Are you at leisure now?"

With a look of incredulous surprise, he prepared to consider my business. We were busy at it until after five o'clock. Then Meier invited me to go home to supper with him.

"Our home is small, and our fare simple," he said, "but Gertrude is always glad to entertain my friends, and you are her friend as well. I should like to have you tell her yourself of the change in your feelings. So, if you would like to do so, come."

I consented gladly, and we went out together. On the way he told me something of his life. It had been one long struggle to support the home and satisfy his own deep thirst for knowledge. Since his three sisters had married the way was a little easier. He had made his way through Law School, been admitted to the bar, and so placed himself in a position to marry the orphan girl, who in his mother's old age, had become the mistress of his home. I looked down at him, for he was somewhat shorter than I, and felt a great new sympathy stealing into my heart.

Gertrude met us at the door. Her appearance startled me. In her simple house gown with the smile of welcome on her face, she looked like the girl I had loved and won, only to lose, in the cruel past. The home was small, but it pictured more of comfort and joy than my heart had known for many years.

Gertrude listened to the story of my repentance, and bestowed upon me a smile of approval which it was well worth the value of my forfeited title to gain. It was the beginning of a new life for me—that evening with Adolf Meier, his aged, dignified mother, and the beautiful girl who was soon to be his bride.

I think my heart guessed the truth that very night, but it was not until weeks afterward that my dream was verified. I could not see Gertrude sitting there at the head of the table, or quietly moving to and fro, without thinking of my lost darling.

"Thinking of this one day I said to Adolf, 'You think me a cynic and a pessimist, but suppose, now—think of it—suppose Gertrude should leave you. Suppose you should go home tonight and find her gone, and that she never returned.'"

He caught my meaning and was silent. After a moment I added, "Suppose that you were married and that you had a child. Suppose that your dearest hopes were centered in that child, and that she had taken it away."

"I understand," he said, and there was untold sympathy in his voice. He was not so young a man as he seemed, and his life had known its sorrows.

"Who is Gertrude?" I asked, suddenly.

"I cannot tell you," he answered, "more than that when I was a mere boy, barely eighteen, I was visiting my uncle's family in a little village down on the Maine coast. Gertrude, who was just three, and her mother, a beautiful young woman who was wearing herself out under the burden of a great sorrow, were boarding in the house. Nobody knew anything about them. I formed a romantic attachment for the mother, and took the child almost wholly into my charge, that she might have the benefit of complete rest. But she died in the early autumn, and left the child to me. Her last wish was that she might bear my name. I brought the little one back to my mother, and she grew up in our home, a perfect ray of sunshine. Now she is the picture of what I fancy her mother might have been when she was in perfect health."

"She is the perfect image of what my wife was before she left me. What was her mother's name, Adolf?"

"She was called Mabel Downing, but that was probably an assumed name, for her watch, which she gave to me for Gertrude, bears the initials J. N."

"Has Gertrude the watch now?" I asked eagerly, for my darling's name, before she married me, was Julia Needwell. "I believe, Adolf, that Gertrude is my own daughter. If I can identify that watch, the proof is complete. How old is she?"

"Nineteen in March."

"Oh! It must be! Our baby was born in March, nineteen years ago. She was nearly two years old when Julia left me. Oh, Adolf! It was all my fault. I doubted her faith, and she, the purest and best of women, with my words but in her ears, left me, broken-hearted, to die alone. God forgive me! All these years I have found no good in life till I saw and heard your Gertrude that evening. She changed the current of my life."

In eager confidence I waited for an opportunity to identify Gertrude's watch, and it proved to be the one which my bride's father had given her in her early girlhood. My joy was complete.

"My children," I cried, beaming with joy on them both. "You shall have a father's blessing on your betrothal, something I never hoped to give, and you never expected to receive. You shall have all that I am able to bestow, a grand home, servants, travel, anything you wish."

"And best of all, a father," said Gertrude, laughing and kissing me. "Adolf has been father to me all these years, but now that I have a father indeed, he shall be lover alone."

I turned to Adolf. His honest face was beaming with subdued happiness.

"My dear boy," I said, "how can I ever thank you?"

"Thank Providence and my good mother," he replied. "I have been repaid a thousand times for my little share in it. Gertrude has been the light of my life."

"Good! Where is your mother, Adolf? I must go to her and tell her. Gertrude, child, God has provided well for you. If you had been with me all these years, I could not have given you better training or found you a better husband, than has been provided for you."

I left them to think of their new-found fortunes together, and made my way to the kitchen where good old Mrs. Meier was warming her feet at the kitchen fire. I seated myself on the table and told her the whole story. She, in turn, grew reminiscent, and told me many tales of my daughter's childhood and then of her own youth. And last we spoke with mutual tenderness of the future that we would build for our darlings, the home to be, and the grandchildren that will come to brighten it.

Niagara! Niagara! You are white and peaceful in the moonlight! Where have you hidden that false old self of mine? Bury it deep! Let me never hear of it again. My phantom bride no longer strays in the mist above the Falls, but she lives again in the child she beckoned me back to meet on Niagara's shore. The great Ice Bridge is formed and the crowds are again in evidence. Now, for the first time, I love them all, and wish them well.

Personal Surrender.

Nature copyrights her every work, and rarely duplicates her models. She is not a modiste who cuts patterns to use a second time. Each type is immutable, clear-cut, and permits of no infringement. This is evident in every kingdom, vegetable, animal and human. Berry and fruit, grapevine and bramble are true to their original ideals, evolving perhaps a finer growth, a richer flavor, as changing planetary conditions, or judicious cultivation, favors such improvement, but never crossing their line of demarcation.

The diversity in expression of the Creative mind is a constant marvel. On the human plane, according to the homely proverb, "it takes all sorts of people to make a world." All types of thought find material embodiment in varied personalities. No face repeats another save in rarest exceptions. No two voices are pitched to the self-same key. Each soul in its own attributes stands alone, fills the place none other could. Every individual bears a distinct copyright of his own; he comes from an especial die in Nature's mint. But human beings are capable of more modification than are metallic coins. If singular, they need not be angular. Corners can be lopped off, here and there, when they are too prominent. Idiosyncrasies can be toned down, foibles corrected, and discords modulated to more harmonious expression.

