



THE CALL OF THE SEA.

At times my spirit is afloat,
With longings deep as death;
I am consumed with wild desire,
To hear what ocean saith:
It calls from distances afar,
Like organ tone and beat,
While over it—a burning star—
Makes all my dreamings sweet!

Was it from some forgotten past,
I draw this want of soul,
A time my fortune on it cast,
Bathed in its grand control?
Like sea-bird now I love its sky,
Like dolphin love its wave;
And visions beautiful draw nigh,
Of things divine and brave!

I dream I was a valiant king,
Upon some galley old,
The warriors laugh and shout and sing,
And many a tale is told;
And then we meet the foe in fight,
And crash their sides with glee,
The battle one of bold delight,
And so the victory!

I dream my boat's on sea of glass,
The morning finds me there;
And with me one so beautiful was—
She makes the whole world fair;
We spend our day in bliss supreme,
Until the stars above—
Arise and catch the happy dream—
Of perfect joy and love!

Such memories as these seem mine,
Like music in the shell;
The passion is of power divine,
That by the sea would dwell;
Its mighty motion throbs and moves—
The world within my mind,
And all my secret nature proves—
Its brotherhood doth bind!

I can but think it was my own,
And I of it a part,
Its splendid greatness to me known—
By fellowship of heart;
When winds wall out in tossing trees,
As storm-kings passers bear,
I hear the boom of mighty seas,
And callings loud and clear!

—William Brewster.

What all the World's A-Seeking.

WILLIAM BREWSTER.

I ask your attention to this theme of intense interest and moment to our lives. If we would care to hear about anything, it is about what everybody else desires to hear, what the heart of man desires to know, and is most surely finding. And this is the open secret of joy, the right way of living and making our lives blest. We all wish to know how we can be as glad as the bird, and as bright as the flower. We want the power and blessing of the universe to express itself in us and through us—this is what men everywhere are seeking.

The title of my work is from a book by Ralph Waldo Trine. I hope you have all read it, or that you will read it, and try to assimilate its thought and put it into practice. The book stirs and gladdens me, and I recognize that the author is voicing the thought of our times in his setting forth of "the vital law of true life, true greatness, power and happiness."

It makes our world a live world to have new teachers and prophets; souls who are touched with fire from heaven. I like the story of the dear lady who listening to a candidate preach on Inspiration, at the close said to a friend, "Now I have an inspiration, and I am going to speak to the minister." And so she did, and remained his friend and helper. We need the sense that the prophet glow was not all spent in the old days, that here and now is it given, and we may respond to its leading, and find the world of truth as new and fair as the spring. This is the great gladness we can enjoy now, and that we are seeking to enjoy in the new thought and understanding of life.

I am here to find the true principle of living, to know the laws of life and put myself in harmony with them. This would seem to be the clear purpose of my present existence. I wish to know what I can do with myself to be realizing myself, being all that the time permits me to be, with the promise and potency of the eternities.

And we began with the sincere recognition of the good of life. It is blessed to live. How wonderful to have this thought and feeling and sense that we are here in a glorious universe. I think of the happiness of it as if I were one of a thousand daffodils in the garden. I am there as a flower of love among many flowers—only I am something more, as John Banister Tabb sings of

THE BLUEBIRD

"When God had made a host of them,
One little flower still lacked a stem
To hold the blossom blue;
So into it he breathed a song,
And suddenly, with petals strong
As wings, away it flew."

Nay, I think of myself as something more than the happy bird in the orchard all bloom. That is a pleasant life in the springtime. Surely it is, almost, more than our power of picturing; but I take every beauty and blessing the earth affords, that everything and

every creature has, and it seems gathered into my life, and makes the music and the strength of it. I look out on the world with the consciousness that I am a thought part of it, in friendship with it all, and all in friendship with me. The source of life is good; we are living in a universe that is good in every part of it. I take this by faith, which is given to me as surely as my eyesight, and is for the sanity and security of my soul. And it is this conviction the world is seeking and must have. We must get away from all fear about ourselves or our friends, or about anything that can happen to us. We are here to learn to love the day and believe in it. Everywhere there cometh a blessing.

"I never trod a spot so bare
Where living nature blessed the sod,
But some small flower, half-hidden there,
Exhaled the fragrant breath of God."

"I never knew a day so drear,
But on its leaden sky was hung
Some shadow of a rainbow clear,
From vanished joy in faraway flung."

"I never sat where silence kept
My soul from loving friends afar
But angel wings the ether swept
Between me and the evening star."
—Julia Noyes Stickney.

Do you not feel that this is the primal conviction of real life—that we have joy in every condition and circumstance, and are proud to bear and do according to our ability. It is a great love and satisfaction of soul. It is the harmony of right relation to the All. We like to picture an old cathedral, which took hundreds of years in the building, we like to dream of ourselves as one of the singers in its choir as the stately service goes on. There is the great crowd of worshippers, and the organ in its majestic tones sweeping the Gothic arches, and filling the vast building with its body of melodious sound; and then our voices take up the anthem of praise, and we seem to be in the very heaven of glory. Such is the loveliness of life when we take hold of it as a supreme good, as an infinite blessing, ever in the sunshine and joy of the Eternal Goodness. That is the persuasion all the world's seeking.

And it is a necessity laid upon us to win it, to have and to hold forever. Every soul has the right to this without any "if" or "perhaps" about it. It is the root conviction of life, and the only justification of our being. If all is right in relation to my existence, then I must take its conditions with courage, and with music in my heart. In spite of any drawback this is what we must assert and cling to—the universe has only love from centre to circumference; and there is only love from eternity to eternity.

So we are all right in being here and have a most excellent start in the journey that ever grows more and more beautiful.

This is the sense that Jesus gives in the parable of the laborers. Some were sent into the vineyard. They had found their proper place in life with joyous employment. But some are idle in the market place, and as fast as they hear the Voice, they are sent to be with those whose task is a song. And this to the last hour of the world's work, and all are paid out of the justice, their penny a day, and those who went in late are paid out of the justice and generosity—a penny. Existence is made a beautiful grace.

But, you see, then comes in a principle which makes religion to be a new birth of the soul. I mean the principle of service. Here is the heart of what all the world wants. It does not come to us without seeking, and many will not find it because it seems a narrow path, but it is the path of life to love and serve our fellows. Unselfishness is the salvation of the soul.

