

A DREAM OF BEAUTY.

Once in long departed ages—
Seems it to my soul—
When my mind in thought engaged,
Lived I well with learned sages,
Under their benign control,
And I sought for wisdom wondrous,
(Wrapt in fumes of science cumbersome,
In a grove of summer slumberous,
Where the years as shadows stole!

Then my mind with knowledge sated,
All to loveliness memory mated,
Prayed for one to love,
Some one from above,
All to know and all to love;
And in answer all elated,
Met I one for me created,
With a spirit sweet as dove,
Spotless, purest dove!

'Twas in troubled city,
She appeared to me,
And her look of pity—
Set my spirit free,
Free from secret sorrow,
Care and dread of morrow;
And filled me with felicity!

Lived we then the times so golden,
Life divine of ages golden;
E'en bliss we knew,
Paradise made true,
We to heaven's heart made blest,
With the dream of joy and rest!

Then a day of trembling came,
Day of doom the demons name,
For she vanished from my side,
She my beautiful soul-ride,
And my soul was scorched with flame,
Ruin wild and burning shame!

Ages since have rolled above me,
Leaving me with none to love me,
None to cheer my soul and prove me
Life may yet be glorified;
Yet as star she glows in story,
While as darkness is my glory,
I of her and love denied.

So the present in the twilight,
Glimpses like Egypt 'gainst the high light
Which her presence brought—
Of the rays celestial wrought;
And I see but only morrow—
In each slow returning morrow—
Till I gain the portal—
Of such souls immortal;
Gain the city built of light,
Home of love the infinite!

There she waits for me in gladness,
There will be surcease of sadness,
And the banishment of madness;
Just as morning—
Drives away night's shade of sadness,
All in smiles adorning,
She will drive dark clouds away
In the splendor of that day,
And our love will be for aye!

William Brunton.

The Infinite Mind of the Universe.

The God of Spiritualism.

BY HON. A. B. RICHMOND.

Is there an Infinite Intelligence that governs the Universe, through the agency of immutable laws? Is there an all pervading mind that permeates and controls all things from atoms to planets, and through which the harmony of the universe is preserved? It matters not by what name we call it, whether formative energy or atomic polarity, does it exist is the question that now agitates the thinking mind of savant and scientist, and that deserves the consideration of both science and theology. In the language of Lizzie Doten's beautiful poem, is there—

"An eternal self-existent soul
From whence life's issues take their start,
A single undivided whole
Of whom each creature forms a part,
A God of the granite and the rose
Soul of the sparrow and the bee,
From whom the mighty tide of Being flows,
Through countless channels, Lord, from Thee.
That leaps to life in grass and flowers
Through every grade of being runs,
Till from creation's radiant towers
Its glory flames in stars and suns."

Is there an infinite, omniscient, and omnipresent mind that Spiritualists call God, and to whom all invocations are addressed in solemn awe and reverence, that governs all nations of men, as the physical laws govern all material things.

Is it not evident to the thinking mind that purpose and design is manifested in all the creations of material law as well as in all the constructions of man; is not intelligent thought manifested everywhere from atom to pebble, and from pebble to planet, and from planet to the force that moves the universe, and even to life itself.

All the projects of mankind either in the mechanical or scientific world were preceded by an intelligence that had a future object in view and devised means to accomplish it. All the geographical discoveries of unknown islands or continents were preceded by a purpose to discover the unknown, guided by an intelligence that reasoned and reflected on the result, and the means to accomplish it. Accident may have suggested a new thought, reason seized upon it as a new found treasure, reflection analyzed it and developed a thousand new projects which human intelligence perfected by mechanical ingenuity, until today the world is

covered by the offspring of what once only existed in the thoughts of men.

The rude bark canoe of early savage man was the first thought that through centuries of human cognition and progressive intelligence has culminated in the palatial steamers that throng the lakes, rivers, seas and oceans of earth. The rude tent, wigwam, and cabin of passed centuries were the planted seeds of long ages ago that culminated in the pyramids, the temples, and palaces of historic times. The rude paintings with which early men decorated their robes of skin was the original germ which improved by human thought and skill, but lately spread the beautiful frescoes of Michael Angelo, all these are but the culminations of purposes and designs that existed in the minds of men long before they were perfected by advancing thought and intelligence.

Among all the millions of devices and constructions of man today, every one of them was preceded by a purpose and a future object to be accomplished, which object and purpose must have preceded the act of construction, and existed only in the human mind, without the assistance of chemical affinities or the polarities of material atoms, which were but the means used by mind to mold and form matter into the designs and purposes of man's desires, wants and necessities. All these are the work of mind alone and could not have existed in the innate properties of material atoms. The so-called creative energies are but the eternal existing forces which the mind of man has directed at will, in the construction of all mechanical devices.

Prof. Wm. Denton has well said, "I could as soon believe that a boulder rolling down a mountain stream could be fashioned into a perfect bust of Daniel Webster, as that natural selection of atoms or a creative force undirected by mind could transform a gelatinous dot into an intelligent man."

Theodore Parker, speaking to a New England audience, said, "The whole universe of matter is a great mundane psalm to celebrate the reign of Power, Law, and Mind. Fly through the solar system from remotest Neptune to the Sun, study each planet, it is the same. Ask every little orange-leaf, ask the aphid that feeds thereon, ask the insect corpses lying by millions in the dead ashes of the farmer's peat-fire, the remains of mollusks that gave up the ghost millions of years before man trod the globe, they all, with united voice, answer still the same,—Power, Law, Mind. In all the space from Neptune to the Sun, in all time from silicious shell to the orange-leaf of today, there is no failure of that power, no break of that law, no cessation in its constant mode of operation, no error of that mind whereof all space is here, all time is now. So the world is witness continually to power, and the never-failing law, to mind that is everywhere; is witness to that ever-present Power which men call God. Look up and reverence; look down and trust."

Dr. H. H. Brigham, speaking of primordial cells, states as a self-evident proposition as follows: "Within the cell the phenomena of life are found to exist and here it is affirmed that life originated." I would differ with the doctor in the statement that here life originated and would change his proposition as follows:

"Within the cell life was first manifested." It could not have first originated there, for the reason that the formation of the cell must have been the result of an intelligent life that preceded it. Once on this earth there were no cells; matter existed in attenuated super-heated vapor. The atoms of this vapor were governed by a force, and that force must have been intelligent and only expressed itself through immutable laws in the countless forms of aggregate matter as they exist on our earth today.

The cell could not have been formed by the innate potentialities of matter unless each separate atom had both the infinite power and intelligence of a God. What moved the atoms of the first cell to assume a form peculiar as its genera but some power behind the throne greater than the throne itself? What directed the affinities of the same elementary atoms in the countless millions of different formations that succeeded each other under the laws of evolution until they culminated in man? Did the primordial cell look into the vast future and design and contemplate the creation of the human race; or was the cell the foundation of a project of an infinite mind? By what right or logic dare we assert that the intellect of man once slumbered in the potentialities of atoms? When and where did it so assert its presence in primordial elements? As well might we assert that the genius of all great inventors was the innate property of the wood and metal out of which they constructed the engine and printing press or the ship and railroad train.

We look at the complicated machinery of the manufactory and see the various parts shaped and formed to accomplish a certain purpose and adapted to the attainment of a

certain result that once "without form and void" existed only in the mind of the inventor. For long years the mighty engines of modern civilization lived only in the world of thought and realm of intellectuality. The beauty of the sculptured form existed in the kingdom of mind alone long before the hand of the artist molded matter into the expression of thought and design. The wonderful products of genius were not born of matter, but of mind. The potentialities and affinities of matter were but the means and forces used by human thought to express itself visibly to the senses of men, as the universe is but the expression of the infinite mind or power we call God. An atom of matter never moved without the application of force. Force never could formulate a design without intelligence. No sage or scientist ever detected intelligence in atoms either single or aggregated, but only that there was an intelligence that directed force in its operation on matter to form and aggregate. The presence of force and intelligence are as discernible to the senses as is that of matter, and science dares not assert that the one is the product of the other.