It is wise and legitimate to cultivate personal types of power, to discover the best of the nature and give it judicious freedom to perfectly unfold. The precept "Man, know thyself," must never be forgotten, although this is a lesson which is perhaps never fully learned while temporal life lasts. For ever-shifting experience constantly appeals to some new phase of the complex nature, startling into expression some unexpected burst of power, or perhaps pitiful weakness, which surprises none more than its possessor.

But while the true individuality should be carefully unfolded, perhaps rigidly guarded, the final goal of a clear, personal copyright, its chief excellence of demonstration is that thus it may be better worth giving away, of greater value to contribute to the general good of mankind. This is the achievement which awaits every human soul—to learn to yield readily, to lead facile compliance of its whole being to the choice or need of any human brother, to hold the self in abeyance for the pleasure, or advancement of other selves.

Is this not one of the greatest needs of Spiritualists, today, self-abnegation? Perhaps nothing more potently retards the growth of our movement than the prom-

sence of the personality in its adherents, the spirit that would "rule or ruin," the jealousy often manifest of another's success, or popularity, no matter how much said success may add to the glory and strength of our Cause, in which all workers should alike rejoice.

Jealousy is the foulest weed that ever springs up and takes root in the human heart. Nothing so suffocates growth in its possessor, fetters unfoldment, and imprisons the crippled spirit in a perpetual hell of its own. It is always lamentable, culpable where its aim is of short range, circumscribed to a narrow circle, it is pitiable in the artist, or musician, who should be ministrants of Beauty alone; but how much more derogatory in a spiritual worker, whose sole purpose should be to sink the personal in the universal, and thereby advance the cause of Truth, welcoming every aid thereto, since only in union is strength possible, only in a solidarity of effort, of devotion and sacrifice is any healthy growth, or grand up-building, attainable. In the epic poem of Finland, the Kalevala, or Song of Creation (one of the few great epics of the world, and one of the most ancient mythological records of creation extant, a poem whose musical rhythm and metre Longfellow selected for his "Hawthorne"), the figurative type for evil is sickness, pain being the great enemy of mankind. Nine groups of sickness are there enumerated, one only incurable—that of jealousy. A person of jealous tendencies, it is claimed, can never be cured. It is a deformity, only to be escaped by growth into a larger, nobler spirituality and power of love.

What if another speaker is more eloquent, or other mediums display an excellence, a diversity of gifts we do not yet possess: they are ours to win. No soul exercises any power it has not somewhere, sometime, achieved. There is no favoritism in the dispensation of gifts. The stars in our ranks are not to blame for their brilliancy. They will have to suffer enough for an inhospitable world, which always stones its prophets and crucifies its saviors, without being unjustly stabled in the house of their friends. The same Light which they reflect we can alike radiate, when the eclipsing clouds have rolled away, when we have cleared our atmospheres through earnest, unselfish living, through the purging of all envy and ignoble desires for personal prominence.

Nothing so marks spiritual growth as humility, the shrinking from public notoriety, or preferment. It is always the test of true soul advancement. Have not all the great leaders of the race been the humblest of men? It is the Christ and the Buddha who counsel us to "in honor prefer one another."

If another society, or organization of worthy Spiritualists, gains a larger membership, a richer following, proves a greater attraction to the public than the one we are serving, how absurd to be uncomfortable over it, or even covertly watch for the failure which may come to it a little later on. Why not recognize an out-working of Divine Wisdom in that success, watch interestingly the evolution of an infinite plan in the work appointed for it to do? Larger work brings greater responsibility which we may not yet be ready to assume. All things come to each in turn; we can only attract our own, and can never rebuild ourselves by tearing another down. It is on the stepping stones of our dead selves, not upon our fallen comrades, that we rise to grander heights.

Become one with the universal plan. Rich it by a ripe unfoldment of the grandest personality, that then delights to give itself away as the supreme gift. Let all true disciples extend their range of vision, lengthen their perspective, outgrow near-sighted glasses. Let wider expansion be given to the spiritual nature, unfoldment of the pinched, shriveled corners of the soul, that will then perceive only that spark of divinity which assuredly lurks in every other soul. Let us all taste the pure joy of universal love, a love that embraces the world, makes its wants our needs, its redemption and upliftment our chief care, which grand work will need a wide co-operation of fellow workers, whose interests, whose successes are identical with our own. How loathsome one little ant would be on the top of his hillcock all alone, how little he would accomplish; yet that is the foolish position of many spiritual workers who seem to desire every other laborer to get off their earth.

We are not uprooting a name and place for ourselves. The worthlessness of worldly fame and fortune, must have been revealed to us before we sought the things of the spirit. But it is the growth, the accomplishment, and promulgation of a mighty truth, a religion of Spirit which has been inherited to our unshaken care and fidelity. Let us uphold and guard it in the right spirit that knows no personality. Let us not even count our lives dear unto ourselves if only that Truth which we love better than life, the Truth which is Life, more greatly, triumphantly on toward universal acceptance.

Sue C. Clark.

Meditations.

Speak truth with conviction
If of truth thou wouldst tell,
Fear not what may follow,
In the end 'twill be well;
Nath thyself as a motive
Through time it will speed,
Think well how thou movest,
'Tis the thought builds the deed.

'Gainst vice and false leadings
Be thy voice ever swift,
To humble endeavor
Thy path broadly lift;
Endurance uphold thee,
Where thorns closely press,
Divine is thy mission,
Live then but to bless.

Why doubts for the morrow
If today be inspired,
With work self-forgetting,
In love never tired?
Think not gold or title
Will count on the way,
But clear, calm fulfillment
Of life's every day.

Time knoweth no ending,
Life was and will be,
Evolving still upward,
Growth sets the soul free;
Not one life but many,
What matter the name?
'Tis the finding and sowing
Of seed as we came.

Why pause then to battle
The how and the why?
'Twill come to us clearer
As the years onward fly.
In the soul's shining temple
Life gifts all divine,
They wait but the seeking,
For all things are thine.

—Georgia D. Fuller in Ex.

The Home Circle.

Contracting Tests: Instructive Thoughts and Healing
the Sick.

MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE.

According to my experience and observation, the most interesting and reliable mediumship for spiritual manifestations has been developed in the home circle.

It was in the fall and winter of '97 and '98, at the farmhouse of those progressive, spiritually minded people, Isaac and Lucia Severance in Eagle, Wis., where, having heard much about spiritual manifestations, we held our first home circles for spiritual development.