The generousities always have been in human life—for man is God-born—but the dust part of him, in which the white lily blooms, has hemmed in the flower and kept it from flourishing at times. It must respond to the sunshine, and refuse to allow the earthly to hinder the heavenly. And it is the unfolding of the sense of love which gives grand vitality to our life and makes it immortal in its nature. We want to do something for humanity. One man would preach; that was his born calling. It grew upon him as a power and a passion. He feels the truth of God and knows he is destined to give it utterance, and so to live as telling its power and helpfulness is life to him, and ceases not in its rippling satisfactions and joys. It is like the flow of a river from the mountains to the sea. The poet is the same; he utters a verse what is melody in his heart. He wishes he could catch the strength of the ocean and the whisper of the winds, but he will tell the best he may what the bird sings and what he hears. So with the artist, whose eye is in love with beauty and to whom every face speaks of spiritual worth, or to whom every bit of landscape has revelations of celestial glory. And what we call the common tasks of the days are not devoid of this constraint of noble service, behind the least work of the hands is the same divine significance of contributing to the good of the race. There is nothing common or unclean. Jesus made that clear in girding himself with the towel

and washing his disciples' feet. It was the lowliest service which he could do, but he gave it the grace of the new aristocracy of souls. It gave a new direction to the energies of men—they were to be used for others and not for self. In other words the self-thought is wiped out, not to the extinguishment of self, but to bring the thought of brotherhood as the dominating glory of life. A dewdrop, left to itself, even if resting on a rose, might say: "My life will soon be over; the sun will dry me up, and then I shall be no more." But place that same drop of water in the ocean and what might it would seem to have—then it might confidently say, "Now I know I cannot perish; I have all the strength of the mighty waters as mine; I am safe with the supporting of all the waves." So we, when alone, are nothing; in the solidarity, however, of the race, held in the strength of the Eternal, we are as safe as the sun and the stars. We put ourselves in tune with the Infinite, having assurance of eternal being and blessedness, and then we permit the great Goodness to work in us as its own will for the joy of all its children.

Now this is the new way of love in which we are to walk; it leads from the desert of selfishness to the green fields of God.

Think of one being a traveler on the dusty highway, and then, parallel with it, he sees a path through the fields and the woods. It is grass-grown, it has flowers and the shade of the trees; would he not be a foolish man if he did not betake him to the more excellent way? What refreshment it would be to walk the same distance under this better condition! So it is with men and women making the journey of life; there is the dusty road of selfishness and there is the footpath of peace and love.

And the transition from one to the other is just as easy as stepping from the highway to the woods—it is the decision of the will, the making up of the mind that you will live in peace and harmony with all the world—God helping you. It comes from an understanding that we are souls, born to the immortality of love, and that the right way of living is in the spirit of loving service throughout all the days. We are to be creators of good in the lives of others, to serve them without stint, or fear that we shall be impoverished or break down.

Here is where many miss the mark of happiness. They have not resolved on what principle they will live; they have not reasoned about love so as to see it is the only possible way of joy, and they do not completely resolve for it, believing that God is at the back of it, and therefore it can never fail.

The woman singeth at her spinning wheel
A pleasant chant, ballad or barcarole;
She thinketh of her song, upon the whole,
Far more than of her flax; and yet the reel
Is full, and artfully her fingers feel
With quick adjustment, provident control,
The lines too subtly twisted to unravel.
Out to a perfect thread. I hence appeal
To the dear Christian church that we may do
Our Father's business in these temples mark;
Thus swift and steadfast, thus intent and strong;
While thus, apart from toil, our souls pursue
Some high, calm, spheric tune, and prove our work
The better for the sweetness of our song.
—E. B. Browning.

Now this song in the heart is our natural right and gift, but we are to cultivate it. The man who had a Cremona violin and skill to play, but who left it unstrung and closed in the box, would have no right to complain that he had not sweet music. And those who keep the strings of love silent, who rejoice not when the sunrise comes in splendor over the hills, filling the sky with golden glory, and making the mountains as the rim of a cup to hold its wine of happiness—those who see the goings forth of the morn and the evening, and are silent—they do wrong to the instrument on which all the music of the world is made—and to themselves who might let it be so eloquently heard. We are here to join the choir invisible whose music is the gladness of all the days.

Well, this is the expression and keeping of a purpose to make manhood supreme, and the Supreme Manhood is the Willing, Unbegudging Service of Man. It matters not how it is rendered, in what particular sphere or place. These things are of no moment, because every spot of earth is as near to the All-Just as any other part. Jesus in Galilee for nearly thirty years, and then a year or two as a wandering teacher, with no recognized standing, might seem to have only a very small chance of being heard. Surely that was the end of him when they made him bear his own cross until exhausted, and stretched him upon it on Calvary. But no, it was only the beginning of drawing all men to him, and making them of the new service of brotherhood.

And our living must be of the quality of the Christ—and then it counts whether it is polished and set for the public seeing or not. Diamonds are diamonds, and are known of God as such. The eagerness of the true man is to be and not to seem—and then his influence counts wherever he is.

This is how we get to the secret of great-

ness. It must be wonderful to have unusual power of doing things, as the musician has; as the man of large business ability has, but if he does it chiefly for himself, he is not great. He may be famous for a time, but it is only a little while—and the noise of it is not heard above the grave. He may be bowed down to, but after, he is no more remembered among men. There is not the immortal promise in anything relating to mere self. But if a man works as a willing servant of man, he is clothed with the authority and the grace of the power for which he works. In the shipyards of England, Peter the Great and his nobles worked, to know how ships were built. They looked like common workmen, but they were doing the wonder of that time in making themselves servants for their people's sake. They were the true nobility, and helped the world's advance. I look on every worker in the Christ spirit as being of this guild of heaven. I am sure all men are seeking this, and yet so many seem dazed when it is pointed out to them as their true function.

Now the right attitude of heart is the great secret of this service, it is the awakening to the two commandments of love and service to God and man. The worshippers the Father seeks are those who worship him in spirit and in truth. And when men are in this devotion of love, then all the beauty of God is about them, and the sunrise fills the dew-drop, even, as it smites the ocean with its glory. And we want in the churches the convictions of truth and the services of love. All the other things are but as men may wish to have them.

And the world is the plane where the heart quality is to be shown. We are fronted with many problems. Work and wages are at strife; the management of municipal affairs is a very pressing question; what we shall do for the poor and vicious is more and more imperative in its demands. And modern life is commercial, industrial, home-loving and home-building, and it has to gain possession of the forces making for peace and prosperity. It is an absurd statement that there are too many of us; the perishing ones of the slums, the starved, famished ones of mismanaged India, are each capable of doing service for their food and place. It is an impeachment of our civilization that thousands perish like Lazarus at Dives' door. And the rich men are yet not in torment about it.