The unbridled chasm between mind and matter has never been spanned by an innate potentiality of atomic affinity. The kingdom of matter is even more limited than certain in its boundaries than is the realm of mind. For the one can be measured and weighed in its elements and combinations, while the other is as boundless as the flight of thought and as deep as the affections and passions of the human soul. Man may, to a certain extent, control the winds and the waves, but not the thoughts or reason of the human mind. We may by dyke or wall resist the tides of the ocean, but the very effort or attempt to forget an incident only impresses it more vividly on our memory. We can control or neutralize the known properties or innate potentialities of matter, but not the emotions of the human intellect. Thought wings its unfettered flight in remotest space, while we can control and govern all of the known atomic forces by the bolts, bars, and chains of mechanical devices.

We view with admiration the complicated parts of the engine or watch; we see their movements and marvel at the energy of their motion and accuracy of their measurement of passing time. We observe their force and know that it obeys unchangeable and eternal laws, and yet all these are not more evident than is the unseen and immeasurable mentality of the designer that formulated their parts and adjusted them in mechanical harmony, and verily do we know that the potentiality of matter never devised valve, wheel, or mainspring, but was only the obedient servant of a mind external to both engine and watch.

We know that the affections of the human heart are not like the affinity between an acid and an alkali, and that hatred and revenge are not the potentialities of discordant atoms. The silent ever-present monitor, conscience, could not have existed as an element of primordial germs, but belongs to the intellectual realm of mind and soul. What evidence have we that matter possesses any other attributes than those manifested to the senses? And if it does how shall we ever learn them, save through such manifestations? We can observe force in the movements of matter, design in its formations, and intelligence in those designs, but there is no evidence that they come from matter, but only that they attend it and govern its formations, and surely the presence of an intelligent designer is absolute proof of an intelligent designer. An infinite mind whose commands must precede all movements either of worlds or atoms, coeval with matter in its existence, and that by immutable laws directs and controls it. Either matter is the God of the universe or there is a God that governs it through the vast domain.

Where all are but parts of one stupendous whole
Whose body nature is, and God the soul.

Life is not more apparent to the senses than is mind. It is true that there may be life without mind, but not mind without life, and where it is manifested, in whatever form it may be observed, it is certain that life is there also; therefore the faintest rays that convey intelligence are positive evidence of the presence of both life and a human mind. The marks of identification of personal intellectuality are more plain and certain than are those of physical formations. Men are nearer alike in body than in mind. And have often personated other men from a resemblance in form and features, but never in mentality or intellectual requirements. If an intelligence manifested itself to us by any means, its personality can be determined by proof that is absolutely conclusive. Therefore, when a human intellect with its peculiar mental characteristics makes its presence known to us either by raps, vocal sounds, or writing, no fact can be made more clearly apparent to our senses. It matters not that the casket that once contained it in earth

life has long since been given to death and decay, the soul surely lives and retains its personality, if it can remember incidents of the past, and relate them through any physical phenomena, however insignificant they may appear to those unacquainted with the laws and conditions of spirit life.

We all know that our personal individual consciousness once did not exist; that it came from the force of natural laws that manifested an infinite design, and from the grandeur of the design we naturally contemplate and estimate the omnipotence of the designer. We logically reason that a continued existence is not more wonderful than is the fact that we now live.

Huxley, the great scientific Materialist, says: "In the interest of scientific clearness I object to saying that I have a soul, when all I mean is that my organism has certain mental functions that are dependent on its molecular composition, and come to an end when I die; and I object still more to affirming that I look to a future life, when all I mean is that the influence of my doings and sayings will be more or less felt by a number of people after the physical components of that organism are scattered to the four winds."

This is the glorious belief of materialism: With what noble ambitions should it inspire the human soul. Why, the thistles and weeds by the wayside, if they were sentient and had the power of speech, could say the same.

We live, say they, to scatter our seeds, only that in the future they may take root and grow, and in their scattering their seeds be a perpetual curse to the fields of the husbandman. This is the immortality of the materialists. They assert that we live because once upon a time the fourteen or sixteen elements combined in our organism, by an accidental or an affiliative aggregation formed the primordial cells that in endless ages culminated in the human body. And although these elements in themselves had not intelligence—only chemical affinity or polarity—yet by their combination they produced thought and reason, and begot a human soul, which in turn, and in like manner, begot others; thus was man, both mentally and physically, formed of the dust of the earth. If science has truly asserted this absurd proposition, it would have been much better for our race if science had never been born, and that man had remained ignorant of his ignoble parentage.

The chemical elements of nature must have existed before they were formed into organisms, and so did thought and intelligence before it was manifested through the nervous organization of the brain, for the brain itself must have been the result of design, which pre-supposes a designer, which in turn pre-supposes the existence of an infinite mind, the God of the universe.

To the reflective mind there must be a realm of intellect as there is a kingdom of matter, and the whole is but the thought of that Being.

"Whose body nature is and God the soul."

The eternity of matter is not more evident than is that of mind, and while science has demonstrated that all combinations of atoms must in time become disintegrated and dissipated, yet it has never asserted from a scientific basis that this is the fate of intellect or the soul of man. We know, then, that our sentient ego now exists, and we know of no innate laws of its being that will destroy it. And then add to this the longings of the human soul, the unconfined limitless powers of the human intellect, and consider that the power that gave us life can continue it, and blind indeed is he who can not see the probabilities of an immortal life. Add to this the absolute proof of spiritual phenomena, the demonstrated fact that the intellect and the minds of those called dead yet live and love us as they did on earth, with the positive proof of their personal identity and presence in our midst, and who can doubt that the life that lived before the cradle must and does survive the darkness of the grave? that our several identities although crystallized into our personalities at or before our birth, yet in accordance with the unchanging laws of evolution will continue to live through all the ages of eternity?

The power that gave us life can continue it, and when that power has implanted in the human soul a dread of annihilation and a longing for immortality, it would be inconsistent with the attributes of nature's God to create desires never to be gratified, and hopes and anticipations never to be realized. As Cato said to Plato:

"It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, or inward horror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinkst thou from thyself?
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an here-after.
And intimates eternity to man."

The poem of Lord Byron suggests immortality in its beautiful rhythm.

When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stay
But leaves its darkened dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies display'd,
Shall it survey, shall it recall:
Each fainter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll through chaos back;
And where the furthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track.
And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quenched or system breaks,
Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above all Hate, or Hope, or Fear,
It lives all passionless and pure;
An age shall fleet like earthly years;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly;
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die.

Heredity.

BY E. J. BOWTELL.

When some thinker presents to the world a new idea or truth, many of those who accept it regard it as a panacea for all the ills of humanity and proceed to apply it not only, to use a common expression, "for all that it is worth," but for much more than it is worth. A considerable number appear to be doing this with regard to heredity or the right generation of human beings. We frequently hear it asserted that much attention is paid to the breeding of domesticated animals and but little to that of our own kind.

Undoubtedly this is true, and a change in this respect, if practicable, would lead to considerable improvement in the condition of man. But apart from the impracticability which arises from man having a freedom of choice in his associations which animals under his care have not, a freedom of which he could not be deprived without an oppressive tyranny which would certainly lead to rebellion against the authority imposing it, the benefit would probably be much less than is generally supposed. The objects to be attained in the generation of man and in the breeding of live stock are, in the most essential points, dissimilar.

So far as the merely physical nature of man is concerned, we may grant to the advocates of right generation all that they demand. We should not seek to limit the importance of this. A perfectly sound body is of the utmost value to all who possess it. Those who do not possess it are poorly off indeed. As the physical nature is all we regard in the animal, its right generation in the physical is properly our first consideration. Even in this case the best blooded beast would become valueless without subsequent care. But in the human being we desire not only physical, but mental and moral qualities. It is questionable how far, if at all, these may be inherited.

The subject of morality is somewhat complex. Some views, not all, arise from excessive indulgence of physical appetites. The formation or condition of body which occasions these appetites to be of abnormal proportions may be inherited. The glutinous, the drunkard and the unchaste are often, not always, the offspring of the glutinous, the drunken and the unchaste. Even in these cases pre-natal conditions and early environments, especially the psychic influences surrounding them in youth, have perhaps greater power in molding character than actual descent. With the intellectual characteristics and those virtuous or vicious inclinations which may be called purely mental, it is doubtful if we can trace much to hereditary causes. In that which is purely spiritual it is safe to say there is no connection whatever.

If it were possible to regulate procreation for a sufficient number of generations we might breed a race of men and women who in sweetness would outrun the greyhound, another race who in trials of strength might overthrow the ox, and a third who in penetration of vision might surpass the eagle. But none of these would be greater in intellectual abilities or moral virtues. Their progress in these respects would be rather downwards towards the animal than upwards to the angelic and the divine.