None but truth-loving investigators composed that circle. Each heart and soul implored the good angels to come to us, and they came, proving their identity as clearly as you can prove yours to a distant friend by writing a letter.

Not until the third or fourth sitting did we get any manifestations, which at first came faintly through rappings. These became more and more distinct and positive, until by our calling over the alphabet, names of people who had passed away, some of them many years before, were spelled out, and circumstances given to prove their identity. Messages were also given regarding our friends and acquaintances who were living miles away in distant towns and villages, and so deeply interested were we to find if they were in fact true, that Mr. Anson B. Severance, who subsequently became one of the most reliable of mediums, would drive twenty or thirty miles to distant places to learn if such messages were really true, and in every instance they proved to be mainly so.

Our home soon became headquarters for investigators from the towns and country for many miles about. Many were the tests they received and many a message was given to arouse thought and lead the progressive mind upward to a still higher plane of unfoldment.

One day, the town supervisors having met and transacted some public business, said, "We will now go down to Severance's and see if we can get anything from the spirits."

The party consisted of Mr. Snover, Mr. Hinkley and an Englishman whose name I cannot recall. This was a most interesting scene. Name after name was given, short messages on other matters came through the raps, and all acknowledged as singularly correct and beyond doubt evidences of spirit power and intelligence. The invisibles had not given any name or message to the Englishman, however. He sat with a amused and doubting air, and finally said to the other gentlemen,

"You are fooling. You are trying to play it on me."

"They insisted that they were not trying to mislead him."

"Well," said he, "why don't I get something? Can't spirits say something to me as well as to you?"

Then three very loud knocks, like blows from a hammer, were made on the table close in front of him.

"That's all right enough," said he, "but I want a name spelled out for me."

Presently a name was given. He looked surprised, but would not say he recognized it. It was a woman's name; and it was spelled out again, and the name of an English town was given. He persistently refused to recognize it until on their way back to the village he finally acknowledged it was correct in every particular, and that he did have an experience with a young woman by that name in England, and she considered herself greatly wronged.

Other phases of mediumship developed. The old Indian chief, Tecumseh, finally gained so full control of Anson B. Severance as to leave no doubt in our minds as to its genuineness. Never, save upon one occasion, could we prevail upon him to talk to us in English; at which time it seemed that he had never listened to such noble oratory. After a short address he said he merely intended to convince us that he could speak in English, even if it did take him back into the old sphere of war and antagonism, which, since his upward growth in spirit life, was distressing to him.

Automatic writing, a phase we had never before heard of, proved to be a natural development for me. It took the place of that slow process of receiving messages through raps. Many a test was given to convince the skeptic and investigator many a message of comfort to bereaved and troubled hearts, many a promise and prophetic revelation to cheer strengthen and encourage those who had become fearful and doubting through adversity and disappointment; many an uplifting thought to bring the reflective mind into the realm of spiritual knowledge and harmonious unfoldment; and frequent prescriptions for the sick and suffering, restoring to health several whom the doctors had given up as incurable, one of whom was a consumptive daughter of Mr. Snover, chairman of our board of supervisors.

The automatic writing was sometimes given in German, and had to be taken to a German farmstead at a neighbor's, to be interpreted; and it often verified to him the presence of deceased relatives who had

passed away in Germany. On one occasion when we were greatly troubled regarding an important business affair and knew not what to do, an automatic German message came with instructions to take it to our German friend at once, which resulted in his coming to our rescue with a sufficient accommodation to relieve us from our dilemma.

So interesting and practically helpful was the automatic writing that, when after a further development of my mentality, my mind would catch in advance whatever was being written; I regretted it, oh so much, for I felt that my mind would interfere with its reliability.

But the progressively inclined medium must not be expected to remain so very long in any one phase of development. He or she will as naturally pass out from the physical phases into the mental, as does the tree which grows from the seed gradually to its full maturity, and then bud, blossom and finally bear its fruit.

And now allow me to digress a little by remarking, that in the growth of the spiritualistic tree, let us study our lessons well, think carefully and cautiously so it shall not become so badly hybridized with old religious notions, popular errors and vague concepts, as to bear a mongrel fruit.

But this newly developed mental phase soon enabled me to talk with spirits at times as readily as with mortals, and served the purpose of the automatic writing. One of the first tests of this development was in the night time. I was awakened by a spirit saying:

"Hold yourself perfectly receptive now. We have something to tell you. The spirit of George Martin is here. He wants you to go to Mr. Fischer's, the shoemaker at Little Prairie, and call for a cobbling bill he has against him. You pay it and he will in some way reward you."

I was only too glad to call there. I told Mr. Fischer how I had been requested by the spirit, Geo. Martin, to call and pay a bill he had left unsettled; that Mr. Martin had died a few weeks before in the soldier's camp at Madison, Wis., and he could not rest content in spirit life so long as there was an unsettled account in earth life against him.

"Oh mein Gott in Himmel," exclaimed Mr. Fischer, his voice trembling with awe-stricken emotion as with shaking hands he opened his account book and showed me that Mr. Martin did owe an unpaid bill there, and which he proved that what had been told me by direct spirit talk in a silent hour of the previous night was no delusion.

I was more than glad to pay Mr. Martin's indebtedness. I am also glad to have worked many years so faithfully in my psychometric, impersonal and prophetic mediumship, which has elicited from my many friends, correspondents and patients many words of thankful appreciation.

Whitewater, Wis.

Another Appeal for the Morris Pratt Institute.

A. J. WEAVER.

There is a large body of liberal, progressive truth that the world needs to know, which is not the especial property of Spiritualism, but which it is within the province of the Spiritualists to teach.

There is also a large body of error, of ignorance, of superstition, of selfish greed, of false worship in religion and social life, from which the world ought to be freed, and it comes within the province of the Spiritualist teacher to help remove these things.

There are also many general and unsettled questions of vital importance, outside of spirit return, in which all rational, broad-minded, progressive people are interested and which they want to hear discussed.

The Spiritualist teacher falls short of filling his position if he does not discuss these questions, expose all error and defend all truth which is helpful to human progress.

In doing this work he does not have the whole field to himself. Everywhere and at all times, he will find himself thrown into direct competition with other broad-minded and progressive teachers who are doing themselves as Spiritualists—with Free Thinkers, Unitarians, Universalists, Liberal Orthodox, Independents, Ethical Culturists—unless he can equal them in his attractions—in his breadth of learning, in his acquaintance with ancient and modern history, with science, with religion, with general literature, in the richness of his thought, in correctness and beauty of his language, and in the ability to treat a subject in logical order so as to make it convincing, the Spiritualist society over which he ministers will suffer.

