

## HYMN OF TRIUMPH.

Soul of Beauty! Heart of Love! Spring of  
hope undying!  
I am kneeling by Thy shrine; hear my secret  
cry!  
Give me strength to bear the cross through  
the earth-years flying!  
Shine upon my curdled life;  
Pity, Love-Heart, pity me!  
Shed Thy peace upon my strife,  
O Divine Tranquillity!

Though the world be harsh and cold, Faith  
is daily bringing  
Some fresh solace from afar, with Hope's  
clarion ringing.  
And my suffering soul is soothed by Love's  
angel singing—  
"Far beyond the sunset gates,  
Lies God's Paradise—thy home;  
Peace! Weep not! The Master waits,  
Calling through the vast star-dome."

Now my prayer-hymn, touched by joy, wings  
to Thee in yearning;  
Lord, amid the falling Light, is my spirit  
burning  
For one vision of Thy face when my tide is  
turning.

Love! I give my love to Thee,  
Singing at Thy glittering shrine;  
And the peace that yet shall be  
Folds me like the Arms Divine.

Triumph, soul! Thy years of prayer touch  
Heaven's inner splendor.  
Hark! Adown life's glory-stairs sweeps an  
angel tender,  
With the Master's love to thee; true thanks-  
giving render!  
Lord, I triumph; for by death  
To Thy Heaven I shall be borne,  
Singing with exultant breath  
In the peaceful heavenly dawn!

Hail, sweet Master! Lord of Love! With  
my worship blending,  
Overflows my heart with praise, heavenward  
swift ascending.  
Like a dove on sunset-wings, glistening,  
homeward wending,  
Sound the victory-notes, my soul:  
"Pain and Death I no more fear!"  
Let the golden trumpets roll:  
"Christ is Love, and Love is here!"  
Devotion.

Sydney, Australia, 1902.

## The Old Independence Bell.

"The old State House Bell, time hallow'd  
all,  
Thy magic tones were first to tell  
In thunder peals, a nation's free!"

Its tongue is now still, its voice silent, its  
sides grown dark, and antiquated with the  
atmospheric corrosion of years; but the peals  
it thundered over the land at the birth of our  
republic still ring with as much potency, ex-  
cite as deep patriotism, fill the soul with as  
fervent a love of country, and fire the hearts  
of the children of our revolutionary heroes  
with that same love of liberty that animated  
their own.

The prophetic inscription stamped upon it,  
at its birth, has always rendered it an object  
of venerated interest, and numberless are the  
patriotic pilgrims to the Hall of Independence,  
who behold it, review it, because its inspiring  
voice blazoned to this nation, and the world,  
the immortal Declaration of our Independence.

The extraordinary coincidence of its sacred  
inscription with the historical events which  
followed its arrival in America have been in-  
terpreted by our people as a providential dis-  
pensation. So long, therefore, as the bell con-  
tinues to be thus inseparably associated with  
these events, and with the Hall of Indepen-  
dence, it will contribute to the cultivation of  
our undying patriotism, like that of the noble  
patriots whose deeds gave a realization to its  
words when it proclaimed, "Liberty through-  
out all the land unto all the inhabitants  
thereof."

The State House in Philadelphia was ap-  
proaching completion; the Representatives of  
the Freemen of Pennsylvania empowered their  
speaker, Isaac Norris, Esq., to obtain a new  
bell for the building. Robert Charles, Esq.,  
agent of the province in London, was com-  
missioned, Nov. 1st, 1751, to procure a bell of  
about 2000 pounds weight, at a cost of £100  
sterling, to contain the following inscription:  
"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto  
all the inhabitants thereof." Lev., xxv., 5-10,  
and underneath, "By order of the Assembly  
of the Province of Pennsylvania for the  
State House in Philadelphia." The bell was  
cast by Thomas Lester, London, and arrived  
at the end of August, 1752.

Early in September it was cracked by a  
stroke of the clapper, without any other vio-  
lence, thus rendering its tone discordant, and  
its use virtually destroyed. An effort was  
then made to send it back to London by Cap-  
tain Budden of the ship *Matilda*, who brought  
it over, but he was unable to take it aboard.  
Mr. Isaac Norris, Esq., writes that "two in-  
genious workmen, Mr. Pass, a native of the  
Isle of Malta, and a son of Charles Stow,  
doorkeeper of the Council, undertook to cast  
it here, and this day, March 10, 1753, I am in-  
formed, they have opened the mould and have  
got a good bell. This, I confess, pleases me  
very much, that we should first venture upon,  
and succeed, in the greatest bell cast for  
ought I know in English America." This  
American bell was hung in its place in the  
State House steeple early in April, as will ap-  
pear by the following bill:

Philadelphia, April 17th, 1753.  
The Province, to Edward Woolley Dr., for  
 sundries advanced for raising the bell frame  
and putting up the bell:

	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
1 peck of potatoes.....	2	9						
14 pounds of beef.....	4	8						
4 Gammons, 28 pounds.....	18	0	1	6	5			
Mustard, pepper, salt and butter.....	6	0	2	0				
Cheese, 13 pounds.....	6	6						
Beef, 20 pounds, at 4.....	10	0						
Peck of potatoes.....	2	7	0	19	1			
200 limes.....	14	0						
3 gallons of rum of John Jones.....	14	0	1	8	0			
36 loaves of bread of Lacy Ye Baker.....	8	0	9	0				
Cooking and wood.....	8	0						
Earthenware and candles of Duchee.....	13	4	0	11	4			
A barrel of beer of Anthony Morris.....	0	18	0					
	5	13	10					

Note.—M. E. Cadwallader: (By inquiry I  
found that this bill was for a free lunch to the  
workmen and citizens on the occasion of rais-  
ing the liberty bell.)

It was soon found that the composition of  
this bell was defective. It was taken down  
and re-cast, and in order to make it less  
brittle, one ounce and a half of copper to the  
pound was added, and it was again hung up  
in the steeple in the latter end of May, 1753,  
and was formally rung to call the Assembly  
together, Aug. 27th, 1753.

Feb. 3d, 1757, it called the Assembly to-  
gether, when they dispatched Benjamin  
Franklin to England to solicit redress of their  
grievances. Sept. 21st, 1765, it convened the  
Assembly to consider the Act of Parliament  
imposing stamps and other duties on his  
Majesty's subjects in America. Oct. 5th, 1765,  
it was muffled and tolled when the ship  
"Royal Charlotte," bearing stamps for the  
Colonies, came up the Delaware river, but  
was not permitted to land by the citizens.  
Oct. 31st, 1765, it was again muffled and tolled  
when the stamp act went into operation. Feb.  
14th, 1771, it called the Assembly together  
when it petitioned the king for the repeal of  
the duty on tea. Dec. 17th, 1773, it rang the  
largest crowd of citizens together ever assem-  
bled in Philadelphia. They passed the resolu-  
tion that the tea in the ship "Polly" should  
not land, and the captain was forced to sail  
away with it down the river, never to return.  
June 1st, 1774, it was again muffled and tolled  
on the closing of the port of Boston. June  
18, 1774, it convened the people together in  
the State House square, who pledged the city  
to the cause of liberty, but the most impor-  
tant event in its history, was when its inspir-  
ing voice blazoned to this nation and the  
world the immortal declaration of our indepen-  
dence.

No patriot can look upon this bell without  
recalling the circumstances connected with its  
first proclamation to the world, that the  
United Colonies were "free and independent  
States," or recall to his memory the effect  
which that announcement produced on the  
anxious populace below. To some it gave the  
first thrill of enthusiastic resistance to  
despotic power; to some it was a harbinger of  
joy; to others it imparted strength in the  
hour of gloom; to others it was a messenger  
of evil, causing them to sneer away, mutter-  
ing as they did so, "Well, we are in a pretty  
mess of trouble now!"

