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NO. 2

THE EVENING SONG.

It stagheth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore,
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.
'Tis hard to take the burden up
When these have laid it down,
They brightened all the joys of life;
They softened every frown.
But O! 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore,
Thanks be to God, that they have been
Although they are no more.
More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore,
Where'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God forever more.
—John W. Chadwick.

A Sermon on Practical Christianity.

That Man Only is a Christian Who is Doing
the Same Kind of Work That Jesus Did.

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

Jesus once said, as recorded in the 25th chapter of Matthew, "And when the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of all his glory; and before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from the other, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, and the goats on the left. Then shall the king say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was a stranger, and ye took me in. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we Thee a stranger and took ye in? Then the king shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of one of the human family, ye have done it unto Me."

"Then shall he say unto them on the left hand, Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels; for I was a stranger and ye took Me not in. Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we Thee a stranger and did not minister unto Thee? Then shall he answer them, saying, inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto Me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal."

This scripture seems to have been entirely forgotten by the churches. Every day they are turning their backs on opportunities for ministering unto the stranger within our gates, giving heed mainly to things which concern their own prosperity.

Over and over again, strangers come into our city and perish in our midst—perish for the want of the simplest act of human kindness. So far as these people are concerned, there might just as well not be a church in the city nor a professor of religion in the whole state. The churches ought to be in vital touch with the city prisons, and they would be, too, if the sayings of Jesus were considered essential to Christian discipleship. But alas, there is little resemblance between the sayings of Jesus and those things which are regarded as Christian work today.

Since I have quit preaching, and began to make a few feeble steps in the direction of following Jesus, I come in contact with many pathetic scenes. For several years I have been a constant visitor at the city prisons, and have taken the pains to uncover the facts of many a true story; stories that read more like novels than the naked facts of every day occurrences. The incident I am about to relate occurred several years ago, but it is the same in kind that has been occurring ever since. The title of my story is, "The Last Days of Chris Bergmann." He lay curled up in the corner of an empty freight car, stupor with broken sleep, stiff with cold, a scoty, ragged, aching fellow, when he was discovered by an angry brakeman. He was hustled off as fast as creaking joints and unsteady nerves would allow. He tried to pull himself together a little on the sunny side of a dingy warehouse, but it was a cold day; he wasn't well. If he had been a well-to-do man, he would probably have consulted a doctor and been told he was threatened with pneumonia. But he wasn't a well-to-do man. He was only a tramp. It mattered little to him whether he had pneumonia or not.

He smells coffee somewhere. He tries to locate it. He sees a frazzled girl emptying some ashes. He guesses she knows where the coffee is. He asks her for some breakfast. She tells him to be off, calls him harsh names, talks loudly. A policeman hears the row, and with free use of the mace and the assistance of the patrol, he succeeds (with

great credit to himself) in landing his man in a damp, unventilated cell of our city prison. He is slated as a dangerous character and resisting the police.

At the turnkey's office he was searched, as is the custom. Nothing was found, however, save a few cigar stubs and a greasy old remnant of a German Testament, which was taken away from him. He was tired; he was hungry. He had not slept well. Rigors were creeping up and down his back. Strange, ringing sounds were in his head, and he felt a deadly faintness of the stomach. The sounds grow louder. He tumbles down on an iron-slatted cot; the grates of his cell grow dim. He loses consciousness. If he had been a well-to-do man, the doctor would have called it a swoon; but he was only a tramp. No one cared to call it anything.

When he came to consciousness he had a raging thirst. He tried several times to sit up before he was able to do so, because of a curious dizziness in his head. He called for water—No one heard. He called again, louder. One of his fellow prisoners in the next cell told him that the water had just been passed. He'd get no water now for an hour. So he lay still. He was trying to think where he was. He felt for the greasy Testament. It was not there. Had it been there in its old place—for he had carried it a long time—he would have thought no more about it, for he did not want to read it; he only wanted to know if it was there.

It was the only thing left that connected him with the life which was his before he became a tramp. His mother gave him the book when he was young and strong and happy. He had carried it ever since. It was to him a fetish, a mascot. Now that he had lost it, as he believed, he began to think much. Vague remembrances of a squalid boyhood, a dingy home, a drunken father, a haggard, fretful mother, of leaving home when a boy, a sea voyage, his return, when no trace of his former home could be found, his wanderings, fully expecting some day to find his mother, his gradual adjustment to the life of a tramp, his frequent imprisonments for vagrancy, passed hazily through his mind.

The last thing he distinctly remembers is being hustled out of the freight car a few hours before. He cannot remember where he is. He only knows he is in prison. What prison and for what offense he does not know. Luckily, he does not care. The keeper puts a chunk of bread in the iron box attached to his cell. He asks for water, but he gets no reply nor water. He tries to eat the bread and bites off a huge chunk, but his mouth is dry and parched and he cannot swallow it. The longer he chews the thicker it gets. He would like to have a drink, but no one will give him water.

He puts the bread on his cot, and lays his head upon it, wearily, and soon passes into a troubled sleep. He is rudely awakened the next morning by the turnkey and is bundled into the police court before the judge. He has a high fever, a thirst, and a blinding headache. He is as a lamb dumb before his shepherds. He dumbly comprehends what is going on around him. He neither asserts nor denies, he only mutters unintelligible words when they speak to him. He knows not, he cares not what they will do with him. He is conscious that he wants water, and that he wants to lie down again. He gets ten days and costs. He is led away and put into a different cell. His coat was left in the other cell. He asks for it. No one pays attention. He asks for water again.

A fellow prisoner who is allowed in the corridor hears him and gets him some. He drinks long and eagerly. He sleeps all day and all night. Two chunks of bread lay unheeded in the iron box the next morning. He is in a muttering delirium now. He talks in poor German and worse English. No one understands, no one cares. All day he talks on, sometimes he asks for water, sometimes he imagines he is talking to his mother. Towards night his condition is discovered. It is too late to get the doctor tonight. He talks on more feebly and indistinctly all night. Prisoners give him sips of water, but he does not seem to care any longer.

The doctor comes in and orders him taken to the hospital. He lives nearly twenty-four hours after he reaches the hospital. His body is turned over to the city and soon is stretched on the cold dissecting table of a medical college. There it lies in the glare of electric lights—that poor, tired body, yielding up the secrets of its wonderful mechanism to festering, careless students who see in the corpse before them only the means of reaching the profession which will give them fame and wealth. His work is done, and let us hope that his last work, at least, has rendered a kindness to humanity that will be appreciated. In all his dull, degraded, but gentle life, he has never heard a word of praise. He has left us all he had—his anatomy. Let us praise him now. He made a splendid pathological specimen; lobar pneumonia, both lungs, first stage, infiltration complete. Fortunately exhaustion set in to

hasten termination, furnishing a rare exhibit. Splendid case, good fellow at last!

While these pathetic scenes were occurring, several of our churches were holding enthusiastic revival services. Professed followers of Jesus were added to the churches by the score. These comfortable, well-housed, well-clothed, well-fed people who never spent an hour in the city prison in their lives, met in large congregations to sing hymns about following Jesus; about giving up the world to walk in the footsteps of their Master. Not one of them ever thought of connecting the work of the Master with prisons or hospitals or the hungry or those that are naked. Nothing of that sort.

These people think they are following Jesus when they go to their churches to sing and pray, and tell each other how bad they have been and how good they are going to be. I used to be pastor of a church of this sort, of which I am heartily ashamed. The pathetic incident which I have narrated has been repeated in this city many times, and yet, those people who call themselves followers of Jesus are unconscious of the fact as if these scenes were in Central Africa instead of being at their very door. I find such things every day, now that I have quit preaching and gone to practicing. Every preacher in this city ought to be leading his congregation in this sort of work. Nowhere on earth is there more need of Christian teaching than in our churches, and yet there are people who are raising money to send missionaries to foreign countries in order to instruct them in the teachings of Jesus.

I believe that the work of Jesus is exactly what He outlined when He pictured to His hearers the judgment day. He had assembled before the judge, in His picture, all the nations of the earth divided into two companies. Unto one company He said, come ye blessed of My Father and inherit the kingdom prepared for you; for I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took Me in; naked, and ye clothed Me; I was in prison, and ye came unto Me; I was sick and ye visited Me. Now it seems to me certain that this was the work that Jesus called His disciples to do, and it is exactly the work that the churches are not doing.

"I was in prison, and ye came unto Me." What is it to visit the prisoner? Is it to send a little mission band to sing to them once a week, and then leave them to the mercies of the officers who do not pretend to care one straw for the interest of the prisoners, but regard them as unworthy of any serious consideration? I think not.

The way to visit the prisoner correctly is to see that every prison within our borders does no injustice to the inmates, does nothing to add to the sentence which the regular court has pronounced upon them, after being duly convicted of crime. This is what it is to visit the prisoner. This is exactly the work the churches have not been doing.

In one of our prisons there are over 2000 prisoners, and among these are always to be found a great number who have had great injustice done them and all that they need to be restored to their families and society again is some friend who is willing to take the time and trouble to have their case investigated and the trial which brought them there reconsidered. There is one man in this city, a saloon keeper, who is doing more in this direction than all the churches put together. This man stands behind one of the busiest bars in the city every day, yet his name is a tradition within the walls of this prison, and many despairing souls are looking to him as the only possible hope of receiving that assistance which justice demands.

It is a shame to the churches in this city that one saloon keeper is doing more of this sort of work than the churches with all the money and influence they have at their command. It is a shame, I say, and it is high time that they began this sort of work. There is plenty of it to do. Visit our prisons and see how the inmates are fed, see what facilities they have for keeping themselves clean, see to it who have charge of the men and women who are confined there. Note whether the sick and helpless ones are treated with that consideration and care that becomes a Christian civilization.