There is a truth which is more hopeful and more inspiring than this. It is that man has a divine part which is able to raise to its own nature that part of him which is lower. We need not despair because we were not born right. We have, even the worst of us, a spirit which can make us right. We do not (Continued on page 8.)

(To be continued.)

Eating for Strength.

Proper Food and its Functions.

Care in eating is becoming more universal every day. Experiment proved exercise alone, inadequate. Something more was needed to vitalize the system, throw off its irregularities and fortify it against the attacks of disease.

The superiority of diet over medicine as a preventive and cure is daily evidenced by the call, from intelligent classes, for really hygienic foods. The popularity of the idea spread when the public began to understand that they could diet, and still eat palatable food, and that it was not at all necessary to shut down on most of their accustomed delicacies.

Farwell & Rhine, 39-55 Fairbanks St., Watertown, N. Y., are devoting the entire capacity of their great mills to the production of health foods in great variety. These are among the most delicious table delicacies obtainable, and those who have used them are enthusiastic in their endorsement of their efficiency. Gluten Flour for dyspepsia, Special Diabetic food for Diabetes, and K. C. Whole Wheat Flour for constipation, are among the most popular of their flour products, while their Gluten Grits and Barley Cereals, are not matched in the realm of cereal foods for breakfast, tea and dessert. Full information concerning the proper foods for different disorders—as well as how to eat when well, that health may be preserved—is contained in their pamphlet, which, with samples, will be mailed upon application.

A Prediction Fulfilled.

Dear Editor:—Reading in your last Banner of "Political Predictions," makes me feel that I must tell you that during the last presidential campaign I spent an evening at the house of a friend, Mrs. A. M. White, who presented a trance medium, a lady of our acquaintance; she passed into a trance condition and we asked many questions. One was, "Will McKinley be elected President?" The answer was "Yes, but he will not live to serve his next term out. He will be assassinated as I was." The control if he would give us his name and he said "Garfield."

Thos. A. White.

San Diego, Oct. 1.

For Loss of Appetite

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. W. H. Holcombe, New Orleans, La., says: "It is particularly serviceable in treatment of women and children, for debility and loss of appetite. Supplies the needed nerve food and strengthening tonic."

Memorial Services for President McKinley.

Sunday was a beautiful day, one of the many pleasant days at Lake Pleasant. Although few in numbers here at the Lake, we are strong in spirit and we all joined in paying a fitting tribute to our nation's chieftain, President McKinley, who recently passed to the spirit world.

The services were commenced by music, "The Blue and the Gray March" and "Uncle Sam's Navy March" played by the graphophone operated by Lieut. R. D. Worcester. Mrs. Alice S. Watson then called to order and announced the purpose of the meeting, and presented Corporal William P. Kenibbs as the speaker of the afternoon. Corporal Kenibbs spoke for some forty minutes upon the principal events, and the personal characteristics of the President, referring in feeling manner to the President's speech at Antietam and in Buffalo, to his love for his wife, his advocacy of the merit system in civil service, and his impartial treatment of members of the National Legislature and the scenes of his death. Corporal Kenibbs also told of different interviews that he had with the President and in closing his really eloquent speech paid a fine tribute to his zeal and statesmanship.

A trombone solo, "The Vacant Chair," and hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," followed by speaking by Mrs. Shirley and Mrs. Lincoln, and the reading of "The Book of Ages" finely rendered by Miss Bertha Bryant, closed the exercises. It was pleasing to the committee to see so many of the campers present.

Alice S. Waterhouse.

For Over Fifty Years

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

Briefs.

The first week evening meeting of the Boston Spiritual Temple was held in Chickering Hall Building, Room 1, Tuesday, Oct. 8. The secretary of the society, who presided, opened the meeting, followed by Pres. Allen. Mrs. Ada L. Pratt gave a most excellent and interesting talk on some of the wonderful facts found in California waters, and displayed marvelously beautiful shells. Dr. Dean Clarke and Geo. A. Porter spoke interestingly and Mr. Porter gave a half-hour's seance. Miss Christine Brown, a cultivated musician, furnished both the instrumental and vocal music.

Mary L. Porter, Sec'y B. S. T. The Boston Spiritual Temple Society opened the season's work in New Chickering Hall, Huntington Ave., Oct. 6th. Pres. Allen welcomed the members and friends in an earnest, pertinent address. "The Fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, gentleness and goodness." Galatians 5:22, was chosen by Mr. Wiggins for the text of his morning sermon, and deep lessons were drawn from it of a spiritual and practical character. A large audience was present in the evening to enjoy Mr. Wiggins' art answers to questions, and a seance up to the usual excellence. A delightful musical program was furnished at both sessions by the Ladies' Schubert Quartet in singing and by Prof. Watson and Miss Annie Watson and Prof. Hoppe, all well-known violin artists—Mary L. Porter, Sec'y B. S. T.

The Camp Progress Spiritual Science Home Mission opened its meetings for the season at Clerk's Hall, 33 Summer St., Lynn, on Sunday, Oct. 6. At 11:30 a healing and developing seance was held, and a large number were present and several good mediums, healing and test, took part. At 2:30 and 7:30 p. m., Mrs. E. I. Webster of Lynn occupied the platform and was warmly welcomed by the good-sized audience present. She also served on Sunday, Oct. 8. Lynn audience.

Tuesday was a perfect success both financially and in interest—Mrs. E. B. Merrill, Sec'y, 88 Lynnfield St., Lynn, Mass. The Haverhill Spiritual Union had the good fortune to secure Mrs. Pepper for the last

two Sundays in September, being supplementary to the regular course of lectures, that opened the first Sunday in October. These meetings surpassed all others in point of numbers, as all the available standing room was taken, packing the house to the doors inside, and the way outside to the doors, so eager were people to listen to her. As usual, her manifestations of psychic power were of a marvelous character and a revelation of a high order to the many hungry and honest seekers for truth. As a public lecturer she stands in the front rank, for this reason: Her subjects for discourse are always of that character that touch the very hearts of the people. She never deals in useless verbiage, but talks directly to the people and not over their heads. The subject for her last lecture was: "The Signs of the Times," which her guides handled in a masterly manner, eliciting applause of approval several times during the delivery. At the close of her work, she received a surprise from the society that she will not forget for some time to come.

(4.) W. Kates and wife held two interesting meetings in Buffalo, N. Y., for the First Spiritual Church, Sunday, September 23. Mrs. Kates spoke in the morning upon "Spiritualism as a Religion." Mr. Kates in the evening upon "Haunted Houses and Haunted Lives." The lectures were eloquent and logical, holding the large audience in close attention, and won much applause. Mrs. Kates gave spirit descriptions and messages, showing that she has wonderfully improved since former visits here. Prof. Lockwood and F. Cordova White were present and briefly responded to calls. Mr. and Mrs. Kates will serve the N. Y. State Association during October, as missionaries, and we hope will serve Buffalo for a month later on.

Appleton Hall, Paine Memorial Building.—The First Spiritual Ladies' Aid society held its opening meeting Oct. 4. A good audience was present, and all were glad to get home. Mrs. Mattie C. Mason opened the meeting with singing, Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse spoke briefly, and among the signs of progress noted with pleasure was that Mrs. McKinley had not allowed any black placed upon her home. Mrs. Ada L. Pratt told many interesting things about her trip to Alaska. Dr. Dean Clarke said that the people living in Boston have the best of everything in a spiritual way. Mr. J. B. Hatch, Jr., spoke of the N. S. A. and the excursion to Washington, D. C. Mr. J. Frank Baxter said he was pleased to be present at the opening meeting and spoke briefly of his travels, and of the work accomplished. This closed a very interesting meeting. Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y.

Lowell.—In spite of the inclement weather on Sunday the 29th we held a rousing meeting. Mrs. Abby N. Burnham of Andover, who has long been an active worker for our Cause, occupied the platform in a most acceptable manner. Among the out of town persons present were Mrs. N. S. Noyes of Roxbury and Mrs. Webber of Boston, both of whom had words of encouragement for us. This was Mrs. Noyes' first appearance in this city and they both found a hearty welcome. In the evening Mesdames Burnham, Webber and Curran of Lowell gave evidences of spirit return. F. H. Coggeshall, Pres.