But the same patriot, passing over a history  
of five years, will also remember in connection  
with these facts that on the 23d of October,  
1781, in the boding hour of night, a very dif-  
ferent proclamation was heard in the same  
vicinity. "Past twelve o'clock, and Cornwallis  
is taken." There might be seen the citizens,  
hastening to the windows, in dreamy abstrac-  
tions of delight, joyfully exclaiming, "Who is  
taken?" While the watchman plodded on his  
way, shouting, "Past twelve o'clock, and  
Cornwallis is taken."

"The pretty mess of trouble" into which the  
sound of the old bell had plunged the people  
had been successfully overcome. The invincibility  
of despotism was broken; the Colonies  
were free; the remainder of that night the  
eyes of the people were sleepless, and united  
prayers of gratitude ascended to the throne of  
the God of battles. There were none to say,  
"We are in a pretty mess of trouble now."  
No; the sword of the tyrant was broken, and  
freedom stood a towering prodigy before the  
eyes of an astonished world. In September,  
1777, on the approach to Philadelphia of the  
British army, after the battle of Brandywine,  
great commotion prevailed. Many families  
fled to other localities, and all civil and mili-  
tary officers who could get away promptly de-  
parted.

As large bells were regarded to be legiti-  
mate booty by invading armies, the Liberty  
Bell was immediately dismounted and sent  
out of the reach of pursuit, accompanying the  
heavy baggage train of Washington's army  
under an escort of 300 North Carolina and  
Virginia soldiers through Germantown to  
White Marsh; from thence it was taken  
through Bethlehem to Allentown, where it  
found a tranquil asylum in the basement of  
Zion's Reformed Church until after the evo-  
cution of Philadelphia by the British army,  
June 18th, 1778; it was then returned to Phila-  
delphia in safety and replaced in position.

For full fifty years after, our Liberty Bell  
continued to celebrate every national anniver-

sary until July 8, 1825, when in slowly tolling  
upon the death of Chief Justice Marshall, it  
parted through its great side, and was silent  
forever. But it had achieved its mission.  
After an unavailing attempt to restore its  
sound by enlarging the cracks, it was placed  
in the hall of that sacred edifice where the  
lovers of freedom the world over turn their  
eyes together in inspiration, courage and  
hope. There it will remain, a living witness  
to the fulfillment of its own prophecy, as well  
as a perpetual monument to the deeds it had  
inspired.  
Wm. B. Hannin.  
Philadelphia.

## THE WORD OF THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

How bright the morn of Independence beams;  
Its bannered splendor speaks of golden ebb;  
It tells what freedom is, and oh! how dear!  
It gives us glow of love's divinest dreams;  
It opens out new lands, with gracious gleams  
Of further good so swift approaching near;  
It speaks of heaven and angel manhood here,  
And real substance of what merely seems!  
The life of man is free as soaring bird,  
Yet true to self as seen in growing flower,  
It is for mastery and in gift of good;  
It is to speak the truth of truth's new word;  
It is to value well the living hour,  
To have and hold the grandest brotherhood!

William Bruntton.

## Independence.

Independence is as necessary to life as the  
air we breathe, and it must have the refresh-  
ment of the new mornings every morning we  
live. We are to feel our right to life, liberty,  
and the pursuit of happiness, as native to us.  
No man, or any number of men, may deprive  
us of this gift. It is the freedom the life  
demands to follow its own unfoldment. And  
it is a process of breaking away from the old,  
which has grown stale, flat, and unprofitable.  
It is ever the feeling of springtime in the  
soul, and ever the outreaching for good, now  
in blossom as of hope, and then as the fruit  
of noble endeavor.

But independence is also conformity. It is  
the obedience to the known truth. A man  
cannot be independent of himself or society.  
He seeks to discover the laws of his being,  
and then has the liberty and largeness to be  
himself. This word needs to be spoken,  
because some suppose it is an end of exist-  
ence, it is truly the means to the full good-  
ness of a true life, now and here, there and  
always.

William Bruntton.

## Its True Significance.

SUSIE C. CLARK.

What does Fourth of July stand for? To  
every man according to his capacity. To the  
small boy, a welcome occasion for noise, din,  
and general uproar, a delirium of delights usu-  
ally denied to his tumultuous, explosive soul.  
To the politician, it serves as a symbol of  
patriotism, as a hinge for his bombastic elo-  
quence regarding the future of our glorious  
Republic, a goal to be greatly enhanced, of  
course, by his own elevation to some position  
of power and prominence. To the average  
American, it is merely our nation's birthday,  
an anniversary most worthy of commemora-  
tion, it is true, since it celebrates the achieve-  
ment of independence by thirteen struggling,  
impoverished colonies, a victory of valor and  
prowess, under great difficulties, over the  
trained armies of a powerful king. But who  
fought with the unskilled yeomanry of those  
early days, what ensured their ultimate suc-  
cess?

What does Fourth of July stand for to one  
whose spiritual vision is unfolded? What  
should it mean to the Spiritualist? It marks  
the culmination of a grand, determined effort  
on the part of the spirit world to bring free-  
dom and light to mankind. Unceasing effort  
are the endeavors of the angelic ministrants  
to release humanity from all bondage, politi-  
cal, governmental, creedal, mental and phys-  
ical. Independence Day marks one epoch of  
their advance, one milestone of victory. It  
prepared a theatre of action, in this broad,  
fair land for a still mightier effort, one not  
achieved for another half century. March  
31st is the Spiritualist's Fourth of July, the  
era when the long spiritual struggle against  
theological slavery made itself felt on earth,  
and enlisted our allied forces to aid in this  
noble warfare, which when fully accom-  
plished is to emancipate and uplift the world.

Twenty years after the first rays of this  
dawning light were seen, another baptism of  
blood was necessary to purge this young na-  
tion of a foul blot that threatened its life,  
the sore disgrace of chattel slavery. And still  
another contest awaits the land before the  
sons of labor are free and unconstrained, be-  
fore another Independence Day shall dawn,  
wherein hearts shall rank as high as gold,  
and work alone be counted honorable, most  
worthy to be crowned. For all labor is noble  
and holy; labor is life. It is truest worship.  
A recent spirit prophecy indicates that a  
special impulse is now vibrating from the  
higher realms toward the release of imple-

mented nuns immured in convent cells, which  
must ere long yield up their dark secrets to  
the light of investigation. Thus ever the  
work goes on toward freedom, upliftment for  
all.

Another more universal effort from ad-  
vanced minds in both worlds, spiritual and  
temporal, is the endeavor to bring perfect  
physical emancipation to every embodied soul,  
to all who now groan in pitiful, needless bond-  
age to the flesh. The evangel of this prac-  
tical gospel have been chosen to go forth and  
preach these glad tidings of great joy to all  
people, and surely none of the warriors of the  
Revolution, none of our anti-slavery gladi-  
ators ever had the cause of human freedom  
more warmly at heart, than these often ob-  
scure laborers in this spiritual vineyard,  
whose fields are so white for the harvest.  
Never can Independence Day be celebrated  
in spirit and in truth while there are any  
aching brows, weak nerves, or infirm limbs  
to disgrace the innate freedom of the spirit,  
or cripple its usefulness. Let every soul thus  
fettered enlist in this conflict with determina-  
tion to fight it out on that line if it takes a  
life-time, until with all other slavery, disease  
becomes a forgotten word on the planet, and  
perfect freedom is attained. Let us become  
masters of ourselves, dominant rulers of our  
physical, mental, and spiritual kingdoms, and  
thus worthy co-workers with the angels in  
bringing to humanity emancipation from  
every form of bondage. Fourth of July is  
but one small milestone on the road to inde-  
pendence of soul. Others await us and must  
be reached on the long, toilsome path that  
leads at last to spiritual victory.