Visit the police court. Witness what sort of a trial it is that the poor and downtrodden receive there. The policeman and the prosecuting attorney and the police judge, all of whom should be friends of the helpless prisoner who has neither lawyer nor friend to act in his behalf, note whether they are friends to these prisoners. Note whether they are meeting out to them justice. This is the way to visit the city prison, and if it is not done, it will be simply adding insult to injury, to send a few boys and girls there once a week to whine and howl some sickish, sentimental hymns that can do nothing but irritate those who feel the sting of injustice.

Visit our county jail and see whether the people confined there receive what the country intended them to receive when they provided this place. Fifty cents a day is paid

by the tax payers of this county to feed each person at the county jail. This would certainly feed them well. Are these prisoners receiving in full what the county has provided for them? If not, a crime is being committed against them, as much of a crime as the crimes that made them prisoners.

The preachers should take upon themselves the task of investigating these things and report them to their congregations, make them the subjects of their prayer meetings. Then they will have something to pray about and to talk about. Visit the workhouse and see what occurs there. Surely, that is an important institution. Hundreds of the lower classes are being received there every year and turned out loose in the city again. If hatred and revenge have been engendered at the workhouse, it is doing the city a great injury. But if, on the other hand, the management at the workhouse tries not only to get anything to the sentence of the court, but tries to make the men and women who come there a little better for having stayed there, if this be true of them, it should be known.

In short, the churches should visit those who are in prison, visit them effectively. Bring to bear some of their learning and training upon a question which affects so closely the lives of the lost sheep of Israel. This is exactly the way to go to the lost sheep. Coming to their aid at such a time as this in a practical way, their hearts are won a thousand times easier than at a time when they have no trouble.

Do not get it into your mind that such a work is to be a local work merely. Just as soon as a thing is accomplished in the city of Columbus, other cities will take up the good work. Such things go by imitation. Good works spread like a contagion. Talking about these things does no good; doing them is what is needed.

"Dream" or Psychic Experience; Which?

BY MRS. M. T. LONGLEY.

Many Spiritualists believe that sensitives can leave their physical bodies in slumber, and travel in spirit through space, to distant places on earth, or to scenes in the spirit-world. Some of our spirit friends tell us that this is true, and that many so-called dreams are visions, or the expression of psychic experiences of the individual; at such times as his higher self is detached from the physical body. The following nocturnal experiences were related to me by a dear young lady friend who is an inmate of my home, and who is beloved by all who are acquainted with her. Miss Agnes is a sensitive of no mean order, poetical, inspirational, and literary in taste and temperament, but too modest to own to any special gifts. On the morning of July 27th, she related the following experiences she had met with in her "sleep" stating, however, that she could not recall all she had seen and heard, and that language could not describe the wonder and beauty of all that she had experienced in her "dreams."

After some travel, she found herself before a magnificent temple of art—this she has visited before, and has described many of its beauties. She entered the temple on this occasion, and remembers gazing upon a number of superb paintings, three of which she distinctly recalls. Two of these paintings were companion pieces, and productions of a master, each was handsomely and massively framed, and bore a tablet at the top, with title, and inscription in verse. The first painting bore the title "The Throne of Destiny," and this verse:

"When Destiny with master hand,
Controls the reins of fate,
No power of air—nor sea nor land—
Two hearts can separate."

This painting depicted a grand and massive male figure clad in regal robe with royal crown upon his head, seated upon a throne, and holding golden reins in his hands. The lines he held were each attached to a human figure in the distance, who were separated by mountains and seas, and as he manipulated them, the reins seemed to be drawing two forms together; the inference being that eventually they would be side by side. The perspective, and coloring of this production as well as the one following were described as superb.

The second picture was entitled "The Inspiration of Love," it bore the verse,

"Though Nature in her stormy wrath,
Doth scourge and punish me,
I choose the follesome, rugged path,
And follow Love, to thee."

This picture depicted a huge and storm-swept mountain with rugged paths over which obstructions of boulders, fallen trees and debris of storms were cast. The whole array was that of danger, struggle and suffering; but steadily and valiantly climbing the path was a human figure, with staff in hand, his eye resting upon the tiny form of Love in the guise of Cupid—sitting before him and leading him upward toward the crest of the mountain, where waited and beckoned,

a beautiful woman—the object of the traveler's loyalty and quest. At the base of the mountain to one side, lay alluring fields of blooming flowers and waving grains, denoting fertility, plenty, renown and success; on the other hand stretched a cool and inviting forest, where sparkling streams wandered and leafy glades invited to ease and repose, but the toiler turned from all, preferring to meet the storm and tempest in his upward climb, so that he should at length rise to the side of his beloved—at once his inspiration and his guide.

A third picture attracted the sleeper's attention, this was of lighter significance than the others, but a beautiful and suggestive portrayal of true comradeship; it was entitled "Companionship," and depicted two young ladies in a hammock, visiting with each other, their books had fallen to the ground, and they were engrossed in conversation, while tiny spirits gaily wreathed their forms with strands of lovely flowers.

At this juncture, Miss Agnes returned to the body and awoke, but in a few moments fell into slumber again and was transported to a class room where a learned instructor was about to begin an illustrated lecture upon "Human Vibrations, and the Power of Personal Magnetism," showing how individuals are affected by the auras and magnetism of different persons, making a ball somewhat like a child's toy balloon but of larger dimension, and inflating it with his magnetism, the teacher explained that he had sensitized this to a high degree, so that it would be affected by the slightest vibration that came in contact with it. He then produced a large spectrum into which he tossed the ball, where it floated in the red rays.

The teacher then invited one after another of the class to approach the spectrum, and as each did so, the ball would rise or fall in the spectrum to the color corresponding to the vibration and the aura of that individual. This was considered a strictly scientific experiment, and one which showed without fail, the rate of vibration and the aura of all who came near the ball. By way of further illustration, the instructor magnetized a young lady in the audience until she entered the hypnotic state, when he caused her to be suspended in reclining position in the air; to the approach of individuals this recumbent form would respond as soon as their aura came in contact with her, by rising or descending slightly but perceptibly, showing the effect of human magnetism upon a sensitive.

Proceeding to a marking board, the teacher began to make a diagram, beginning at the same time to lecture upon human magnetism, vibratory forces, and the law of attraction and repulsion. Discouraging upon persons who are repelled from each other, or who frequently clash with others, he drew sharply defined wave-like points, that as they neared each other pulsated with an angular motion clashing together and breaking into sparks and fragments, showing that persons whose forces repel each other become angular when together, and that their vibrations and magnetic line clash, instead of blending together.

Illustrating two individuals who are naturally harmonious with each other, but who seem to be nearer at intervals than usual, the teacher drew two parallel lines of graceful curve-like waves that undulated in their own course, but now and then approached each other and flowed on in harmony, only to diverge again to follow their separate plans and course. This expressed the effect of harmonious magnetism upon each, from each, without necessarily uniting the two lives in oneness of thought and work.

Another illustration, was of two broad, undulating, graceful lines without angular points, that began to flow along in their separate course, gradually growing nearer together until the vibrations of each, quickened by the aura of one another pulsated together, drawing the two waves or currents into one broad stream which, bleeding into harmony, increased the attractive force, creating a oneness and accord, of perfect unity and completeness. In this case, the perfect unity of vibration and complete blending of the auras, produced over an increased acceleration of the magnetic forces and as there was then no separate outlet for the activities, they became intensified in the perfect uniting of two souls into one plane of action and of thought.

The above but dimly expresses the lecture, as it can be but fragmentary in finding its way through mortal channels, nor have I done justice to it even as related to me, but it may serve to awaken thought on these subjects in the minds of some who are seeking for light. After the lesson on personal magnetism, my friend awoke, only to again slumber, and to be transported to Naamah's home, and amid a group of merry spirit children, who entertained her with their sports and scenes until morning called her back to earth; these interesting experiences she also described to me, but as I have taken sufficient space with the foregoing, I will not enlarge upon them at this time.

Washington, D. C.

OH, HOW GLOOMY!

BY DR. T. WILSON.

You may take with you your money,
Stoney man, stoney man,
To this land of milk and honey,
If you can, if you can;
If you find your little spirit
So weighed down you cannot rear it,
You may find it not so heavy
As you plan, as you plan.

Soon old Father Time will want you
At the grave, at the grave;
But a consciousness will haunt you,
Money slave, money slave,
That you haven't done your duty,
And your soul will hang its beauty
On the dollars that will tempt you
Till you rave, till you rave.

You will take your grasping nature
To that land, to that land,
And 'twill drop your spirit stature,
Understand, understand,
Till the rim of a gold dollar
Will just fit you for a collar
And you soon will almost hate your
Grasping hand, grasping hand.

Oh, 'twill make your conscience quiver,
So it will, so it will,
To observe the cheerful giver
Up the hill, up the hill,
In a mansion of his making,
While your soul's remorse is shaking
All your hopes beyond the river
From your hill, from your hill.

Evangelists of Glad Tidings.

BY CHARLES E. DANE.

