



A SONG OF MAY.

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

When come the days of merry May,
And all the world o'erflows with light,
What can we do, what can we say,
But praise the life that is so bright?
Our hearts are glad and then made glad,
And have the song of birds above,
Renouncing care and feelings sad,
To live in nature's light and love!

Go to the woods and walk in fields,
Gather where'er the heart can hold;
Retain the good kind nature yields
The life of man in bliss to hold:
Here is the joy of soul made sure,
For as in pleasure long to prove,
Of all the good your share secure,
And live in kingdom of its love!

Progress.

FRED DE BOS.

It is about time that I should say something, and the house bill 833 against hypnosis furnishes me with a text. This bill is the work of the Watch and Ward Society, and recalls to my mind Doctor Rospal in France, who was the first to declare that our diseases were due to microbes, bacilli, etc. All the microbes persecuted him for years and yet today the fact is about universally recognized. The trouble was that the doctor was born fifty years ahead of time, while his persecutors were born one hundred years behind the times. So it is with this bill. Its fathers should have been born one hundred and fifty years ago and mediums, hypnotists and all such would have come under the blue laws and perhaps have been burned as witches. Let us hope that the silly bill, the work of unbalanced minds, will be speedily buried. That has set me thinking on Progress, and I send you my thoughts.

PROGRESS. WHAT IS IT AND ITS TEST?

The word "Progress" is one of the most commonly used terms, and yet its meaning is very vague with most people. Progress is the ideal and the glory of this generation. What is Progress? Can we give a definite and clear answer to the question, or is progress one of the many words by which people feel much but think little?

Progress is the act of stepping forward. It is a march onward. But who can tell the right direction of that onward march? While traveling on your ideal highway of progress, have you never met a man going in the direction which you had left behind? It happens often and if you ask the man why he goes backward instead of forward, he will assure you that he is going forward and you are retrograding. Those who preach progress are not agreed as to the right direction. You will meet many who believe that the development of our present civilization is in the wrong direction; they call us to come back to stages which lie behind us in the distant past, and would consider a return to them as true progress.

The question "what is progress?" is of paramount importance to ethics. For if there is no progress, if the direction of the onward march is either indeterminate or indifferent, then there is no ethics. But if there is a special and determinable line along which alone progress can be made, it is this alone which must be the rule for our course of action. This line alone can be the norm of morality. From this alone we must draw our moral rules, this alone can give us the real contents of the otherwise meaningless term of moral goodness, and this alone must constitute our basis of ethics.

We should know what progress is, for our generation sees the origin and growth of life so much better than did any previous generation. We know now that all life follows certain laws of evolution, that the man of today is the product of that evolution, and man's progress is nothing but the evolution of mankind. Science has discovered the fundamental laws of evolution, so it may give us a satisfactory definition of progress. We are told that the law of evolution is adaptation to surroundings. The polar bear adapts itself in its fur and in its habits to its environment; while I have read that the insects in Madeira lose their power of flight and have almost become wingless. There is a survival of the fittest everywhere, but natural selection does not always favor the strongest and the best. The ablest flyers are swept by the winds in the ocean and perish, while the weak will survive, but not the strongest, not the best.

History teaches us that there have been periods and societies so corrupt that the spirit of the time made it impossible for good men to exist and to act morally. The evil influence of tyranny, of corruption and of hypocrisy swept the brave, the honest, the thinking out of existence, and allowed only the weak, the degenerate and the unthinking to remain. It is true that a nation so degraded was doomed, and many a people have been blotted out of the face of the earth to make place for other nations. We have retrogressive as well as progressive adaptation, and so it is not always a sign of progress in the

physical world, let alone the moral progress of man. So the law of adaptation explains survival but is no criterion of progress. The philosopher who takes a higher and more general view of life may perhaps tell us what is the characteristic feature of progress. Progress is "a passage from a homogeneous to a heterogeneous state." "It is an ever-increasing disintegration of the whole mass accompanied by an integration, a differentiation, and a mutual, ever-increasing dependence of parts and of functions, and by a tendency to equilibrium in the functions of the parts integrated." Complexity, we are told, is a sign of a higher evolution. True, in many respects higher forms of existence are richer, more elaborate, more specialized than lower forms. Is complexity the criterion of progress, can we use it as a test in some cases of doubt? Does it show us the nature of progress, its meaning and its importance? It seems to me that this explanation is not even generally true, for there are weighty and serious exceptions which overthrow the validity of this formula. Look at our cotton mills of fifty years ago and of today, is not the progress in the invention of machinery from the more complex to the more simple?

Mr. Herbert Spencer, the philosopher of evolution overlooked the main point when he tried to explain evolution in terms of matter and motion. Evolution means a change of form, and this change has a special meaning. Evolution is not a material nor a mechanical process, and the attempt to solve the problem of evolution on the ground of materialism or mechanism must be a failure. True, Mr. Spencer recognizes the importance of the formal element, for his view of increasing complexity involves form and the change of form. Yet he selects a mere external feature, one that is not even universal, as characteristic of evolution, and he neglects the very meaning of the change of form, but this meaning is the very nerve of the question, all the rest is a matter of detail, and of secondary consideration. This meaning remaining as an irresolvable residue in his philosophical crucible can be resolved only in the Deity.

The evolution of the solar system being a mechanical process may find in the LaPlace hypothesis a purely mechanical solution. But the evolution of animal life is not a purely mechanical process. There is in it an element of feeling which is not mechanical. You say that the nervous process which takes place when an animal feels is mechanical. Granted that all processes which are changes of places, biological processes included, are instances of molar or molecular mechanics. But the feeling itself is no mechanical phenomenon. It is a state of awareness in which something is represented, and this state of awareness has a meaning. I say boldly that the meaning that feeling acquires is the characteristic feature not only of animal, but especially of intellectual life of the life of man. And it is upon the meaning-freighted feelings that soul life originates. Let every special feeling, representing a special condition or object, be constituted by a special form of nerve action, and we should see the soul develop together with the organism. A higher development leads naturally to a greater complexity of nerve forms; yet it is not this complexity which constitutes the evolution of the soul. The test of progress can be found alone in the meaning with which the feelings are freighted.

What is this meaning? The different feelings or soul forms represent special experiences and through these the surroundings of the organism are depicted. The soul then is an image of the world impressed into living substance and depicted in feelings. But that is not all, the soul is more than that. It is also the psychical aspect of the reaction that takes place in answer to the stimuli of the surroundings. And this reaction is the most important part in the life of the soul. The former may be called cognition or intelligence, the latter activity or ethics. The former has no other purpose than to serve as an information for the proper guidance of the latter.

We do not consider the world as a chaos of material particles. We do not believe that blind chance rules supreme. We see order everywhere and law is the regulating principle in all things and processes. The world is not a meaningless medley, but a cosmos which in its minutest parts is full of significance and purpose. And this truth has found a religious experience in the God idea. The world considered in its cosmic grandeur is divine, and when in the process of evolution the soul develops as an image of the world, the divinity of the cosmos is also mirrored in the soul. The higher animal life rises, the more it partakes of the divine, and it reaches the highest climax in man, and finally in the ideal of a perfect moral man, the God-man.

The test of progress must be sought in the growth of soul. The more perfectly, the more completely, the more truthfully the world is imaged in the soul, so as to enable the individual as well as the race to read appropriately on the proper occasions, to be up in doing and achieving, to act wisely, aspiringly and morally, the higher have we risen in the scale of evolution. It is not the complexity of soul

forms which create their value, it is their correctness, their congruence with reality, their truth. Evolution sometimes leads to a greater complexity. But sometimes it will lead to greater simplicity. Complexity alone would bewilder us, it must be combined with economy, and the economy of thought is important because it simplifies or intelligences; it enables us not only to see more of truth at once but also to recognize the laws of nature, the order of the cosmos and its divinity. The test of progress is the realization of truth extensive as well as intensive in the soul of man. The more truth the human soul contains and the more it utilizes the truth in life, the more powerful it will be and the more moral. Thus the soul partakes of the divinity of its creator, God; it will come more and more in harmony with the cosmos, it will more and more conform to its laws, it will be the more religious, the holier, the greater, the diviner, the higher it develops and the further it progresses.

Modern Spiritualism.

E. A. BRACKETT.

Part I.

The phantom thoughts that drift through space.
Have neither home, nor birth, nor place.
They are the aurora light that gleams—
The ghosts that haunt us in our dreams.
Like motes they circle through the air,
Unthought they come, are here and there
And everywhere. We seek in vain
To catch these microbes of the brain;
They shift and play and come to nought,
In the clear light of healthy thought.

The phenomena of Animal Magnetism for years trembled in the balance, until under the name of Hypnotism it was finally accepted as a scientific fact. Still no explanation as to what it is, has ever been found, and probably none ever will be.

It is known that under certain conditions, one person may throw another into a trance in which each becomes en rapport with the other; that the individuality of both is merged into one, and the mesmerizer can communicate mentally with his subject and cause him to express these ideas orally; and that the spirit of the subject is so far released from the body that it can perceive things not visible to the outward senses.

Any one desiring to obtain evidence of spiritual phenomena, will easily obtain it by making himself practically familiar with mesmerism. He can readily find a subject with whom he can communicate mentally and receive oral replies. When he has reached this point there is but one more question to consider, that is, whether there exists organized intelligence, invisible beings, capable of taking his place with his mesmerized subject.