## The Home of Liberty Bell.

M. E. CADWALLADER.

With each recurring "Fourth of July,"  
every American heart is thrilled to the core.  
The blood flows quicker through our veins as  
we read that masterpiece, the Declaration of  
Independence, and realize all it cost, before  
our nation settled down to peace and pros-  
perity. We stand now among the foremost  
nations of the earth, yet little did the fram-  
ers of that immortal document realize as they  
gathered to announce the proclamation to the  
people, how far reaching would be its influ-  
ence. Little did the representatives of the  
Province of Pennsylvania realize, when they  
sent to England for a bell to use in calling  
their assemblies together, and ordered in-  
scribed upon it, "Proclaim Liberty Through-  
out the Land and to all the Inhabitants  
thereof," that that same sentence was a  
prophecy which would be fulfilled in the birth  
of a new nation, and that the same bell would  
be the one to ring out the notes of the Decla-  
ration of Independence.

In response to your invitation to contribute  
to the symposium, it seemed that a visit to  
the shrine of the hallowed "Liberty Bell"  
would be most appropriate. It is silent now,  
as to sound, yet more eloquent, as it stands  
a mute symbol, a monument to the founders  
of our nation.

Many tourists daily visit the "Declaration  
chamber" and inscribe their names upon the  
register. Seventeen states were represented  
the day of my visit. The visitors passed be-  
fore the bell, and for several moments stood  
silent. The men took off their hats, as if in  
reverence, and one little child whispered,  
"Papa, is that really the bell that gave us  
our liberty?"

The visitor to Independence Hall soon real-  
izes that it is a national monument. At the  
head of the stairs a panel bears the inscrip-  
tion, which reads as follows: "The State  
House of Pennsylvania, consecrate by the  
event that occurred within, and under the  
shadow of its walls, is dedicated by the citi-  
zens of Philadelphia to their fellow country-  
men of the United States, a perpetual monu-  
ment to the founders of American Indepen-  
dence, on the National Centenary Anniver-  
sary, July 4, 1876."

How pregnant the thought that inscription  
calls forth: "Dedicated by the citizens of  
Philadelphia, to their fellow countrymen, as  
a perpetual monument to the founders of  
American Independence."

History abounds with the records of the  
patriots of those perilous times, but as we  
stand in the shadow of Liberty Bell, one  
name shines forth with especial brightness.  
It is that of Thomas Paine, notwithstanding  
it has been repressed by prejudiced people.

The thoughtful reader of history cannot  
fail to realize that he was a leading spirit in  
the direction of molding the thoughts of our  
people in the direction of independence. With  
heart and mind aflame in the interest of the  
people, he came to this country, adopting as  
his motto, "Where Liberty is not, there is  
my country." He urged the people to stand  
for their rights, and even Washington gave  
him the credit of turning the tide.

By the freight in the camp at Trenton,  
Paine wrote his pamphlet, "The Crisis." Its  
opening words, "These are the times which  
try men's souls," became the battle cry and  
gave new courage to fainting hearts strug-  
gling for liberty. Well does the historian

claim that his name should be remembered,  
in the United States at least, as one of the  
founders of American Independence, and  
state, "There is a complete concurrence of  
testimony that Paine's pamphlet issued on  
Jan. 1, 1776, was a turning point in the  
struggle," that it roused and consolidated pub-  
lic feeling, and swept away all wavering along  
with the tide."

These are the thoughts which come upper-  
most as we visit this historic spot. One of  
the custodians informed us, that on each an-  
niversary of the birth of Thomas Paine, his  
portrait is draped with two American flags,  
and decorated with flowers.

Let us not forget in celebrating Indepen-  
dence Day, to include this noble patriot,  
among those we love to honor, for the part  
they took in founding this nation.

Space forbids further detail as to our visit  
to the "cradle of liberty," but as we passed  
from room to room, it was interesting to ob-  
serve the reverence of the people for the  
relics of Revolutionary days when the nation  
was being molded into a republic.

Other cities have their sacred shrines and  
monuments to the memory of the heroes of  
our country. Patriotism is implanted in the  
hearts of our people, but in all our broad  
land, no shrine holds an equal place with  
Independence Hall, the home of "Liberty  
Bell."

## The Fourth of July.

DEAN CLARKE.

Among the great events of history, perhaps  
none has a greater significance, to Americans  
at least, than the Declaration of Indepen-  
dence made by our forefathers on the fourth  
of July, one hundred and twenty-six years  
ago. That event was pregnant with results  
not only local in bearing, but world-wide in  
its influence. That day gave birth to a  
new political regime in national affairs, and  
inaugurated the first successful experiment  
in popular government.

That day was taken the greatest stride  
toward political liberty ever made by an  
oppressed people. That day "the inalienable  
rights of man" were proclaimed in language  
more clear and forcible than any previous  
human utterance. That day the assumed  
"divine right of Kings" received its death-  
blow in the bold annunciation of Jefferson  
that: "All just governments exist only by the  
consent of the governed." That day the right  
of self-government—"a government of the  
people by the people, and for the people,"  
found its bravest and most emphatic procla-  
mation. That day sounded the knell of polit-  
ical despotism, whose vibrations were heard  
around the world, and whose reverberations  
will never cease while tyranny sways a sceptre,  
or wears a crown.

No document of "divine revelation" was  
ever more highly "inspired," or contains more  
"sacred" truth than the immortal Declara-  
tion of Independence whose first publicity  
makes the fourth of July a "holy" day to all  
true Americans. Not only did it give birth  
to civil liberty, but also to what degree of  
religious liberty we now enjoy in the separa-  
tion of Church and State—its sequence.

The fourth of July, 1776, was a day "big  
with fate" to the thirteen colonies that then  
disavowed all allegiance to alien authority  
and power. An ambitious, and a promising  
child, then cut loose from its Mother's apron  
strings, and committing itself to the care of  
Providence, and a few hundred patriots who  
plighted their fortunes, their sacred honor,  
and their lives to its protection, it began its  
career of independence resolved to have "lib-  
erty or death." For seven long, weary years  
it struggled against tremendous odds to gain  
the freedom it had demanded of its despotic  
parent, and at last won the precious boon  
that enabled it to rise in greatness and power,  
till it has become the foremost nation of all  
the earth. It was eminently proper, then,  
that the patriots who won the victories of the  
American Revolution, should set apart the  
fourth of July as a day of sacred memories  
to be evermore celebrated by all their pos-  
terity for whom they sacrificed and suffered  
so much.

No true patriot can question either the prop-  
riety, or the duty, of observing this day of  
hallowed memories, as a perpetual day of  
rejoicing, thanksgiving, and the glorifying of  
the illustrious deeds of our forefathers who  
bled and died for our liberties. Their heroic  
deeds, and noble example, should ever be  
thus perpetuated as an inspiration and a  
guide to all their descendants, and while  
there is a drop of their blood coursing in the  
veins of American citizens, this day will re-  
vive their memory, and awake "the Spirit of  
'76" in every patriot's bosom.

That we are not "degenerate sons of noble  
sires" let us all prove, not only by cherishing  
their memory, and emulating their example,  
but let us rise to the greatness of grander  
opportunities, and do all in our power to con-  
fer the blessings of civil and religious liberty  
upon the whole human race. That all shall  
have honor and celebrate the 4th of July  
which gave birth to a freedom that is the  
lineal heirloom of the entire Family of Man!











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BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1902.

Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS,  
THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,  
14 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.**

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,  
and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE**

Per Year .....	\$2.00
Six Months .....	1.00
Three Months .....	.50

Postage paid by publishers.