Commercial Hall, 64 Washington St., Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor. The Conference and Developing Circle at 11 was large and very harmonious. Question next Sunday will be "Practical Psychology." Mr. A. F. Hill will open the conference. Speakers to the Sunday morning conference are cordially invited. Mr. Peeler, a fine developing medium, has been engaged especially for the morning class. Talent through the day were Miss Igetta Sears, Mr. Griffiths, Mr. Hill, Mr. Tuttle, Mr. Jackson, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Reed, Mr. Will Nutter, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Julia Davis, Mrs. B. A. Mason, Wilkinson. Music, Mr. Peak, Mrs. Grover, vocal solo. Miss Jenness, cornet solo. Miss Bessie Jenness. Meetings every Thursday at three. Circle for healing every Tuesday afternoon. Recorder.

Doctor's Spiritual Lyceum reopened its Sunday sessions in Paine Hall at 10 o'clock October 6. The lesson was from Mr. Danforth, card No. 8, and was quite fully discussed by the leaders. A letter from F. Forrest Harding was read descriptive of his new surroundings at Victoria, B. C. Maud Armstrong and Harry Gilman gave recitations; Willie Sheldon, piano solo; Chas. L. C. Hatch, cornet solo; E. B. Packard, reading; E. Warren Hatch, song; Mrs. Ada L. Pratt, a chapter of her spiritual entertainment on the Pacific coast. Come and bring the children. A. Clarence Armstrong, Clerk. First Spiritual Society of Albany, N. Y.

A rousing reception was given Mrs. A. E. Cunningham of Boston, Mass., at the house of Rufus R. Hilson, Friday evening, Oct. 4. Among those present was Mr. Lyman C. Howe of Fredonia, N. Y., whose words of encouragement and praise were greatly appreciated by those present. The secretary of the society, Mr. Edwin A. Doty, gave the address of welcome, which was responded to by Mrs. Cunningham under inspiration.

Randolph.—"Minerva" writes: G. E. Boudreau holds circles every Sunday, 2:30 p. m., at his residence, Allen cor. Arnold St., Sunday, Oct. 6. Mrs. Locke's guide, "Mabel," gave spirit messages, all recognized. "Bright Star" gave treatments, and a talk on the "Great Spirit" that he worshipped on earth, and his conception of it now in spirit life. G. E. Boudreau, at 8:30 p. m., "Bright Star," showing how necessary it is for us to be spirits to assist us in the daily walks of life. Mrs. Ketcham gave psychometric readings. Come and meet with us.

Goffstown, N. H.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists of Manchester, N. H., resumed public service for the season on Oct. 6 and 7 at Knights of Honor Hall on Oct. 6, with J. Frank Baxter to start what they hope and intend shall be an aggressive campaign for the Truth. Bro. Baxter was at his best and for an hour in the morning and at his best and for an hour in the evening. The audience was intensely interested by his logical reasoning, apt illustrations and convincing tests, all of which were recognized. C. B. Riddell.

The First Spiritual Society of Albany, N. Y., opened the season of 1901 and 1902 last month (Sept.), with Mr. Matthew Stevenson, a local medium, occupying the rostrum. He gave good satisfaction. This month (Oct.), Mrs. A. E. Cunningham of Boston, Massachusetts is with us. Odd Fellows' hall was well filled last Saturday afternoon, and evening with an appreciative audience who highly enjoyed the addresses. The messages following were in nearly every instance recognized and were of such a character as to convince those receiving them of the truth and beauty of the life hereafter. The outlook for the coming winter is very bright. Although the press of the city is antagonistic, we are making rapid strides forward, as we are making many friends of those who, through ignorance, have been our enemies.

Cambridgeport, Mass.—H. H. 573 Mass. Ave. Our meeting, Sunday, Oct. 6, was well attended. We hope to benefit many by our healing circle in the afternoon. Mrs. Merritt, Mr. Clark and Mr. Chase of Beachmont, who gave some fine messages, were recognized. Services were held in the morning. Our blind medium helped us very much with his sweet music. We expect he will be with us regularly. Mrs. Henry Johnson.

The Church of the Fraternity of Soul Communion, Incorporated, Aurora Grata Cath-

edral, Bedford Ave. and Madison St., Brooklyn, held a large and appreciative audience Sunday evening, Oct. 6. Ira Moore Courlis, our psychic and medium, gave wonderful messages and tests to those present, which were received with thanks and appreciation on all sides. The Verdi Quartet sang beautifully many numbers. So great has been the demand from New York City for Mr. Courlis to hold seances in that city that Wednesday, Oct. 9, he gave a seance at Tuxedo Hall, 20th St. and Madison Ave., for the presentation of the phenomenon of the human voice. Wednesday, October 22. Our Euchre to be held Oct. 16 in Mr. Courlis' parlors, 80 N. Y. Ave., promises to be a grand success. Already many handsome prizes await the lucky ones. These Euchres are given to help the Cause of Spiritualism in our City of Churches. The Banner is always highly spoken of and sold at all meetings. Mr. Courlis very often using items from its pages as his lessons. W. H. Adams, Sec'y.

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists of Manchester opened their season of meetings Oct. 6, 1901, in Knights of Honor Hall, Hanover St., with J. Frank Baxter of Chelsea, Mass. Meetings are at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Mr. Baxter in the evening service gave a very able and eloquent lecture, subject: "The Independence and Positiveness of Spiritualism." Both meetings were largely attended. The season has opened well for the society. Albina Le Warren, Cor. Sec., 32 A St.

Sept. 29th, Mrs. N. S. Noyes lectured at the opening of the meetings at the Waltham Spiritualist Progressive Union Church, subject, "The Growth in Silence" which was interesting and instructive. Oct. 6th Mrs. Nellie Burbeck served the society with lecture and delineations in an able and pleasing manner. Ella A. Wheeler, Sec'y, 74 School St. Olneyville, R. I.—Olneyville Spiritual Society commenced meetings for the season Oct. 6. In the afternoon in the parlors of the hotel, followed by an address by Mr. J. T. Fletcher, after which Mrs. S. E. Humes of Providence, R. I., occupied the rostrum. In the evening the resident speaker, E. J. Bowtell, with tests by Mr. Meadowcroft of Providence. Both meetings were attended. They will be vice-presidents throughout the season in Library Hall, Olneyville Square, on Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30. E. J. Bowtell.

Fitchburg, Mass.—Large and appreciative audiences attended the opening services of the First Spiritual Society, Sunday, Oct. 6. The speaker, Mrs. Annie Jones of Lowell, gave two very interesting addresses, followed by a large number of spirit messages. The vocal solos by Miss Emma Clark of Lynn, and piano selections by Miss Howe, were finely rendered. Mrs. Nellie Noyes of Boston, at medium, gave for the society for Sunday, Oct. 13, Dr. C. L. Fox, President. Sunday, Sept. 23, Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont St., very interesting meetings through the day. Those assisting, Messrs. Smith, Cohen, Morse, Foyers, Woods, Hersey, Thompson, Mesdames Abbott, Thoms, Holbrook, Fox, Morgan, How, Brown and Gutierrez. Meetings every Sunday, 11 a. m., 2:30 and 7 p. m. Mrs. Gutierrez, president. Mr. Wilde, pianist.

Waverly, Mass., Oct. 6.—A very interesting meeting was held in the reception parlors of the Hotel. Mr. J. H. Lewis gave a short talk on the simplicity and power in assuaging the grief and comforting the broken hearted father or mother by a direct communication from their loved one from the spirit world through the organism of a well developed medium. He said that this great power, vested in mediumship, was incomparably greater than the most eloquent sermon that can ever be delivered in church or cathedral. Mr. Geo. Clark gave delineations, also Mrs. Ott. Mrs. F. Curtis rendered a poem entitled "An Order for a Picture." It was in truth a most wonderful picture. Mrs. M. A. Lovering, pianist. J. H. I.

The Malden Progressive Spiritualist Society has resumed its Sunday and Wednesday evening meetings at Masonic Building, Pleasant St. On Sunday evening, Oct. 6th, Mrs. C. E. Hall of Cambridge gave a remarkably clear spiritual address, followed by comforting messages from spirit life. She was assisted by Mrs. Parker of Cambridge, who sang under influence, also in her normal condition. Her songs were truly inspiring. Mrs. Thelma Melrose gave comforting messages from spirit life. The meeting was opened with the regular religious exercises, conducted by the president, Mr. Milton, assisted by Mr. Snow. John L. Snow, Sec'y.