We have got to recognize the principle of interdependence, or our brotherhood—and we are to have the heart of a Wendell Phillips, who makes his house carpetless to help others, or the sympathy of a John Ruskin, who cannot think that the beauty of the canvas or statuary is to be admired while children perish for want of bread and education. He gives away his gold that men may be. Suppose a grand dream, suppose that the financiers of the world were to assemble together, the wealthy of all lands, the bankers of the world, and they were to say: "We will use all our money power for the next twenty years for the benefit of the criminal and the outcast. We will do away with ignorance and crime; we will make sickness almost an impossibility. We will use our power to teach men self-control, and encourage peace and sobriety and industry, and war shall absolutely cease!" Suppose that were done, and they asked that we should all be partners in the scheme, would it not be the grandest thing that had ever happened on our earth? I think it would, and I can see no reason why the capitalists of the world should not do this, for it would beautify and bless the earth and make of it a paradise for their children, and their names would be remembered when the stars grew dim. But we are working for this, and the duty of it lies in the heart of things, though we hold it as a dream.

"All that we glory in was once a dream;
The world-will marches onward, gleam by gleam.
New voices speak, dead paths begin to stir;
Man is emerging from the sepulchre."

It is the resurrection of the man-power in man that is salvation. The power is within us, but we have been crucified in our goodness, and put in the tomb; now by the power of God we come forth, and are our true selves as spiritual beings. We are learning the power of will and thought, and love and service. These are the potencies, these are the forces that carry the day and are to do the world's work.

And see what a charm it gives to our life to have this good will and readiness to help. It takes away the brooding over self, the watching in leisure for cares and annoyances. The soul centered in God will not be fretted by what man or time can do to it. It knows its own sincerity, its own determination to carry out its dream of helping and cheer, and goes about its Father's business in confidence. We have in this the secret of composure of mind no matter what occurs, for nothing can be wrong where wisdom rules. Such a one spends his days with a sense of new joy with every morning's sun. He is relieved of fret and worry. As soon as the inner nature is free from evil desire and envy and resent-

ment, and is persuaded of goodness and the good God and the brotherly humanity—then all joy comes from believing and doing.

It was a great dream of King Arthur's court that some knight of purity and courage might find the cup out of which Jesus drank at the Last Supper. It was called the Holy Grail, and was brought to England by Joseph of Arimathea, but was lost through the wickedness of one having it in charge. Sir Launcelot seeks it, as told by our poet Lowell. He set out young and wandered over all the world for it, only to come back old and weary, and find the same leper at his gate to whom he had done a coin in haste; now he divides his crust with him and gives him to drink out of a wooden bowl, but the leper then is glorified and becomes as the Christ, and says, "In this cup of cold water was the Sanguis."

"The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share.
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his aims feeds three:
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

And the me is the Christ. And to find the Christ in myself and others is the real religion of the heart. It is what we are seeking in all our churches, but cannot find in any selfishness or in any pretence of piety. We must have the real love that obliterates self as a thing to praise or be praised. It seeks the good of man because that must be won. It works wisely, it measures powers, and it puts itself as a silent force with the All-Father to win the redemption of the race.

Jesus said: "I seek not to do mine own will, but the will of the Father who sent me." This is the escape from the personal to the universal. The little brook loses itself in the river, and thus gains the added strength until it comes to the ocean. This is the creation of the grand spirit of heroism and prophecy. Out of this love arise the leaders and the reformers and the noble servants of man. It gives grandeur and happiness to life to spend it with such ideals and dreams and services. Trine says: "Around this great and sweet-incensed altar of love, service and self-devotion to God and fellow-man, can and do all mankind bow and worship. To it can all religions and creeds subscribe; it is the universal religion."

And would you not love to belong to this universal church, to worship at its shrine from day to day in the beauty of the holiness of the Christ spirit? Any one can begin this moment by resolution this higher life that all the world's seeking.

"Why thus longing, thus forever sighing,
For the far-off, unattained, and dim,
While the beautiful, all around thee lying,
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?
Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still;
Leaf and flower and laden bough are preaching
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill."

Poor, indeed, thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw—
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through wool and woe;
If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,
By daily sympathy and gentle tone."
—Harriet Winslow Sewall.

Today is the grandest of temporal terms.
Yesterday no longer is, and tomorrow
will never come. All that was ever done was done today; every victory won, every song of triumph sung, every world overcome, was done today. All that ever was, is today. All that ever will be is today. All that ever can be, can be today. Today the grandest vestiges of Being voice the immortal strains of Life, Truth and Love. Today is not sad or weak or commonplace to him who sees today aright. Today is Creation's Dawn, Resurrection Morn and Judgment Day. Today is Eternity.—Selected.

"The proportions of oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen in the body of an individual, at any one time, are not only an absolute indication of his bodily condition, but will indicate his spiritual condition also. That is to say, the character and development of the ego itself determine the composition of the body and the proportions of oxygen and nitrogen will be blended in exact relative proportions with the good and evil in the man's nature. Every good thought increases the proportion of oxygen, as a deep breath does, and lessens that of nitrogen, making the body finer or more beautiful. Every evil thought or impulse increases the nitrogen and has the reverse effect on body and soul."—Paul Tyson.

Life is joy and Love is power,
Death all fetters doth unbind,
Strength and wisdom only flow,
When we toil for all our kind.
Hope is truth—the future glow
More than present takes away.
And the soul forever breath,
Nearer God from day to day.
—Lowell.

"Sometimes, when all life's lessons have been learned."

"And one and all's forebodings have set,
The things which our weak judgment here
Have spurned."

The things over which we grieve with
ashes wet.

Will flash before us out of life's dark night.
As stars shine most in deeper than of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are
right.

And how what seemed reproof was love
most true.

"But not today. Then be content, poor
heart!"

God's plans, like lilies, pure and white,
unfold;

We must not tear the close-shut leaves
apart;

Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil we reach the
land

Where three feet, with sandals loosed, may
rest.

When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, 'God knew the
best!'"

Henry B. Brown.

The Education of Children.

Lecture delivered by J. Frank Baxter at
the Ouse Bay Spiritualist Meeting, on
Tuesday afternoon, July 22, 1902.

This is a swift age, and on it rests a mighty
charge, viz., that of establishing an order
and harmony from so much disorder and dis-
cord—that of raising humanity from the dis-
cords and corruption of the past. There are
many ill-fated, careless and thoughtless individuals in life, there is such
a constant influx of foreigners, with many
ignorant among them, to our shores; there is
such a sway exercised by the church, notably
the Catholic, with a view to power, if not
conquest, that all liberal education, and
even Spiritualism, Materialism, Free Religion-
ists and all liberal Christians—to determine
what, in a general way, the future shall be,
at least in some ways, what it must not and
shall not be. It really behooves all such to
hand and by their best efforts in thoughts,
words and works to help shape the minds,
and consequently the characters, of the boys
and girls we are raising to manhood and
womanhood.