Issued by  
BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Harrison D. Barrett.....President.  
Frederic G. Tuttle.....Treas. and Bus. Man.  
Harrison D. Barrett.....Editor-in-Chief.  
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July 4.

Friday of this week will be the one hundred and twenty-sixth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence on the part of the American people. As that day is a legal holiday in this and all other States, the office of the Banner of Light Publishing Company will be closed in honor of the great event commemorated by it. Our contributors and patrons will kindly govern themselves accordingly.

### Editorial Notes.

Is there an absolute, unchangeable standard of right? This question is one with which both the moralist and philosopher have often wrestled in vain ever since the mind of man grappled in partial apprehension the facts of life. Many persons would unhesitatingly declare that there is only one possible reply to this question—only one answer that would at all harmonize with reason—a piddie Yess. Yet these very persons who are in danger of their own lives, or witnessing the peril of their most dearly loved, would not hesitate to slay even a father or a brother in what they would term self-defense. This would change the standard of right involved in the command "Thou shalt not kill," to almost a personal equation by adding the words "save to protect life." Men of high character in seeming, have no compunction of conscience about killing imprisoned pigeons and other birds for amusement, and they are frequently sustained in their course by the learned jurists upon the bench as well as by legal enactments.

To many people every expression of life is sacred, hence set forth the argument that the taking of life is indefensible even in an effort to preserve one's own life. The abolitionist, whose profession is so revolting to millions of people, feels no remorse for anything he does, nor does the one who seeks her aid took upon her action as at all reprehensible. The argument with all such people as these may be plainly stated thus: "Anything that relieves me of trouble, adds to my income, or makes me more independent in thought and action, is right." This is the argument of the thief, the robber, the political marplot, and all others who are considered criminals by those whose consciences have evolved into moral intelligence. If this be true, then it must follow that every sentient being sets up his own standard of right, and that that standard changes with the evolution of the moral and intellectual consciousness of the

individual. There is frequently a crystallization of ideas of right in the form of laws for various communities, states and nations, yet none of these are fixed and unchangeable. What is wrong in one age, becomes an aimless amusement, or an actual necessity in man's happiness in the succeeding period.

Liquor drinking to many people is the worst of crimes, while to others divorce is the very acme of human wickedness. Still the concepts of these people would not, and never can meet the requirements of civilization and true morality. It is not the use but the abuse of a thing that works evil to man. Without alcohol the arts would suffer, while the health of the entire civilized world would be jeopardized by the total destruction of liquor. Without divorce, the morality of men and nations would sink to the lowest possible levels, while individuals would fall into the grossest debaucheries. From marriages that are infamous in holding persons together, who should be as far apart in every respect as the antipodes of the earth, only criminals and criminal impulses can be generated. The use of tobacco as applied to the destruction of vermin on sheep or fruit trees is moral and beneficial, yet the smoker believes that his pipe or cigar is a moral helper to himself, and that he has an absolute right to pollute the atmosphere that others must breathe, because of his own pleasure therein. He would feel terribly aggrieved were he deprived of his right to smoke, yet he feels in his own soul that he has a perfect right to deprive his fellowmen of pure air.

The foregoing are some of the propositions that arise as soon as the question concerning an absolute standard of right is asked. No one person or body of persons has sufficient wisdom to erect a standard of morals for all mankind. The only true text that can be applied is found in the soul. The soul of man is far removed from material and physical pleasures, hence prompts to right action independently of all existing influences. In fact, it is the one influence that is supreme in determining the conduct of mortals on earth, i. e., when it is in full possession of its true office, and is using the machinery of the physical to subserve the spiritual ends. That which ennobles the soul, purifies thought, broadens character, elevates the moral nature, and adds to the sum total of man's knowledge of the things of the spirit, may be considered right by the individual involved, provided an enlightened conscience sits in judgment upon his every motive, and renders a decision in harmony with the facts in regard to every action.

Nations and civilizations have alike signally failed in the past, and will continue to do so in the future, so long as there is any attempt to force one man's standard of ethics upon his fellowmen as the absolute rule of their lives. The outward career is not the enduring part of man. Reforms and principles spring from within. That which the soul prompts is absolute only for that soul which puts it forth. That concept of right can only belong to other souls when they have become thoroughly convinced that it is based upon truth. This brings up the question, "Is there such a thing as absolute truth?" Let this question be answered in the negative or in the affirmative and the result is the same, for the assertion will be made that there is absolute truth that can be cognized by man. If the reply is yes, then the result is at once apparent. If the response is no, then it is seen that there is at least one absolute truth, viz.—that there is no absolute truth. The absoluteness of this fact throws the mind of the reasoner back into the realm of causation, and forces him to deal first-hand with that which gives rise to thought, to intelligence, to life. This brings him into the realm of Soul-Life, whence proceeds all things. Truth is an expression of Soul, and Infinite Soul is Absolute Truth.

The transition of Rev. George H. Hepworth, the scholarly writer of the Sunday sermons in the editorial columns of the New York Herald, removes from the earth plane one of the truest and best friends Spiritualism has ever had in public life. Dr. Hepworth possessed a broad, generous mind and he aimed to be fair and just to all. In the early years of his life as a clergyman he was a Unitarian, but became a Congregationalist about a quarter of a century ago. He was ever a liberalist in his views of theology, and no partialist influence could sway him from seeking for the best that was contained in all expressions of religious thought. Many of his Sunday writings were prose poems, and at least nine-tenths of them could be considered excellent spiritualistic essays. Dr. Hepworth had had many experiences with the phenomena of Spiritualism, and was especially interested in the wonderful work of that gifted psychic, Mrs. May S. Pepper, whom he numbered among his trusted friends, and through whose mediumship he received many indubitable evidences of the presence of his angelic friends. Peace to the memory of a good man.

Among the many able workers for Spiritualism in the State of Michigan, none take higher rank nor have the good of the Cause more deeply at heart than does Dr. E. H. Denalow of Sturgis. He is the efficient President of the Harmonial Society in that city, and has labored with singlemindedness of heart and purpose to place Spiritualism upon its true foundation in every respect in the minds of his fellow citizens. He has given liberally of his time and money to keep up the society, and never asks others to take a step without first taking two himself. Himself a psychic with rare powers, he never boasts of the same, nor does he flaunt his own mediumship to the disparagement of that of others. Like all true Spiritualists, he has no use for the frauds, fakirs, tramps, and parasites that infect our ranks, and is indefatigable in his efforts to induce them to give up their unhalloved callings. He is a tower of strength to Spiritualism in Sturgis, where he is looked upon by all classes of people as an exemplary citizen, and upright man. Long may he be spared to do battle for the good Cause in city, state and nation.

Edward VII. of England has been reported as being seriously ill, but the latest reports point to his ultimate recovery. All civilized peoples will rejoice to learn that he is convalescing, and will wish him a speedy recovery. Some so-called mediums prophesied many years ago that he would take leave of earth long before his mother, the good Queen Victoria, would do so. Others went so far as to assert that he never would sit on the throne as England's ruler. He has not only survived his royal mother, but he has been the actual King of England since January, 1901. His convalescence is not necessary to make him a full fledged king. His recovery is now practically assured, and will set at rest all vague guessings with regard to him as a man or as a ruler. The thinking people of earth look upon him now, not as a scion of royalty, a king, or an emperor, but as a sick and suffering man whom they would gladly restore to health out of the purest and most humane of motives. Edward VII. may not be a great statesman, no one of the wisest of men, but he is a human being, and is entitled to the sincere sympathy of all humanitarians in his sufferings.