Luke 2-10. And the angel said unto them, "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." A most important duty rests upon all who wish to become evangelists of glad tidings. Three very important steps should be considered: the call, the preparation, and the work. Truthfully it has been said, "that many shall be called, but few chosen." As we study the lives of the evangelists of the past, we shall find that the call did not always come to those high in social or public life, but many were called from the humbler walks of life. When the angel appeared to Joseph and Mary with the glad tidings that a son was to be born to them who should bring to the earth-sorrowing ones the glad tidings of eternal life beyond the grave, they could hardly believe that which they heard. So John the Baptist, born of humble parentage, was the evangel who was chosen to herald the glad tidings of the new king. Abraham Lincoln, born and reared in a log cabin, was the evangel who was to proclaim freedom to the enslaved black man. Henry Ward Beecher, one of a large family and reared by a father and mother who were not endowed with an abundance of this world's goods, was to become in future years one of the shining lights of the church of the nineteenth century and the evangel of the glad tidings of a future life. But it is not of those who have been called in the past, but of those who are called today to be evangelists of joy and gladness to the children of earth, of whom we wish to speak.

MARK CHESTER.

BY CARLYLE PETERSEN.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"Hallo, thar! Be with yer in a minit," and his long legs are soon seen dangling over the side of the Molly, then he jumps to the sands and confronts an old, knock-kneed, white horse, standing shakily, with blinking, half-shut, sleepy eyes. The horse is attached to a covered cart as shabby as himself, and the driver sits on the seat, wrapped in an old coat, smoking a black, stumpy pipe; his bleared eyes are also nearly shut, but there is more speculation in them, when he occasionally lifts the lids, than in those of the horse.

"Hello, Kister! How's Molly an' the yaller-tails this mornin'?"

"An' howdy, yerself. Molly's spankin', yew bet; an' ef I ketch one yaller-tail yesterday I ketch two hundred—croakers, pouts, an' a lot o' halibut thrown in," and Mr. Kester sauntered proudly toward the pile of large, long fish, taking one in each hand and holding them up for inspection.

"How many'll yer take, this mornin', pard? Mayn't hev another sich a haul in a long time, yer know?"

"Wall, now, let me see," and the speculative eyes opened somewhat. "This yer day is New Year. It's ninty nine, Kister, as sure's fate, an' another year'll make it ninteen hundred. Well, secin' as how it's a holiday, I'll take the whole o' them yaller-tails, an' ye can throw in a lot o' them croakers, pouts, an' halibut. Throw 'um all in—ye can afford to, fur I'll buy the yaller-tails, an' pay ye a good price fur 'um, too."

"Do yer see any thing green, Howler? Fer ef yer dew, yer maw'll be lookin' at them thar pepper trees, up on yer bank, yender, an' yer pay fur 'em, an' no more, no less. Do yer see them thar little shanties over thar? Wall, ef I hev got anythin' ter give away, I'll give it ter them thar poor, hungry people, instid o' a bloot like yer. Come, now; jump down an' lend a hand, will yer?"

"No; an' yer money yerself, Kister. Pile in them yaller-tails, an' mind there's not one short."

Mr. Kester immediately commenced piling, and presently the "yaller-tails" were in the cart, and two shining, ten dollar gold pieces were transferred from the pocket of Mr. Howler to the palm of Mr. Kester's hand.

"There ye are!"

"Drive on yer cart! Hope yer'll sell 'um all, Howler."

"They're all spoken for 'ready. Hope yer'll spend a happy New Year. Git up there, old Jock! There's the sun 'ready, ye lazy beast!" and the old horse labored wheezily, the wheels grated in the sand, the spokes rattled like castanets in unskilled hands, and soon the cart, horse and driver were on higher ground, wending their way onward. Mr. Kester clinked the money together in his pocket.

"That thar was a good day's work," he said, turning toward Molly. "Yer a stanch ole boat, Molly, an' yer arned yer share o' the money. Gess we'll stay ashore ter day, bels' as 'tis New Year. Now, yer look thar, Molly. Thar's a good pile o' fish left now, my black-eyed beauty. Tell me wha'd yer think I'd better do with it? Wha't's that yer say, Molly? Guv it ter the poor, an' hungry, an' them as needs it? Is that the kind o' gal yer be, ter advise me ter giv away my hard arned fish? Did yer know, Molly, that that fish would bring another Y jest by takin' it up to that thar hotel? Another five would make my sirmings yesterday count up ter fifteen dollars, an' yer jist advise me ter giv

You may ask me, "How shall we know that we are called as evangelists?" Enter into the silence and ask yourselves the question, "What is my mission in this life?" Listen for that voice divine that speaketh in no uncertain manner. Does it speak to you of that little child who is wandering in your streets, cold and hungry, without a home, without care, without love? Then consider yourself called as an evangelist to clothe, feed and house such a little child as that little one's life. For our Elder Brother has said, "And whosoever shall give unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

Does it speak to you of the young girl who has been tempted and fallen? Then you should consider yourself an evangelist to carry the glad tidings of light and purity back to the bound and fettered soul. Remember the words of the Nazarene, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." We have been told to carry the glad tidings unto the uttermost parts of the earth, that all may hear the joyful news. But it is not necessary for us to go to China, Japan or some other foreign land in order to help our fellow-creatures. We have the heathen all around us. We need only go ten minutes' walk from our door and we will find hundreds who are in a worse condition, physically, mentally and spiritually than the heathen in foreign lands. There are many who find fault with the home and foreign missions. How can we get along without them? The Board of the Helping Hand Association in London spends annually 150,000 pounds in teaching the poor children, and if they are studious and willing to learn, they are given scholarships to the universities where, but it is not necessary and honorable. Would that we might have such an association in every large city of this country to help educate the poor and homeless children who wander our streets day after day. The heathen are not responsible for what they know not, while those around us are living more closely to an atmosphere of enlightenment, and with a little effort on our part and a faithful discharge of our duties as evangelists of the glad tidings, our own immediate world would be made a more fitting place for the home of those whose destiny is eternal. An uplift here and there, a strong, sturdy life filled with intense, earnest acts of righteousness, will do more for the helping of those to pure, true lives than any amount of preaching minus the practice. "To thy own self be true, and it shall follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." Let us remember the words of Ralph Waldo Emerson:

"For this is love's nobility:
Not to scatter bread and gold,
Goods and raiment, bought and sold;
But to hold fast our simple sense,
And speak the speech of innocence,
And with hand and body and blood
To make our bosom counsel good.
For he that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true."

So dear friends, we who feel that we are called as evangelists of the glad tidings of Spiritualism, must awake from the dormant condition which we have been in for so long a time. We who have been depending on the spirit world to perform all the labor for us and receive all the praise, let us now turn to the second step, Preparation. Many have thought it strange that nothing has been said in the Bible about the life of Jesus between the age of twelve and thirty years. Nothing

whatever is known of his life at this time. Is it not reasonable to suppose that he was preparing himself as an evangel of eternal life? Without doubt, he felt within his own heart that he was called as an evangel to heal the sick and carry peace and joy to many a heart. It is not reasonable to think that he would allow all these years to pass without improving them.

There is a great difference in the advantages which Jesus had and those we enjoy in the present day. No schools and colleges opened their doors to all who wished to unfold their mind and become adepts in those vocations which they had chosen. There are some who feel that they are called as evangelists of Spiritualism, who wish to stand upon the platform and let the spirit-world use them. There are two things that are essential for an evangel of Spiritualism, namely, a first-class education and a thorough knowledge of the work.

We are not growing strong in numbers or finances. Why? This condition of affairs? The evangelists whom we are placing upon our platforms are not prepared for their work. They are not presenting our philosophy in a manner which will attract the cultured minds to our ranks. It is not an uncommon thing for our local societies to have an average attendance of twenty-five, fifty or seventy-five at their meetings. Why? The reason is that the Spiritualist society and the so-called Christian church. The church presents its truths through an evangel who has spent years of his life in college and who has studied his subject day after day. It furnishes singers who have cultivated their voices and throw their whole soul into their singing.

How can our evangel of our philosophy study or prepare himself for his God-given mission on five dollars a week? Is not our religion worth just as much as that which the church is presenting? Then let us be liberal and pay our evangelists enough not only to support themselves and their families, but that they may be able to secure the best literature of the present day. The mind grows by what it feeds upon. The pastor of any church must do earnest, faithful work in the preparation of his Sunday sermon or his people will go hungry for the bread of life for which they come to church. No good thing comes from the spirit world. It is digging and delving after a good thing which adds to its value. Let us give our teachers and speakers time for study, for books, for reading, time to allow the mind to come in contact with the strong, strenuous lives of others through that great, great, necessary medium of the printed page.

Who can fail to obtain help by contact with the pure mind of Lillian Whiting through the medium of her written words? As we read, life takes on a deeper, sweeter, truer meaning, reaching into the great beyond. Let us grant these helpful opportunities and then shall Spiritualism arise in all her glory, and her pure, white banner shall ever triumphantly before the eyes of earth's sorrowing ones, fit symbol of Light and Truth to all who seek a higher life. Let us remember these words,

"Forenoon, afternoon and night:
Forenoon, afternoon and night:
Forenoon and—What?
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, this is life: make this forenoon sublime
This afternoon a psalm,
This night a prayer."

And time is conquered,
And thy Crown is won."

We now come to the third and grandest step, Work. What a vast field and what a grand work lies before the evangel of Spiritualism. Every local society should have a program connected with it, where our little children can be taught the truths of our religion. Each society should have a Young People's Meeting where the young people can meet to study and unfold the mind by reading and by holding fraternal talks together. The evangel should visit each Spiritualist in the different homes and give freely of that spiritual food that the spirit world has been pleased to give unto him. For it has been said, "Freely ye have received, freely give." He should be prepared at all times to attend funerals and to speak words of consolation and sympathy to those who have lost their loved ones need the sympathy of their friends just as much as the Christians. They may feel assured of the life beyond the grave, but they ever see before them the vacant chair. They are ever listening for the dear voice that is hushed in this world and the smile that encouraged them so many times.