All things as they are, I am forced to be-
lieve that not only mathematics, science and
philosophy are to be taught, but, notwith-
standing by the church and Sunday school
the Commandments are repeated and much of
theological dogma is propounded, yet, after
all, morality must be taught, and taught, too,
much as we teach science and law, and where
we teach them, and when we teach them.

The morality of children about us, notwith-
standing the exceptionally fine training by
numerous refined families of their own chil-
dren, ought to be trained to higher and
loftier types of character, by more careful
example from parents and teachers. How
often we hear, when a mother would correct
some error or misdeed, "Papa does it,
and I don't see why I can't!" Then what
clear alternative has the mother?

As for what we teach by precept and in
dogma, let us reflect and seriously so. We
are the thinkers and teachers today, the
actors and exemplars, and the boys and girls
of our age, our children and our grandchil-
dren, will carry into execution our plans to
a further or lesser extent—the succeeding
generation will act out our teachings.

The Catholics are fully imbued with this
correct idea, and so seize with avidity every
opportunity to get all available children and
control them. They have said:

"Give us the children from five till ten
years of age, and we'll defy the world, or
any other church to change them from the
true and obedient Catholics we will make
of them."

In my opinion, that is what the building of
the Catholic institutions in the land means—
the charity hospitals, the homes for orphans
and the parochial schools—aside from all the
noble sacrifices and offices performed in con-
nection therewith.

And this is well, judged from the Catho-
lic point of view, so far as the building-up
of that which they conscientiously and religio-
usly believe to be true is concerned; but,
of course, all wrong, when back of this ostenta-
tion is seen the lust for power, office and
temporal sway over the free citizen and Lib-
eralism—all wrong, in its interference with
and aim for control of our free rights and in-
stitutions—all wrong, when it seeks to make
of a free country a monarchy, or in other
words, would weld church and state, having
sworn allegiance to Rome and the Pope as
first in importance and supremacy, and as
above all laws of any government, or edict
of the people through any official.

But I do not discuss the justice or the in-
justice of this here. I merely say the principle
is right, which, in the accomplishment of a
movement, demands the sacrifice of the individual
and the attainment of special results, whether
ecclesiastical, political, social or moral, seeks
it through the factorship of the children.
Dangerous as it certainly is under dogmatic
control, yet the course would be as effective,
if not more so, for safety and best develop-
ment, if children could be brought under a
systematic liberal and positively moral train-
ing.

The physical training of these times is de-
sirable and is commendable, its only danger
lying in over-exercising and in rashness, as
often exhibited in football, polo and golf on
the one side, and in over-excited
wrestling and brutal pugilism on the other.

The intellectual training of these days is
most marvellous, too, and so far as the secular
instructions go, excellent indeed; but as
pertains to moral and religious culture,
most questionable is it truly, yes, oftentimes
faulty in the extreme.

I believe thoroughly in education, and, if
necessary, in enforced education, especially
as against wilful ignorance. Education is
power; education is death to superstition. So
let it go on, and on, until the ignorant and
superstitious of the Irish, until the low of the
Canadian French, until the vicious of the
Italians, until the immoral of the Chinese, in
fact, until the unfortunate-minded and con-
ditioned of all the foreigners who are flocking
to our land shall be affected and benefited,
and sooner or later become intelligent and
law-abiding, desirable citizens. Particularly
does much hope build on the intellectual
training of their children, for they are all
tending to eventual citizenship in our country.
We seek, too, to have the best of the
system of our United States, and see to it, in-
dividually and collectively, that no foreign
Joe or invidious benighted faction, ecclesi-
astical or political, shall ever retard or control
its power in fully and freely educating all
in accord with science and natural revelation.
Let it be observed that the moral training
blazes largely on the intellectual. Ignorance
is a great breeder of immorality and
disease. Children born of vice and
vice, born of lust and lust, born of passion
and fight and equalities, born of lust,
thieves and thieves and deceivers, bor-
nars and murderers know no better than to
commit crime. It is not crime to them until
education steps in and teaches them differ-
ently, shows them what is right and why, and
what is wrong and why, what is lawful and
what unlawful.

And I believe in the strictest teaching of
moral and natural ethics. In fact, I believe
more carefully and particularly would I have
morality and justice taught than anything
else, especially than religious dogma. I con-
sider the right of parents, and of teachers in
parochial and denominational schools, to
teach their distinctive tenets, but so far as
our secular schools are concerned, not one
taint of dogmatic theology should have place
or part, either purposely paraded as exam-
ple through teachers and scholars in prayer,
Bible reading and hymn singing, or by precept
in catechism exercise or set speech. Dogmatic
teaching anywhere, even in the home, as well
as in the school, is a great evil, and a dan-
ger to the one taught. I do not, mark you,
question the right of parent or preceptor to
teach in the home or the denominational
school his or its special tenets of 'ology or
ism, but I do plead for a consideration of
methods, and hope for their betterment, since
the prevailing general course is so deleterious
to the child's best unfoldment. What is fact
and law, what can be demonstrated, or what
is axiomatic, teach declaratively, but what is
theory or belief, resting on traditional as-
sumption, present as such and as such only.
Teach the child to think not only, but to
reason; to take nothing on say-so merely, or
which rests solely on faith.

Education is strong, and because of the
rigid methods in teaching dogma, imbued with
the birth and imbibed with the mother milk,
were beliefs and theories which, as it were,
became parts and parcels of the very soul,
and hence, manifest in the child's born
and reared never dreaming to question or
even caring to investigate the theological
claims of the parents and foreparents, but
have lived in the environment of a traditional,
dominating and dogmatic theology, in fear of
God and death and of eternal life, in awe
of life itself. But with the fact, in fact, in-
spired by the spirit of progress, certain
ones dared to investigate, dared to reason,
dared to declare, and the result has been
that much of alleged truth, although hoary
with age, has become discredited and venerable
error. It is because that the fathers and
mothers are legends now who have outgrown
much of the dogmatic theology of the past,
and who do not now accept the authority of
the ages that "In Adam's fall, we sinned all,"
and who cannot, and do not, look upon the
doctrine of the vicarious atonement as other-
wise than demoralizing, and do not defy
a Jesus, but rather place him among the
greater brothers of humanity. In conse-
quence of these things, the generations of this
age are not the generations of the past. The
children of today think and analyze, and they
have a far more liberal education, and are
more conducive to the true development and
appreciation of life and duty.