If he pursues his investigations along this line, avoiding all mental disturbances, he will not have to wait long before receiving abundant evidence of spirit manifestations. Any attempt to make a scientific investigation of this subject in any other way must fail. By this it is not to be understood that this is the only pathway to a realization of this great truth. There are those who, naturally gifted with spiritual perception, will not find it necessary to pursue such a course of investigation.

The investigator will find it necessary to exercise unusual care to avoid what is called "hypnotic suggestion."

Professor Hyslop, who started out with all the pomp and vanity of Falstaff, masked and armed against subliminal self and muscular suggestion, early fell a victim to it. In his prosaic and inconsequential statements of his seances with Mrs. Piper, hypnotic suggestions constantly occur. This and the frequent use of objects once owned by the returning spirit, relieves them of much that he supposed to be spirit identity.

The exercise of mesmeric influence and hypnotic suggestion, is far more prevalent than is generally understood. It is this that enables the orator to sway his audience; the minister, if he has any magnetic force, to control his church, and in our social relations it becomes an all pervading influence. Few persons have sufficient individuality of character to free themselves from it.

The widely circulated theory of telepathy, the invention of the London Society of Psychical Research, as an explanation of the phenomena, has no meaning.

If I have a good mesmeric subject and desire him, or her, to go to a distant city to a street and a house that I know, and give me a description of that house and its inmates, in nine cases out of ten the description will be correct.

My sceptical friend says, "All right, mind reading. You received nothing you did not know before."

But suppose I go a little farther and desire my subject or spirit messenger to describe what those people are doing at that time. Just as correct will be the answer, subsequently verified by members of the family.

Again, if a member of that family is mesmeric, or sensitive to the control of the spirit

of your subject or the messenger who took part in the work, you can convey your ideas to that person. On this line lies the explanation of what is called telepathy. There is no other way known by which mental communication between persons widely separated can be maintained, except by artificial means.

In all cases both parties must be sensitive; one positive, and the other negative and in a condition to be released, for the time being, from conscious control of his body.

All these things are so plain and simple that no common sense investigator need go astray. The fact that we cannot explain them, any more than we can explain electricity, is no argument against their existence.

The blundering efforts to prove that they are not what they claim to be, is absurd. Such stuff as "unconscious cerebration," "muscular suggestion," and "subliminal self,"—which is subliminal nonsense,—have all tended to bring Spiritualism into contempt.

The publishing of such things as a probable explanation of the phenomena, has led many to believe that those who advocate them are verging on the border of insanity. The last fad that has come to the surface is, "Aural Self." It seems to have fascinated one of our most interesting writers, who is pursuing it with all the shifting, changing play of the northern lights.

The English language, however imperfectly we may use it, is still the vehicle by which we convey our thoughts to each other. If you look in the dictionary for "Aural Self," you will not find it. You will find "self" defined as, the individual, the ego; and "aural," "any subtle, invisible fluid, supposed to flow from a body; an effluvia, emanation or exhalation, as the aroma of flowers, the odor of blood, a supposed fertilizing emanation from the pollen of flowers; (Med.) a sensation, as of a current of air rising from some part of the head, preceding epilepsy."

The reader can choose all or any part of these definitions. We prefer, for illustration, that of the flower, for every one knows that the fragrance of the flower is not the flower,—the flower is not the plant.

Through all forms of life there runs the universal law of attraction and repulsion, which enables these forms to select what is necessary to their growth and to reject all else. These rejected emanations are, so far as they relate to living forms, dead matter, and it is hardly possible to conceive that the ego or self could, in any way, become the ego or self of dead matter that its organization had instinctively rejected.

It may be claimed that the Aural Self belongs to the spirit man. If so, it does not change the issue, for so long as man treads this earth he can gain nothing by ignoring his body. His emanations must come through his physical organization, and can differ only in degree.

A hearty appreciation of the common sense things of this world, a profound respect for the body we live in, the necessity of keeping it in repair,—without which there can be no healthy impressions,—forbids that we waste our energies in pursuit of such attenuated and elusive vibrations.

The multitudinous eruption of supposed ideas that, like the kaleidoscope, shift and change with our mental surroundings, are the result of distorted, uncontrolled mental action, analogous to our dreams, and form no part of a true life.

Barring the imperfections that, in our present condition, necessarily follow the efforts of the spirit to express itself through crude matter, our physical development represents our spiritual body. Unfortunately, there are those who claim to be Spiritualists, whose imaginations are afflicted with a flux of dyepic ideas, and who have not the remotest idea that they are moving in an unhealthy mental condition. Gifted with an abnormal flow of language, and a telescopic perception, from their self constructed observatory they claim to lay bare the mystery of the unknown, from the creation of the atom, to the greatest sidereal universe.

The chemist and the astronomer may find to their dismay that the accumulated knowledge of ages fades before the onward march of these spiritual philosophers.

The story of Jack and his bean-stalk, which amused our boyhood, no longer charms us, for these men can climb higher and on a more slender stalk than Jack ever dreamed of. Both may yet be regarded as benefactors, the one as showing the possibility of bean culture, the other as elucidating the marvelous attenuation of imaginary thought.

The more spiritual manifestations are studied, the more they appeal to our personality and become interwoven with our inner life, baffling all efforts to intelligently describe them to those who have had no such experience. Spiritualism may in time have a language of its own, by which it can express something of that new sense which, through evolution, is being added to man's physical nature.

There has been no effort made in these articles to prove in detail the truth of spiri-

nal manifestations. It is too late to call in question its existence, for no one thing is more thoroughly established by an accumulation of facts. Sooner or later, the question of a continued existence after death must appeal with more or less force to every human being. The fact that these manifestations, in all their varied forms, prove beyond a question that death is only a transition to another life, and under favorable conditions we can communicate with our friends who once dwelt here, is a matter of such vast importance that it seems strange that any sensible person can approach it without realizing its true meaning and far reaching influence upon humanity.

Our aim has been to recall, if possible, a clearer sense of the beauty of these simple and perfectly natural phenomena, and to repel without fear or favor whatever tends to mislead or distort them. In our effort to penetrate into the unknown, we are met in the very beginning with the fact that our returning friends are obliged to meet us on our own plane of existence; that we have no language by which they can convey to us any idea of anything beyond our experience in this life, and that farther than this, their statements are not necessarily any more authentic than those we receive from our friends here. That there may be, and often are, intimations appealing to our intuitions, is not called in question. The great object of spirit return is to satisfy us of their continued existence and that their love and affection remain unchanged. Compared with this all else sinks into insignificance.

There is little difference between an intentional falsehood and the imaginary statements made by irresponsible persons, who pretend to know what cannot be known, so long as our conditions in this life remain as they are. To this class, mainly in the ranks of those who claim to be their friends, is due the perversion of true Spiritualism.

In the mission of the Christ, his pure democracy and affectionate nature, I have followed the ideal history of the man. He was not the founder of any sect, and both church and state have been in opposition to his divine character. Having no place in contemporary history, modern scepticism has endeavored to prove that no such person ever lived. It makes no difference which way this question may be settled, the eternal truths that cluster around his name can never be lost sight of. It is hardly possible to realize the change that would have followed, had these truths been universally accepted. Instead of self-conceit, self-righteousness,—which is ever the base of our social relations,—the crimes, the contentions, the wars that have delayed the earth with human blood, there would have been peace and harmony, without which there can be no true progress.

If I have been compelled to give up my reverence for all sectarian teachings, it is because I realize their evil influence on my early training, and a knowledge of its effects on our social relations. A man may believe what he pleases, may think that the moon is made of green cheese and that he is to have the first slice, but if his life depended on the practical result of such belief, he might starve.

The Infinite Intelligence has seen fit to develop man along the line of unending evolution, and whatever interferes with this dwarfs his growth. If he cannot be true to his physical nature, he will necessarily be false to all else. The more perfect the material organization, the clearer and stronger will be the onward expression of the inward dwelling spirit.

I inherited my belief in a vengeful God, the Devil, evil spirits, Hell and eternal punishment, from my good parents, who thought it necessary to my salvation to imbue my young mind with such things. I saw in my dreams the great lake of fire, the Devil with his pitchfork turning over bodies, that they might be well roasted; the sulphur coated battlements covered with little devils, watching to catch stray souls and pitch them into the lake, and myriads of evil spirits running to and fro over the earth, seeking to enslave the weak and unfortunate. These things haunted me when in mature life my reason and common sense told me that they could not be true. Such is the force of early education.

Those were the days of religious fervor, when the ranting revivalist stalked through the land; when the ministers told their congregations what God and the Devil would surely do with sinners,—which meant say who did not belong to their church. Pious lying, for they knew no more about such things than the man in the moon. What wonder that the young people rejoiced to escape from the church into the glad sunshine, green fields and fresh air, asking "How can God be such a cruel being?"

The church, the creed, the minister are still here, but the old life has gone out of them, and the new are more or less deserted. Spiritualism has come with a clearer and more rational conception of life, love and happiness, and demands recognition.

(Continued on page 8.)

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Editorial Notes.