9 Appleton St., Boston.—The Ladies' Aid Society held its regular meeting, Oct. 11, with the president, Mrs. E. E. Albee, in the chair. In the evening Mrs. Mattie C. Mason opened the meeting with singing; Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse spoke briefly of the good work; she spoke of Mr. Luther Colby and wanted all to remember that Oct. 12 was his birthday. We all reverently sang "Good Bye." Mr. Butler spoke and gave communications; Mr. E. W. Hatch sang a song, "When I Say Good-Bye." Mrs. Mattie C. Mason said: "There is good enough in Spiritualism to save the world." Mrs. Mason closed with communications. Mrs. Annie Scott gave many loving messages, which were well received. Mrs. Ada L. Pratt told some of her pleasant experiences during the summer. Mrs. Mattie C. Webber said there was nothing in the world so dear to her as Spiritualism. This closed the evening meeting. Next Friday there will be a public circle at 4 p. m. In the evening the exercises will be devoted to the mediums. Come all! Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y.

Our meetings were resumed after the summer vacation on Sept. 15. The attendance has been good, emphasizing the need of a "medium" in our country. Our indefatigable Ladies' Aid will give on the evening of Oct. 17th, at the rooms 713 Lexington Ave., a Harvest supper, promising to make it a most enjoyable affair. In connection with the supper will be music, etc. B. V. Cushman, Pres. Spiritual and Ethical Society of New York.

Boston Food Fair.

NO LIMIT TO THE VARIETY OF ATTRACTIONS OFFERED THIS YEAR.

There is no limit to the variety of attractions offered at the Boston Food Fair, which opened at the Mechanics' Building, Boston, last Monday. One of the many interesting features of the fair is a magnificently illustrated production of "Ben Hur." A large number of pictures illustrating this famous work are thrown upon a screen 23 feet square. Mr. William H. Josselyn, who has made a special study of the subject and one of the most pleasing talkers, explains the book as the basis of the pictures. Everybody who has ever read "Ben Hur" will never forget these beautiful views and the splendid manner in which they are explained. Children as well as grown people will enjoy this feature of the fair, and it costs nothing extra to see it.

The number of free samples to be given away at the Boston Food Fair this fall exceeds that of any former food fair, including, as it does, articles of almost every kind of food. The decorations have cost thousands of dollars and are of the most elaborate character. There are to be concerts every afternoon and evening throughout the whole four weeks of the fair, and everybody will want to hear the celebrated Royal Marine Band of Italy, and Signor Glanelli, the great tenor soloist, who is one of the most celebrated tenor singers in the world.

WONDERFUL CURES BY SWAMP-ROOT.

To Prove what the World-famous Discovery, Swamp-Root, will do for YOU, all Our Readers may have a Sample Bottle Free by Mail.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, and if permitted to continue fatal results are sure to follow.

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys must, because they do most and need attention first.

So when your kidneys are weak or out of order you can understand too quickly your entire body is affected, and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

Among the many cures of this wonderful medicine, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, investigated by the BANNER OF LIGHT, one which we publish this week for the benefit of our readers speak in the highest terms of the wonderful curative properties of this great remedy:

DES MOINES, Ia., Oct. 20, 1900. "I had been out of health for a long time, and I was taking medicine from a doctor's prescription when I received your sample bottle. I stopped taking the doctor's medicine and used the sample bottle of Swamp-Root. I afterwards took two more large bottles, brought at my drug store, and they cured me entirely, and I have not felt well for years. I thank you very much for sending me the sample bottle."

D. W. SMITH, 1221 Center St.



D. W. SMITH.



MRS. H. N. WHEELER.

Mrs. H. N. Wheeler, of 117 High Rock St., Lynn, Mass., writes on Nov. 2, 1900: "About 18 months ago I had a very severe spell of sickness. I was extremely sick for three weeks, and when I finally was able to leave my bed I was left with excruciating pains in my back. My water at times looked very like coffee. I could pass but little at a time, and then only after suffering great pain. My physical condition was such that I had no strength and was all run down. The doctors said my kidneys were not affected, and while

Did Not Know I Had Kidney Trouble,

I somehow felt certain my kidneys were the cause of my trouble. My sister, Mrs. C. E. Littlefield of Lynn, advised me to give Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root a trial. I procured a bottle and used it three days, and immediately got relief. I followed up that bottle with another, and at the completion of this one found I was completely cured. My strength returned, and to-day I am as well as ever. My kidneys are that of a cannyman. I am on my feet a great deal of the time, and have to use much energy in getting around. My cure is therefore, all the more remarkable, and is exceedingly gratifying to me."

MRS. H. N. WHEELER.

Swamp-Root will do just as much for any housewife whose back is too weak to perform her necessary work, who is always tired and overworked, who feels that the cares of life are more than she can stand. It is a boon to the weak and ailing.

Sample Bottle Free.

The mild and immediate effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Swamp-Root will set your whole system right, and the best proof of it is a trial. You may have a sample bottle of this famous kidney remedy, Swamp-Root, sent free by mail, postpaid, by which you may test its wonderful curative properties for such disorders as kidney, bladder and uric acid diseases, poor digestion, when obliged to pass your water frequently night and day, smarting or itching in passing, brick-dust or sediment in the urine, headache, backache, lame back, dizziness, nervousness, heart disturbance due to bad kidney trouble, skin eruptions from bad blood, neuralgia, rheumatism, diabetes, bloating, irritability, worn out feeling, lack of ambition, loss of flesh, halloa complexion, or Bright's disease.

If your water, when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or settles or is a cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is for sale the world over at druggists in bottles of two sizes at 42 cents—fifty cents and one dollar. Remember the name, Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—If you have the slightest symptoms of kidney, liver or bladder trouble, or if there is a trace of it in your family history, send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you by mail, immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and a book containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured by Swamp-Root. In writing, be sure to say that you read this generous offer in the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Ladies will be interested in the Domestic Science Department, in which Miss Nellie Dot Rancho gives daily instructions in practical cooking. Her ideal methods of cooking and serving will greatly interest good housekeepers. Miss Llanche, in a recent newspaper interview, says she does not consider it particularly creditable to make delicious dishes out of new things, but it is, she says, an art to utilize "left-overs" and serve them in a dainty and palatable way, leaving the appearance of "left-overs."

Miss Rancho has made a special study of how to utilize "left-overs," and every lady who attends her demonstrations will find them of great value. There are to be special excursions from all parts of New England. The price of admission to the Boston Food Fair is only 25 cents.

Rochester, N. Y.

G. W. Kates and wife, after more than two years' absence from our city, returned and held meetings Sunday morning and afternoon, October 6th. They were welcomed by a host of friends.

The evening meeting was a grand oration. The new and air-conditioned room was packed, with no further space for a person to stand, and at least fifty turned away, unable to get inside the door. The lecture by Mr. Kates on "The Higher Spiritualism," was said to be a masterpiece of argument and metaphor. Mrs. Kates spoke eloquently upon "What is True Religion?" As a descriptive medium she is unsurpassed. She carries conviction to every hearer. We would like to have them settled here again as of yore, but we must be content to have them so useful elsewhere. But this is a ripe field for an earnest worker. We sadly need unity and zeal here.

An Excerpt from a Lecture, by Hattie C. Webber.

Haverhill, Mass.—The second in a series of meetings in the interest of Spiritualism and the New Thought, conducted by Mrs. Georgia A. Libby, was held in Eider's Hall, on Sunday evening, Oct. 6th, Mrs. Hattie C. Webber of Boston, medium. After the singing Mrs. Webber read a poem by W. W. Story, followed by a lecture on the problem of life. In part follows:

The great question is not, "What shall I do to be saved?" but rather how to better earth conditions, religiously, politically and socially. What is to be done? There is no world to come, only as tomorrow comes, one continued existence, whether in the fleshly body or the spiritual thereof. What can we do to make mankind better? We must know ourselves, seek for self-purification, bringing harmony into our own and others' lives, becoming victors of that which is within. We are not here as an advocate of any set or sect, only to bring a knowledge of the truth, which shall be a light to humanity. Let our own lives prove the sincerity of the spoken word, letting the light of inspiration shine in.

coming into silent thoughtfulness of self. When we know ourselves, we have solved the problem of the universe; when we know ourselves, we shall not sit in judgment on our neighbor, but we shall be pure in thought, word and deed, having faith that which shall be an inspiration to the world.

The interesting and instructive lecture was followed by spirit messages and descriptions, which were recognized by the audience.

Edwina Francis.

A Meeting of Presidents and Secretaries.