Frank Walker of Hamburg of New York was a delegate to the recent State Spiritualists' Convention in Elmira. He was just as "Frank" as ever, and has lost none of his time ability as a Walker, even though he is now the editor of the Erie County Independent. He manages to work in some very spiritual ideas into his editorials, which fact, coupled with his many interesting personal items and local news notes, makes his paper very attractive and readable. He is a first class judge of "pi-", and relishes a "sandwich" as keenly as ever. He grows younger every day, and many of the ladies were heard to remark that he was also growing handsomer. For one whose sobriquet has long been "The Handsome One," this was high praise. There is nothing like editorial work to make a man or woman young—and good looking. It is hoped by all that he will make his paper "independently frank," and "frankly independent." Another incarnation may be unnecessary to quicken his political conscience into constant activity, and bring him into the broad light of humanitarianism, but there is yet time for a change of heart in this one.

A little boy, a singer in one of the great Catholic churches in one of the large cities of the west, recently took leave of earth under very peculiar circumstances. He had not been well for some time, yet was not considered dangerously ill. He had seemed better than common on the day of his transi tion, and had been exceptionally cheerful. About two o'clock in the afternoon, he called his mother and requested her to take him about the house. This she did. He looked at every familiar object with wistful, unusual interest, and his face seemed to change until it became fairly radiant, as he touched the various articles of furniture and family keepsakes with reverent hand. Finally he requested his mother to take him into the room where his father had taken leave of earth. She granted his request, and her eyes filled as she saw the smile of satisfaction deepen into a halo of light about her boy's face. He then asked to be taken to the door that he might have another look at the trees, the lawn, the sky and all of the dearly loved objects about his home. He stood in silence for some moments, and gazed about him in the most attentive manner, then signalled that he was ready to return to his couch.

"What does this mean my dear boy?" asked his mother, with fast falling tears. "I shall die within an hour," was his reply, "and I wanted to see everything I loved once more before I go. Say, mother, I want to see the boys of the choir, will you send for them?" This the sorrowing mother did, and a troop of bright eyed urchins came quietly into the room. He knew them every one, as his hearty "Hulloa, Tom!" "Hulloa, Dick," etc. abundantly proved. He spoke to them all, called them all by name, and bade them "good-bye," with a sweet smile on his face, adding the words: "Fellows, be good to your mothers and mind them well, and you won't do wrong." Within the hour mentioned by the boy, he took leave of earth. His age was only twelve years, hence he could not have conjured up this touching scene. He certainly received a premonition of his transition from a source outside of himself, and was influenced by it to act as he did. His so-called death was ascribed to heart disease. The priest in his funeral sermon referred to the boy's noble life, and suggested that he had been favored by a visit from the angels in his last hour.

What shall be said of Jane Toppan, whose recent sentence to the insane asylum for life led to the confession of thirty-one murders during the past ten or twelve years? The jury mercifully held her to be morally irresponsible for her actions, and rendered the only verdict possible under the circumstances. Such a case of depravity has never been paralleled in the history of criminology, and has given rise to much discussion on the part of both the secular and religious press. How such a woman could remain so long undetected is one of the mysteries of the case. She was a trained nurse, and was looked upon as one of the most competent in her profession. She had an uncontrollable mania at times to kill, and the dire results of that mania are now before the world. These tragedies point unerringly to the necessity of superstition, and inform the children of men that if they would abolish murder, and all other crimes, they must pay as much attention to generation as they now do to the improvement of their grades of live stock. They will thereby stop creating murderers, and criminals of other kinds, thus giving a higher civilization to the world.

Militarism is being carried to great extremes in the public schools of the United States and one of the most distressing features connected with the matter is the absolute indifference of American parents to the terrible

evil. A few years ago these very parents were terribly wrought up by the organization of military companies in the Catholic church, and by the turning of some of the basement rooms in many cathedrals into armories for the drilling of troops. Especially did they wax eloquent in their denunciations of the enrollment of boys twelve years of age for instruction in the manual of arms. These very persons today are completely smiling over the organization of their own young sons from ten years upward, into military companies in our public schools. People learn to kill fast enough without being taught the art as children in our public schools. It is wrong in principle, and prejudicial to the safety of our free institutions. The schools at West Point and Annapolis are bad enough without making every day school, from the primary grade to the university, into military camps. For the best good of all concerned, military instruction in our public schools should be prohibited, and the government academies at West Point and Annapolis abolished.

Killing human beings may have become a Christian act, but it certainly is far from being a spiritual one. The best army for the protection of our beloved country is founded by the freemies of the many happy homes of the land. Professional soldiers lack the incentive of love of home to make them just and kind. They look upon love as an emotion to be scorned, and consider blood-letting a necessity, as well as a pastime. Men and women who are grounded in the principles of right and justice, of liberty and fraternity will never be obliged to resort to war. There will be nothing to settle in this barbarous manner, for they will arbitrate all their disputes, and seek to so live each day as to give rise to no disputes. The true civilization of the soul is Peace; hence every man and woman should labor for the divine purpose of bringing the soul of every child into full possession of all its powers, so that war, injustice and hatred may be banished from the earth forever.

The Moore Pratt Institute, at Whitewater, Wis., shows signs of activity as the season advances. The building has been put into shape for furnishing from top to bottom. Steps have been taken to put in a heating plant, together with plumbing and lighting. Many students have already applied for rooms and board, and the end is not yet. President Hull's household effects are nearly all in Whitewater, and by Sept. 1 will be in his new home, recently given him by Mr. Pratt. Mrs. Stewart, the hard-working secretary, is constantly on the ground, pushing forward the work to the best of her well-known great ability. The public were requested to assist in furnishing the rooms the students are to occupy. This is practical work, and I hope many will respond to this suggestion. Any one who furnishes a room will have the privilege of giving the room a name of his own selection. Such names over the door would be splendid monuments to our arisen spirit friends. May the responses be many. The school year will positively open on the third Tuesday of September, and will cover a period of thirty-six weeks, divided into two terms of eighteen weeks each. Let us work together to make the school a success from the day of its opening by securing the attendance of a large number of students. Mrs. Clara L. Stewart will respond to all letters of inquiry. Address Whitewater, Wis.

From the columns of the secular press, it appears that the name of that loyal Spiritualist, Hon. E. W. Bond of Willoughby, Ohio, is prominently mentioned for Congressional honors from the twenty-first district of that State. Hon. T. E. Drown has represented that district for the past ten years, having to do so on his own party, is likely to meet with defeat this fall. Bro. Bond will make an excellent Congressman, and I hope he will be nominated and elected. It would be well for the country if there were a dozen more just like him in Congress today. We need men of and for the people, and Bro. Bond is just the kind of a man. His Spiritualism makes him a natural reformer and he is not afraid to show his colors. Spiritualists of the nation, let us unite in giving Bro. Bond our psychic push toward a seat in Congress. He is an able man and will honestly serve the entire country without regard to party lines.

It should be remembered that the vacation season is at hand, and the question of what books shall be taken to the summer homes of those who leave the city, is yet to be settled. If you want the books that reflect most clearly the conditions of the supernal world, with the most lucid instructions as to how to live in the world of mortals, take with you the writings of Andrew Jackson Davis, the far-famed "Poughkeepsie Seer," the greatest of all prophets who has ever lived upon the earth. He is physician to both body and soul, and will make your vacation one of continual enjoyment. If you will but read his illumined instructions to mankind. Order a complete set of his works and prove this for yourselves. You can obtain same at this office.

In speaking of books, W. J. Colville's most recent book, "The Throne of Eden," must not be forgotten. It is replete with lofty thought, and contains some of the clearest expositions of spiritual truth ever placed before the world. The gifted writer applies his thought to the everyday lives of the persons who people his book, and thereby shows the incalculable value of the influence of mental and spiritual forces upon the lives of human beings. It is a work that should be read by every person who claims to be a Spiritualist or liberal thinker. The blessing of true mediumship is most clearly and conclusively proved, and all persons who respect the sacred office of the medium will greatly enjoy "The Throne of Eden." Take it with you and try it for yourselves. It can be obtained at this office.