Another victory for the doctors! This time their triumph is one of which they may well be proud. They have made such a conquest that they may reasonably be excused if they "point with just pride" to the wonderful progress (?) they have made in their medical practice. Here is the story in brief: A pseudo small-pox scare gave the doctors a chance to reap a harvest of dollars out of the victims of vaccination. They wanted more power in order to be able to coerce the people into being vaccinated against their wills. A protest was made, but the law-makers stood in with doctors and compulsory vaccination was sustained. Elated with triumph, drunken with power, the doctors kept on at their work, drawing in good dollars for their truly philanthropic (?) work of poisoning the people's blood through the injection of vaccine virus into their systems. Whole districts were turned over to them by the sapient Board of Health, whose members, of course, could do no wrong, for they were armed with the sovereign authority of the State, and this temporary power, no doubt, made them all feel that they were superior in wisdom to even God Almighty.

Vaccine points multiplied rapidly, likewise sore arms among the masses. The harvest was plentiful, and numerous Shylocks, chuckling in glee, drew in their ducks. Dr. Durgin, the official head of the Board of Health, wanted all of the people to be vaccinated, and at one time turned one hundred and sixty doctors loose in Boston alone, under orders to vaccinate all the people in certain districts—personally if they could, forcibly if they must. The doctor and his wife (?) advised assured the people that only the purest of pure (?) vaccine points should be used, and issued a decree, declaring that those that were being forced upon the people had been thoroughly tested and were known to be "absolutely pure." The officially endorsed vaccine points were freely circulated, and the joy of the sapient Board of Health was, no doubt, beyond the power of words to describe, as they saw the people rounded up like the cattle of the plains, and branded for life with

their infamous touch of pollution. It is not officially stated how many people were thus treated, nor will it ever be known how much money the doctors won by their legal poisoning. Suffice it to say that it was quite a sum, and the complacent smiles of these officious officials may be taken as an index of their perfect satisfaction with themselves. They had had their own way, and were consequently very happy. Great was Esculapius, and greater (?) still were his so-called disciples of modern times!

But clouds often appear in the clearest of skies, and one, just a trifle "larger than a man's hand," suddenly arose over the happy doctors. A few days since one of the officially endorsed bovines, commonly reared a cow, that had been used as a germinalator of vaccine points, was slaughtered, probably for beef, but it is not stated whether the beef was to be officially eaten, or "officially embalmed" and sent to American soldiers in the Philippine Islands. In any event, the cow was killed for some purpose or another and it was "officially" declared, of course by the same wise (?) Board of Health, that the aforesaid cow was actually dead—decidedly dead, unquestionably moritur est. For some good reason, a sort of post mortem examination was held over the remains of this official cow, prior to the sale of the same as beef, or their embalming for shipping purposes. A most wonderful discovery was at once made in connection with this official cow, known to be officially and certainly dead. She, whom the sapient doctors had gravely pronounced a perfectly healthy, supremely happy, and most amiable of all officially endorsed bovines, was a sufferer from tuberculosis, and was diseased throughout her entire system with that much dreaded malady. Tuberculosis in an official cow whose sacred duty it was to furnish the wise (?) men of medicine with their coveted vaccine points! What a terrible thing for this official cow to do! Didn't she know any better than to thus lacerate the tender bosoms of the vaccinators, and to cast opprobrium upon their pet source of income? The cow deserved punishment, so she did, and no doubt this wise Board of Health consigned her to that sulphurous region where winter never comes and heat never dies!

The Boston Daily Advertiser says it is not known how many points this perfectly healthy and officially endorsed bovine, out of her great store, generously furnished the doctors. That she gave them a very large number there is no doubt, and now the poor doctors are forced to weary their poor brains with the distracting problem, "is it possible for vaccinated persons to derive any harm from virus taken from a diseased cow, when said cow had been officially pronounced healthy?" Of course they were positive that the inoculated ones could, would, and did derive great benefit from the operation, because—well—because, they (the doctors) got some money for the job! Of course vaccination was an unquestioned blessing but would those gullible fools, the people, be so inconsiderate, so evilly and cruelly minded as to develop tuberculosis from this degenerate, ungrateful and carnal-minded cow, who had sufficient germs of said disease in her system to kill a regiment; albeit she was "officially" pronounced "perfectly perfect" in the matter of health and all other subsidiary issues? Does tuberculosis ever do any harm? Will it develop in the systems of the officially vaccinated populace? If it does develop, if it is harmful, then think of the sins this poor vaccine-pointed, officially endorsed, exalibur brand cow will have to answer for in the "Great Hereafter!" Think of her agony of soul for having worked so much harm in humanity—her remorse of conscience for having had a disease when the doctors said she did not have one, and the terrible, terrible punishment that will be hers!

This is the victory of the doctors to which I referred in the opening paragraph of my talk with the readers of the Banner. They succeeded in obtaining and sustaining an iniquitous compulsory vaccination law, and now they have achieved a greater victory in inoculating their victims with the germs of tuberculosis. This is indeed a triumph. It will give the doctors plenty of patients from this time forth, and, after the epidemic of tuberculosis is over, another small-pox scare may evolve for them another cow who will have a disease that will be equally desirable to impart to the people, so that the process of filching money from the people may go on ad infinitum. What a victory is theirs. How great their wisdom must make them feel! They pronounced the cow perfectly well—what business had she to be sick? It was an insult to them, gratuitous in character, and wholly unprofessional on her part. Unfortunately, to thus delude and victimize the all-wise members of this most illustrious Board of Health! Victims of vaccination, how do you relish the possibilities of such cases as this? Vaccination is no protection from attacks of small-pox; yet you will deliberately jeopardize your health, your very lives, by admitting vaccine into your system that may have within it the germs of any one of a dozen or more of the most loathsome diseases! Not only that, but you demand the right to inflict the same torture upon others, and subject them to the same danger. Is it right or just for you to do either one of these things?

That devoted friend of liberty and ardent advocate of the rights of man, Alfred E. Giles, well says: "There was a time when the Roman Catholic Church demanded and assumed the power to control the actions of the people in all things. Later it was compelled to share its authority with a hierarchy equally bigoted—that of the Protestant Church. Today men of medicine are occupying the same position with regard to the people's rights to get well and keep well. The allopathic school is the prototype of the Catholic Church power, while the homoeopaths represent the Protestants. Ecclesiasticism has taken a new form, and the people are yet in danger from it. From religion, it has passed over into the domain of health, where it hopes to have greater power to sway the

masses. The people should be aroused before it is too late for them to regain their liberties." These words, and many more of like nature from the lips of my venerable friend, do I heartily endorse. The only way to escape from bondage is to break the fetters that shackle our limbs. Let us repeal all medical monopoly laws, abolish compulsory vaccination, and let the people think for themselves. Spiritualists, will you take the lead in this work, or do you prefer vaccination with all of its dangers and miseries, to the broad freedom of health and happiness?

Speaking of the Catholic Church, brings to mind a recent convocation of priests and laymen of that great hierarchy in Boston College Hall. It was claimed by the speakers who addressed the large audience present, that the members of that church were unfairly treated in the way of influence on the part of the United States Government. It was argued that there were 15,000,000 Catholics in the United States who were practically ignored when the filling of high official positions was involved. "Let us unite and we will make those who have ignored us tremble" was the burden of their cries. A union will undoubtedly be formed for the purpose of exercising political influence among Catholic voters, and if the members of that church can be persuaded to vote as a unit with any one political party, that party is reasonably certain to win in any Presidential election. As a matter of fact, Roman Catholics as such are not ignored in the United States even now. Some of them occupy high positions in State and National affairs. They are Mayors of cities, Governors of States, Congressmen, United States Senators and three of them are Justices of the Supreme Court. Any native born Catholic is eligible to the Presidency of the United States, hence there is no discrimination against our Catholic friends at any point in America. As there are five times as many Protestants as Catholics in our nation, it is but natural that offices should be distributed in like ratio, if the question of religion is to be considered at all.

The American aim is, or should be, to elect the man or woman best qualified for the place, regardless of his religious belief. I believe this to be the true policy in a republic like ours. As between Catholic and Protestant officials, the public often receives more considerate treatment from the former than from the latter. The average Catholic is not taught to consider himself master of himself, much less of anyone else, hence tries really to be the servant of the people who elect him to office. The average Protestant feels that he is the ruler of the people—not their servant—and acts accordingly. In view of this fact, it is easy to see why so many Catholics are holding public office today. If the Roman Church does not have its full quota of office holders in the United States, the reason is not hard to determine. Its followers, on the whole, are not qualified educationally as are the Protestants for certain official posts, and many of those who are fitted for high positions are persona non grata to the voting laity among the Catholics themselves. But when everything is considered, it will be found that the Catholics are everywhere fully represented among our American office holders, especially in all large cities and towns. There is little to choose between Catholics and Protestants in the way of bigotry, and the former are often found more tolerant than are the latter.

In making the above statement, I must not be considered as excusing or even defending the Catholic Church. It is my aim to be fair and just in my references to that institution, and it is only right that its errors and weaknesses should be contrasted with those of Protestantism. When such contrast is made, the rationalist finds little to choose as between the two, yet many times is compelled to admit that the former is preferable to the latter in determining the question of right between man and man. This discussion was taken up because of the tribute paid to organization by the Catholic gentlemen at their recent convocation. They recognize that their strength lies in the unity of their efforts, and if all Catholics can be enrolled as members of the proposed citizen's league, it will make them a formidable factor in American politics. It will also be a dangerous power, from the fact that every Catholic's first duty is to his Church, next to his family, and lastly to his flag. If this federation is formed, then the Pope of Rome can issue an order to his American followers, directing them to vote as he wishes. The Catholic voters are sufficiently numerous to turn this nation over to control of the Roman See, provided they hang together. It would seem strange to the average American to have this nation's actual ruler seated in the Vatican, yet there is more than a possibility of such being the case, as I have shown in my reference to the proposed Catholic voters federation.