Notwithstanding this progressive status of
liberalism, and the legions of liberal-minded
people there are in these times who are re-
joicing in their emancipation from the
tyranny of church and dogma, and who are
many clinging inconsistencies, one that is very
glaring and open to severe criticism, and
detrimental to a more desirable progress. I
have found in my travels over the country
these people, laying claim to freedom of
thought, even Spiritualists, assembled listen-
ing to the words of joy and liberation, and
glorifying in the words of the liberator, and
yet, in the same breath, and in the same
liberal speaker, and have frequently observed
them thoroughly imbued by and electrified
over a radical discourse of some enthusiastic
or inspired Spiritualist speaker, while their
children were used only as spectators, and
from the lecture or Lyceum, but were at some
church or in some Sunday school, and oftentimes
orthodox, at that, listening to and being
taught the very things their parents them-
selves believed so demoralizing and false, and
where these children were being taught that
Spiritualism was a devil, and that the
Spiritualists, of course their own fathers and
mothers included, were infidels, dupes and
charlatans. The children, think of it,
complacently allowed to listen to such preach-
ing of doctrines and denunciation and vilifica-
tion of their own fathers and mothers, and
all attention to a very unequalled and in-
ance did, who complained to the pastor of
the church, and the answer may come, as a
justification in the estimation of him from
whom redress and explanation was sought, as
it did from this clergyman to whom I allude,
who quoted Jesus, who said, "If any man
come to me and hate not his father, and mother,
and wife, and children, and brethren, and sis-
ters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot
become my disciple."

Then you don't believe in the Sunday
school, I judge," says one. As a nursery
of the church it certainly has been and is effective,
and I find no fault with a Baptist, a
Methodist, or an orthodox, who, true to his
belief and duty, sends his children to the Sun-
day school devoted to the tenets of his respec-
tive denomination with a view to building
up and maintaining in the future his special
church. But I am opposed to dogmatic teach-
ing, and it seems to me that should I be a
convert and believer in evangelical theology,
and even become identified with some Chris-
tian church, I should still hesitate as to the
propriety of sending any child of mine to be
taught in dogma, theory, theology or doc-
trine, independent of proof or reason, simply
on the authority of book, creed or priest. I
believe until children come to years of reason-
ing and somewhat of discretion, we should
be very careful in the way we teach, and
demonstrate, unless it be self-evident, as
we do and may teach mathematics and
axioms.

The secular schools in our country are cer-
tainly excellent, and are continually improv-
ing in methods and results; and the denom-
inational Sunday school, with their ideas of
heaven, hell, God, devil, God's wrath, holy
command, supernaturalism, miracles, bloody
atonement and other repulsive doctrines of
the past, are greatly softened by enforced
modifications and modernizations. But, even
though the Sunday school, as a whole, is
certainly more cheerful and more human, and
so more worthy than the old catechism and
primer of our grandparents, and though the
modern question book, with its explanatory
notes and the international pamphlet of to-
day are improvements, particularly though in
finer phrasing and better illustration, yet
bearing here and there a suppression of an
old hideous and repulsive tenet, the theologi-
cal platitudes and objectionable features are
there still that can do little to build up spiri-
tual strength, cultivate self-reliance or really
that are capable of bringing out intelligent
reasoning.

I am free to admit I cannot understand
how any of the parents who have struggled
out of sectarianism, and freed themselves
from ecclesiastical and church slavery, like
many of our liberal-minded Spiritualists,
can sit as they do to the dogmatic teaching
or thoughtlessness—I had almost said in-
criminal weakness, for possibly it is nearest
the truth—and see their children drawn into
the pit from whence they themselves have
escaped.

Why, not, rather, the Children's Progressive
Lyceum? Or, if in its attempts and certain
features that have not proved satisfactory,
or, in the estimation of any, it has proved a
failure, then why not, through some conven-
tion or organization, review the situation, re-
consider the features, and re-establish the
Lyceum on a more promising basis or, if
necessary, inaugurate an entirely new Sun-
day school in accord with more desirable
plans of the educators in the body politic of
Spiritualists? Why not some organization,
the National Spiritualist Association, for in-
stance, through some committee, appointed

from those best qualified from our own mem-
bership, formulate a present and sound plan,
either new or a modification of the old
Lyceum idea, as a sort of referendum for the
Spiritualists at large to consider, and so get
an expression thereon, with suggestions, and
then, later, establish a desirable and effec-
tive course, code and work. If the Davis
course, or the Tuttle, or others, is complete
and suggestive enough as a basic all well;
if not, let us have a plan and text book, if
possible, new and up-to-date, and every way
adapted to our wants and growth. We need
a Sunday school, Progressive Lyceum or
Spiritualist Union for the children and the
adults, as the parents of many do not own a
tittle of unfounded dogma shall be taught,
neither Spiritualist nor ecclesiastical, and
where the lessons shall all be drawn from
nature and the soul.

The reason is not without force, I admit,
why we so often hear from those who allow
their children in the evangelical school, viz.,
"All or most of my children's playmates and
associates go to the church school, and few, if
any, to the Lyceum of the Spiritualists." Or
it may be, as oftentimes is the case, that no
Children's Lyceum is accessible, where many
a Spiritualist feels justified seemingly in the
cause of this, in sending his children to the
orthodox nurseries, but which, in my estima-
tion, is as unprincipled as it is injurious. Bet-
ter no school at all than such as these for
our children. It doubtless may be politic in
many communities, as the situation at pres-
ent is, to cater to the church, to yield our
children up to this, in sending them to the
teachings; that is, we may easier move in
the social current, be more popular, and gain
certain patronage and position thereby. To
this I would say I believe in policy, as I be-
lieve in principle. The former many times
God will prosper, when principle or
truth is built in, when principle and
right must be sacrificed for the sake of policy,
then I would advise that we let policy
go to the winds and stand firm for the right,
for honor, for principle.

And where Lyceums are maintained, as in
Boston, where I have heard parents do so,
it is clear: "Well, I would like to have my chil-
dren in the Lyceum, if only it were what it
should be. It ought to have more character
given it by some of our wealthy and influen-
tial Spiritualists—it ought to have better and
more capable teachers, if not leaders—it
ought to be more educational and conducive to
the cause of Spiritualism, and less showy and
trivial than it is, not tending, as now, so
much to the vaudeville show order of things." I
must admit that much of this criticism is
severely true and just, but I must add that it
does not so much reflect on the few who
struggle and endeavor to do for the children,
if indeed at all, as it does on the very indi-
viduals who stand aloof and criticize in such
a way. Why not use your influence to get
the wealthy Spiritualists and the individuals
in the ranks of the Cause who carry charac-
ter and judgment, to interest themselves in
the Lyceum, and to use their presence and
power? Or if no Lyceum is, why not be in-
terested to the necessary work of establishing
a school? Why not you of each community
with your children form a nucleus for a
school? Or why not each one join and take
part, and have voice in the work of the
Lyceum, where one exists that is accessi-
ble to you, better and more worthy? Why
not each one do a little missionary work and
induce, if possible, some of your children's
associates, with parents' consent, to accom-
pany your own in the forming of such school,
to the Lyceum, or to the Lyceum already ex-
isting, and thus render to it greater power,
add to its social strength, and give to it better
character and enlarged influence? You know
I speak the truth when I declare that un-
justifiable apathy, selfishness and false pride
are permitted by most Spiritualists to stand
in the way of duty so much needed and
I am aware that this may be cutting, but
duty demands the truth spoken, and I beg
of you to think well of the situation. It is
said that "It is an ill wind, indeed, that blows
no good," and there is a good thing resultant,
and very noticeable, and that is: Many of
the Spiritualists and the children in the
Sunday schools do so generally for the social
enjoyment and companionship, and
further, these children talk over pretty freely
at home the lesson and subject matter of the
week, and so imbued and circumstanced as
they are, they are inclined and moved to draw
the line between the true and false, the
established fact and the unfounded tradition,
and so, although an attendant of the Sunday
school, yet much of dogma and doctrine "goes
in at one ear and out of the other" with little
effect, and often, too, the child brought up
in liberal surroundings, and who has a
sort of "thorn in the flesh" of the teacher,
so to speak, and is the one who has some
question to ask, or objection to raise, and
dares to use the prerogative, and so changes
matters often to a lively discussion, and
causes much thought in the class and school.