"Sigma Zodiac's" helpful paragraphs are a rich treat to the writer every time they make their appearance in these columns. They are

filled with sunny philosophy, sound practical sense, and inspire all who read them to better thinking and nobler living. These thoughts of this gifted writer cannot fail to make the world better, as they are prophecies of the yet to be, whose coming will usher in the new cycle of spirituality applied to the daily lives of all mankind. May his columns be filled every week in my prayer.

Once again I am constrained to refer to the desecration and disgruntling of the most charming scenery in the United States by means of extravagant and almost vulgar signs. Not a few of these exhibitions are really reprehensible at the law and I would be heartily in favor of making an example of the men who caused them to be put up. These hideous things not only shock the artistic tastes of well-bred people, but they also tend to lower the moral sense of the entire community in which they are erected. This reform is greatly needed, and it is to be hoped that the secular press will begin agitation of the question that shall not cease until the nuisance is abated. VULGAR SIGNS MUST GO!!!!

This reverence to the secular press brings to mind another issue of vital importance to the moral nature of mankind. I now have in mind the publication of fraudulent and immoral advertisements. Here are two kinds of printed matter to which the attention of the public is specially called, without the slightest consideration of the effect upon public morality. The readers of the papers in question are left wholly unprotected, and are often robbed of their hard earned money by these glaring deceptions. Is it right to publish an immoral or a fraudulent advertisement, knowing it to be such, simply for the money it may bring into the pockets of the proprietor? The owner and manager of one of the great dailies of the land told this writer not long since that he never concerned himself about the honesty or dishonesty of his advertisers—that he considered it none of his business—that so long as his patrons paid their bills to him he did not care a penny about the character of the ads they inserted. "But," I suggested, "what about public morals? Are you not interested in the moral upbuilding of the people?"

He gave me a pitying look, and then said: "The people be blowed! They can take care of themselves as I do of myself. If they choose to be humbugged, it is none of my business. I am not in the newspaper business for fun. I am in it to make money, and when I fail to make money I shall certainly find something else to do." Much more was said along the same lines, all to the same effect. This man had been a member of Congress for several terms; he stood high in the councils of his party, and was looked upon as an exemplar by thousands of people. Yet he deliberately sanctioned the publication of the grossest humbugs in the way of advertisements in his paper, knowing them to be such, simply because they put money into his pockets. Fortune telling, soothsaying, necromancy, bogus mining schemes, misleading figures, falsified references, etc., were all given space, with not even a disclaimer of editorial responsibility for the same. Surely this man and his paper were far from being conservators of morals. Yet they are types of the leading secular papers of the age! What can people of refinement and humanitarian principles hope for from such conditions as the above?

It is apparent to every honest man that it is the duty of every newspaper man to refuse to accept advertisements of a questionable character, no matter how much money may be offered, to secure their publication. The welfare of human souls here and hereafter is of greater importance than millions of money for one dozen or one thousand individuals. There should be an outcry from the pulpit and rostrum against the publication of fraudulent and misleading advertisements of all kinds. Legalized quackery and murder are bad enough without adding to them the crime of moral assassination. The American conscience has been hypnotized. Killing one or one thousand persons no longer excites horror. The loss of a dollar becomes the occasion of a public wake that all mankind may hear the outpouring of the grief of the loser. Newspapers are creators of public opinion. They lead public sentiment. They should, therefore, stand for principle, first, last and all the time, by refusing bogus ads and all articles that are questionable in their statements of fact, as well as all other matter that would have a deleterious effect upon the moral conscience of the reader. Purify the press!

"The eminent scientist and teacher, Professor Joseph LeConte, of the California State University, at a reception given him February 18th, to commemorate his Golden Wedding, paid the following tribute to his wife and made comment upon a happy married life, worthy the philosopher that he is: 'To the influence of my wife I attribute nearly all that I have done that is worthy of any man's ambition. A genuine and true love is the most powerful force for good that can enter into the life of any man. For myself I can say that my whole life entered upon a higher plane the moment I fell in love and became married. A happy married life has a soothing influence. One's troubles are smoothed out and he is left with a clearer mind to pursue any work in which he may be engaged.'"

In every earnest life there are weary flats to tread, with the heavens out of sight—no sun, no moon, and not a tint of light on the path below. But to the meek and faithful it is not always so. Now and then something touches the dull dream of sense and custom, and the desolation vanishes—the divine realities come up from the past and straightway enter the present.—James Martineau.

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The paths to God are more in number than the breathings of created beings.—From the Persian.







## SPIRIT

## Message Department.

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

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides, or that of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a special representative of the Banner of Light, and are given in the presence of other members of The Banner Staff.

## To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seance held June 5, 1902, S. E. 25.

## Investigation.

To thee, O Infinite Spirit of love and light, we turn our hearts this morning in aspiration; we reach out after all that is beautiful and fair, for all that is sweet and lovely; in hope we reach out for strength to triumph over all present evil, all misunderstanding, all lack of knowledge and with these conditions in our heart we ask that the influence of those who are far advanced, whose voices are clear, who can look far into the future and see and understand what is to be, will draw near to us and over our waywardness and over our lack of good and power, may they throw the wisdom and the knowledge that are theirs. The one special thought that actuates, the one particular desire that is ours, is to clear away the old superstition of doubt and misunderstanding concerning death. May we stand in the full light of the knowledge of this truth that death is but a stepping stone toward a new expression of life, and whatever we may have done will have its influence, its effect in that new expression. Help us to realize that our earth-life foreshadows our future expression in spirit life, and understanding this, bring consciousness of what it may be. We would that this life, this life of ours today, might be made so perfect, so pure in its aspiration, that our new spirit life shall have nothing of the shadow or the dark spot upon it. To those who sit in darkness, who wait for the "touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still," we send the messages of love, greeting, hope and good cheer. Amen.

## MESSAGES.

## Franklin Seymour, Missouri City.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a man about sixty years old. He is short, stout, with a very bald head, a full gray beard, gray eyes, and he is very energetic and bright. He comes forward to me with a little air of familiarity almost, and says, "Well, I ought to be familiar because I am known to you for years before I came over to the spirit, and of course have kept in touch with my people since I came here. My name is Franklin Seymour, and I lived in Missouri City. When the first manifestations were given out to the world, I became interested and started some investigations on my own responsibility, and from that time on I got more or less that was valuable and helpful and instructive to me. My wife, Jane, is with me in spirit, and she says that we must send word to our friends that we are still working to understand just how to get the best communications at all times. That was our effort when we were on this earth plane, and it is our effort now from this side of life. I send greetings to the mediums everywhere, and wish for them consecrated lives and consecrated work. Goodbye."

## Mrs. John Grover, Amsterdam, N. Y.

The next spirit that comes to me is a woman about forty years old. She is short, rather stout and seems very much troubled and annoyed over conditions. She comes up to me and says: "I am Mrs. John Grover; I come from Amsterdam, N. Y. I have but one desire, and that is to get better. I am so lonely, so upset, and my life is so broken in upon through this passing away of my body, that it seems as though I cannot stand it unless I can get to him. I found our child over here, the little girl Alice, and I want him to feel that we both come to him. Sometimes I wish I could take him right over here to me, but it doesn't seem possible to do that. The only thing I can do is to be close to him and to make him feel that I am interested in all his efforts. Oh, John, if we could have known about this! If we could only have talked about it, it would have been easier for us both, but as it is, all I can do is to send my message to you and tell you that I am all right, that everything is beautiful about me and that all I need is you."