If the Catholics hope to obtain what they call their rights through their organization as political forces, what is the matter with the Spiritualists for not doing the same thing? If there were twenty millions of Spiritualists in the United States, there would be at least five millions of voters. Such an army could and would turn the scale in any election. If there were five millions of Spiritualists only, their complete union would make them a power in politics. So would a close organization of the fifteen hundred thousand Spiritualists and investigators that are actually to be found here. I am not urging organization for political purposes in any way, but only for the sake of proving our own strength, and forcing the politicians to accord us the treatment that is our first due as American citizens. If Spiritualists as voters will be true to their principles, they will never be slaves to any party, but will ever be patriots in thought, word and deed, and will vote for men of character and integrity, rather than for machine nominees. The organization of the Spiritualists of the United States is their sole hope for advancement and judicial recognition.

Congressman McCall of Massachusetts has secured a favorable report upon his bill pro-

viding for the refunding of the legacy tax upon bequests to religious, literary, charitable, educational, artistic societies or other institutions. It may become a law, but it does not seem as if it were a just measure in all respects. Why should legacies of a few hundred or thousand dollars to private citizens be taxed, and those of the great colleges, churches and other societies be exempt? My contention is that the private citizen is of greater importance than any corporation, hence there should be no discrimination in favor of the latter as against the former. The vast wealth that is invested in churches, sectarian schools, and aristocratic colleges, should bear its just share of taxation, and I am pleased to note that the secular press, in commenting upon Mr. McCall's bill, plainly declares that the time is not far distant when public sentiment will demand the equal and uniform taxation of all church property and that of ecclesiastical schools. May that day dawn speedily, and bring relief to the overburdened poor who are now carrying more than their share of the load in the way of taxation.

A benefit entertainment and reception will be held May 1 at Commercial Hall in the interests of Mrs. Clara E. Strong, who has recently been very ill with diphtheria. She was discharged from the hospital a few days ago in a very weak state, and her friends purpose giving her this testimonial of their interest with the hope that it will be an inspiration to greater progress toward recovery on her part. The admission to this benefit has been placed at the extremely low price of twenty-five cents. It is hoped that many will avail themselves of this opportunity to do good by attending the entertainment on the evening in question at Commercial Hall, 624 Washington St., Boston.

The transition of Rev. T. D. Talmage has occasioned only a ripple upon the sea of life, and the quick returning waters of progressive thought have smoothed again the surface, leaving the sea as if it had not been. The amount of good he wrought while in the form is so infinitesimally small as to cause many to wonder why such a man was so widely advertised while in life. He was an actor in the pulpit whose mission was completed when he had created a sensation, and thereby caused people to talk about him and his actions. No man ever had greater opportunities to do good to his fellowmen than did Talmage, and no man put those same opportunities to base uses as did he. But he has gone to his reward, to meet the consequences of his narrow, selfish, pyrotechnic life, and mortals can afford to leave him, face to face with himself, to work out his own destiny in agony of soul because of the failure he has made of his life here. Every man falls, who lives for self, regardless of truth and honor; so it is with this modern pulpiter who preferred his own aggrandizement, his own enjoyment to the good of his fellowmen.

Mrs. J. D. Shaw, wife of the talented editor of the Banner's valued exchange, "The Searchlight," of Waco, Texas, has taken leave of earth. This news is a painful surprise to the many friends of this devoted couple in all sections of the nation. Editor Shaw is the foremost apostle of progressive thought in all of the "Sunny South," where he has valiantly fought for right and justice even since conscience and reason led him out of the church, and placed him upon the platform of liberalism. In all of his work, he has been loyally sustained and encouraged by his devoted wife, who has now gone forth to meet her dear ones in the land of souls. She was a loyal wife, a true mother, a faithful friend. She followed the light of reason, and dared to think for herself upon all questions pertaining to life and its duties. Her talented husband has long been an Agnostic, but she was an ardent Spiritualist, and was never at a loss for a reason for the faith that was hers. It was my good fortune to meet her in Texas some years ago, since which time I have looked upon her as one of the truest friends Spiritualism has ever had. She loved it for its own sake, and for the sake of the good it enabled her to do for others. She will be greatly missed by all who knew her, and the loss to Spiritualism in Waco through her transition can never be repaired. She was preceded to spirit life by a few weeks, by her eldest son—a young man of great promise who, like his mother, was a devoted Spiritualist. The shock of his transition gave her a blow from which she could not rally. My sincere sympathy and that of thousands of others goes out to the stricken husband and family in their great sorrow.

My heart is deeply touched as I read of the transition of little Frances Eugenia, only child of my esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. McCarroll of Ottumwa, Iowa. She was a most lovable baby, and had only seen nine months of earth-life when she went home to live with the angels. It is hard to see the dear ones leave us at any age, but it is doubly hard to see the little children go. Only those who are grounded in the truths of Spiritualism can reconcile themselves to the inexorable decree that parts them from the tender objects of their love. She will be an angel in the home of her parents as before, yet they will sorely miss her presence in the form. May they daily see her with the eyes of the soul, and receive from her the assurances of her continued love in my heartfelt prayer.

It has been discovered that some of the doctors knew that the cow, to whom I have referred at length on this page, had tuberculosis at the very time she was being used to produce vaccine points! They were afraid to make the fact known, at the time, for they feared it would cause the people to refuse to be vaccinated. Exactly so! The money they received from vaccination was more to the doctors than the lives of the persons into whose systems they injected tuberculous vaccine! These men were not only contemptible cowards, but arrant knaves, if they quietly acquiesced in the poisoning of the masses through the use of vaccine from a diseased source. It will take time for tuberculosis to develop, but its ravages are a rich source of

because for all men of medicine when it is once at work. Spiritualists, how do you like it? Will you not say, with the Roman of old, "Vaccinatio delenda est?"

In calling upon a professional gentleman a few days ago, I noticed that his dress suit was quite in evidence in different parts of his office, spread over the few chairs it contained. He at once stated that he had been at a banquet the night before, and not being a smoker had been almost choked to death with cigar smoke. "I have spread my clothing about in this manner," he said, "in order to rid my garments of tobacco smoke. I was nearly killed by the vile stuff, and so were a dozen others who were not smokers, yet this fact made no difference to our associates. They smoked us thoroughly—the farmer couldn't do a better job by his hams than was done by us—and not one of them cared a whit. Do you know that every smoker, without exception, is an exceedingly selfish person? He will smoke anywhere and everywhere, regardless of the offense he gives to his betters, and seems never to enjoy himself so well as he does when he is poisoning the air that some one else must breathe! Why," continued the gentleman, "he takes his cigar into the fashionable restaurants, into the dining rooms of the best hotels, into the parlors of his friends, and complacently puffs the vilest of odors into the faces of other guests, his lady companions and his hostesses, as the case may be. The fact is the smoker is a downright robber, for he steals pure air for himself and then robs his friends and neighbors of that most desirable article with his odious cigar or a villainous pipe!"

The gentleman paused for a moment, and then with a rueful glance at his odorous garments, gave a sniff of contempt, and then remarked, "The men who smoked me to death are my employers and I am forced to endure just what they choose to give me." "Why do you attend the banquets, or put yourself where you are obliged to encounter such experiences?" he was questioned. "Because," he replied, "it is a part of the system, and I am the Secretary of their corporation, hence must be on hand when called upon. It is slavery, yes, sir, slavery—that's just what it is!" He then went at his books with a dash, but turned around in a few minutes to say, "After all, I am mighty glad I am not a smoker!" No doubt he was, and ever will be, yet because of his manliness he is forced to go through life meeting exactly such experiences almost every day. To be sure, banquets are only occasionally given, but his employers and other patrons visit his office daily, and they come in like walking volcanoes, sending forth volumes of disagreeable smoke from their mouths. He must endure it—must even smile when a cloud of smoke is deliberately cast into his face by his visitors! He has no redress, nor has any other man who does not smoke. All such are at the mercy of the selfish egotist who pollutes his own form and desecrates the atmosphere by his pipe or cigar.

The remarks of this gentleman present quite a number of hard problems for solution. Ladies and non-smokers who take an after-theatre lunch in a hotel restaurant, even the best that can be found, are forced to endure tobacco smoke. A young lady who entered one of these restaurants recently for the first time in search of a good cup of coffee, was rendered nearly ill by the fumes of tobacco that met her there. She protested, but it availed her nothing, the smoker must be permitted to enjoy himself regardless of the rights and feelings of others. In the parlor of a friend, not many weeks ago, a party of ladies and gentlemen, some five or six in number, was assembled. One of the men was a smoker. He drew out a cigar, and, bowing to the hostess, said, "By your leave?" lighted the weed, and puffed away. "Oh, yes! Certainly! Smoke by all means," she exclaimed. "I like the odor of a choice cigar!" Now, what could the remainder of the party do? The hostess had given one man a monopoly of the pure air in the room, and declared she enjoyed it. The non-smokers were literally forced to endure it, or take their leave. This they soon did, and were rejoicing in their freedom to breathe the pure air of heaven, as they strolled along the streets, when they overtook a party of four or six, all of whom were smoking. They could not pass them, nor cross the street, and for several moments they were forced to endure those odious puffs. It is the same everywhere these days, and the non-smoker is the one who is always the sufferer. Let him walk in a crowd, and he must breathe the smoke polluted air left for him by smokers. He has no rights that the smoking world is bound to respect. His only escape is in death, and even then—well—let us not press the matter any further.