The evangel of Spiritualism should always keep before the minds of his hearers all the latest reforms of the day. He should ever impress upon his hearers that it is impossible to reform a murderer by hanging him. He should teach that vaccination is a menace to public health and a great many times it causes more sickness than it prevents. Remember, friends, when we keep our bodies pure, clean and healthy and fear not, no contagious diseases can ever gain a foothold and cause us suffering. He should teach that while we should respect all nations and honor all noble men and women of all countries, we should ever remember "Our Country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty," and ever honor

"That flag of the free hearts, hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven."

"Forever float that standard sheet,
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,
With Freedom's soul beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us."

Our Cause needs evangelists who are willing to put their whole soul into their work, not for the dollar, but for that religion which is able to bring "peace that passeth all understanding." How many mediums who stand upon our platforms are willing to sacrifice themselves upon the altar of truth? Our local societies are demanding more of the mediums than they are able to give. The societies may thrive for a time at the expense of their mediums, but the bread that is cast on the waters is sure to return again. Napoleon, the great general, won victory after victory at the expense of his fellow-creatures, caring no more for the lives of his soldiers than he did for the ground under his feet. But there came a day when Napoleon received back the bread which he had cast upon the waters. At last he met with defeat and on St. Helena's lonely isle he passed the remainder of his life in loneliness. The longed for son, frail in body and unfitted to take the father's place, at an early age was called away from this life to the spirit life. Napoleon's name still lives and will never be forgotten.

May we so live in this earth-life that when our journey here is ended, our names may be emblazoned on the pages of history, not as Napoleon's was, at the expense of so many lives of his followers, but as the evangelists of the glad tidings of eternal life. May we be enabled to gain many a victory, not by making some one else suffer pain and misery, but by and through the principles of altruism.

Now with this great responsibility resting upon both the medium and the society, there remains but one solution to the problem, namely, for societies to hire their lecturers by the year, then when the society and the medium meet together upon the same level, seeking only to strengthen and uplift humanity, manifest in the Fatherhood of God and above all in the Brotherhood of man, misunderstandings will cease and more perfect harmony will exist. . . . The society and the medium will both be better situated financially. Then will our audiences be fed with the living bread from the altar of love and truth. Then shall the thirsty drink from that fountain whose waters sparkle with the principles of brotherly love. Oh! angel, tread once speed that day of prosperity and success for our beloved Cause.

25 Marsh St., Lowell, Mass.

The Question of Pay for a Sitting with a Medium for Spirit Communication.

BY IDA C. HAWKINS.

This subject has often been discussed by those "outside the pale," the uninitiated; elaborately discussed by persons who do not fully assent to the payment of dues to the clergy for spiritual ministrations. They do not object to paying a salary, great or small, proportionate to the ability of the church in which he is employed, but when these same persons go to a medium for spiritual communication, demanding that they pay, they remonstrate at paying, saying that spiritual messages should be given free.

All right! They could be given free were the mediums given their homes free, food, shelter, raiment and traveling expenses free, fully assent to the payment of dues to the clergy for spiritual ministrations. They do not object to paying a salary, great or small, proportionate to the ability of the church in which he is employed, but when these same persons go to a medium for spiritual communication, demanding that they pay, they remonstrate at paying, saying that spiritual messages should be given free.

We call the attention of the superficial observer to these stubborn facts and ask that all true spiritual mediums be paid for their work and let their work be considered too holy for any discussion as to pay for the same. Most of the sins of omission in this lower world are due to the fact that the equality of people take surface views of things and pronounce judgment unthinkingly; we, therefore, desire to call the attention of the unthinking to the facts herein stated.

are ripe, and they are hanging thickly among the shining, dark green leaves, like golden balls.

Although it is New Year's day, the birds are singing as blithely to the rising sun as though it were spring time in a colder clime. The lawns around the better class of houses are as green as possible, and as smooth as velvet carpets; roses are in full bloom; all kinds of beautiful flowers and vines are trailing over verandas, fences, and outhouses. There are a number of green terraces at the back of the grand hotel where Mark Chester is sleeping at this moment; and immense beds of the most gorgeous flowers are in front of it, as well as about it everywhere.

"Paradise! do you say?"

Surely, paradise can be no more beautiful or gorgeous. But the guests at the hotel have not yet risen, and the employees are busy preparing the bountiful breakfast. Smoke is just beginning to rise from Mrs. Morton's private hotel, that is, we would say from the chimney of that exclusive lodging and boarding house, just far enough distant from the grand hotel to nestle beneath its patronizing wings, for when one would like to be very, very exclusive, and very, very retiring, one found Mrs. Morton's private hotel very much to one's taste, especially if one did not care to be in full dress for most of the time, which is often quite irksome, particularly to those ladies who have passed the flirtation period.

CHAPTER IX.

JANE ERIE EXPRESSES HER OPINIONS.

Mr. Nathaniel Kester has now arrived at his destination, and a crowd of men, women and children surround him.

It is evident that he is well known here. He places the basket on a bench and takes his seat beside it.

"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" comes from a score of voices.

"Nice basket of fish, that," says one with longing eyes.

"Oh, aint them beauties?" says another, hungrily. "Old Kister beats 'um all at fishin'!" says another covetously.

"But he's generous w' 'um," quavers an old woman whose gaunt form and hollow cheeks speak of famine.

"Here, mother, take this ere biggest one," says Nathaniel, holding it forth.

"Oh, thank ye! Thank ye! May the holy virgin an' all the saints bless ye, Mr. Kister! But I am that hungry I can hardly wait for it to be cooked."

A half dozen children huddled about the old woman whom they called "granny." "Take this," she said to the eldest of them, "and tell yer marm to cook it quick, for we are all nearly starved to death."

The children ran on with the fish to one of the huts, and the grandma hobbled after.

A fair young mother passed slowly by, with her infant in her arms.

"Oh, Mr. Kister!" she sobbed, "Jack has a broken leg and we have nothing to eat."

Another fish was handed forth; and so, one after another, they passed by, until but one fish remained within the basket.

"I must save this fur her as lives up yender," said Mr. Kester, bobbing his head in the direction of the lone house where we have been before, and amid blessings and thanks, he arose and turned his face in the direction of the cottage. Having arrived there, he discreetly knocked. The door was opened by a woman of middle age who certainly had seen better days. Mr. Kester took off his hat to her, bowing eloquently.

"I hope ter find yer well this mornin', marm."

"I am quite well, thank you, Mr. Kester."

"How is yer darter, marm?"

"She is also well, for ought I know. She must be sleeping still, I think, although she is usually a very early riser."

"It is New Year's day, marm, an' I tho't as how yer darter an' yerself might like a little present. It's nothin' but a fish, marm; but fishes air purty good when yer hungry. Not that I mean that you might be hungry, marm. In course I didn't mean that; but Molly thar, yer see, she wanted ter make ye a New Year's present, an' Molly thinks a lot o' fishes an' fishin', yer know, marm, an' sometimes she kin spare a few jest as well as not."

The lady smiled, and taking the large, fine halibut, she thanked Mr. Kester again and again.

"We are nearly penniless now," she said in a faint voice, "but it has not always been thus. I should not care to have Jannie know that I accepted alms; still, it is for her sake that I do so."

"Oh, no alms, no alms at all, marm, jest a present on New Year's mornin'," and Mr. Kester sauntered back to Molly.

Presently he had a little fire kindled, his fish broiled, his coffee made, himself seated eating his breakfast with a relish.

Mrs. Erie knocked at the door of her daughter's room: "Jannie, dear, it is time to get up."

"Yes, mother."

"Mother wishes you a happy New Year through the key hole."

"I wish I could think it would be," murmured the daughter, opening her door. "But what is the use, mother, of wishing you a happy New Year, when I know that you are not happy—that you cannot be happy under our present distressing circumstances. Happy, with poverty and starvation staring us in the face? I am not happy, mother, but exceedingly miserable."

"Well, dress as quickly as you can, dear. Mother has something nice for your breakfast."

"Something nice! It is useless to tell me that! Where would it be possible for you to get anything nice? We had nothing last evening for supper but a dry crust and a cup of cold water. On New Year's eve, too. Just think of that!" and Jane got herself into her clothes with a frown.

Nathaniel Kester had laid the fine, large halibut down upon the table, and, all unobserved by Mrs. Erie, he had smuggled a packet of coffee behind it.

"Dear, good old soul!" exclaimed that lady on discovering it. "What a nice New Year's breakfast we shall have to be sure. I am truly thankful that heaven has not forgotten us."

She had spoken aloud in her surprise on finding the coffee, Jane, just emerging from her door, heard her mother's remark.

"Old Kester has been here," said she, scornfully. "Oh, mother, mother! We have fallen low, very low indeed, when we are forced to accept alms from an ignorant old fisherman. I would much rather starve."

Mrs. Erie was busily cutting slices from the fish and laying them within the hot frying-pan over the small stove; and the odor of fragrant coffee filled the room.

"Jannie, dear, lay the table and we will soon have a good breakfast. Daughter, sweet, mother is very hungry. Come and kiss me, Jane. Aren't you glad, love, to have a good breakfast this New Year's mornin'?"

"Breakfast! Breakfast!" sneered Jane. "One would think you never thought of anything else but eating. No, I am not glad of a miserable breakfast of fish, bestowed upon us as alms by a dirty old fisherman. I am thankful that I was not in the room when he came. O mother! you have not the spirit of a mouse. If you had, we should not be in such poverty."

(To be continued.)

International Convention.)

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The Camps.