## Julia Seymour, Groton, Mass.

The spirit of a woman about twenty-eight years old is here. She is just one of those happy-go-lucky, don't care looking persons, and seems to be just as happy in spirit life as she would in the earth life. She stands up, gives a little twist and turn, walks over to me and says: "Ah, ha! this is where we come, is it? Why, I had an idea we wrote what we wanted to say, but instead we just let you see what we think and describe it for us. Well, my name is Julia Seymour, and I come from Groton, Mass. I have been dead for that is the way you speak of it, about six years, but I really haven't been dead at all. I had a little sickness, suffered a good deal, and one day lost myself and found that I was over here. I opened my eyes and saw mother, who had been gone twenty years. She knew me, took me in her arms and seemed so glad to have me with her. I couldn't understand it all; seemed quite like a dream, but after a while we talked it over, and I found just what had happened. I have a little sister and a little brother over here. They came a long time ago, but they are just as if they had grown up with me. Whatever I say about my past, they seem to understand as if they were conscious of everything I had done, and it seems so funny to suddenly find some one I did not know and find that they know all about my past. My father and my brother are still alive, and I want to send our message to them. To Frank, who is my brother, say, 'Do not go West. It is better not to.' That is all; the rest is just a message of love which they will understand."

## Kathleen Snow, Worcester, Mass.

The next spirit is a little girl, about six years old. She is very pretty as a flower and as sweet as a bit of sunshine. She is fair,

her hair is light and hangs in long curls, and her eyes are as blue as the sky. She has a round, chubby face and the dearest little way, and she comes over to me and says: "I am Kathleen Snow; I lived in Worcester, Mass., and my mama and papa want to hear from me. I bring them the sweetest flowers that I can find and I sing the song I used to sing when I came. I can sing better now, and I have Aunt Sadie with me, and I am very happy. Thank you."

## Annie Lord, Boston, Mass.

A woman about forty or forty-five years old comes now. She is rather slim and tall, and her eyes are dark brown, her hair brown, and her skin pale and fair. She seems very feeble; it is all she can do to express herself. She says: "I am striving to get help from you to express myself the way I want to. My name is Annie Lord, and I am an old Boston woman and lived many years in that city, in fact, I might say the greater part of my life. I knew nothing of this subject when I came over here, and it has been the pity of my life that I did not try to understand something about it. I am so anxious to go to my children. She needs me more than I can tell you, and my effort is to give her the strength and the assurance of spiritual power and an unfolding that shall make her do better than ever before. Her father is with me; his name is Benjamin, and he sends love and greetings, too. Thank you."

## Harry Thayer, Groton, Mass.

I see a man about thirty-five years old. He is short and rather quick in his way, and he says: "Let me dictate a letter if you please to the one to whom I desire to send my message, for it seems to me if I say it just exactly as if I were writing to her, it will mean more to her and be easier for me. My Dear Grace—It has been some time since I came away from you. The first shock was awful for me. I realized at once that I was separated from you and that was all I knew or cared. I was conscious of my friends who had passed on before me being near me and trying to serve me, but my heart ached for you, so that I seemed to make no difference to me what they said or what they tried to do. After a while I began to be conscious of a power I had to get to you, and since that time I have been coming to you whenever I found a need of strength from me. I have been with you for the last two weeks, and have seen the change you have made, and feel that you are really on the upward path, that it is much better that you stepped away from the old conditions. Please have confidence in yourself and your own possibilities, and know that I will help you all I can. With love that I do not know how to express in this public way, I say goodbye. Harry Thayer, Groton, Mass."

## Charlie Gordon, Templeton, Iowa.

Here is a young man of fair complexion, blue eyes and light hair. He is very tall and thin, and is sweet and gracious in his manner. Without any seeming effort, he glides into my presence and says: "Well, is this the way I am to come? My name is Charlie Gordon, and I desire to reach my mother, whose name is Harriet. She lives in Templeton, Ia. She seems pleased to be able to communicate with her. He says: 'I have not been the least unhappy since I came over, because at the very first my father understood what I needed and helped me all he could. I have been so conscious of everything that was going on for my benefit and in my name that I have felt a certain sense of oneness with my old life and old conditions, and happiness to think it was so. I have a little sister; that is, she was little when she came away, and she is with me today; her name is Emma; I can tell you just what a joy it is to have her. I had always wanted a sister, but had never known what it was to have one and to have her here with me to show me everything that is beautiful and help me to express myself, is one of the sweetest blessings that death has brought me. I am working; I would not be content just to sit around and feel that it was sufficient just to know that I was taken care of and that life was about me. I am working the same old way that I used to when I was with my mother. That is, I am painting, studying and carrying out the thought that I had expressed in a crude way in a much less in the spirit. I used to paint carriages when I was alive, and now I am painting other things that give me brighter scope and better expression. I want to send my dear love to my mother and to say to her that I shall always stay near her until she comes over to me; that time will needn't have the least fear that time will wait me off into any condition or place where she can't get word from me."

## Lucy Sanderson, Carmel, Me.

The spirit of a woman about fifty or sixty years old comes. She is very energetic and quick, but she seems troubled as she comes. When she went away from the earth she had a great deal of care and responsibility, and it was hard for her to leave these things. She says: "My name is Lucy Sanderson, and I come from Carmel, Me. I have been dead for all I can say is that I want to get back. My constant cry is to come into touch with the old life, to give the balm, the word of encouragement, to help, direct, and to care for those I left behind and whom I loved. I never was much on religion, never cared very much for church life or any of the things that come after death, so it is very hard for me to grow accustomed to these new conditions. I would give anything if I could get back into life again. I think perhaps I shall feel better for having had this little chance. I want to say to Peter that I have many and Georgy with me. He will know, and he will be glad. Thank you."

## Mary J. Freeman, So. Boston, Mass.

The next spirit is a woman, quite old, very thin, and very much wrinkled. She wears a little black lace cap and seems very particular about the way she is dressed. Her dress is black, with a little white handkerchief or something of that sort around her neck. She has very particular ways about her fingers, and the folds of her dress and everything, and everything is just as nice as it can be. The first thing she does when she comes over to me is to stoop over low and put her hand over to her ear, as though she could not hear very well, and then I catch from her this question: "Will you help me to reach my people?" She lived in South Boston when she was here, and her name is Mary J. Freeman. She has a son by the name of Charles, to whom she is very anxious to go, and she says: "The particular reason that I have for coming here is to awaken him to the fact that I can see and know what he has done and want to thank him. He has an idea that I am dead, and being dead do not know what is going on, and I have an idea that if I can just express to him that I know that he has moved my body from one place to another and changed the stones that it will help him in his acquiring a knowledge. This is about the only test I can give, but it is enough, I hope, to make him look further and see what he can find out."

## Jessie Cahill, Fitchburg, Mass., to Nellie Bemis.

I see now a woman, I should think, not over eighteen; a girl she is. Her height is medium, and she is very dark, with dark eyes and hair, and a fresh, bright skin, but she has very

small features and very small hands and feet. She seems particularly careful about always looking stylish and pretty, as though the most of her thought and time was spent in seeing just how she looked. She doesn't care much whether I say this or not, but it seems to her to establish her identity. She says: "You can say, too, if you will, that my name is Jessie Cahill, and that I came from Fitchburg, Mass. I had lived there a good while; in fact, I did not know much about any other place, but I didn't want to die. I really didn't think I was going to, and now when I find that my life is over and that I am free to go to some other place, I have the greatest desire to get back to the old condition and tell my friends how I am getting along. I don't know what I can say that will make them more interested in this life over here unless I tell them how beautiful it is. If I could express to them the beauty of the flowers, the beauty of the sounds, the music, and all the things that come to me, I am sure they would feel an interest to understand about it and get ready to come. Most of my friends are more interested in those things than they would be in learning or studying or seeking to find out what to do, to be good, and so you will forgive me if I try to express more about the beauty than I do about the goodness. I'd like to send this message to Nellie Bemis. I want her, if she will, to give me some answer that she has received it, and let me come to her and help her if I can. Thank you."