The foregoing facts bring to mind the thought that smoking is on the increase in the United States. Women are now smoking cigars as well as cigarettes, and the gusto with which they do it is indicative of a lower moral standard on the part of the sex than has heretofore been apparent. The smoking habit is particularly strong among fashionable society girls and matrons. They are being aided in a large degree by the female clerks in mercantile establishments, and by operatives in factories. These young women are, in some instances, to be the mothers of coming generations. They curse their progeny years before they are born, with a love for the cigar or pipe, and, in after years, will have an opportunity to wonder why their sons become drunkards and their daughters prostitutes. "Good men smoke and so do good women!" is the excuse offered by many. So they do, but it is no reason at all when analyzed. If a good man takes strychnine and kills himself, should all others follow his example? If some good men and women make smoke stacks of their bodies, why should other people do likewise? All smokers have a right to live, but they seem to be determined that no one else shall exist with them. They are selfish, egotistical, and overbearing, as their conduct abundantly proves. Reprove a man for indulging in his vice, and he becomes your bitterest enemy. He will do as he pleases, and tells you to mind your own business.

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Message Department.

RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT
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 sent to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported telegraphically 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 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.

As 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 April 3, 1902, S. E. 25.

Invocations.

Oh, infinite spirit of love and tenderness, we come to thee this morning as little children reaching to understand a Father's love. Bless us in our effort after truth, bless us in our seeking after that which is beautiful and good. May we be inspired that is ours at this time be strong to lift us to a better understanding of our opportunities in life. May our desires which are so strong to help, wait us into a field of usefulness and may the spirit power ever guide. May all that is holy and true rest upon us as we go forward on our way. May we be able to do what we do it not so much for what we do as the way we do it and knowing this, may we do all things however simple, however lowly, as perfectly and divinely as if we were masters of creation. We would draw very near through our sympathy and through our love to those who are suffering in this way. Whatever the cause may be, however much they may have sinned, whatever has brought them into the shadow of the vale of tears, we will not ask nor indeed dare to pass judgment on, but simply and tenderly as one of the messengers of a brighter and a better world would lead them to the understanding of their better lot, thus may they come out of the shadow into the sunshine of happiness. For those who are separated from their loved ones whether it be through death or through like conditions, unhappy, unsought, undesired, we would have them feel the unity of spirit and whatever their separation may seem to be, they may know the value and the reality of intercourse through worlds roll between. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Annie Martin, Hyde Park, Mass.
The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a girl about sixteen years old. She is quite fair with rather brown eyes and auburn hair. She is very slender and delicate and has a sort of pained expression as though she had been struggling for a long time to express herself to her people. Her name is Annie Martin and she lived in Hyde Park, Mass. She says, "I am more anxious to come than I can tell you because of the need there is, not so much for the happiness that it would give to me, but because I feel that if I can once express myself I may be able to change the conditions around my sister. They used to call me Nannie when I was here and I hear them speaking of me often, but my sister Helen has gone away and it is to her I want to strive to send my message and give my influence. I know you will help me and that somehow I may be able to speak just the right word that shall bring better conditions to Helen. I wasn't very well for a long time before I came over here and I wasn't able to have everything that I wanted. I didn't understand it then but I do now, and I wish so much to thank them for what they have done for me. I can see the effort it was. Please say to my friend Gertrude that I am often with her and that if she will try to have me come closer by sitting for me, I will do so and perhaps can give her advice as she wants it. Thank you."

Allice Sanford, Bridgeton, R. I.
The next spirit that comes this morning is a woman about thirty-five or forty years old. She is slim and dark complexioned. Her hair is almost black and she has a great quantity of it and seems to be a great deal of pains with it. In her arms she has a baby, I am sure that she and the baby went away to spirit life about the same time. She looks at me enquiringly and then says, "Yes, I too feel the need of returning to my people. My name is Allice Sanford, I belonged in Bridgeton, R. I. I have a husband there, his name is Walter. I want to get to him to tell him he is working too hard and I don't like to see him doing it. The bills will wait until he has time to pay them. He doesn't fret so much over it. Nobody will press him, and while he feels that he must do it as soon as he can, if he isn't careful he will break down entirely and then there will be a worse condition than today. My mother has not meant all the things she said to you Walter and even if she had you know better than to pay any attention to it. She has had so much trouble and has been so disturbed that it has unsettled her. Father is with me and he says to tell you to just go right along and do what you think is best and not try to take the advice of the family and it will be better for everybody concerned. I see what you have done with my things and I am glad you have saved what you did. It helps me to have them about. I send you my love and oh so many times I do want to express it to you but it doesn't seem possible. Thank you."

Albert Thomas, Worcester, Mass.
The spirit of a man comes to me about forty years old. He is short, not very stout, and of very fair complexion, with blue eyes and brown hair. His name is Albert Thomas and he lived in Worcester, Mass. He says, "Oh, Worcester, I have been so long away from you, I have lived long and I suppose I had lived long enough I would have moved away because I was one of those people that just seemed to like to change about more or less. I would like to send my message, if I have any choice in the matter to Frank Thomas. I have seen a good many people I know. Some of them were surprised to see me and some of them said they expected me a long time ago. I don't know just why they should, for I was not sick any length of time, but just one day shuffled off the mortal and found myself over here. The strange thing about over here is to find everything so real. I can't quite understand where I am. I see people and conditions about the same as I

see them before I left my body. The only thing is, I try to communicate with my friends that I knew and they don't pay any attention to me. I don't know but what I am one of those people who can't get away from their earth conditions, but if that is true I will be helped by this interview. It doesn't trouble me much, only puzzles me. It may be well for me to try to find something to do and through that I might climb up to the newer life and see what it is like. Thank you very much."

Hannah Wendell, Matapan.

Here is a woman about sixty years old. She is quite tall and large every way and is a strong, noble looking woman. Her eyes are as black as coals and her hair is white. She has a beautiful spirit as though she were perfectly fearless and perfectly open for any condition that might come to her. Her name is Hannah Wendell and she says, "If you please, Mrs. Hannah Wendell, and my husband is with me over here. We used to live in Matapan; we have many friends there now. We were not of this belief, but we have decided that it is only right to return and say we have set about to see what Spiritualism is like and if we can you will hear from us again. I had heard more or less of this subject before I came away, but rather thought that it was not much that I cared to tell my hands with. Now the matter is being pushed a little and I find much interest expressed in spiritual circles over here in regard to the matter, very much discussion as to whether it is just the proper thing for us to return or not. Some say that it would be much better for us to let people alone to work out their own affairs. To tell the truth, I don't know what is right, but I am sure that some of you people who know more about it than I do will have to answer the question. However I would like my many friends to know that I am able to see them and am able to send a message to them even though it is meagre. I thank you exceedingly for allowing me to come."

Ben Ware, Georgetown, Ohio.

The spirit of a very tall man about fifty-five or six years old is here now. He has a slow, matter-of-fact way and just kind of takes things as they come with a laugh always. He says, "Don't see anything else to do. If I sat down and cried every time I got hit I'm afraid I wouldn't get very far. Seems to me it is very stupid to let people see that you are knocked down by every stray tramp that comes along, so I just try to take things as they come and make the best of them. My name is Ben Ware. I come from Georgetown, Ohio. I was in the horse business; had a stable. I loved my horses as well as I loved anything. I am mighty glad that they have horses over here. It was the first thing I looked for. I would rather have a good horse than a dozen half-hearted men round me, and I found horses, some good ones, too, and just because of my understanding of them, I got along all right. I used to have a little room in my stable where I sat and read a great deal. It wasn't a very good light; there is a candle here now that I used to use. The candle here is a good one, but I have changed hands a number of times. I go there very often and I find some of the same old things that I used when I was in the body. Things have changed a good deal in the way of horses, the kind of horses that are wanted, and really the stock itself has changed but whatever they put in to take the place of horses there will never be anything that will take its place with me. I want to say to John Hunter that I have come pretty near haunting him. I don't like him. I don't like the way he acted after I died and I could keep away from him if I wanted to but I don't want to; it gives me a great deal of fun and I laugh good many times when I think of him. He is that he is going to see me in some dark corner. Oh, I wouldn't hurt him. It isn't my nature, but I do just like to keep him on the tenterhooks and pay perhaps for some of his jobs that he did for me. He is just enough of a medium so that it makes easy work for me. With all this I think I would like to send one of good-will and respect to Mattie Outter. That is all, she will know what it means."

Charles Little.