Referring to the notices in the Banner of Light calling for a meeting of the presidents and secretaries of the State Associations, it is a good suggestion and will become in time a necessity in order that the different State Associations may know intelligently what the other is doing and have some form of united effort. As it now stands, the State Associations are as far apart as the local societies were before there were State Associations, each State carrying on a movement of its own and nothing in common between them.

Let them meet in Washington during the Convention, by all means, and if not all the State Associations are represented, let those that are meet, and by the next correspondence some arrangement can be made to perhaps some arrangement can be made to let all State presidents will be able to attend. It is impossible for me to attend this year, but Bro. Proden, vice-president, will be on hand to represent Minnesota as its president. So let them get together, those that are privileged to be there, and do something towards making the State Associations a power for good. Bros. Proden and Westerfield know just where the secretary and myself stand, also the full board, and will represent the State of Minnesota. The Minnesota State Association is formed for the upbuilding of our Cause, no matter what we must clear away in order to do so. We must build so that the structure will stand for all time. At the Convention held in Minneapolis during the week of Sept. 4, 5, 6, the Spiritists of Minnesota assembled, approved a call to a convention, and a copy of which was sent to you for publication. Those resolutions show just where Minnesota stands. Hoping that the National will have a grand Convention and that all delegates will enter the Convention hall with the decorations of the State of Minnesota, and to discuss all questions fairly and impartially and arrive at what will be for the most good of the many, I am, Yours for success.

J. S. Maxwell, Pres. M. S. S. A.

An excellent cabinet photo of "The Poughkeepsie Press" (A. J. David) for sale at this office. Price 25 cents.

"In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty."

FROM THE PACIFIC COAST

R. S. Little.

I see by the Banner and other Spiritualist papers that Theodore J. Mayer is attacking President Barrett, and in one of the papers it was announced in glaring headlines that Mr. Mayer deserved a hearing, since he had given more to Spiritualism than any living man.

Now, I believe that any intelligent, honest person speaking from principle and for the

Laura B. Payne.
Topeka Kansas, Oct. 5, 1901.

Bro. Barrett, in recognition of these great principles, has worked diligently through the press and from the rostrum to combat un-

H. W. Richardson.

Springfield, Missouri.

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SEND lock of hair, date of birth and ten 20-cent stamps for a complete life reading, telling past and future, character traits and business adaptations for success. All a mathematical certainty.

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The long list of this successful writer's books contains a volume of greater importance or profounder helplessness than "LIFE AND POWER WITHIN," the latest work from his pen. The volume is replete with arguments in favor of the anti-materialistic position that should commend itself to the earnest, religious, thoughtful, and the more liberal devotees to spiritual science.

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 "The Bridge Between Two Worlds."
 112 pages. In cloth, \$1.50; paper covers, 75 cents.
 "A Happy Year!"
 The Story of a Young Lady in the Summer of Light.
 Leather-bound, illustrated and gilded. 128 pages. 75 cents.
 Each of the above possesses a portrait of the author.
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Professor of Physical Astronomy at the University of Leipzig; Member of the Royal Saxon Society of Sciences at Berlin; Member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg; Member of the Imperial Academy of Natural Philosophers at Moscow; Honorary Member of the Prussian Association at Frankfurt-on-Main; of the "Germanic Society" at Bonn; of the "Society of Friends of the Sciences" at the Imperial Association of "Spiritualists" at London. Translated from the German, with a Preface and Appendix, by Charles Christian Maass, of Lincolns Inn, London, and Editor of the "Society of Friends of the Sciences" at Bonn. Various experiments are described therein, including extraordinary table writing. Experiments with an eadless string, leather bands, wire-line rings, etc. Cloth, 22 net.

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BY THE LATE
EFES SARGENT.
This work contains chapters on Materialism of the

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A NEW BOOK

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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.

These circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seance held Sept. 19, 1901, S. E. 24.

Invocation.

Oh infinite spirit of love and wisdom, we come into thy presence this morning with hearts beating with love, with joy, and with hope. We come into the presence of those who are seeking to return to the loved ones and we would that something of our conscious understanding of the life that is, might be theirs, that something of our faith in the message, something of our faith in the love that finds its way to the stricken heart, may be theirs. Oh, bless the effort. May we, climbing to the heights, see clearly the needs of all thy people, and, seeing, may we find strength and power to do all that is possible, all that is asked for. Help those who are suffering and yearning to reach their own, carry with swift wings of love their message to the one in earth, take away the scales from their eyes and the tears out of their hearts, that they may see and speak perfectly with their own, and oh, help their own to receive the message with truth and understanding; and wherever they may be, however far removed from us, let them feel their kinship with us and we ours with them. Bless us all and keep us. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Lydia Strong, Denver, Colo.

The first spirit that comes to me is a beautiful lady. She is past the middle life and is one of those full, plump, wholesome looking people. Her eyes are quite blue and her hair is gray and combed smoothly down and she is just as particular about herself as can be. She smooths down her dress exactly as if she were going to have her picture taken, and stands up before me and says: "Well, little one, I have come to say that my name is Lydia Strong and the people over here haven't forgotten to make puns on the name just as they used to when I was in earth life. I come from a long way off, way out in Denver, Colo. I had heard that it was possible for spirits to come and report to this paper and they would be sent to their own people, so I have come. It seems like asking a good deal for any one to take a stranger in, and I feel a little diffident about saying all I want to when I understand that it is only by courtesy of a band of believers that I am able to come. Still, love makes us able to overcome all our scruples and I plead to this great love for those I have left behind. I want to go to Susie and I want her to know that I have never been away. I can't seem to get interested in the things of this life where I dwell now, because of my intense desire to let my own know that I am with them. She sees me a little sometimes and yet she is half afraid. She thinks it may be imagination, or a disease of her brain, and then I stay away for a while because I wouldn't want her to have that feeling, but it isn't so. Her love for me and mine for her make us strong to overcome conditions. I—oh, I have so much to say to her, so many things that I could say that would comfort her, so much that would make her understand my life. I don't want to tell her that I am perfectly happy and contented, because that wouldn't be true, but I am happy to see her and know her and would be perfectly happy and contented if only the communication between us could be established. Tell her I have baby, too, and that baby is growing under my care. I thank you so much for this opportunity."

Jim Hagan, from Albion, N. Y.

There comes to me now a man about sixty-five years old. He is short and rather thick-set, with dark brown eyes and gray hair. He is quick as a flash and comes in here with a gruff sort of way and says: "Well, well, do let's see if Jim Hagan can return. I want to see as much for my own benefit as I do for my friends', but I want to get to Corneilia; she lives in Albion, N. Y. She would be glad enough to get a word from me, but somehow she don't know how to get it. She isn't opposed to this thing and would accept it if it came to her, but there is nobody around who can understand or give her the word and so I take this time and this place to tell her that I am often with her, often than she thinks, and that I help her more than she knows. I think she has been just as brave as she can be, and I give this word to let her know that I have seen how she has kept things together and hustled around and made both ends meet. It was pretty hard work, and I am proud of her and want her to know it. Tell her that her sister, Jane, comes with me this morning and says, 'God bless Corneilia.' She will know what that means and will understand that Jane has overcome some of her life's notions about standing up before the white throne and being judged and sentenced either to happiness or the other kind of a condition and that she is content to come back and love her sister as she ought to. Oh, tell her, too, that I smoke all I want to now, and no one finds any fault where I put my pipe."

George Alden, Newport, R. I.

The next spirit that comes is a boy about twenty-one years old. He is thin and coughs—oh, coughs all the time, as though he had passed out with consumption. He stands and looks at me and puts his hand up over his forehead, which is extremely white; his hair, black against it, makes him look all the paler. His eyes are black, too, and he has a little black mustache; his hands are long and thin. He says: "Oh, my God, I have tried so hard so many times to come, and every time I have been pressed back because I hadn't the strength to say what I wanted to, and now I am here, oh, the first thing I want to say is that I come from Newport, R. I., that my name is George Alden, that I want to get to Lizzie, and I want her to let me come to her. I shall suffer misery until I am able to get the word to her that I want to. I can't seem to get away from it night and day, I am so anxious to speak my word to her. Tell her that of course I know I couldn't stay, but that same intense desire to live that was mine when I was here is mine to come back to her and let her know that I live. Oh, they kept so many flowers for me. It was flowers, flowers, everywhere, and I have them now, but the strange thing about them is that they seem somehow to carry me back to those sick days. Every time I see a little bunch of flowers, I feel sick at heart. Seems as though somebody had brought them to me because I am sick. I must get over that and I think if I could once satisfy myself and she could know that I am there, I would be all right. It is my greatest hope and the thing that gives me relief that she will sometime sit at the table or form a circle or do something by which I may come to her. Thank you."