## James Robinson, Bangor, Me.

I see now a man about seventy years old. He is tall, very angular, with square shoulders and square face. His hair is a little bit long, and he has a gray beard that isn't cut in any particular fashion, but which is rather scraggly. He carries a cane, and is very emphatic in all his movements. When he steps up to me it is with an emphasis that means he is going to say just what he wants and say it plainly. He says: "That is what I mean to do. My name is James Robinson; I lived in Bangor, Me. I suppose I knew as much about Bangor as any man who ever lived there. I knew as much about its institutions and its church, and for I was much interested in that part of its development. I wasn't a minister, though I think I missed my calling when I didn't become one, but I was interested in everything that religion was teaching, and I would have fought this Spiritualism tooth and nail to root it out of the city, had it appeared with any strength in my day. That would have been because I didn't know, so you can see how ignorance will fight against the things that might bring peace and happiness to the world. I tell you this because I want you to know that some of us who get over here don't get the light immediately. Our prejudice and our past beliefs hamper us, and warp us so that it is almost impossible to get the light even after death comes to us. It is almost by chance that I have been able to understand the beauty and the need of the philosophy of Spiritualism. I came to it, and I will not through striving to help a grief-stricken mother, and I found that my words were of little avail when she could get to her own, so through her I made investigation, and come back today to report my interest and my desire to have her get to the work of establishing the truth of spirit reality. I thank you for this opportunity for saying what I failed to say when I had opportunity before."

## Letter from Abby A. Judson.

## NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY FOUR

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In one of my favorite books, the conduct of a mother is described who won the perfect confidence of her children by giving them at all times her perfect sympathy. Whatever work she might be engaged in, if a child were to be in the way, she was thrown aside, and the little one knew that her mother felt to the full its suffering. And whatever joy filled the childish heart, it was at once brought to the mother, who quickly gave up her whole being to sympathizing in the joy of the child.

Most mothers sympathize with the sufferings of their children. But many of them forget to rejoice in what makes them happy. This being the case, their children come in time to be separate from their mother in the things that interest them. They cease to confide in her, and then she loses her influence over them. The mother in the book alluded to cultivated her flexibility, and learned to easily sympathize with the joys as well as the sorrows of her children. The influence of such mothers does not diminish with the lapse of years. In fact, those sons and daughters eagerly return as often as possible to nestle in the heart of that mother, for they know that that heart will vibrate with their own, be it joy, or be it sorrow that they impart to her.

In our life the simple stories of every day life by which the Nazarene sought to impart spiritual truth to the human beings he so dearly loved, he tells of the man who had found his lost sheep, and then called his friends together to rejoice with him; and of the woman who gathered her neighbors together to rejoice with her because she had found the piece of money she had lost. When the prodigal son returned, sympathetic love filled his father's heart, but the older brother did not rejoice with the rest, for whatever sympathy was inherent in his nature was dulled by selfishness.

Some of us confine our sympathy to occasions of sorrow, forgetting that the truly sympathetic heart will rejoice as eagerly at the joy of the happy, as he will mourn with those who are in sorrow. Sympathy is feeling with another in whatever he may feel, and may possess this lovely quality in its perfection is to have entered on our destined angelhood while we are still on the earth plane.

Many things hinder the flow of absolute sympathy while we are shut up in the box of the body. Some of us are too proud to let others know much about our joy or our sorrow. Some are so absorbed in their own concerns that they are indifferent to what pleases or distresses their neighbor. Some who would be very sorry if their friend were ill or had broken his leg, would be prevented by fear from rejoicing if that same friend received a legacy of ten thousand dollars. A girl who had received the gift of a beautiful watch and chain exclaimed—

"Oh! how angry my dear friend Susanna was when she learned to love her neighbor just as well as she did herself. That it is as hard for us to love others as well as we do ourselves, to be heartily rejoice in what pleases them, and to feel their pangs as if they were our own, only shows that we have traveled but a part of the road that we shall have to travel, ere we reach our destined goal."

One thing that makes the teachings of Spiritualism so very dear is the knowledge that the blessed spirit friends give us sympathy which we have never received from mortals. Some are forced to weep alone, for if others saw their tears, they would mock at them, or treat them with the cold indifference that some find it still harder to bear. But rob the blessed truth of spirit communion that angels see their solitary tears, and wipe them away with celestial love.

This blessed truth of spirit communion comforted the man of Nazareth. There he saw the love of the Father, of Gethsemane, of Peter, James, and John, who under-

stood him the best, were asleep. With spiritual vision, he saw the dreadful agony of the morrow. It was too much for his human strength, and he asked God to spare him from drinking so fearful a cup of pain, while he yet strove to submit himself to the will of God. In this stress of both body and soul which he was unequal to bear, "there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him."

Just such comforting spirits are near us, even in our darkest hours. With an entire sympathy not of earth, with a power beyond that of mortals, with a love transcending that of our nearest and dearest here, they stoop over us, and long to lift the cross that is too heavy for our unaided strength. May we avail ourselves of the cheer they desire to bring? Indeed we may, if we can do the two things that enabled the Nazarene to be helped by an angelic ministrant. We must believe that an angel is near and desires to aid us, and we must be willing to receive such aid, by letting our old hold on the things that distress us, but by refusing to believe that spiritual beings are near, and by clinging to thoughts of pain, and rolling them as a sweet morsel under our tongue, as it were, we keep the door bolted and barred, and the dear disembodied are unable to aid.

Ah! why have mortals waited so long? Jesus knew it, and the early disciples knew it. Then the world shut their eyes to the heavenly presence, and did not begin to open them for nineteen hundred years.

"There are angels hovering round."

Does the Christian church really believe what it sings?

"O fools, and slow of heart!"

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

## Pre-existence.

RUSK C. CLARK.

A correspondent asks for more light on the "pre-existence theory" or the "arguments contained therein."

But this mighty theme cannot be considered on the plane of argument, bears no relation thereto. All argumentation is a reasoning process, and the experience or state of the soul prior to the unfolding of human reason, can only be gained through a quickening of soul consciousness which in its certitude, transcends reason, yielding a spiritual realization beside which mental conviction is the merest figment. There are no facts, no place for evidence. Therefore if one desires proof of pre-existence, let him grow, aspire, advance gradually soulward, away from his ordinary consciousness as a mortal, or as a brain, until he reaches a sphere above the mists and fogs of this mundane realm wherein such false measurements are taken, and he will not again ask for data to prove that his soul is older than his form. Its ageless experience will forcibly impress him, almost weight him with its wealth and significance, as it grandly unfolds through intuitive reminiscence, through soul revelation.

Let the butterfly seek for proof that he was ever a caterpillar, let the fish deny his tadpole existence, but should not man be much wiser than such rudimentary expressions of intelligence? And shall that advanced flower on evolution's tree—the free-born American—admit that only the Oriental mind is capable of probing the depths of the soul, or shall the verity of man's pristine, eternal being, the uncreate sovereignty of the soul, independent of embodiment, be termed an "Oriental mystery"? Are we forgetting in our tumultuous whirl of external living, that we are souls? Shall we only our Hindu brothers admit that only the Oriental mind is capable of probing the depths of the soul, or shall the verity of man's pristine, eternal being, the uncreate sovereignty of the soul, independent of embodiment, be termed an "Oriental mystery"? Are we forgetting in our tumultuous whirl of external living, that we are souls? 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