It will suffer because the many, even some Spiritualists, who will go and pay their money and give their influence where they can hear the best speaking on living topics, irrespective of sect or name, and who do not care whether the thought comes from the intelligence in spirit life or from the mind of the speaker; they only require that it shall be of superior merit.

What makes it still harder for the Spiritualist speaker is the fact that many of those with whom he has to compete are more or less in sympathy with the possibility of spirit return. I know a Universalist minister who was a classmate of mine in college, and who is settled over a large Universalist church in a city near me. He has told me a dozen times that he was as much a Spiritualist at heart as I and preached as far in that direction as he dared.

What has been the result on organized Spiritualism in that city? There have been a dozen organizations started, but today there is but one small, weak society, and that is kept alive only by a legacy left by a friend of the Cause. This minister has a church that seats a thousand people, and a majority of the intellectual, thoughtful people and progressive believers and half believers in spirit return in the city, help fill its pews each Sunday.

I know the reader will denounce such Spiritualists. I have done it myself publicly in the city hall of that very city. But that did not remedy the matter. They continued to attend because the preacher eloquently delivered higher criticism, mental science, telepathy and kindred truths and never opposed Spiritualism. This is not an exceptional case. To a better or less degree such cases are in every city.

What are we going to do about it? There is another thing. Only a few miles from me in another town, the pastor of the Unitarian church tells me he is a Spiritualist and has seen all his life; that his mother was a medium and that he is a medium; that he is a spiritual speaker in the pulpit. He wanted to be educated and enter the Spiritualist field. There was no Spiritualist school, so he went to a Unitarian school. When he graduated the General Secretary of the Unitarian Conference had two pupils ready for him with a good salary. He at once stepped into his present one, but he tells me he has to keep his Spiritualism buried absolutely from sight.

I know the reader will condemn him. I did so in my heart, but he told me that he came out of school in a Unitarian, he has a family to support and he considered his first duty to his creditors, and his wife and children. It was hard to deny this. Neither is this an exceptional case.

What are we going to do about it? There is only one thing we can do. Have schools

of our own and educate those who go upon the platform. Have the speaking upon our platforms equal in every way to that which is found in the liberal pulpits.

Brother Pratt has generously given a school building and Brother Hull, the president of the board of trustees, has issued a call for yearly contributions. If the school is to open next September, as the trustees have voted and petitioned for immediate use become a necessity. But I wish to say a word for the future and permanent success of the school.

In all my acquaintance with schools for general education—and that has not been small—I do not know of one that has been in operation ten years, that does not rest on an endowment fund. Raising money each year by appeals will get to be an old story in ten years, and if the school relies upon that alone, I may live to see it, and then there will be before the eyes of Spiritualists in educational matters, only a burnt district.

I write this article to urge contributions, but in addition to that I write it as a special appeal for an endowment fund—a fund to be set aside and the interest only used for school purposes.

Tufts College was the first permanent school established by the Universalist denomination. Charles Tufts, its founder, gave twenty acres of land just outside the city limits of Boston to be held intact for the school, in the year 1847. Agents were appointed as in a long campaign to raise money. Sylvester Packard gave his bond for \$20,000 more. This struggle in raising money covered a period of eight years before any visible movement was made. Then a building was erected, and in 1855 the school was opened, with Hosea Ballou, 3d, president of the college, and a faculty of history and moral philosophy, and Richard Frothingham president of the board of trustees. In a few years Mr. Tufts gave eighty acres more of land. In the next decade Mr. Packard bequeathed to it his entire fortune. In another ten years Oliver Dean gave it \$30,000. Following this Thomas Goddard gave a large sum. In the year following Dr. W. J. Walker came with gifts and bequests amounting to nearly \$300,000. From that time to the present I need not take the space to specify the amounts given, which range from \$5000 to \$100,000. Besides Tufts, the denomination has seven other colleges and one university. Tufts College has now millions of dollars at her command and in all departments over one hundred teachers and over eight hundred students.

Interest in education is not confined to Universalists. It is everywhere in our land and grows more eager than today. The Chicago Tribune, which keeps a record of gifts to schools, says that during the past year 149 institutions of learning have been given sums ranging from \$5000 to millions, the total sum being over \$30,000,000, which surpasses any previous year.

Let us now compare the Universalist body with the Spiritualists. The last census gives the number of Universalists in round numbers as 47,000. I suppose it is safe to say there are at least this number of Spiritualists who are willing to go to the census roll as let us now compare the Universalists with the Spiritualists. The last census gives the number of Universalists in round numbers as 47,000. I suppose it is safe to say there are at least this number of Spiritualists who are willing to go to the census roll as let us now compare the Universalists with the Spiritualists. The last census gives the number of Universalists in round numbers as 47,000. I suppose it is safe to say there are at least this number of Spiritualists who are willing to go to the census roll as let us now compare the Universalists with the Spiritualists. The last census gives the number of Universalists in round numbers as 47,000. 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SPECIAL NOTION

Banner of Light.

Go wake the seeds of Good asleep through-
out the world.—Browning.

[illegible]

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 telephonically by a special representative of the Banner of Light, and are given in the presence of other members of the Banner Staff.

These Circles are not public.

To Our Readers.
We earnestly request our patrons to verify such communications as they know to be based upon fact as soon as they appear in these columns. This is not so much for the sake 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 January 23, 1902, S. E. 24.

Invocation.

To Thee, Oh Spirit of Truth, Oh Spirit of Righteousness, we would turn this morning. From thee we would draw our inspiration for the work of the hour, and from thee we would draw the strength to do it. Let us trust that the effort may be of use, may be of service to the world. At this time we would draw so near to those who are stronger, to those who understand what the aching hearts need, to those who know how best to dry the eyes and to wipe away the sorrow and the mist of sadness cloud the vision of the loveliness and sweetness of truth and peace. Let no echo of misunderstanding disturb us in our listening to the sweet harmonies and the vital truths, but may we sweetly and sincerely stand attuned to all that is best and true, to give out the message in the simplest and straightforward way. Sometimes in our constant contact with those who are seeking for light we grow discouraged that we are so weak, that our efforts seem of so little avail, but today we would be filled with trust, with confidence and understanding that now great the power is, our effort must go on in the same simple way. Bless us and keep us and bless all the hearts everywhere whether they are looking for the light or not, whether they understand or not, bless them and keep them and help them in their growing toward all that is purest and best. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Willie Stebbins, Dayton, Ohio.