The next spirit is a real old man with a bald head; the hair that he has is just a little long and as white as snow. He is very quiet, never seems to speak much above a whisper; he has soft blue eyes and a smooth face. He comes over to me as though he were walking on eggs and he seems to be a little nervous. He would break something; then he laughs and says, "Is it proper to give me the first thing?" When I make him understand that it is, he says, "Well, it is Charles Little and I was a minister of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ and I was so thoroughly in earnest about everything I preached and believed every word I said and I think I wonder how it is that everything is just as it is now. I suppose I preached a thousand funeral sermons, anyway a great many, and it never came to me that those of whom I spoke could be conscious of what I was saying, but I found them telling me over here of things I had said and it quite shocked me and now I have decided to return and see for myself if I can help some mourner in a way that I never did before. It is good for me to find a mission and I am glad to give this testimony of the worth of work after death, although I had ways thought of it as a place of rest in the other life. Thank you."

Mary Green, Fitchburg, Mass.

I see a woman about fifty years old. She is dark with very dark skin, dark hair and eyes. She is as nervous as she can be. She says, "Oh please don't try to say too much about me, but take word for word what I desire to say. First, then, my name is Mary Green and I lived in Fitchburg, Mass. I came over here without any warning, so suddenly that I have not gotten over the shock. I have children that want to reach. I know they won't understand, but if some of my people or some of my friends or someone who knew me will only help me to get to them I may take care of them and guard them. I hope I will find some way to bring an angel into their lives. I suffered enough because I had no one to help me and I hoped I would be allowed to remain and take care of my children. I'd like to send word to Emma. Tell her that I have been with her and tried to help her and will keep with her until everything is accomplished. To poor Fred, just a word to say I understand. I understand. Thank you so much. I wish I could say more but it is impossible."

Edward Warren, Schenectady.

The next spirit that comes to me is a man about thirty-five or somewhere along there. He is rather tall and a very pleasant, dapper looking sort of a man. He had a full beard that is grown down in a point a little bit, and very pleasant eyes. He seems well taken care of. He says, "Why Warren, I know you so much. I wish I could say more but it is impossible. I come from Schenectady, N. Y. I was interested in the art world and as I come back today I feel a desire to come in touch with all beautiful things and perhaps to lift up some of my fellow friends to the place where they would be. My greatest desire, though, is to send a message to

less. I wish she would know that I am there. She would not be so afraid then. There is nothing to fear in my return and while she is so much afraid it bothers me exceedingly. The dog sees me sometimes. I walk into the room and he begins to bark, so don't feel that there is somebody around every time he makes a noise. Sometimes it is I. I am glad you have hung the last picture just as you have. It looks better so, and I am glad too that you did just as you did about the inscription on the stone. This message may not seem much to you, but it has taken me a long time to get it into shape and to be able to repeat it to you. I will come again as I can."

Ben Warren, Providence, R. I.

There is one more; it is a man; his name is Ben Warren. He says, "You might as well put the whole name down. I am Benjamin Franklin Warren and I come from Providence, R. I. I was in business for myself there. I decided that if ever a spirit could come back and prove his identity that I ought to. I never made much fuss about anybody or anything, but just kept right along, plodding in the same old path, and when I came over here it was quite a shock to me to find I couldn't march right along the same way. I desire very much to get into communication with some of my people. I am hoping that this message will attract them and that they will give me an opportunity to speak. I could speak plainly if only my people would give me an opportunity. Don't be afraid to open up the doors and let me say what I want to. Thank you."

LOVE'S WAY.

Come out from the darkening shadows,
Come out from the thickening gloom,
Come into the healing sunshine,
Come into the spring-time bloom.

Look never again at thy sorrow
With countenance grief-worn and sad,
But create a happy tomorrow,
By remembering days that were glad.

And when in the heart's inner chamber
All dismal and darksome and drear,
When shadows and phantoms
To frighten thee into despair—

When armed with thy wrongs and beset-
ments,
That prowl through thy being at will,
And poison and blight and destroy
All the sweetness that would linger still—

Then pause, selfish mortal and ponder,
Thy life cannot be all thine own,
Somebody is happy or wretched
Because of thy look and thy tone.

If we croon in measure despondent,
And hum to ourself our own woes,
We force all beholders to witness
With dread, our ridiculous pose.

So, wrapped in a mantle of midnight,
We shut out all joy, and all light;
And, repelling the love we should cherish,
Strike even existence with blight.

Oh! learn from the voices of Nature,
Yes! learn from the birds of the air,
To sing, though the sky be overclouded,
And never give way to despair.

Though the rain-drops be pattering thickly
Yet the sunshine will follow ere long,
And both have their mission in bringing
Verdure, and flowers, and song.

Then strew the past over with roses
Of courage, with fervency red,
And facing the present and future,
Leave buried in sweetness our dead—

The dead things, that torture the present;
The dead hopes, all dragged and worn,
And gather of life in its fullness
True joy, of all bitterness shorn.

And then with our souls reaching upward,
A benison sweet from above we reach,
Will melt from our hearts all unfitness
And fill them completely with love.

A Lesson.

All health and misfortune made it necessary for me to part with home and children and depend entirely upon the kindness of friends for my own support. Although I knew that He who cares for the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field will surely provide for His people, I could not but feel that I was in need, that I was taking no "undue thought for the morrow," but trust in His loving care, there would be times when it seemed that the last resource had been exhausted and there was no possible way out of my difficulties. In spite of my efforts to be cheerful and trust Him who had never failed me, I would become anxious and almost give up in despair. It was during such a time that the dear guides whom I have learned to love so dearly taught me the following lesson:

I found myself in a most desolate wilderness; no matter which way I turned, I seemed no nearer civilization. Although weary and footsore, I pressed onward, knowing that unless human aid were reached I should perish. At last I came to a deep ravine; on either side was a narrow shelf-like path on the side of a high ledge of rocks; it was steep and rough, but I climbed fearfully up, hoping that I might see some sign of civilization. I reached the top, but the result was the same desolation on every side. I was about to descend when I saw slowly toiling up the path on the opposite side a long string of convicts; their faces were sad and careworn. I stepped behind some shrubbery that they might not see me watching them as they passed. My heart went out to them in pity as I stood watching them and wishing that it were in my power to help them. I then descended the hill only to climb another, but still hoping that its summit would reveal something better. Again disappointment awaited me, and as I reached the top a large brown bear appeared in front of me by the side of my pathway. I said:

"This is the end; I cannot escape, for my feet are too sore even to make an attempt; I will just sink down and throw myself on my mercy."

At that moment there appeared at my side a small express cart such as children play with. I immediately climbed into it, and holding up the tongue sped past the bear over the rocks and around the corners in perfect safety and with such speed that the bear, who was started in pursuit, evidently saw how useless it was and sat down and watched me as I disappeared. The idea seemed to fill me with new life; all feelings of fatigue and discouragement disappeared as if by magic.

At first only the dull side of the lesson presented itself and I laughed heartily as I fancied myself spinning along in such an unconventional manner. But upon giving it more thought, its spiritual significance was revealed to me. The dear guides told me that when things look darkest and I feel utterly discouraged, help will surely come, and the little wagon is to be my emblem. Then I asked why I saw the convicts, to which the reply came:

"In these past you have been filled with compassion for those who were unfortunate and in sorrow; now others will help you."

"What we sow we reap. This lesson was not for me alone. Our dear Father has many children throughout the universe in the same condition, and it is equally true that He has just as many noble, loving ones whose duty it is to lighten their burdens and thus fulfill His law. I would say to all that there is a little 'express wagon' waiting to carry each one over the rough, stony places, past all danger. Just trust Him; He never fails."

April 14, 1902.

The Art of Laughter.

GRACE DUFFIN BOTLAND.

Professors of happiness disagree as to the most potent charm a wife may have to secure lasting peace and supremacy in her household.

Some say beauty. But beauty lingers only as long as the dew stays on the petals of a rose. Others name grace, wit, a svelte figure, a white hand. But the years slice the first; wit and disposition change with the seasons; grace and beauty fade like the bloom in the black winds of age, and toll transforms the pretty hand into a seared claw, no less tender, perhaps, but far less beautiful.

Goodness, simple and unadorned, is also recommended, and is the favorite, theoretically, with the most of us. A man likes to tell of his wife's amiability and gentleness, and he makes a pleasant mental picture of her as she lides at home darning the children's stockings while he suns himself in the smiles of a woman who is so good and amiable, but are unquestionably brighter, since they listen to his jokes and pay him the compliment of responsive laughter.

And so, putting the other qualities aside as excellent in their way but inadequate, I would call the habit of timely laughter the virtue that is cultivated with unvarying diligence by all women interested in the various schemes for the promotion of domestic harmony.

As a rule, women are indifferent listeners, and few of them are trained to catch a joke on the spot. But when you find one able to listen you will see the eyes of all men turn toward her face. She may not be pretty. It is not even necessary that she should be young. The soft flattery of her eyes is charm enough for those who speak. But if this rare and gracious art is appreciated in a stranger, what language may it not bring a wife who has the tact to sparkle into smiles over a thrice-told tale?

A stupid man made a wretched pun at a dinner the other evening, and above the sad and sullen silence which followed, a laugh rose so sudden and sweet and spontaneous that others joined it.

"That was his wife," whispered a guest to the woman beside him. "A plain little person. I have often wondered why he kept so manly in love with her. I see now."

But after all, the knowledge of when to laugh is much more important than how to do so. Indelicacy and others of unsound mind laugh when it is time for tears; and it is astonishing how many of these unfortunates go to the theatres!