The camp season is drawing to a close and the results of the summer meetings can now be reviewed as history. At a few of the camps, the attendance has been larger than ever before, but the majority of them report fewer members, but an increase of interest over former years. Onset has had a better season than last year, yet the attendance was far less than it was in the earlier years of the camp. This is also true of Casadaga, N. Y., and Clinton, Iowa, yet there has been a marked increase in interest in the proceedings over any previous season for at least five years. Cottages were constantly in demand, and in the majority of instances, were occupied throughout the season. At some of the camps, it was remarked that there were few people present, yet a census showed that the cottages were all occupied, and that more people were in them than had been the average for several seasons.

In nearly all of the camps, the instructions from the platform have been of a very high order, and have done our Cause much good. Educational work has received greater attention and splendid results have accrued from the efforts made. Phenomena were in abundance at all of the camps—at some of them far too numerous to be of service in educational work, or of value to the cautious investigator. Many of the mediums have made excellent records, and have presented some of the most telling phenomena ever produced to their patrons. If the mediums were to distribute themselves among all of the camps, they might secure better results from their work, and render the public more efficient service thereby. The present season in some quarters clearly proves that the people prefer the private seance room, under reasonable test conditions, to the public seance from the rostrum. A growing desire is also apparent throughout the country in favor of making all public phenomena, in their presentation, of the nature of a consecrated communion service, rather than a seance for the enjoyment of those best solely upon amusement.

On the whole, the work of the several camps has been well done. The results clearly prove to our mind that it would be far better for Spiritualism were there twelve or fifteen strong camps instead of the fifty-two weak ones. A few strong centres of power can and will radiate a healthful influence for good in all directions. Now there is such a drain upon the spiritual and financial strength of the people at the numerous camps over the country, that the work is carried on with great difficulty. The financial weakness of the camp was heard at nearly every assembly.

bly this season, the few exceptions being those that were not in close proximity to other camps. "In union there is strength," and we believe that this axiom applies to our camps as well as to our local societies. If we had twelve or fifteen well equipped camps, backed by finances and business methods, the results of their work would be of much greater value than is now received from the many weak centres to which we are now obliged to look. Consolidation would be a good thing for the people and for our beloved Cause. The fifteen strong camps could have abundance of choice phenomena, under the direction of competent teachers, and could make their platform work of the nature of a summer school, in which the principles of science, philosophy and religion could be presented along the latest and most advanced lines of thought. We believe our summer assemblies would be greater powers for good were they thus consolidated and operated. They have done splendid work in the past, but can be made to do a greater and better work in the future.

The Great Strike

is now in full operation, with no apparent signs of weakening on either side. The laboring men, conscious of the fact that they have right on their side, are holding out for what they believe to be their just dues. The Steel Trust officials declare that they are in the right, and assert that they are acting in defense of their sacred rights. When asked to arbitrate, they asserted that there was nothing to submit to arbitration, and have steadfastly refused to place their arguments before any board of arbitration. The strikers have thus far conducted themselves with dignity and have won many points in public esteem. Some violence has cropped out in a few places, but good order, respect for property, and protection for life, have been the rule. In several instances, evidence is at hand to show that the manufacturers have employed certain desperadoes to destroy property, in order that blame might be thrown upon the strikers. Some of these despicable plans have succeeded, while others have been promptly exposed. It is a curious spectacle to see men of capital resorting to anarchy in order to defeat their employees. The truth of the assertion made by a reformer of a quarter of a century ago, that the really dangerous anarchists of the world were the conscienceless capitalists, and not Herr Most and O'Donovan Rossa, is now apparent.

The outcome of the strike is almost a foregone conclusion. The lack of co-operation among the workmen employed by the Trust is the most effective weapon that could have been placed in the hands of the men who control that gigantic corporation. The fact that the Trust is backed by hundreds of millions of dollars is also a strong point against the workmen. Money is the most effective argument that can be used in a contest of this kind, and there are those who are willing to step into the strikers' places, even at less wages, just for the sake of getting work that will buy bread. If the laborers would stick together, they could win a victory that would give them the prestige they deserve. They could then provide a fund for the support of those of their brethren who were in need, supply their own wants, and bring the Trust to terms, through their ability to control the labor market. Now that they are divided among themselves, there is little hope that the few who are following President Shaffer can gain sufficient power to win a substantial victory. It must also be remembered that the courts are against them, and that their aid has already been sought in several States to make the cause of the strikers yet more hopeless.

Injunctions are now numerous, and many of them are far-reaching. A recent order forbids any two men meeting on the street or in a private house, to discuss the strike and to provide ways and means to carry it on. This order also prohibits the strikers from arguing their grievances with men yet at work, under severe penalties, and makes the laboring men of that section almost helpless to carry on their struggle. The tyranny of the rulers of Syracuse was not more despotic than this tyranny of injunction. Such rulings naturally result in hard feelings on the part of the workmen. If they are violated, arrests are certain to follow, and then trouble may be expected. It is predicted in certain quarters that bloodshed will be the outcome of this contest. We trust that this pessimistic view is unwarranted, and hope that all good citizens will combine their efforts to obviate it. It may prove to be a case for the United States Government to settle, and if it is, then we hope it will be settled right. Each laborer, be he a mechanic or a capitalist, is entitled to his just dues, and it is now time for the former to share in the wealth his labor creates, without being forced to give it all to the man who has done nothing save to gamble in labor's products. Perhaps this strike is the key that will unlock the door that opens into the throne-room of Peace, from which will come forth a power that will make the Government the one Great Trust in our nation, that will own and control all industries in the interests of the people.

In the meantime, the people can find another lesson in this strike, i. e., the futility of opposing fortified capital, save with capital. Should there be bloodshed, the army of our nation will be evoked on the side of money. The armaments of war, the money, and the machinery of the Government are all on one side. Organized labor cannot successfully resist such a formidable combination. War never yet reformed a laborer nor a capitalist. War is murder, and, in a case of this kind, the worst of treason to humanity. There is a better way for the toilers of our land. Let them set aside a portion of their wages each week, and form a fund for the erection of industries of their own. They can then manufacture their wares, and market them side by side with those who were once their employers. It will take wise leaders to accomplish this result, but such leaders can be found when sought for, and the workmen can then become what they

ought to be—sharers in the results of their own labor. By building plants of different kinds out of the funds they themselves have provided, they can be kept constantly at work, and the very fact that their employers know what their power is, will render it very unlikely that the capitalists will treat them unjustly, as they have done in the past. The present strike is a great misfortune, and will prove a calamity in case there is bloodshed. We trust that right will prevail, and we sincerely hope that the outcome will be productive of good to both parties. The grievances of the strikers should have been submitted to arbitration, and the fact that the Trust magnates refused to do this, is prima facie evidence that they realized the weakness of their position. We hope the workmen will respect law and order, and compel respect by their upright conduct in all ways.

One or Two Stray Truths.

The Soul-Self will be ever near its child, prompting its offspring to clean thinking, noble living, upright action, provided that child keeps the chord that binds the twain together in constant use. It can cut that chord and drift far away from its parent, if it so elects. A life of selfishness, of undue regard for the things of the senses, of unhallowed desires for wealth and position, will drive the Soul-Self far away, and prevent it from giving its highest and best unto its own. An aspiring life, filled with noble impulses to do good, to be just and true, sincere and generous, will strengthen the chord of being that unites them, and make the earth child a reflex of an ennobled Soul. All of the children of men have within them the power by which their Soul-Selves can be found. In the majority of mankind, the chord has lain long unused that it and its attributes have become dormant and are unknown to their possessor. Man should be led to see that the only enduring part of himself is that which causes him to think, to act, and to will. By making his thinking self the dominant force in his life, his physical will become his servant—not his master—and the psychic chord that ties him to his Soul-Self will begin to vibrate to the higher force of love, which will soon open his eyes to the realities of the realm of the invisible in which the all-potent Soul-parents ever dwell when selfishness is overcome, when physical appetites are subdued, the pleasures of the senses pushed aside, the Soul-Self can and will inspire its child to be all that it should be in its mortal expression—a revelator of the wisdom and affection of its creator. Let man aspire to live in the spiritual and his victory is more than half won. He can awaken his dormant psychical faculties by exercising all departments of his nature with equal force. As his mortal body rounds out under proper physical culture, so will the expression of the Soul-Self grow in power through the proper exercise of his mind in aspiration for that which is good and true. In fine, the Soul-Self would have its child ever receptive to truth from all sources, and this it can only be by daily exercise in that which may be called prayer.

Unhappy Finland.

A well-informed writer is throwing a flood of light upon the fate of the inhabitants of Finland, who have unfortunately fallen into the clutches of Russia. For many years this province belonged to Sweden, but was wrested from that nation by Russia about a century ago. At that time, no attempt was made to overthrow the liberties of the people, hence the province flourished. It had its own law-making body, its own militia; excellent public schools, and supported the Lutheran Church. It was virtually an independent duchy, whose chief officer was only nominally a Russian official to them, although he was the appointee of the Czar. Two years ago a ukase was issued making Finland a direct Russian province. Its militia was disbanded, its Legislature made impotent, and a government like that of a satrapy instituted. Its young men were impressed into the Russian Army for a period of five years, and forced to fight for a flag not their own. This led to the emigration of thousands of them, and may lead to the complete depopulation of many sections of the country. Now comes an order making the Russian language the official language of the country. The Finnish and Swedish languages are interdicted, and all of the teachers in the schools are Russian. In addition to this, the Greek Church is proclaimed as the State religion, and the Lutherans have been compelled to tax themselves to build Greek churches by the side of their own religious edifices. In fine, civil and religious liberty has been annihilated in Finland. It is now Russia's declared purpose to blot that country from the map of the world, even as Poland was made to disappear by the same tyrannical power many years ago. Campbell says that "Freedom shrieked as Kosciuszko fell," and we may echo his words, substituting Finland for the great Polish patriot who died to free his country from Russian bondage more than a century ago. The sympathy of all lovers of liberty should go out to the people of unhappy Finland in their terrible affliction. Will it last forever?