Willie Stebbins of Dayton, Ohio, runs in here so eager to send a message to his father who has the same name as he. He says, "Please tell papa that I love him oh so much, and that I do want to get to him and am trying every day to send some message to him or give him some sign that will make him happier or more content. Tell him I love to hear him sing, just the same as he used to. It will please me more than he keeps still. I have Aunt Lou with me, and she wants to send love too, and she says to tell them both that I am being taken care of by her and by grandmother. Thank you."

Lizzie Collins, New Bedford.

The next one that comes is a woman about thirty years old. She is as nervous as a little witch and seems all twisted up with her excitement and her wonder as to whether she can get here. She says, "Will you please try to help me? I am Lizzie Collins and I came from New Bedford. I have been there and have tried to talk to my friends, but I cannot seem to get in the right way to say what I want to. Oh, I am so anxious. It seems as though I couldn't stand it unless I could return and give the message I want to. I am still wearing the brown plaid dress that I wore just before I came away, and I am wearing it hoping I may be seen in it, and that they will know I am here. I am a mother and am seeking my own. First, my name is Mercy Vaughan and I'd like so much to send word to Julie and Etta. I want them to understand that the noises they have been hearing came from me. I discovered by accident that I can hear what they say, and since then I have been trying to make them whenever anybody was around. I hardly have control yet of the power to know just how to talk to them, but if they will give me opportunity, we will try together and I think can establish a language of sound that will help us both. I have brother with me and he says, 'Bless the girls, I will help them all I can.'"

Mercy Vaughan.

The next spirit that comes to me is an old lady about seventy years old. She is as round in the face and in the body as she can be, a sweet round face that seems to have grown round from constant smiling. Her eyes are blue, her hair is just gray and she has such a motherly kind way. She says, "I am a mother and am seeking my own. First, my name is Mercy Vaughan and I'd like so much to send word to Julie and Etta. I want them to understand that the noises they have been hearing came from me. I discovered by accident that I can hear what they say, and since then I have been trying to make them whenever anybody was around. I hardly have control yet of the power to know just how to talk to them, but if they will give me opportunity, we will try together and I think can establish a language of sound that will help us both. I have brother with me and he says, 'Bless the girls, I will help them all I can.'"

Dr. McNeil, Denver, Colo., to Arthur Hadley.

I see now a man who is very, very large, broad shoulders and strong looking face, dark hair and eyes and such a magnetic way. He walks over to me as though he was going to take all the time in the world that he needed and he says, "This is not a new thing for me. I have known about Spiritualism and studied into it before I came over here, made experiments with it after I came and feel so confident of my power that I came to inspire and to help some of these weaker ones. My name is Dr. McNeil, and I lived in Denver, Colo. I was associated with some people who believe as you do. I just want to say here that you people who are known as Spiritualists haven't got the whole about spirit life and it is the one who know about spirit life that I did not make known in more direct ways my interest and understanding of this truth. I had hoped that the time would come when I could tell the world what I thought, but I passed on into the other life one day and my opportunity was gone, and if I have a word to say that will help anyone it is this: That as fast as the truth is made manifest to you, give it out and don't wait for some conclusion and think you will give it all then. The world is starving for whatever can be given to it of true manifestation from the spirit. If you please send this message to Arthur Hadley. Thank you."

Jennie Cowdrey, Brookline, Mass.

The next spirit who comes to me is a little girl about twelve years old. She is quite dark and thin, and is deformed a little. She says, "I have suffered in her, sister and she has a beautiful little way of looking up to me as though she wanted to tell her people what she has found in spirit land. The first thing that she says to me is 'Jennie' and after that 'Cowdrey.' She came from Brookline, Mass. 'I want to go to my papa, I want him to know that I am all over the awful pain, that there is nothing like the sickness that I had. I am so happy, for I am with grandma, and she is so good to me, and tries to make me strong, but I want papa to know that I am never happier than when I am with him, and I think him for reading to me so much and giving me many things. I am sorry I could not have been strong to have stayed with them, but grandma says it is best just as it is, that I had stayed as long as it was best for me to. Thank you.'"

Frank Daley, Newton.

Here is the spirit of a young man, I should think, about nineteen years old. He is quite tall and very handsome, with a beautiful face, strong, clean cut, and firm. I am sure that he went out to the spirit in a great deal of pain, for he seems to have no recollection of suffering or pain, and he says, "The first thing I knew I was over here. My name is Frank Daley, and I lived in Newton, I was drowned, but I can't quite realize now how it all happened. Will you ask my people to give me a sitting with them? I don't care just when or how it is, I will tell them what I want to. I have a sister who has seen me, oh, so much and I hope she will understand that I only came because I love her. I'd like also to get word to Charlie and tell him that I will help him, as I can, but it was too bad that I had to leave him, but I will do it, a burden, and don't forget to tell them that I love them just as much as I ever did. Thank you."

George Atkins, Johnstown, Pa.

The spirit of a man comes to me. He is about thirty-eight years. He is quite tall, slim and very happy looking. He has blue eyes, dark brown hair and a mouth that just seems to speak good things in spite of everything. It seems as though it couldn't do anything but smile and say pleasant words. The first thing he says is, "With such a recommendation as that I could hardly help saying something good this morning anyway. My name is George Atkins and I lived in Johnstown, Pa. It has been some years since I passed out of earthly conditions. I can't say that I have been completely happy, but I have at different times made an effort to make myself known to my people, but they seem so buried in material affairs and in material conditions that it is well nigh impossible for me to even attract their attention. I think that is the hardest thing about dying, to have your people see you upon one as completely dead and make no effort to hear from them, or to connect with them. It seems very strange too that such a wave of unconcern should come over a material world that they will trust to let their friends go on into another world and make no effort to find out about them. You can see what a hold the teachings of the church have had upon the great mass, and I believe that it is quite true that the Spiritualists who call this truth essentially their own should go out and make plain to the church people the mistakes they are making, for it is because of them that I am suffering for it. I believe I am helping my own if only this thought had been taken away from them and they could stand free and clear in the light of the knowledge of spirit return. I want to send this message to Fannie Atkins, and I want her to tell her people that I am here, whatever she believes. I ask her to reply to me, and I will take it upon myself to prove my identity to her afterward."