Humor is supposed to be a masculine attribute, but that is because the feminine mind is, as a general thing, too much occupied with planning three meals a day as far as the future life to pay attention to lighter matters. These women are certainly excusable if they require a diagram to see the point of a criticism, or even when they inquire, "What happened then?" at the end of a story.

I know a woman who has tried to break her husband of the habit of telling funny stories. She refrains from going to the theatre for fear he will hear a joke and insist on repeating it. She has even tried to dine with him in his mind with solemn things in the hope that he will develop temporary melancholia. But it does no good. Out bubble the stories, dialect and character sketches and songs, with occasional conundrums, and although he tells them badly, he and the others laugh. So, nature and all-around joviality. She alone, who should be first to respond, keeps grimly silent, and I should like to remind her of a lady of ancient Greece who went among her household gods with a little hammer to single out and break the heads of the deities on which she depended. She had hurled a number down she started in dismay, for by mistake she had shattered the god of Hilarity.

Polite listening to one's home folks is excellent training for the young girl who wants to be not only a good but an agreeable wife. And it must not be imagined that good and agreeable are invariably synonymous terms.

Women who are the types and patterns of proper things and entitled to the "price above rubies" mentioned by as great a connoisseur of femininity as Solomon, have been known to make themselves very unpopular by so little a thing as a sneer at a pet story. Many a man trembling to his downfall in the recital of a tale of which he has suddenly forgotten the point, has been restored to the joy of listening by a sympathetic glance which in some tolerable way has given him his cue again. If it is a woman who does this she must love her; if it is a man, he will feel that he owes him his life.

The ear can be trained to humor as it can be cultivated to catch the subtler harmonies of music and to know the course of study so likely to confer benefits on a household than the science of listening and the art of timely laughter.—The World.

Passed to Spirit Life.

At Orange, Mass., April 11, 1902, Miss Bessie Bacon, aged eighteen years, six months and twelve days; eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Bacon. Bessie was born in Orange and always lived there. Her health had been failing for the past three years. Ill health compelled her to leave the High school, from which she would have graduated this year. She felt bad when she could no longer keep with her classmates in their studies. She was a very spiritual person, possessing rare qualities. She belonged to a mandolin club, consisting of six young ladies; she was the second to pass away from it in one year and a half. She was a constant attendant at the Universalist Sunday school; the present pastor, Rev. J. S. Outter; the past pastor, Rev. R. S. Kellerman, and Dr. S. J. Birch took part with the writer in the funeral services, Tuesday afternoon, April 15, at 1 o'clock. She was largely attended. The remaining members of her class of the High school were present and six of the young men acted as bearers. Her casket was covered with beautiful flowers. Music was furnished by Miss May A. Mann and Mrs. P. A. Brazer. Bessie was a granddaughter of Mother Bacon, who was a constant resident of Lake Pleasant. All will remember her and her loving welcome to everyone. Bessie leaves a father, mother and younger sister. We trust the light of spirit communion will give them comfort in this, their first great sorrow. The dear little sister, how lovingly she placed the bunch of white roses upon Bessie's casket, saying she knew Bessie would like them. May she be spared to comfort her parents through the shadows. The writer voiced words of consolation. May the sorrowing friends find comfort in the truths of Spiritualism as never before, for this is the time when our

thoughts turn to the spirit friends for strength, and they will answer our earnest call. May loving angels keep watch over the dear ones at the home; may dear Bessie bring them the assurance of the truths of spirit life and that she has only gone to her higher home to wait their coming.

For height nor depth nor space nor time,
Nor any powers that be,
Can separate the souls that love,
Or keep them apart from thee.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes.
29 Northern Ave., Dorchester, Mass.

At 1 o'clock a. m. Tuesday, April 15, Abram Bowers of Lily Dale escaped from his prison of pain, and the funeral, conducted by the writer, was held at his late residence, Friday, the 18th. On Saturday the body was taken to Buffalo for cremation. W. H. Bach accompanied them to Buffalo. Bro. Bowers has been a faithful representative of Spiritualism through all the changes and bewildering fancies and speculations, which have misled so many, and he has done much good work as a healer. He suffered terribly for many days before he could escape. He wanted all his friends to know that he left this world with love and good will for every human being, and that he had faithfully supported the spiritual gospel in public and private without a wavering doubt. His first wife preceded him to spirit life four years ago. Thus the pioneers are passing behind the veil; and soon not one will be left to answer the roll-call of time and mortality. Let us work while the day lasts, and leave a record for the inspiration of the coming generation.
Lyman C. Howe.

Predestination, or Help Yourself.

We are all, no doubt, destined to come across misfortunes and dangers, but we are also destined to do our utmost to avoid them, face them and overcome them.

If we are destined to be wrecked and placed in a boat we are not destined to let ourselves go adrift and drift before the currents. We are destined to take the oars and strain every nerve to try to land somewhere.

The Scotch (who are the most practical people on earth) tell a good story on the subject. A boatful of party were caught in a storm. "Let us pray," they cried. "Aye," said the boatman, "let the little man over there pray, but let all the strong ones take an oar or we shall be drowned."

There is no worse belief than that in fate and predestination to make you a failure. It paralyzes your efforts, numbs your energies, and makes you unfit for the fray. Don't believe in luck, in fate, in predestination. Rise and believe in yourself. Make up your mind to do a thing; elbow all obstacles out of your way, and allow nothing to divert you from the road that leads to the goal you are aiming at.

Imitate Charles XII. of Sweden, who, looking at the map and the new territories he had acquired, exclaimed: "God has given them to me; let any other come and take them from me if he can!"

Far from me the intention of minimizing the efficacy of prayer. Don't ask Him to do for you what it is in your own power to do for yourself.

A friend of mine had an Irish cook and a Scotch housemaid. One morning the latter came down in the kitchen and found the cook engaged in fervent prayer before a fire that would not burn and caused the room to be full of smoke. She saw at once what the matter was with the fire. "Never mind praying," she said; "don't you see the trap is down?" Help yourself and Heaven will help you, said good old Lafontaine. There is no luck in the world; no fate, no predestination. There is character, and there is talent, but which is of no use without the partnership and the supremacy of character. With character, even without talent, you can succeed everywhere. If you have talent besides, to place at the disposal of your character, then the world belongs to you.

I remember an Englishman who once wrote to me on my return to Europe from a visit to the British colonies: "I have a son who is young, sober, clever, steady, industrious and courageous, and at whose disposal I could place a little capital. Do you think his prospects in the antipodes would be good?"

"My dear sir," I replied, "a man who possesses the qualities and qualifications that you name need not go to the antipodes. His prospects are good and perfectly safe anywhere."

Believe in yourself and help yourself.—Max O'Rell in Magazine of Mysteries.

Self Study for Women.

The time to attack nervousness is before it has become a habit, and taken firm hold of the system. When it has become a habit, the possession of a woman's constitution, many severe measures must be taken for its elimination. Advice must then wait until the struggle is over. Heeding the riot act to a mob of emotions is of no value whatever. The wise man will choose a more wholesome hour for exhortation. The occasions for the preacher's counsel to nervous women are before the victim has lost self-control and after that self-control has been restored.

The woman troubled with nervousness must study for herself her own life, her habits, her surroundings, her associations and her temperament, to discover the source of the trouble. This self-study is very important; it will frequently show that some departure from proper ways of doing and living are the starting points of nervousness. The affliction may at the beginning have been unavoidable, or may have been thought so. Most likely no thought whatever was given to it as it gradually took possession of the system, says Dr. John Mitchell in Harper's Bazar.

Habitual surrender to the emotions and constant yielding to their expression are certain to lead to disaster. Tears are trifling pains, loud complaints about the little annoyances of life, social, physical or otherwise, may give some relief to the weeper or satisfaction to the grumbler, but the purchase of this relief or satisfaction is far too great a cost. It fastens on a woman a habit which diminishes the power of self-endurance in every form. Not every woman, indeed, can suppress all manifestations of suffering.

But it is within every woman's power to form the purpose, and to teach her children to do likewise, that the small necessary wills of life should be endured without outcry or grumbling.

This resistance of minor troubles is the most practical preparation for control over trouble in larger and more menacing forms. Self-study is for women, as it is for men, necessary for self-control, and self-control is the golden key to the Elysian home of happiness.

Mrs. Soule's Photographs.

The Banner of Light Publishing Company has secured the exclusive right to sell the photographs of our circle medium, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, and offers them to its patrons at the exceptionally low price of twenty-five cents each. Every Spiritualist should have one of these photographs. An order will be promptly filled. Send us twenty-five cents and secure an excellent likeness of this gifted medium.

(Continued from page 1).

Unfortunately it is more or less weighted down with the decaying ideas of the past. Some of its adherents accept the belief in evil spirits which had its origin in the earliest barbaric life, and has come down through the ages, permeating all religions. If by any possibility it can be proven—a proposition which we do not admit—that such beliefs exist, or have any part in the divine economy, then it follows that as a natural sequence, they can be harmful only to those who believe in them. I am not unmindful of the specious arguments that are put forth to sustain the possible existence of these imaginary beings. Free will, free agency, and we might add, free conscience—man fighting against his maker, a blind deity, creating what he did not intend, a warping, baffling influence against himself, holding the thing created responsible for the ignorance that brought it into existence!

Atoms revolve around atoms, and what is true of atoms is true of the planets, the sun and the sidereal system.