The Negro Question.

The frequent lynchings of negroes in the South for assaults upon white women, for murder and other crimes, do not appear to lessen the criminal practices of the colored people. Even the repeated burning at the stake of these fiends do not deter others of their race from committing the self-same crimes. It would seem as if the negroes were possessed with the spirit of hades itself to destroy the honor of white women. No punishment, however swift and terrible, seems to add ought to the protection of the women against whom their terrible lust is directed. White girls and women are hardly safe in some sections unless accompanied by father, husband or brother. Some of them are forced to carry weapons in order to protect themselves. This is true of some sections in the North and West as well as in the South. The negro was so long the pet of certain classes who wanted to use him for political purposes that he began to feel that he was immune from all punishment, no matter how serious his offense might be. Of course, race prejudice has had much to do with his condition, yet he is largely to blame for the horror he now inspires.

The old slaves knew their places, and have ever been docile, useful citizens. Their grandsons and great-grandsons are the dangerous elements with which society is now forced to deal. It may be true that their outbreaks against white women are the outcome of the lusts of the white men against colored women in the days of slavery, but this is an assumption that cannot well be proved. In nearly every instance where white men and negro women consorted together, there was ready and willing response on the part of the latter to the advances of the former. This by no means excuses the criminal action of the men, but it does show that no force was used, and that the rape of a colored woman was unknown. Miscegenation is ever a crime, and the blending of races so utterly at variance in morals and intelligence can but result in the deterioration of both. The colored degenerates who are bent upon the destruction of womanly virtue, may be able to trace their appetites through the law of heredity to the influence of miscegenation in slave days, but even if they are, the influence of education and public sentiment ought to be strong enough to deter them from committing such terrible deeds as are daily reported.

That they are not, is good evidence that the colored man does not evolve morally. Such being the case, decisive measures are absolutely necessary. Lynching is a crime against civilization, and only adds fuel to the flame of hate on the part of the negro. The gallows may be the legal remedy, but it, too, is impotent to effect good results. There are no remedies for the terrible evil that can be applied with safety, viz., castration and deportation. We are in favor of both of these measures. All male negroes who prefer to remain in the United States might be allowed to do so, provided they submitted to sexual

amputation. All others should be deported. It would be well to give them their choice in the matter, provided they were made to see that there was no escape for them. Absorption by amalgamation is an utter impossibility, even if it were not a moral monstrosity. Deportation will hurt none of them, but will rather give them a chance to work out their own destiny under the law of evolution. It may be that the Philippine and Hawaiian Islands have been acquired for the very purpose of providing places where the colonization of the negroes can be accomplished. There is no safety for either race under present conditions in America, and it would seem to be far better to return the negro to his native heath, than to continue him in a land to which he is alien through taste and custom, where he is ever a menace to his white associates, as well as an object of their hatred whenever he has violated the rule of right as interpreted by the superior race. Let the negro go for his own sake, and for the sake of the honor of white women whom he jeopardizes by his presence.

Love thyself last, O Spiritualist.

Love thyself last, O Spiritualist, if thou wouldst become a true friend to thy fellowmen, and a helper of the angels. True love is unselfish in its nature, and ever prefers the good of others to that of its own momentary pleasures.

Happiness is only attained by those

whose feet are guided by the light of spirituality as radiated from the love centre of the Soul. Seek it in this way, O reader, and thou wilt make thy Spiritualism man's true redeemer and helper in all relations in life. Think first of the weal of others and thou wilt have taken the first step toward happiness.

A young woman in Connecticut, having

a fortune of sixty thousand dollars in her own right, was recently married to a young man who was earning only two dollars per day. So long as she was under age, she could not wed the man of her choice, but having attained her majority, she was free to act as her conscience prompted her. Her parents were in spirit-life, but her nearest relatives sought to dissuade her from taking the step, solely on the ground of the poverty of the man she loved. He bore an excellent reputation, and was esteemed by all as an honest man. This young woman deserves a medal. She is one of a thousand, and has shown more common sense in her action than is possessed by her American sisters who have sold themselves to European and American profligates for meaningless titles, or worthless ancestral names.

Surrogate Fitzgerald of New York City

has rendered a decision, upholding the will of Miss Helen C. Brush, who took leave of earth July 7, 1900, and bequeathed twenty thousand dollars to the First Church of Christ, Scientist, of that city. Her relatives contested it on the ground of undue influence on the part of the Church, but the Court holds that the will is valid, hence the Christian Scientists will get their money. This decision of the Court appeals to us as fair and just in every respect, and we congratulate the Scientists upon their good fortune. Had Miss Brush been a Spiritualist, and given the same amount to the N. S. A., we wonder if the decision would have been the same? We doubt it, for the Christian Scientists recognize the force of numbers, and act together in all matters, while the Spiritualists persist in refusing to do so. They are largely to blame for the failure of the courts to uphold the wills of Spiritualists who have given something to the Cause. If they will but support the N. S. A. with heart, soul and pocket-book in the contest to sustain the wills of arisen Spiritualists who have remembered the Cause in a substantial manner, a verdict for the right may be secured, and Spiritualist wills rendered safe thereby for many years to come.

Dr. E. A. Pratt, formerly of this city, has

removed to South Attleboro, Mass., where he will be permanently located.

"Know thyself," is the command of the

Soul-self whose child thou art. When thou dost truly know thyself, thy soul will possess thee, and will become thine only prompter. He who is prompted by his Soul-self needs no other guide, and has no other control. Such cannot thou be, O Spiritualist, if thou wilt but link thy life with that of thy Soul-self. Oneness between parent and child in the soul realms, purity and righteousness in all things.

The whole is equal to the sum of all

its parts." Axiom.—Mem. The Soul is only equal to the sum of all its manifold expressions, plus the experiences gained during its manifestations in the body.

One of the minor events in life is the

exchange of worlds that all men are forced to make when they have completed their missions on earth. It is pleasant to pass to spirit-life, but it is far greater to dwell in body, to work for the good of others.

Would you possess health, O Spiritualist,

of the world? If you would then think health from within, and live health in all your habits. By so doing all physical ills will be conquered, and the spirit given an opportunity to express itself in its normal state. There will come a time when it will be as much of a disgrace to acknowledge sickness as it now is to commit a crime.

Life is full of pulsing activities for all

who strive to obey the mandates of the soul. In the soul-world there are no drones, neither do some take their ease while many toil. God's angels are not idlers. He who would become an angel of light must first learn to serve his fellowmen. No egotist can ever attain the full fruition of the powers of the soul. Self must be discarded and only the good of others sought. The inhabitants of the soul world are all altruists.

named, that we hold them to be decidedly detrimental to the welfare of the people. If the secular press were to exploit them less, it would be better for our nation.

The desecration of choice landscape scenery by means of hideous signs, has become such a nuisance that several reputable secular journals are now protesting against it. Indeed, legislation has been evoked to suppress the evil in at least one State, and it is to be hoped that others will follow suit in the near future. The beauties of nature are too sacred to be thus marred by the vandal hands of man for the sake of sordid gains in dollars and cents. Let all obnoxious signs be removed under the penalty of the law.

As the flower gladly turns its face toward the sun, so he journeys across the sky each day, so should man, the child of the Soul, turn his face toward his Soul-Self, the sun of truth, as it journeys on from age to age, striving to unfold itself in love, in wisdom and in purity.

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[illegible]

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 special representative of the Banner of Light, and are given in the presence of other members of The Banner staff.

To Our Readers.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify such communications as they know to be based upon fact 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 wherever it is made known to the world.

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

Report of Seances held Aug. 4, 1901, S. E. 24.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

Read at Banner of Light Circle, Aug. 23, 1901.

There is a Hand of blessing
That rings each evening chime,
Good will and peace expressing
Like that of Olden Time;
A hand that gently guides us
Across the appointed years;
In tenderness that chides us
To pain our contrite tears;
That points to where the winding
Of life's rough ways shall cease
In speechless joy, at finding
The charm of lasting peace.

There is a Hand that leads
To where pain's throes are stilled,
With daily bread that feeds us
When our faint hearts are chilled;
That bids Faith's bright lamp o'er us
When every path we tread
Seems dark with mist before us—
Thus gleams the Hand of God:
Therefore in stormy weather
Or calm, with fearless breath,
Come I let us work together
Singing, and true life death.

—Devotion.

Sydney, Australia, 1901.

MESSAGES.

Daniel Harrington to Andrew Hackett.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is an old, old man. He is quite short and very feeble; he has a full white beard, his hair is snowy white, his eyes are set deep into his head and he comes with a tottering step. He talks very feebly, and low, so that I can hardly understand him. He says, "Try hard as you can to get my message plain, for I think I will get ahead better in spirit life after I make an effort to say what I want to in this way. My name is Daniel Harrington and I lived in Binghamton, N. Y. I lived there a great many years. I was not a believer in this or in anything particularly. I had an idea that when I died that would be the end of me and it took me a long time to come to any understanding of myself or my condition. I did more to keep people away from investigating this phenomena than I care to remember, because I thought it was so utterly absurd, and now I desire to make this statement concerning myself and my condition, that perchance some of those who were kept from the light may find it through my word. I have in mind one Andrew Hackett, who is still alive and to whom I would send this message. He has moved about so much that I have had hard work to keep on his path, but I think he will get this through the paper, because he has often seen it and has often said that he would be so happy to get a word from me, because it would mean so much on account of what I had said in the past. I haven't anyone that I want to send a message to, because I outlived most of my people. Many of them are gathered with me here today to see how I will get along with this message. I want to say that I was interested in the hardware. That was my business. I thank you."