Carrie Barnard, Longwood, Mass.

I see a girl sixteen or eighteen years old. She is very fair with blue eyes and light, light hair and such a sweet little way. She comes up to me quietly, puts her hands over her eyes and says, "You don't know what it is to be blind, but I was, and so I have come back. I do want to tell my people that I am here, but I am not able to do so. My name is Carrie Barnard and I lived in Longwood, Mass. I never remember of being anything but blind. It is such a strange world to one who knows it only through hearing and the touch. It is such a strange world in the spirit to suddenly awaken and see people and know them by sight. Often from sheer force of habit, I close my eyes and go back to the old sensation of knowing my friends by hearing them. I do so much want to send word to Uncle Charlie Barnard. I want him to know that I am here and to tell his people that I am here, and in many ways I have been able to impress him because he is so meditative and responds so readily to my thought. I know that he is troubled now and needs very much the help from the spirit, and so I bring it to him in great waves of strength and I know that he will grow out of this condition of trouble into one of more peace and content. I bear him great love and send it to him from this new life where all is so beautiful to me. Thank you."

Charlotte Burns, Yonkers, N. Y.

I see now the spirit of a woman about fifty years old. She is rather stout, has a very strong practical face, dark eyes, dark brown hair with just here and there a streak of gray and she is very anxious, seems almost disturbed, in her effort to get here. She says, "Please say for me first that my name is Charlotte Burns, and that I come from Yonkers, N. Y. I was more or less interested in this subject of Spiritualism but had never been as deep a study of it as I now wish I had. Since I have been here I have realized that if I had known and had told my people, they would have established some line of communication for me which would have helped me. I would like to send this word to him; tell him I am trying to help him by telling his burdens which seemed so great to me going to the spirit. I don't want him to think of what I might have had or what he can do for me now in the way of a memorial because I am quite content to be remembered in his heart and to have him think of me and let the rest go, at least for the present. I found our little daughter over here, grown into such a beautiful woman. I am so glad to bring her to him and to have her know of him through me and for him to know of her. Thank you."

Charles Hutchins, Meriden, Conn.

I see a man who looks to me to be about sixty years old. He is a quick, sharp, nervous man, short and not very stout, with gray hair and clear steady blue eyes. He looks me through and through as though he were going to make out if it were possible for me to take his communication and deliver it. His name is Charles Hutchins and he lived in Meriden, Conn. He says, "Yes, and I am interested in the place and in the people there. I can't tell you just how far I am interested, but I want to say this, that there will be a good many people there who will remember me very well indeed, and will know that when I did believe a thing I just stood up for it through thick and thin. I am referring now to the conditions that existed; I

had some pretty good fights with some of my townsmen. Everybody who did know me knew very well that I had a great deal to say about spirit life I will say it fairly, and I do say that that the place is a good bit better than I ever thought it could be. I didn't have much fear of heaven. I just lived along making the most of my life in a material way, but now I do come back with this desire that it is good, but better than I expected, and a good bit better than I think I deserve. I would like to send word to Henry, who is closely related to me—that I can give him a boost if he will listen to me and not take any more steps in the same direction that he has been for the past six months. Thank you."

Verification.

Dear Banner Friends:

In a personal letter I have received a verification for the message sent to Frank Daley, Newton, Mass. The letter is of such a nature that I cannot have it inserted in the Banner, but it would be very interesting and helpful, were I able to eliminate what is written for me alone and give you the rest. This is only one of many letters of this kind which I have received, and I am prompted by it to ask you all to write your verifications in such a way that they may be given to the readers of so many papers, and so help the good work along. Very sincerely your friend,
Minnie M. Soule.

Wednesday, Feb. 5, 1902.

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Strength is something definite when considered as a property of a living organism. There is so much of it within a certain period of time that it may be said to be exerted by the one who possesses it. A stronger man may not exert as much of it at any given time as one who is weaker, but he has it, all the same. The strong man or the weak one possesses the amount due to his constitution—no more and no less.

So true is this that the strength of an average horse is used as a measurement of power. One engine or instrument has the power of a thousand average horses, while another one may possess double that amount.

We sometimes see, however, a man exert more power than he really possesses in a given length of time. He does this under the action of some kind of stimulant. This stimulant may be moral, as anger or hope; or it may be physical, as tea, coffee, meat, or whiskey. For the time being, he exerts more strength than he actually possesses. This manifestation is not normal. He has overdrawn his bank account, and has used the strength that properly belonged to a succeeding period of time. And having done so, he is afterwards weaker for a time than he ought to be in his normal condition. We call this reaction, and this is the inevitable sequence to having exerted himself under the influence of a stimulant. Having done something abnormal, he is obliged to suffer the consequences. This law in nature forms the basis of objection to the use of stimulants.

This law was violated by Beckett, when he wrote his romance of "VaAhak" at one effort, without eating and drinking, and he paid the penalty by an illness that followed. It was violated by Poe, who wrote his weird tales and poems when under alcoholic stimulation, and he paid the penalty by his physical powers into unnatural action by drinking wine, brandy, and other stimulants. They paid the penalty by enfeebled health, by the follies of their later career, and by the dread inheritance which they imposed on their posterity of the love of liquor.

In Germany, I had occasion to seek a noon lunch at a restaurant. It was surprising to see stout men come in, and order only a tankard of beer. They would swallow it to the dregs, and then go away to resume their labor for the afternoon. There was no nourishment in that beer, but there was enough of the stimulus of alcohol to make them feel that they were really long in good, and when night came, they must have another potation of beer.

We have all known washerwomen, and men and women too who do not wash for a living, who eat not a morsel of nourishing food for breakfast, but drink strong tea or coffee. We often lunch at tea.

"Oh! I could not get through my work if I did not have my good cup of coffee in the morning."

In other words, they have so prostituted their bodies that their natural strength is at a low ebb, and they are doing their work under the influence of a stimulant. They will pay the penalty by a disordered nervous system, a disordered stomach, or a revolting attack of bilious colic which they have no natural strength to resist.