But I shall repeat, for if nothing else is re-
minded, the parents and the children, and
that all dogmatic teaching, whether in the
evangelical, Spiritualist or liberalistic
plan, is a great mental and spiritual calamity
to a child, and should be always avoided.

There are many who entertain the idea that
dogmatic teaching prevails wherever the Chil-
dren's Progressive Lyceum exists, and would
like to see the Lyceum, as it is, and as it
is established. I shall not deny that Spiritu-
alism may be, for it easily can be, as aught else,
taught thus; but it should not be, and need
not be, for laws, facts, phenomena and medi-
umship are ever available and presentable in
establishing the foundation and claims of
Spiritualism.

The original Lyceum plan and methods
were and are claimed to be transcripts to a
degree, I believe, of what has clairvoyantly
and mediistically been witnessed, notably
by Andrew Jackson Davis, in spirit life, yet,
please note, these were designed to be perfectly
in charge of those who were to be taught,
and its procedure and plans, if it would
have laid down as a fact or a truth only
what can be demonstrated. From the youngest
child up to the oldest, it ever carefully
demands a discrimination between a fact
established and an inference, between actual
knowledge and mere belief, between demon-
strated truth and a simple theory. The
Lyceum method cautiously asks, and insists
that all theoretical statements shall be ana-
lyzed, before acceptance or rejection.

But is it not sectarian? Is not the belief
in spirit existence, nearness, presence and
manifestation the chief feature of its teach-
ing? To the question which I have just
asked, we answer yes, but we repeat, and
emphasize it, that, although the inception of
the Lyceum is believed by many to have been
in the Spirit Land, and to have been trans-
mitted mediistically, as a fact is naturally
in charge of those who have had vision in
those claims, the Spiritualists, yet it is in-
tended to be by no means arbitrarily dog-
matic or dogmatically arbitrary in its methods.
If in any existing Lyceum such methods are
resorted to, presenting theories as facts, when
to any inquiring scholar no evidence is at
hand for their use, teaching vague and un-
truly, with not one particle of foundation in
law, cramming beliefs into the mind without
reason, and particularly without a resource-
ful supply of convincing law, phenomena and
facts, in case of necessity—if such is the mode
of teaching, it is to be deplored, and it should
be corrected, and most surely the future
school should avoid such methods. The science
and the philosophy of Spiritualism are natu-
rally to be taught most positively, because
so easily demonstrated through available medi-
umship and spirit manifestation in the home

circle, and as the theories advanced by
Spiritualists are to have presenta-
tion, but as theories, and to be discussed among
the older and able members; and the Religion
of Spiritualism is to be noted as its bearing
on character and its ethical and humanitarian
influence are so apparent and potent on every
hand. With all the great effort should be to
teach the children, first, full freedom of
thought, thorough sincerity of conscience and
the unrestricted right to speak and act as one
true to his conscience, to his reason and to his
soul would naturally desire. Not in arrogance
and impudence would it be, either, but in
pride and respect. We should teach the think-
ing, the parents of many do not own a
tittle, till they think themselves into a mad-
house, when, if with their thinking they had
schooled themselves to a little cool and dis-
passionate reasoning, they had stopped far
short of the asylum, and found themselves
blessed by their intellect.

I am often told by Spiritualists and Lib-
eralists most of which class say the Lyceum
is too much of a vaudeville show rather than
a school, that they believe in the Sunday
School, and so under existing circumstances
prefer sending their children to the Unitarian
School. I am informed that the Unitarian
Church has no binding creed, and that its
Sunday School offers all the full scope and
freedom to its members as could the Spiritu-
alist Lyceum. I am reminded frequently
that majorities of the Spiritualists' chil-
dren are in the Unitarian Sunday School, as
the parents of many of the children of this
class of denomination. That these are facts
I am quite well aware, but whether there is
a net sorry sacrifice of principle involved is
a matter for consideration, especially as relates
to the children in the school. There is such
an aristocratic pride and fear mani-
fested by the parents, when principle or
truth is built in, when principle and
right must be sacrificed for the sake of policy,
and so much of the instruction in the
Sunday School is so covertly phrased and of-
ten so capable of double construction, that I
prefer the Lyceum or the Spiritualists Sun-
day School, where the children are free.

One grand mission all Sunday Schools have
performed, the Lyceums as well, included,
and that is the gathering in of the homeless,
the sadly-environment, and the unfortunate
unreared-for children. Robert Halkes is to be
ever honored in memory for the inauguration
of such a mission. For all the Sunday Schools
have done and are doing for charity, for love,
for moral elevation, be all praise and honor.
But when I view them in their respective de-
monological aspects, with their dogmatic ec-
clesiastical instilling of thought, even though
I concede their utility in nurseries and for-
wards for materialistic harvesting, yet I can-
not but deplore the fact that so many are thus
in their youth warped and quietly prejudiced,
so that in later years they will continue the
army that will look with horror or dis-
gust at the Lyceum, and will dare assert the su-
periority of their consciences, and maintain
the right to exercise their reason, and stand
openly by their convictions. And then, too,
think of how many of our Spiritualists and
Liberalists are willingly or thoughtlessly con-
tributing money and children to support and
maintain an army to progressive thought
and freedom!

But thus it is. The young are being edu-
cated in some way. If not in the right, then
in the wrong way. Some are left to the
chance influences of the street and the vicious
effects of life in the slums. Some, even
though charitably cared for, are yet being de-
moralized by false teachings for designed
purposes, the direct effects of which will be
experienced in time to come when some dog-
matic edict of Pope or Priest shall be uttered,
and the Evangelical Protestant School, hav-
ing their minds unconsciously perverted,
and monstrous notions implanted. The great
majorities we can not control, but goodly
minorities we can if we will; and governing
the minorities, affect to improve the ma-
jority.