Edith Baker.

The next spirit that comes to me is a young girl about sixteen years old. She is as sweet and bright as she can be. Her hair is fair and her face is white with just the palest little flush in her cheeks as though the excitement in coming had brought it there. Her eyes are bright blue and shine like two stars. She comes up to me in the daintiest little way and says: "My name is Edith Baker and I want to go to my people in Toledo, Ohio. My father and mother are both alive and they don't understand the least thing about this, but I thought if I could give them a message that perhaps they would open the doors for me and be happier than they have been. They do everything that they think would please me, but the one thing that would give me the most pleasure of all, they don't know anything about. My father, I think, is just about as nice as a father can be, and since I came away he is trying to take mama everywhere and do everything for her that will make her forget her trouble. I see them going off to ride together and talking away, never realizing that I am there with them. I am sure if they could know that I come to them it would be the happiest thing that ever came into their lives. Father's name is Charles and mother's name is Emma, and I want them both to know that even though I am put away out of their sight, I have a life, a home and friends, and I talk, hear, and can see, and want them to understand that when they come over here I will be the first to meet them; they will know right away that I have been preparing for them and getting things that they would like. I am just as fond of ferns as I was when I was with them, and have quite a collection of them, such beautiful plants, such beautiful ferns as we have over here. I don't pick them. I am content to let them be as they are and see them grow, they are so beautiful. I suppose the reason we pick them when we are alive is because we want to save them. We are so afraid they will be hurt; but over here they stay and are taken care of. I'd like to send a word to my friend, my mother used to call her my chum, and her name is Kate. I want mama to know that I remember Kate and know how she came to her when I first went away and said so much to her and they just cried together and couldn't bear to think that I couldn't come back, and I was there all the time. Tell them if they will make a chance for me, I will be able to prove who I am and will be able to let them know that I have been conscious, because I can tell them things that have happened."

Sarah Frances Trask, Oswego, N. Y.

Now I see the spirit of an old lady about sixty-five or sixty-eight years old. She is quite stout and has a full, round, red face. Her hair is gray and smoothly parted; she is quite particular about it. She seems a very hard working woman, as though she had spent a good deal of time in physical labor; she comes up to me with a kindly face and smile, and says, "Well, I don't know as I would have been fit for anything else. I always worked from the day I was a little girl up to the time I came over here, and I used to say that I got so tired of it, I wished somebody would work for me once in a while, but now when I look back I don't think I would have been a very good subject to have been waited upon, especially the last of my life, because I had done for myself so long, that I couldn't bear to sit down and see anyone else do for me. I was a mother and of course mothers always find a little more than anybody else to do, because they take so many steps for those they love and the more they have about them, the more they have to do. I may have complained about it, but I believe I was happy. My name is Sarah Frances Trask and I lived in Oswego, N. Y., and I have children in earth life that I desire to go to, and I know they will be glad to get this word from me, and when I tell them that mother is at last gone to a place where she can sit down and rest her feet, I am sure they will be glad. I don't say it with any feeling that they wouldn't have helped me to do this, but rather that it wasn't in me to do it, but I have gotten to that place where I see that rest is just as necessary as work, and so I sit down and rest sometimes. I have with me Jane and Jane says to tell Bertie that she is round about him very

much and that she will help him in his studies. He mustn't try too hard for the examinations because he will spoil his own work, but if he just keeps on working quietly and earnestly, it will come without much trouble. The examinations are something that will give him a position and I am sure that it will come to him because I see it right before him as plain as can be. Then his conditions will be much better settled. I have a little girl in the spirit named after me, but we called her Sadie and she says, 'Send word to those to whom I am related that I too work with mother and give an influence whenever it is possible.'"

Jennie Niles, Woburn, Mass.

There is a woman with dark eyes and dark hair that comes to me now, and she says the first thing: "I am surprised to see how easily I come. It seems as though without any effort I find myself here. I look about and every word I say is understood." She laughs a little and then she says: "My name is Jennie Niles and I have come from Woburn. It isn't very far away from here. I didn't know anything about this, but, to tell the truth, it seems to me the most natural thing in the world that people who die should know what is going on and should be anxious to return and tell their friends that they know. I have many things of importance to say, but I can't say them here. I couldn't bear to see them printed. I just want to call attention to myself and I want Fred to know that I have come. I want him to feel that I am about, that I can help him, that he isn't to be so discouraged, isn't to be upset over anything that is said about him, just to go straight ahead as if there was nothing in the world to do but the thing he sees plainly to do. I have his father with me and I want him to be able to come to him, this is a little opening message which I send. I send love and interest in the work which he has undertaken, and I send love to Harry, too. Thank you."

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-SIX

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

No doubt many persons will never hear the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," without remembering how those words were used by President McKinley, to express his feelings after receiving the fatal wound. Those who revered Phillips Brooks remembered that they were used by the great preacher in the same way when he was approaching the close of his life on earth.

These beautiful words are so well known that their repetition by the President drew him very near the heart of the American people. Even some great New York dailies, not apt to indulge in sentiment and in religious reflection, quoted them in full, heading the article with the words, "The Swan Song of McKinley."

However the words may be interpreted, great truths underlie them. The Christian, who believes in a personal God and in the efficacy of crosses to bring us nearer to Him, sings the words in the full belief that pain and suffering draw us closer to a great personal being whom they name God.

In this spirit was it sung by a lady whom I knew in Plymouth (the Pilgrims' Plymouth) many years ago. She told me how with youthful fervor she used to stand and sing them, thinking how grand it would be to be led nearer to God through the gate of severe suffering. But when her idolized husband was slain in the Civil War, she realized that she had had no conception of such pain, and would have implored not to drink that bitter cup, even though the draught should bring her nearer to God.

We do not think that pain, per se, has the effect of making us more spiritual. To think so, savors of the old theological doctrine, outgrown by many at present, that our suffering helps to atone for our wrong deeds, in the same way that the sufferings of Jesus atoned for the wrong deeds of the human race.

One may suffer the most excruciating physical and mental pains without becoming one whit better thereby, for one may be so unwilling and so rebellious that the nature is hardened, and the kingdom of heaven may be removed further away.

But when physical pain, the breaking off of a successful and respected career in this life, the approaching separation from one's dearest on earth, and the knowledge of how that loved one will suffer by his loss, are borne in the spirit of resignation to that which is inevitable, and with a firm reliance on the wisdom and judgment of a higher power, as did our late martyr President, we feel that his death made a fit close to a good life on earth, and that his last hours here were such as to fit him for angelic companionship on leaving the confines of earth. "Today shalt thou be with me in paradise," might well be whispered to him in the dying hour by blessed spirits.

As was said before, mere suffering is not calculated to bring us heavenward. In fact, many persons who create a heaven about them in their daily life, and so invite the presence of sympathetic and loving souls, are very happy, and seem to have but little pain or trouble. The ill of life seem to slip away from them and to have no power to effect a lodgment with them. We suppose that Helen Wilman is one of these persons. She is so benevolent that she cannot be unhappy, and other persons are made to rejoice by her sunny presence. I fancy she would smile at the notion of being made better by having care and trouble, and that she thinks she is just so much nearer to God (God) by being just as happy as she possibly can.

This is the true spirit. "Take the gifts the gods provide you." "The gods" would not have provided them, unless they had desired us to have them; and by reaching out both hands, and plucking all the fruits on life's fair tree, we shall drink in the joyous spirit of these angelic providers, and begin to imbibing their wisdom. Then when pain and suffering come, as seems to be inevitable with most persons at this present stage of human

advancement, they cannot trouble us greatly, and for the following reason.

We shall know that they can last but a very little while, and will be succeeded by periods of happiness on the spirit side of life, so vast that the ill of earth will soon be forgotten! The thief who learned from the suffering Nazarene that "today" they would both be in paradise (a beautiful park or garden), might well endure the pangs of a few hours, terrible though those pangs were in the cruel death of being nailed to a cross.

In the words of the hymn that Mr. McKinley murmured to himself in some of his periods of consciousness were these:—

"Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee."