I know a gentleman of seventy, well educated, finely connected, invaluable to the firm he serves by his talents, with a wife whom he loves dearly. This wife is well read, and of manners so noble that English persons instinctively address her as "My lady." This old man drinks to excess, comes reeling home, swears, abuses his wife, and disturbs the neighborhood by his loud and violent talk. I said he worships his aged wife, and yet she worships him. One night, and asked to lie down on a bed he fell asleep from exhaustion, but at three in the morning she returned to her home. He had "come to," and was nearly directed with anxiety for his wife, whom he could not find.

An old man I know has just died. He was only sixty-three, and has suffered stomach troubles for years. He was in the army in the Civil War, and has been a victim to drink for forty years. When his youngest child was born more than twenty years since, his wife refused to bear him any more children. She died right. Paul said that no drunkards shall inherit the Kingdom of God, in his first epistle to the Corinthians. Setting aside all that, let us consider the child we say without limitation that no drunkard should be allowed to beget children, and that it is the duty of a parental government, which should look to the interests of the whole, and not to the desires of a single individual, to prevent the conception of children to inherit the liquid habit.

A post-mortem examination of this old man's body showed that his years of agony were caused by cancer of the stomach. This was the direct result of his excessive and prolonged use of alcoholic stimulants. His

family are Methodists. But the dying man assured his devoted youngest daughter that he should surely come back to her. The only manifestation that he has yet been able to make is to a relative of the family, also an old man and addicted to intemperance. He comes by raps, and I feel sure that he is trying to warn his old friend to give up drinking, lest he too have some agonizing disease, and die in torture. In Steele's "Hygienic Physiology," used in my seminary in Minneapolis, it is said that a picture, showing the effect of alcoholic drinks upon a human stomach.

The first is "healthful," the lining a delicate pink, with no blood-vessels apparent. The second, of a moderate drinker, the blood-vessels begin to show. In the third, of a drunkard, the vessels are more apparent. The next one in the series is ulcerous, and has blotches of yellow all over the surface. The fifth is after a long debauch, and presents a shameful appearance. The next one is death by delirium tremens, and is covered with reddish blotches, while the seventh, the cancerous stomach, has green and yellow blotches while the principal place of disease is orange, and presents a disgusting appearance.

Young persons who are taught these facts are not likely to form the drinking habit. My class was composed of young ladies, and they agreed together that they would never marry a man who "drank at all," nor would they marry one who either chewed or smoked cigars or pipes, for this same useful book gave the physiological effects of the use of tobacco.

It is well for the young to be made acquainted with the anatomy of their own bodies, it is still more important that they be taught the physiological functions of the organs, and still more needful is it that they learn all the principles of hygiene, which include the baneful effects of tobacco, alcohol, and the other poisons.

We have lately heard that a violent opposition has been raised of late to teaching the physiology of the human body, and of alcohol, and of the effects of the use of alcohol, in the schools of the children in our schools. The puny objection is made that as some of their fathers drink, their respect for them would be lessened.

The real animus of the objection is that if young persons really knew the effects of alcohol on the human system, they would carefully avoid using it, as they avoid the use of arsenic, carbolic acid, strychnine, and the other poisons. And if they and the next generation begin to avoid it on grounds like these, then the money gains of those who manufacture and trade in these baneful blotches will be diminished. It is probable that those who make and sell these products would rather have half the men in the country suffer with cancers in their stomachs, than have the nickels and dimes that fall into their tills diminished. So cruel does the love of money make some persons. The love of it is ready to sacrifice all else.

A young man inherited the love of drink from his mother. In her home, every kind of alcoholic liquor was as free as water. After her death he became very poor, and when he married he had not a dollar in the world. The girl loved him, and bought the wedding-ring with her own money. Time passed on, and children were born to them, and this faithful wife, exerting all the strength of her will, shielded his reputation as far as possible, and kept him out of a drunkard's grave.

At last the wear and tear of life, and the struggle to find the means of subsistence for her little ones undermined her health, and she became ill. She was unable to do her physical strength held out, she was still able to check him in his mad craving for spirituous liquor. But after she became weak, she could check him no longer, and he began to drink without restraint, using all the money he could get for the poison he craved. He left his home, and began making money by his own efforts, and he was in a case that he could not go to work while his wife was so poorly. He spent his time at drinking-places, and when they were closed for the night, came home, threw himself on his bed and slept till morning.

One day, he got her wedding-ring off from her finger and went and spent it for drink. Another day he went and spent it for drink, which her aunt had given her, and used the proceeds for drink. The storm of indignation from the neighbors at this act caused him to redeem the cloak, and he brought it home late at night, when he thought he would be unperceived. Meanwhile, the family was in a case that he could not go to work while his wife was so poorly. He spent his time at drinking-places, and when they were closed for the night, came home, threw himself on his bed and slept till morning.

Liquor does indeed create cruelty. Those who make and sell it for money are cruel to the drunkards and those connected with them; and those who crave it, commit the same cruelty upon their families. The man under the demagogue sway of alcohol will take the wedding-ring from the finger of his dying wife, will leave her to bear her mental and her physical pangs without his support, will take the bread from his children's mouths and the clothes off from their backs, and will go on drinking which will at last lay him in a drunkard's grave.

What are laws made for? A human being is arrested and sent to prison for attempting suicide, but there is no law to prevent him from making his home a hell, and his wife a slave, and his children by slow inches, and at last murdering himself by the deadly poison of alcohol.

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

Letter from W. J. Colville.

Just a line to report my latest experiences during my present flying visit to America. As already noted in your columns, I lectured in Baltimore in Lyceum Theatre under the auspices of a local society of Spiritualists to two excellent audiences, Sunday, January 26, where in addition to the lectures which received most kindly mention in the local press, the music deserved more than passing notice, seeing that the most prominent portion of it at the evening meeting was rendered by two very youthful but highly efficient performers, Eva Rapp, pianist, and Walter Zipp, violinist. These two children are truly wonderful musicians; they render classical compositions in a manner seldom surpassed by any but the most adult artists, and as their nearest relatives are prominent workers in the field of Spiritualism, it is but just that their names and talents should be mentioned in such papers as the Banner of Light. I have rarely enjoyed so keenly a musical service rendered by such extremely juvenile performers in the whole long course of my public work. I found numerous friends in Baltimore and they are clamoring for my return.