How many of us who rejoice in the light
of liberalism and Spiritualism have suffered
in years past in consequence of errors in-
stilled into our minds when young? How
many of us are rejoicing that we are no
longer under the brain-bound, and as
once, we unconsciously were by the creed or
a church membership? Now, how is it possi-
ble any can wish to bequeath such heritage
of error and illiberality to their children,
or complacently suffer it to be done by others?
We are the parents, and we are the ones
who know we have the right to our brains
and hearts, consciences and convictions, rise
en masse dutifully and lawfully, and see the
proper means instituted to protect the young
at least, our own—from the snares which
lie about us everywhere. We are the best of
us not exempted, too much influenced by the
old. The good old is to be respected, but
an error, though hoary with age, is an error
still. The New needs for its best expression,
those who have been and may be born and
educated under the influences of the New.
But how can this be unless we of the liberal
and modern-minded shall do our duty and
pay attention to the training of children,
especially our own ones, in the right and bet-
ter way? What proof of our own sincerity do
we have? We are the parents, and we are the
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ter way? What proof of our own sincerity do
we have? We are the parents, and we are the
ones who know we have the right to our brains
and hearts, consciences and convictions, rise
en masse dutifully and lawfully, and see the
proper means instituted to protect the young
at least, our own—from the snares which
lie about us everywhere. We are the best of
us not exempted, too much influenced by the
old. The good old is to be respected, but
an error, though hoary with age, is an error
still. The New needs for its best expression,
those who have been and may be born and
educated under the influences of the New.
But how can this be unless we of the liberal
and modern-minded shall do our duty and
pay attention to the training of children,
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and hearts, consci

A question of very serious consideration the future government of this country lies the fact that the children of today are to be the men and women of tomorrow, and society claims the right to have voice in the shaping of the course to be pursued by these children in their unfoldment. The legislature has wisely made laws in this direction and officers have been appointed to carry them out. It is carried too effect- the twigs is best so is the tree inclined," a fair illustration of this subject. What we expect from our children brought up in homes where their surroundings are dispa- rate, that they will be third class citi- zens of children today in this state that are growing up criminals and sooner or later will adductate to some penal institution. We can only say that many of these follow the example of their parents. Let us have more reformatory institutions all over the State crowded overflowing with this undesirable class, institutions being enlarged and new ones being built at enormous expense to restrain and prevent crime rather than pay the cost of murder of the other. It is a sad yet true story that from this class of people the strong

The city of Boston also provides for destitute children, having a department in London in some of Marcella street, where all h are admitted without regard to nationality, creed or color. There is another at the island for habitual truants, both of the boys being under the direction of the State reformatory and public institutions. The State has several institutions for the care of children. a. Neglected children committed to the care of the State are sent to Arlington, and there to the homes are different parts of the city. There is a school for boys at West- boston, one at Lancaster for girls, and one for feeble minded of both sexes at Waltham. The expense of these institutions is enormous, and only tends to show that Massachusetts is one of the most wasteful of the country depends on the education of the young generations.

The compulsory school law makes it obligatory with parents to send children between the ages of eight and sixteen years to school. The law provides in each year under a penalty of \$20 for each offence, and trustee

meeting closed with a solo by Miss Forrester. In the afternoon, after a brief selection by the chorus, Mrs. Carrie Catt, president of the National Woman Suffrage Association, lectured on the subject, "The Reason Why." The greatest lesson taught by the nineteenth century was the unswerving fact that the world does move. In the long ago people lived upon life and wondered what it all

The meeting closed with a delightful solo Miss Orissa Forrester. The music this season has given more satisfaction than for any years, and was under the personal direction of Miss Forrester, and the program consisted of the following artists: Sonorus—Miss W. C. Phil, Miss Drake, Miss Mattie J. Hammond, Miss S. V. Hartford, Mrs. F. Tatlow, Miss H. G. Hazard; alto—Miss M. L. Burgess; mezzo—Mrs. G. Johnson; tenor—Miss J. Caldwell; Miss F. G. Chadwick; Mrs. A. L. Adams, Mrs. G. L. Jenkins. Mrs. F. F. Pike was the accompanist. The music is especially adapted to the spirit of the hour, and Miss Forrester interspersed several excellent songs, which were enthusiastically received. Mrs. P. Pratt, the chairman, very gracefully thanked all who had in any way assisted to make the meetings a success, and decorations and music, and all who assisted at the opera held in the Temple of Music. The following are the names of the Woman's Progress were Mrs. C. P. Pratt (chairman), Mrs. Margaret E. Vaughan, Mrs. Lizzie Miller, Mrs. O. A. Miller, Mrs. Georgia D. Miller, Mrs. D. Wyman, Mrs. L. B. Bailey, and Mrs. Hardy Smith, and great efforts were made to make the proceedings arrangements—C. L. Hatch.

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Editorial Notes.

Have you ever stopped to think of the potency of a finely rendered song? What an inspiration there is in the melody of the human voice cadenced to the sweet harmony of soul power! What an appeal to memory, and to all of the tendernesses that are stored in the wayside inns of life's years, as the curtain of the Past is unrolled under the hypnotic spell of song! What pathos is there in the references to the "old house at home," to "mother's sweet face," to "those beautiful hands," to "the old arm chair," and to all other touching reminiscences of the bygone years! All of these precious treasures are evoked and brought forth for the gaze of the eyes of the soul under the magic influence of the sweet tones of the human voice, poured forth in wondrous rhythmic sweep of vocal music. There is no sweeter music known to mortals than that which is found in the utterances of a well-modulated, resonant and sympathetic voice. When that voice is set in swifter motion to vibrate in the rich fullness of song, it becomes a mighty power for good in the world. Under its spell pain is overcome, sorrow forgotten, cruelties forgiven and a truer manhood and womanhood brought to light. A sweet song is the harbinger of the civilization of the soul that will come when all lives, all voices, all aspirations vibrate to the same pitch, and the music thereof meets that which is ever rolling down to mortal ears from the life centres in the realm beyond the cloud-rift.

Strange phases of human life are revealed when one studies closely the traveling public. Noble men and women are easily discerned by noting their modest demeanors and their willingness to share with their fellow-men their every pleasure. They derive their own happiness by adding to the happiness of others. Such as these, however, are only known through close observation, for they are unostentatious in all ways, and never parade their deeds for public inspection. They make the invalid comfortable without display, interest children and travel-worn passengers in running accounts of the country through which they are passing and in divers other ways make railroad travel endurable to their fellows. In vivid contrast with this class are those who enter a car bolstered and with loud voices attract attention to themselves, their wearing apparel and their general personal appearance. They bore every one near them by their trifling remarks, and offend the refined sensibilities of every one by their brutal disregard for the rights of others. The

atmosphere of a car changes the moment they enter it, and every one feels uncomfortable until they vacate it. They also arouse antagonism by their treatment of the servants they employ and take with them in their travels.