Man may be subject to perturbations, to disturbances, but can no more escape from his orbit than can the planet leave its pathway around the sun.

Whether we realize it or not, there are no accidents. The divine law of the Universe guides it on to its destiny. Nothing is lost from the Infinite Intelligence that shapes all things.

The innumerable forms that fill this earth, however crude and inharmonious they may seem to us, are here by divine right. They cannot possibly exist under any other influence.

There is harmony and order in the respectable world; in the stately forest trees that stretch their great arms up to the glad sunlight—in the changing but ever recurring beauty of the flowers.

It is only when we reach the higher development of animal life, where self-consciousness assumes control, and spirit is applied to express itself through the material matter, that an apparent conflict begins, baffling and deceptive to outward senses.

The theory of the influx of pure spirit into material forms and its equally pure return to its original source is, from a spiritual standpoint, unanswerable.

Either we are in a sort of blind material force ending in dissolution and decay, or we are a part of a direct emanation from the Divine Mind, in which no evil or corruption can possibly exist.

We do not know, but there are indications that point to conclusions that spirit is infinite in its attributes, each is an individual, organized, creative force, never separated from its divine relations, dealing only with that to which it is attracted, building in its own way and controlling material forms. Its affection is the love we feel for our children and for those whose harmony blends with our individuality, the great laboratory from which springs all that we know.

Children's Spiritualism.

Pussy Willows.

Sing a song o' catkins
Sleeping in a row
While their heads, the winter wind,
Slowly to and fro
Rocks the willow cradle
Where they dream and grow.

Through their silent slumber
Ringing loud and clear,
Comes the call of father Sun,
"Waken, kittens dear!
Cease your lazy nodding,
Wake! For spring is near!"

Swiftly on the summons
Winter wraps are shed,
Helter, skelter, little kits
Tumble out of bed;
Perch upon the branches
Waiting to be fed.

Now comes mother Shower
Toilettes to complete;
Makes each fuzzy little face
Shining, smooth and sweet;
Leaves the glossy garments
Nicer washed and neat.

Funny little catkins
Cannot purr and play;
Ears nor eyes nor flying feet,
Tails nor teeth have they;
For pretty pussy willows
Are their kittens dear.

Winifred Melville Shaw.—Ex.

Letter Eight, from Brack Susie.

You dear little boys and girls in hard bodies: Are you ashamed of having poor brack Susie come and write to you again? I'm most ashamed. It is dreadful to be so tempery and when one lives with quality one should know better. Please forgive me and I'm going to try harder than ever to be nice and polite, just as real sure enough quality folks are. Teacher said I was rude—should have remembered that we have been taught that matter is the governor and been patient and nice when the man said it was a whole story. Now that's all so. You see, that man said what he thought, and that's proper for folks to do, and maybe he couldn't think anything else than what he did. Anyhow, it wasn't proper and nice for little girls to fly in a temper, and oh, I'm so sorry, and even if you do "scuse me, I can't 'scuse myself," 'cause I knew better.

You see, it's just like this way with folks,—just like it is with trees,—there are plum trees, and pear trees, and peach trees,—and lots of kinds of trees,—and each one bears its own kind of fruit. The real true tree that's inside the hard trees (you know there was one, didn't you?) always is just so. That is the life,—the tree life. Now that life grows spirit bodies and hard bodies, just as folks do their bodies and if the bodies get growing poor, or knotty, or the way they shouldn't, then the life of trees or people can't express itself just as it would like but has to see and do things just as the matter lets it. The apples may be gummy and the peaches bitter and folks can't see true, and some get tempery. Now what we all have to do, is to cultivate our bodies and our trees,—just grow them good and then good fruit will come and folks will be what they want to be. You see it is just the same with folks without hard bodies as it is with folks that have them. Susie showed you that in her temper. Now apple trees will always be apple trees and brack girls, brack girls. Susie don't change but matter does and it 'cause souls are always perfect and true and good that makes folks want to grow better, and the reason that they can grow better is 'cause the matter changes and lets them.

Now don't think I want to be anything but a beautiful brack girl. The apple tree wants to be just its own self and so does the peach tree and so does everything else. When folks want something they don't know what, it's just 'cause the beautiful soul is pricking through the matter and they don't know what it is. It's all the same with dogs and cats, and everything. My Bob don't want to be anything but a dog and he couldn't any way for he's a piece of Law just like people and trees and other things, and Law don't



Mrs. Mamie Herbert, 56 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., Treasurer Empire State Fortnightly, Buffalo, N. Y., After Eight Years' Suffering Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Inflammation and ulceration of the uterus laid me low and robbed life of its joys for me. For eight years I was in frequent pain and misery, and then Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound came to me, the greatest boon I have known, for it brought new life and health to me. I used several bottles of Compound and your Sanative Wash. My improvement was slow, but from the first bottle I felt that I was better, and so I kept up courage and continued the treatment. None of my friends ever dreamed that I would be well again, but I have now enjoyed life to its fullest extent for three years."—MRS. MAMIE HERBERT.

\$5000 FORFEIT IF THE ABOVE LETTER IS NOT GENUINE.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

* Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

change, it's only the matter or bodies or clothing that changes. Now that is so with us, and that's why we need of Modern Spiritualism. The majority of the people are singing in the minor key, and they need the sunshine of our beautiful truth." He spoke briefly of the reforms that are necessary to make our country a harmonious one, and said that we were acquiring a new organization. "I believe this organization has been formed to bring forth the reforms we so earnestly talk about. Spiritualism means everything—equal rights for all, special privileges for none. If we believe in justice, right, living a noble life, I plead with you one and all, to overcome all obstacles, come together under one banner and work for the emancipation of mankind."

Mr. J. B. Hatch, Jr., of Boston, first vice-president, thanked the local society for their courtesy to the State Association, told of the coming of the N. S. A. convention next October, and asked all to join so they could feel they were part of the convention. Mr. Hatch's part of the work is to raise the most speakers, and he has several jolly stories. His collection was taken up, which proved to be a very generous one.

Mr. E. Warren Hatch sang "Open Those Pearly Gates," which was well rendered and warmly received. Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, a guest of the State Association, was the next speaker. She expressed her pleasure in being able to meet with the people of Haverhill and to bring greetings from the First Society of Philadelphia. She told what organization had done for the mediums of Philadelphia. After three years of abuse and arrest they were acquitted. She also spoke of the "will" that is being contested in Philadelphia, saying: "The N. S. A. is a standing back of our society, and this is all on account of organization. In 1895, I was the guest of the State Association, and I have watched its growth with pleasure. I represent here today, the oldest spiritual society in the world, and I am proud of it. I am proud because a few honest souls, fifty years ago, dared to take their reputation in their own hands and in spite of every obstacle formed an organization. We are proud to say that this month we are to celebrate our fiftieth anniversary, and I am here to invite you all to come to see us."

Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, second vice-president, said: "I remember with pleasure the day that I met you at the Haverhill Society. I have never forgotten one of the pleasant words that were said to me when I was ministering to the people. All found a place in my heart never to be forgotten. We must strive to do our duty; I wish we could but operate so steadily that we could do something to stop the habit of cigarette smoking. In the town of Waverley there is a home for feeble minded, where there are 8000 boys and girls; there are 800 more on the waiting list. One-half of the number of boys that have been sent to the home, are there because of cigarette smoking. Have you something to do? Ought we not to organize? Spiritualists organized could do a mighty work. I know, in regard to the children, that what I say is true, because that's what Mr. Loring is engaged in, rescuing the children from depraved parents and pernicious habits. Our Spiritualism makes us humanitarian. A minister once said to Mr. Loring, 'How can you go into this work?' I am willing to do most anything, but I could not do the stunt you have to do." Mr. Loring answered, "I can do it because they are human beings; they are children of fathers and mothers who know no better than to abuse them." My friends, 4000 children have been rescued from the parents of drunkards. These are things that need our thought."

Mrs. A. Oates closed the meeting by saying: "I think all have had a rich treat, a grand awakening, and I hope it will do some good. Spiritualism embraces every known reform in the world, and the voice from within says, forward, march!"

The evening meeting opened at 7 p. m. All felt well repaid for waiting, because as the ladies had prepared a beautiful supper. The tables were loaded with everything rich and choice and all did justice to the same. The session opened with a vocal duet by Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, which was very fine. Mrs. Douglas of Haverhill, said, in part: "We are glad to have this privilege to greet you today. As we listened to the addresses of the afternoon we felt we could but co-operate with you. Organization was the theme, and we heartily approve of it. We are glad to learn you Spiritualists are seeking to educate yourselves individually. Spiritualism has come to stay; it is life itself, and as you grow stronger, greater proofs and grander demonstrations than ever before will be given to you."

Mr. L. P. Symonds, of State Association, spoke briefly: "When I came into

by a load of sorrow, so long as there is a yearning for something grander, nobler and broader, just so long is there need of Modern Spiritualism. The majority of the people are singing in the minor key, and they need the sunshine of our beautiful truth." He spoke briefly of the reforms that are necessary to make our country a harmonious one, and said that we were acquiring a new organization. "I believe this organization has been formed to bring forth the reforms we so earnestly talk about. Spiritualism means everything—equal rights for all, special privileges for none. If we believe in justice, right, living a noble life, I plead with you one and all, to overcome all obstacles, come together under one banner and work for the emancipation of mankind."

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