To Ellen Aldersey, San Francisco, Cal.

There is a spirit of a woman comes here to me, about the medium height and rather stout. She has gray hair parted in the middle and combed smoothly down. She has a very sweet face and she walks up to me and says: "I long so much to go to Ellen and tell her that I am not alone, but that I bring not only him but all others who have been so long anxious to come to her. She is mediumistic, and her clairvoyant side is unfolding. If only a little time can be given, she can soon see for herself." This woman comes with a motherly influence, as though she were anxious to take a mother's care and bring a mother's love into the home. Now I see a man and he is about the medium height. He has iron-gray hair and quite deep eyes. He has a strong face, but comes very weak, as though before he went away he was sick a good deal, and he puts his hand out so weakly to me and says: "If you will give me a little more strength I will try and come better. I have been in the home and have seen the changes, and for some have been sorry, but on the whole think that things have been as well as could be expected."

I'd like to know if this is her husband. If not, I would like to try again sometime and get a direct message from him.

Carrie Allen.

Now I see a woman about twenty-five years old. She has brown hair and brown eyes, and is about the medium height, and her face is just as fair and white as a lily. Her hands are small and pretty and she looks as dainty and sweet as a flower as she comes. She stands before me and says, "Won't you help me? I want to go to my husband, oh,

so much, and I know he will be so glad to get some word from me. My name is Carrie Allen, and I used to live in Pittsburg, Mass. I haven't been gone very long. Anyway, it doesn't seem very long to me. I want Willie to know that I still live and I appreciate everything he has done for me. It seems as though his whole life is filled with a desire to do something in my memory, but I don't care so much about that if he will just let me try to come to him and won't try to forget me or put me out of his life as though I were dead. I have the baby with me; she is growing big and strong, and I take her every day to see her papa and have her understand that it is her papa. I want him to know, too, that I am glad of what he did with the things. There were so many things that he didn't know just what to do with them, but I feel satisfied with the disposition of everything. Oh, but I do wish that I could speak to him face to face. It would mean so much to me and I am sure it would to him. Please tell him that no matter how long I wait on this side, I shall always love him and shall always try to serve him. Thank you."

Herbert Cross.

I see the spirit of a man who is a blacksmith. He is quite fat, with strong-looking arms. Of course they would come from his business. He has blue eyes and a round, full face, and a hearty kind of a laugh. He says: "My name is Herbert Cross, and I used to live in St. Joseph, Mo. I could shoe a horse in the twinkling of an eye, and I think if I could get back I could do the same thing today. There is no music half so sweet to me as the ring of the anvil, and no breeze that means half so much as the cooling wind as I stand in the door after a hard day's work. I loved the work, I loved to see the people coming and going, and I thought it meant just as much to be an honest blacksmith in the sight of God as it did to preach or talk of things for His glory. I used to tell people when they came round if they would preach less and work more it would be better for them, but they thought I was a hardened old sinner. I said to them, 'Hold on till we get over into the other life and we will see who takes a seat next the throne.' I haven't got yet where I have found a throne, and it doesn't make much difference to me whether there is one or not. I find lots of chances to be of use and to do good right where I am, and I am not going to worry about what's in the years to come. There is an old parson over here with me, Parson Hobbs we used to call him, and he is a good one I can tell you. He still keeps right on preaching, don't seem to have any idea that it is time to let up on that kind of business and send some word back across the line to his friends that he is in a new life with new conditions. I still argue it out with him and tell him that he will come to it before long, but he don't seem a whit nearer. Susan is the one I want to send my message to. The days are coming for you and for us all and it won't be long before you will be with us."

Augusta Thomas.

The next spirit is that of a woman about forty years old. She is fair, with brown hair, blue eyes, round face and quite stout. She stands here with an air of waiting as though she had been waiting and waiting a long, long time. Her name is Augusta Thomas and she lived in Biddeford, Me. She says: "I am very anxious to get to William Thomas. I want him to know that I am in the home than I am anywhere else. The cares that I left, the burdens that I was obliged to throw on his shoulders, through my passing on into the other life, are still mine, although I cannot in any material way lift them or lessen them for him. I see the children; I see what an effort it is to keep everything moving along as if I were there. I am not discouraged or troubled, only desire to do what I can and to come into their lives as much as possible. I don't want the children to forget me. I want them to realize that I am still with them. I want them to feel that I shall be grieved if they go astray and pleased when they do right. They must feel that the mother who was so glad to do everything for them could not at once get away into any condition where she could forget them. Give my love to little Edith. She is more delicate than the others, and sometimes the child thinks she sees me and I think she does, for I am about her so much that I know sometime she will become conscious of it. I am glad for all you have done in fixing up the house. It needed it, and it could hardly be done while I was there, but I am as pleased over it as though I were there to enjoy it, and you need not feel that it is too bad to have it done now that I am gone, when I wanted it so much when I was here, because I know the reason it was not done and I am glad it is done now."

William Johnson.

The next spirit is that of a man about forty-five years old. He is tall, strong, and very dark. His hair is black, his eyes are jet black, he has a black mustache and a strong, heavy voice. He says: "Come, come, don't spend too much time telling what I look like, but just say that William Johnson is here and that I came from Scranton, Pa. This thought is not new to me. I knew more or less about it, but I did not think it was of much value. Everything I saw done by the use of it, I thought was a misapplication of power and I decided that when I came over here I would let the thing alone, but it isn't so easy when you know you can get to a place and you see a need of getting there. Somehow, whatever you believe, you just throw aside and jump in and do what you can, and that is what I have done. I want to go to my brother, whose name is Albert. I want him to know that I am surprised at the steps he has taken. It is a pity he thought he had to do it. I don't believe that there was any more need of it than there is need of my doing the same thing over here, and I want him, if it is possible, to retrace his way and undo what he has already done. It will be better for

him in the days to come than if he lets the thing stand as it is. I would not be so insistent in this if I did not see how important it is for himself. Don't try to leave Spiritualism, stand by the guns. It is better to fight it out there than it is to run away and try to make a new condition. This is not anything disgraceful. You might think by the way I have given the message that it is, but it is important only to him and to me and to those closest to him. Thank you." He comes from Boston.

Jennie Rhodes.

I see a woman about forty-five years old. She is tall and slim and her hair is quite gray. Her eyes are deep blue and she has a nervous kind of a way as though she was upset over the effort of getting here. She says: "I want to come because there is great need of me. There is suffering and sorrow in the place where I would go, and so I make a special effort at this time to reach them. I lived in Canton, Mass., and my name is Jennie Rhodes; I want to get to Frank. I believe if I could only convince him that I am near him I would be so much happier. I don't know whether he would or not, but I think he would; anyway, I want him to try and let me come. There is so much need for me, so much pain, so much sorrow, that it seems as though I could not keep away. I am not able to give any more of a message, but if you will send this much it will help me and perhaps next time I will be stronger."

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The golden rod is late this year. This is probably due to the intense heat of July, preceded and followed by the too abundant rain. This feathery tuft of gold is often seen early in the month, admonishing us that summer is waning, and that the swift and noiseless foot of winter is hastening this way. But I found my first golden rod in the early morning of this twenty-fifth day of August, and even now it was not possible to find a fully opened tuft of bloom.

This is Sunday, and the family was wrapped in slumber when I stole noiselessly down stairs to take a morning walk. The dogs joined me with their usual effervescence of spirits at the prospect of a stroll, and we were soon far from home. The farm-houses here are far apart, and one can walk half a mile without getting a glimpse of one. But all the land is under some form of cultivation, and one is often surprised by a cloud of young turkeys who fly into the trees at our approach, while the grunts issuing from a field of corn lead one to fancy that the indulgent masters of a drove of pigs are allowing them a Sunday morning feast. My four-footed companions leap all barriers and I hear wild grunts and barks amid the high corn. But no damage is done, and they return to the road with panting sides.

"Look out, Prince Leo, don't chase those bossies."

But the calves know how to take care of themselves, and it is funny to see them kick up their hind legs at the intruders, who deem it a better policy to run back to the safety of the road, which they attain by squeezing under the lower rails of the fences. The largest cannot get through, but springs to the top, turning a complete somersault as he vaults to the ground. An admonitory word, and a whack of my umbrella on his sturdy side makes him walk very sedately behind me, while a pleading wag of his tail shows that he wants to be forgiven for his misdeeds.

The long country road is becoming hot, and the trees are few and far between. I begin to think of breakfast, and here is what seems to me the largest pear-tree I ever saw, with fruit lying on the wayside. Then we turn homewards, and gather the golden-rod and the graceful ferns. The bouquet is all yellow and green, but the old woman who is feeding her hens by her little house gives me generous sprays of the gallant prince's feather, and their crimson blossoms give the very touch that is needed.

On reaching the house, I look for the old-fashioned little pitcher, shaped like a barrel, with its staves of white and its hoops of blue. Now my bouquet has its appropriate setting, and we are all pleased to see the reunion of the prismatic rays of yellow, red, and blue, and as the morning sun shines through the graceful sprays in their robe of green, all agree that the wildwood bouquet is indeed a pretty one.