Possibly he thought these angels were of a nature far removed in origin from the human. But when they raised him from his bed of pain, and bore him on strong supporting arms up from earth, into the lovely mansion which his manly virtues and his unselfish devotion had built for him, we think that he was glad to find that these friendly guides were not the unreal angels of whom he had dreamed, but were instead the beloved relatives and the dear friends that he "had loved and lost forever."

Such a happy awakening comes to the good man on entering the world of light. In this case, one pain of earth still remains in the heart of our good President, amid all his joy. This is the sad, bereaved condition of his loved wife. Still, she has been through it all so sustained that we believe that her whose welcome office it was to support her in many an hour of weakness and pain, still continues the same loving care, and soothes the hours of widowed loneliness by the exquisite consciousness that his spirit is near.

It is in moments of paramount mental excitement, or of sudden physical pain or stress, that one's inner nature appears. All are not able to think quickly how to act in sudden emergency, but the temper of the heart is revealed in times of shock. This was conspicuously true in President McKinley's case. Having just received a bullet in the vital organ of his body, his first thought was for others, and not of himself.

Some men, on being suddenly awakened from sleep become angry, and clench their fists at the intruder. Such men, on being fired upon feel revenge, and a desire to inflict the same on him who has struck the blow. But the interests of his country lay so near this man's heart that so far as his assassin was concerned, his dread was that the aggressor should be torn in pieces by the crowd, or that Lynch law should be executed in some other violent way. Such an act, however hasty and unpremeditated, would bring an ineffaceable stain on the honor of his country, and his earnest request was that the man who had done this foul deed should not be hurt.

At the same moment, he earnestly expressed the desire that his wife should be shielded from learning that he had been attacked. For many years he had wandered from her all things that might give her pain, and his loving heart sprang, like a bow that has been unstrung, to its wonted attitude of guardianship and of protecting care. And there is no doubt that during the painful days that followed, his most distressing thought was her present anxiety, and her dreadful grief if the wound should prove to be fatal.

His thought of the Buffalo Exposition, and of the way its interests might be affected by this untoward event, came later to his mind, and is another proof of his magnanimous nature.

To young persons, who were born after the death of Lincoln, or were not old enough to realize the sufferings of Garfield, this last event seems of course to be more terrible than any other. But we older ones, who lived through the Civil War, through all of which our idolized Lincoln bore the heaviest burden, and then was killed before he could begin to realize the joy of peace; and the more experienced ones who knew that we should need him all the more, now that the war was ended, suffered a personal shock by the death of Lincoln which far exceeded the pain caused by McKinley's death. Our only consolation was that his untimely taking off was effected without any physical pain.

As to President Garfield, all knew him to be a good man, and his words to the awestruck crowd in New York on hearing of the assassination of Lincoln, "God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives," are immortal, yet he had been President for so short a time, that our reliance on him was prospective rather than consummated. It was his terrible suffering during the eighty days that a nation watched by his bedside, that made that summer and autumn never to be forgotten. We who remember that are thankful that if McKinley must die, his sufferings were comparatively short.

But he had "the genius to be loved" to a degree exceeding that of most public men, and his tender devotion to his ailing wife will ever retain its place "in the sanctities of American sentiment." Even those who differed from him politically never doubted the breadth of his statesmanship, nor the fervor of his patriotism.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,

Abby A. Judson.

Arlington, N. J., Oct. 6, 1901.

Open Letter to Abby A. Judson.

Dear Sister Judson:—I have been much interested in your letters on "Soul Mates"; but it seems to me your conclusions are not in harmony with your premises. You hold that God is both male and female in himself—that we resemble him, having all his attributes, as a drop of water has all the qualities of the fountain from which it came. If this is true, and I do not dispute it, then why are not all mortals essentially both male and female, complete in themselves, as God is? It seems to me that sex is a superficial arrangement, for a definite purpose does not inhere in the Spirit, but fades out as we become spiritual. There is no sex in Courage, Patience, Benevolence, and Nobility of Character; all the Virtues are as lovely in

the one sex as the other, and as we grow man will become more womanly, and woman more manly, till each will be dual beings, like the Parent from which they sprang; able to live alone, yet not alone, but mates for all other souls on their plane of development. I would rather have a million "Soul mates" than one. I would like to be a "mate" to every soul that I can bless. No two are alike, each has something for every soul in the universe, therefore each needs all the others.

Although A. J. Davis and Peterless, with others, have given us the theory of one special Soul mate that we may some time find, I am inclined to think it an error. I believe Emerson is nearer the Truth when he says, "The Soul is not twin born, but the only begotten."

The sooner mortals realize this, the sooner they will cease seeking the "mate" that is to save them and can bend all their energies to the task of working out their own salvation from selfishness and special loves, to the love of all.

Then will Love be truly Free,
And "mates" abound, wherever we be.

Very respectfully, your brother,

Baldwinville, Mass.

S. Carter.

What is Arrogance?

BY ARTHUR F. MILTON.

A variety of notions exists concerning this universal human proclivity, but perhaps the best way to define it, is to seek its origin and judge the effects by the cause.

That man has two very decided and self-acting principles in reason and love none can deny—principles or life-forces not instilled or taught, but inherent, and manifesting as consciousness and motherly affinity in its earliest stage.

Out of these two in combined effort a third is developed as time progresses, known as will-power or mental force—a consciously directing and intelligent guiding impulse, known in the animal as mere volition, an impulse moved by instinct or as the passions dictate.

Man is also capable of being moved by it in like manner, but seldom without more or less consciousness attached to know what he is about—if not in the moment, at least after the impulse, to know what he has done. Reason or love are bound to follow as an after-effect, to either condone or regret the act.

If wrong, his conscience will certainly define it as such—the love principle warning against its repetition. But he may not heed the warning, because the act has afforded him such material pleasure or benefit, that he prefers its repetition to a quiet conscience. It is then no more a blind impulse, but a voluntary act, committed by a conscious will, an intelligent mind. In that it becomes a conscious wrong—a sin, so-called. It is reason and love exercised for a sensual or a selfish effect, as the case may be; or a perversion of its combination, will-power. Now, will-power perverted, is arrogance.

Exercised legitimately, as in earning a livelihood, carrying out a good project, leading a just cause, practicing benevolence, enforcing duty, or facilitating progress in accordance with law and order, is its prerogative and in harmony with reason and love—nature's impulse—as was instilled in man at his inception. But exercised sensually or selfishly—defying reason or love, or subordinating them to the animal—is unnatural and disturbs its harmony with natural law or nature. This weakens it—robs it of its potency as a positively acting impulse, force or power. The weak man is thus the one who lacks potency of will—mental force.

Continuous illegitimate use creates a passion—a sensual one, when perverted by animalism and an emotional passion when perverted by selfishness, intemperance or lust, for example in the first instance; and avarice or greed in the latter, and founded on acts or deeds comporting with the effects.

Hatred is the natural consequence of either, because reason and love have thereby lost their potency for positive action and now act negatively.

As reason and love always act conjunctively—one without the other being impossible—they suffer together by the misuse of either, and the same results accrue, only that they manifest a little differently in effect—the admixture of the sensual into the combination manifesting as envy, jealousy, haughtiness or false pride, and that of the selfish as deceit, anger, vindictiveness and malice—both as contempt. But hatred it is, because the reverse of love or reason.

Neither love nor reason hates when acting positively or for a natural effect, but are always high-minded, charitable, sympathetic or humane in conception and feeling—spiritually inclined, whether acting independent of the will or in conjunction with it; that is, whether expressing a thought, making a wish or committing a deed.

In the latter lies man's rise or fall as a soul. His acts unfold his record. If in harmony with nature's impulses—for good only—he becomes positive to matter, with a free will, potent in comparison to its influence or control over sense and self. If the reverse, he remains earth-bound and attracted to his kind—spirits and mortals—still dominated by a perverted will or arrogance, so-called, and controlled by matter in comparison to his impotency as a positive being.

Thus arrogance is will-power perverted by sensualism of selfishness—the highest power of the human soul reduced to the animal plane, or lower, in instances, and constitutes the basis of crime or is crime per se in many respects.

The police-court records are all effects of arrogance or a misuse of the will, among which are cruelty, robbery, murder, arson, dishonesty, malicious mischief, intemperance, disorderly conduct, infidelity, or a disregard for the Golden Rule generally.

And how many are not doing the latter out-side of the police-courts or in secret? Were we to analyze every thought, act or