In Washington during six days, January 27 till February 1, inclusive, despite the heavy snow and almost impassable streets (quite unusual in the Capital City, where winters are generally genial), I was confronted with large, enthusiastic audiences at Veterans' Hall, 11th Street, N. W., where all my public appearances were made and in addition to the large gatherings I had the privilege of addressing a very fine audience at 404 Street, S. E., on Friday evening, January 31, for the benefit of the Indian Education Fund. Mr. Wood, who owns the house, very kindly gave the use of spacious rooms for the special function which was attended by a large del-

egation of Indians as well as by a choice representation of Washington Spiritualists and the general public.

On Saturday, February 1, at midnight, after a closing lecture in Veterans' Hall, in which much reference was made to the thrilling article by my good friend, Dr. E. D. Babitt, published in the Banner, dated January 25, I took night sleeper to Philadelphia, after bidding farewell to numerous kind friends in Washington, among whom I introduced the ever faithful George A. Bacon, who introduced me to the first public audience I ever addressed in America. In Philadelphia, I lectured to three great audiences, Sunday, February 2, Morning and evening, I spoke in the Temple, 12th and Thompson Streets, which is now the property of the First Association of Spiritualists. At 3 p. m. I lectured in Berean Presbyterian Church, 19th Street and South College Ave., on "The Federation of the World, the Greatest Hope of the Present Century."

I am now in New York, lecturing daily at 3.30 p. m., in Windsor Arcade, Fifth Avenue, and at 8 p. m. in "The Schuyler," West 45th Street. On Sunday next, February 9, I lectured in Genealogical Hall, 226 West 68th Street, at 8 p. m.

During my stay in Washington, I had a delightful visit at the headquarters of N. S. A., where I found Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Crockett, who were in work and both looking well and happy.

I think my friends are now fully aware that I have engaged passage on Kaiser Wilhelm der Gross, leaving New York, February 11, till the 14th, my address is care Alliance Pub. Co., Windsor Arcade, Fifth Avenue. I have already accepted an engagement at Onset for August 3d to 10th inclusive, and am negotiating with Mr. Barrett who has kindly invited me to other Eastern camps after my Onset engagement. I respectfully request all my friends to meet me during my next visit to America, which expect will occupy August, September and October next, to write to me without delay, as it is far easier to conclude terms and details for American appearances while I am in New York than after I have reached London.

I can but express heartfelt gratitude for the unvarying and unremittent kindness which has been manifested to me since my return from the Antipodes, and I trust that the day is not far distant when I shall not be compelled to hurry on and leave these hospitable shores, surrounded as I have had time to much more than just catch sight of numerous friends on this vast continent. Ere I conclude this hasty penning, I wish to pay a brief tribute to Dr. George A. Fuller's fine inspirational work, "The Wisdom of the Ages," a presentation copy of which I have just received, and am sending it wherever I go and find it full from cover to cover with admirable thoughts and beautiful suggestions as finely adapted for public reading as for private perusal.

Yours sincerely,
W. J. C.

Passed to the Higher Life.

From his home in Bostonville, Vt., Jan. 23, 1902, Samuel W. Emery, after a journey of 75 years in earth life. The change came while he was in his usual health, sitting in his chair, so gentle was the separation that only his speechless lips were companions, when she returned to her home after a few minutes' absence, that death had been there. She is comforted with the knowledge that Spiritualism gives, knowing he has only gone a little in advance in life journey. Most of his family were waiting his coming. Funeral services were held at 2 p. m. at the Spiritualist hall in Bostonville, Vt., the writer officiating.—Mrs. S. A. Wiley, Rockingham, Vt.

Randolph, Vt., Jan. 25, Samuel H. Brooks, who had been a great sufferer for several months from heart disease. He was 74 years old and one of the most respected citizens. Not only in his own town, but he was missed, but at Queen City Park, where he and his good wife spent their summers in their lovely cottage, The Idlewild. Although not an acknowledged Spiritualist, he enjoyed a good lecture or was more constant in the lectures than Mr. and Mrs. Brooks. He was a devoted worker in anything that would help the Ark. We shall miss his kind voice, his pleasant face, but hope sometime to meet him upon a lovelier campground than earth affords. After a short service at the house, his body was taken to Boston for cremation.—W. J. C.

From his home in Chatham, Iowa, Jan. 25, the spirit of our brother, George Loomis, aged 72 years, passed to the higher life to join the loved son and daughter who preceded him. His sufferings were long and hard to bear before the transition came but he was conscious of the presence of the dear ones. He left a devoted wife, a son, a daughter with whom he has many times been blessed by the knowledge of spirit manifestation. Two sons and a daughter are here upon this side as tokens of their love. For nearly forty years he had lived where his spirit at last was made free and for the greater part of that time he was a speaker in the truth of Spiritualism and he was ever ready to impart to others what he received. He was a regular subscriber and reader of the Banner for years, for he said he could not afford to be without it. By the wish of the brother, the writer was called to officiate at the funeral, the Methods very kindly gave the use of their church and another furnished the music. It was plain to be seen that although a Spiritualist he had a warm place in his hearts, for the beautiful plants and flowers testified to that. The house was filled with that many had to stand in the entire service and one lady, as the speaker was going out, met her and wished to shake hands she was so pleased and that was the general expression. There was not one in that audience who ever attended a service of the kind before.—Mrs. S. M. Lowell, Andover, Minn., Box 154.

Dec. 12, 1901, from Lowell, Vt., Lewis A. Cox, aged 73 years. Mr. Cox was not only a believer in Spiritualism, but it was his greatest comfort, his religion. It was a support to him during the year of great suffering. He was well known in northern Vermont as one of the first to embrace the truths brought by spirit friends in the early days of Spiritualism. Three years before he passed on, he married Mrs. Isabella Scott Werthen, who was uniting in her care, and carried out his wishes in every particular. One son and one daughter, by a former wife, survive him. Services by Mrs. Abby W. Crockett.

When the autumn leaves were falling and harvests were gathered in, the spirit of Thomas T. Bates left his old and worn body wherein he had been a dweller for over 81 years. For over two years he had been blind and all this time he had waited and longed for the chance called death. He was a firm Spiritualist; it was a comfort to him in his declining years. He was a member of the Duxbury, Vt., Spiritualist Society, the oldest member but one. A wife (Adda Haselton), survives him, who watched and cared for him as tenderly as a mother care for her child, knowing well that death meant to him renewed life. Services by Mrs. Abbie W. Crockett.

Beloved, Now are we sons of God.—John.