I am still in Alloway in southern New Jersey, and the third week of my vacation has ended. Playtime cannot last for always. By and by I return to Arlington, to take up the labors that always accumulate on one in the spot that we call home. But it is better to wear out than to rust out, and it is impossible for a real Spiritualist to be discontented. In our times of labor, we take comfort that by and by we can do all that we want without weariness of the brain or limbs, and in our periods of rest we can feel the angels near, and hear them whisper of

"The groves of God that never
Fade or fall, but green forever,
Are mirrored in the glassy tide.
There along the fragrant waters,
Unpropayed by tears or slughters,
Wander earth's immortal daughters,
Each a pure immortal bride."

Which is better: to experience the very greatest joys that this earth can afford, knowing that the other world will renew them in intensified form, or to spend one's life on earth without experiencing these highest joys, and to realize them first on the ocean of eternity? It is not for us to choose. Our paths are marked out differently. I am quite content with my own, and would not change it with that of another. It seems to me sweeter to know that the rapture that has never been mine on the earth plane, will come to me gradually and with absolute newness in the bright spheres beyond. It will come. Of that there is no doubt.

It will come, for two reasons. One is that all joy, from the lowest to the very highest, is sure to come to every son and daughter of him "in whose presence is fulness of joy." The joy of God is an infinite one, and we may not fear to hold up our little cups, till they brim over from that never-falling fountain.

The other reason is that in some wonderful moments I have been carried a little way in spirit life, and have received in anticipation fore-glimpses of a joy that I had not dreamed could ever be mine. In such rare visions, Mrs. Browning's line becomes a truth:

"To dream of a sweetness is sweet as to know."

Oh! how much better it is to receive our knowledge of the spirit-land at first hand, than to receive it from a medium, though a genuine one! How I wish that all could be induced to enter upon the process of soul development into which I was led in 1883! Many write to me that they tried these methods for a little while, and then gave them up because they experienced no results. What a pity! That is not the way to do.

I have just received a letter from a lady in Kansas, who writes:

"I have read your book, 'A Bridge between Two Worlds,' and I found much good in it. In fact, it is the only book advocating Spiritualism which I have found to have any interest for me. I have practised your methods several times, but as I see or feel no results, I find it hard to continue."

That expression, "several times," is discouraging. For myself, I practised many times a day for several months before seeing or feeling any results. At the end of a year, the advance was distinctly perceptible, and became ever more decided as the years went on. The process acts, like those of nature, slowly and gradually; and if the proper conditions be afforded, the results are certain. But impatience in regard to psychical results makes one think of the child who planted seeds, and pulled them up after a day or two, to see if they had begun to sprout. The same following of Nature by respecting her laws should prevail in seeking soul growth as in seeking the growth of beans and of mignonette. We plant the seed and do all we know how to do to further the growth, and perhaps the yield is not equal to that of our neighbor.

Is that a valid reason for not trying again next year? By no means: we plant and water and enrich the soil and patiently wait for the results, knowing well that if they do not equal our expectations, there is some reason for it. The part of wisdom is to try again, profiting as far as possible by past experiences, and trusting the unswerving law of cause and effect.

Let us always remember that trust is better than discouragement, that patience is better than indignation, and that it is wiser to wait and receive than to reach out and seek to grasp.

These lessons are hard to learn, especially for those who are not sure whether there be a world beyond; or, if there be such a place for souls freed from earth conditions, whether it be possible for them to communicate intelligently with us. We desire to be made sure now, and if the friends of others can come to them, it is hard to see why ours may not come to us.

Some spirits do not believe in the possibility of inter-world communications, and those who are aware that it can take place find a thousand difficulties in reaching us and in making us aware of their presence which we cannot understand until we enter their conditions of existence.

First and foremost is the fact that we now have a fleshly body, and that we have not yet learned to use independently the spiritual body which we already possess; and in close connection with this is the fact that if they are freed from earth conditions, they use only their spiritual body, and with that alone it is impossible for them to make any physical impression on us directly. They may do it through some medium, or they may make up a form of emanations of earth, or may learn to use certain forces of nature. But all this is difficult for them, and requires great effort and self-denial on their part.

Many instances are on record where those who have lately died have been able to show themselves to the material eyes of those they love, and to talk with them through their material senses. This is because these newly dead are still in some connection with the old earth body, and have not yet advanced into purely spiritual conditions. Some of them remain earth-bound for long periods of time, linger near those they care for, or haunt the houses, the woods and the places where they used to dwell. To such spirits it is comparatively easy to manifest in some way to mortals, and if they be mischievous they make certain spots uninhabitable.

But the further they progress beyond the conditions of earth, the more difficult does it become for them to reach mortals by physical means.

Such being the natural facts of the case, it becomes apparent that if we want our dear ones in spirit life to advance, and if we desire to progress psychically ourselves, it is much better to try to receive communications from them by physical rather than by physical means. So if we go to mediums, it is better to go to trance ones, than to go to materializing or rapping or table-tipping ones. Slate-writing is occasionally satisfactory, but for true and easy communication between mortal and spirit, I prefer the trance of a pure, sincere medium, or a true, independent clairvoyant, to any other.

But better than going to any medium whatever, is it to seek to develop our own spiritual body to the point of acting and sensing independently of the fleshly body. When we have done this, our spirit friends can occasionally communicate with us directly. It may be in sleep, when the spiritual body is temporarily free from the physical, and it may more rarely take place when we are awake to sights and sounds of earth.

This I have attained to some degree through the processes that are detailed in "The Bridge between Two Worlds." But I

did not try them "several times" and then find it hard to continue. I began them in 1888, and I have kept them up to the present time. My advancement has on the whole been steady. But with that progress, I have paid less and less attention to the physical steps, and more and more to the spiritual ones.

So I can sincerely recommend these methods to those who want steady psychical development, and are willing to continue them with all the dogged perseverance and pertinacity of my missionary father, who tolled seven years in arid Burma before he gained his first convert.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.
Arlington, N. J., Aug. 25, 1901.

Letter from Mrs. Morrell.

Through the columns of the Banner I wish to thank the friends who have responded to the call for help in my great time of need.

Sickness has brought me to where I am dependent upon the kindness of others to lend the helping hand until I can rally sufficiently to again assume the responsibilities of life—by working in harmony with spirit bands, who have helped many people in the past and hope to be able to help many others by and by.

The angels in the spirit spheres, that bright summerland, can do but little for poor suffering humanity without an instrument in the body and the co-operation of angels on this terrestrial plane. There are angels about us every day still encased in a physical body. I meet them often. From many long, weary years of overwork, overtaxing my whole system, I finally was compelled to give up and lay aside the harness, which I very reluctantly did, and take to my bed, little thinking that long, weary, dreary weeks dragged out into months of sickness were in store for me, but such has been the case.

It was only when deep, dire necessity compelled me to do so that I let my friends know my financial condition, and, oh, how nobly they responded to the call! I write this article for the purpose of, in my very feeble way, thanking friends far and near who have so kindly responded to the call sent forth through the Banner for help. There is another class also to whom my soul goes out in thankfulness. I well know that there are many who would most gladly respond to the call for help who have not the wherewith to do so. And to all such I send forth a prayer to the angels, asking them to bless all who have the desire to do but cannot, as well as asking the blessings of the angels for all who have responded to the call. I have no words in my vocabulary which can come anywhere near expressing the deep, heartfelt gratitude I feel for the kindness exhibited by the kind brothers and sisters who have so nobly reached out to me the helping hand and saved a place for me to stay. There comes welling up from my inmost soul thanks, thanks to all!

It tires me so to write, else the friends would have heard from me before. My spirit has been all right, but alas! my body is weak, yes, very weak still. I am trying my best to build up and pull myself together again, so as to be able to again take up the harness I so reluctantly laid down on the 4th of last January, and go on again with the work the angels have for me to do—by way of assisting and comforting others wherever and whenever needed.

If the friends could know what I suffer when attempting to write, they perhaps would not wonder that this letter to the Banner is made up of broken sentences, so I have had to write a little at a time, have had to stop right in the midst of a sentence when all thoughts would be scattered. Then it would be almost impossible to get into the same vein again.

Again and still again let me thank one and all who have come to the rescue of a poor, feeble, suffering sister. May the kind and loving angels ever be with the friends one and all.

From your suffering sister (who hopes again to become a co-worker).

Mary C. Morrell.
339 West 59th Street, N. Y. City.

Passed to the Spirit Life

from her home in Attleboro, Mass., Mrs. L. F. Handy, Aug. 22, 1901. Mrs. Handy was a woman who was highly respected, and very much beloved by all who knew her; a Spiritualist for many years, a subscriber to the Banner of Light, and only the day she passed away, looked over its pages. A husband, son, and mother were waiting to receive her on the other side. She leaves in the form twin son and daughter, Louis and Louise, sixteen years of age, who are fully conscious of the ministrations of angels.

Out from her home she glided one night, into the realms of heavenly light. The loved ones came and bore her away. She now is rejoicing in perfect day.

Services were held at Murray Universalist church, Sunday, Aug. 25.

Mrs. E. P. Boomer.

From Montague, Aug. 23, 1901, Florence Josephine Le Nola (Dowd), daughter of John Dowd, of Lake Pleasant; age 19 years and 5 months.

"My brothers! each man's life
The outcome of his former living is;
The bygone wrongs bring forth sorrows and woes,
The bygone right breeds bliss....
This is the doctrine of Karma."

"He is crowned with all achieving who perceives and then performs."

What is in me is dark
I may assert eternal Providence
Illume; what is low and base and support,
That to the height of this great argument
And vindicate the ways of God to men.

—Milton.