Such an instance is recorded by the secular press not long since. A woman, attired in the most expensive garments, accompanied by her daughter, likewise gorgeously arrayed, and by a young woman, who proved to be the lady's maid, entered the parlor car on a certain western road. A gentleman escorted the party to their seats, then said, loudly, "Good-by," holding his hat in his left hand, and extended his right arm, high in air, for a handshake. This handshake was noticed by every one present; its elevation was so marked that its observation was an absolute necessity. He repeated the same ceremony with the daughter, a girl of fifteen years or thereabouts, then left the car without even a word of recognition to the young woman who held the office of lady's maid. As soon as the train began to move, the maid's services were in frequent requisition. She was called upon for the most trifling things, and was expected to fold the wraps, adjust the combs, arrange the pillows and perform the most menial tasks at the behest of the wealthy aristocrat and her daughter. The commands given her were issued in loud strident tones, and every one in the car was forced to hear what was said to her. Every word was insolently uttered, and every gesture betokened the contempt the bejeweled matron and child felt for the workingwoman who served them. Not a word of thanks did she receive, and duties that the woman could have better discharged herself were exacted of her. She was even compelled to order such foods as the woman she served commanded she should.

In attempting the position of maid in the woman's home, of course the young lady expected to work. She had entered into a contract with her employer to render faithful service for the salary paid her. She should as a matter of right, cheerfully perform all of the duties of her office, and, with a willing mind, enter into all of her work, as if she were toiling for her own personal interests. She did not contract, however, to accept insults, slights, sneers and disdain from her aristocratic task-mistress. For these she was not paid, and her flashing eyes, blazing cheeks and compressed lips indicated the depth of her feeling as her mistress sought to make her feel that hers was a menial position. She uttered no word of complaint, and in her every act showed more gentility of breeding than was manifested at any time on the part of the one she served. Some one may say that she was not obliged to continue in the woman's service, that she could easily find another position more to her liking, or, at least, have secured a similar office in a family where she would have been more kindly treated. This is the merest sophistry as an argument, and those who utter it know it to be such. The necessity of securing bread and butter forces every person to cling to a position that is sure pay, rather than to relinquish it to go in search of another. The girl was a virtual slave, and her task-mistress knew full well the art of making her feel her poverty.

It may be urged that this is an extreme case—that there are few among the aristocracy who would thus treat their help. It may be that there are many—possibly the vast majority—among the wealthy people of our land, who would be courteous and considerate to their servants. Still there are many others of whom the case reported in the press is a type. Even those who are kindly disposed toward their help, never fail to make them feel the wide gulf that lies between them. No opportunity is lost to impress the thought that the wage-payer belongs to a higher class than does the wage-earner, and that there can never be anything in common between them. Yet both the aristocrat and his servant are human beings, and only human beings. Both must live their allotted time on earth, then share the same fate, and receive a common consignment into the bosom of the earth in respect to their mortal remains, while their souls enter into a common immortality. There is, therefore, no hiatus between them in the end. Their bodies must decay, and their souls must continue to live. They are of equal value in both these respects, even though the form of the servant be interred in the potter's field, while that of the employer reposes in a costly marble crypt. Their souls begin the next life as they leave this one, in so far as mental attainments go, and each must meet the results of the life lived in the body. In nine cases out of ten, the so-called servant on earth is so far in advance of his employer as to render it necessary for myriads of ages to elapse before he can overtake him.

The differentiation in labor values is the point to which especial attention should be called. Because of the kind of labor performed by the millionaire, is it therefore of a higher and more valuable or spiritual order than that of his servant? Too often the aristocrat does no labor, yet is the most exacting of masters to his servant. In the latter to be despised for "slovenly" earning his own living, while the former gets his sustenance from that which others have earned? Is the honest toiler worthy of less honor than the one who robs him of the results of his toil? Shall the drones in the human hive be held up as of a superior class simply because they are consumers and not producers? Does their vagabond life make them objects of reverence to their fellowmen, while the labor of the poor makes them objects of scorn and derision? Does any reader of these lines dare to respond to these queries? The writer dares assert that there is no difference in soul-values save in the quality and quantity of real virtues that any soul may possess. There is far more spirituality in scrubbing a floor, or in turning a straight furrow, or in mending tattered garments, or in any other form of physical labor, than there is in many

an eloquent sermon, or in the idle lives of the aristocracy. True worth is of the soul, and in the spheres of the soul rewards will be given solely according to merit. There is no caste in heaven!

Simpson, the far-famed exhorter (and extorter) of the Orthodox Church, recently had his annual begging fit at Old Orchard, Maine. He secured over forty thousand dollars for foreign missions, and made his victims happy by promising them seats in heaven in exchange for the cash he induced them to disgorge. He had heavenly wares for sale, and he knocked them down to the highest bidder. His plea for the conversion of the heathen in foreign lands went to his victims' hearts, and he plucked them with ruthless hand. He could talk eloquently of the needs of the benighted heathen, but he had no word to say in behalf of the toiling babies in the factories of America. He could argue that the Orientals should be brought to Christ, yet had nothing to say in behalf of the enjoined miners who are forbidden to furnish their brethren or themselves bread to eat. He wanted the "pew" carried to the dusky millions over the sea, yet he could not plead for those who need educational and religious enlightenment on this side of the water. The ignorant negroes, North and South, as well as the illiterate whites, had claim upon his bounty, or even upon his attention. He yearned over the "heathen" (?) with an exceeding great yearning, and he got what he wanted to ease the pain of the aforesaid yearning.

Such men are out of place in America, and have no right to thus fleece the people of the United States. Foreign missions are a stretch in the nostrils of all decent people. The natives of the lands to which these parasitic missionaries go have religions that are far better adapted to their needs than any Occidental form of thought could possibly be. Occidental religions are sordid and commercial in character—those of the Orient are spiritual and therefore of a higher order than any form of sectarian Christianity could ever be. Men and women who are endowed with surplus cash can find plenty of excellent opportunities to do good with it very close to their own homes. Foreign missions provide fat salaries and easy jobs for lazy, middle-class, narrow-minded theologians who have never learned the divine art of minding their own business. They are in search of money, and do not hesitate to defend "looting" when they feel they need additional cash for "extras." Free speech is guaranteed to all classes of people in America, by the Constitution of the United States. It has been ruthlessly denied by injunction to the laboring men of the nation, in open defiance of the Magna Charta of our country, without the semblance of an excuse for so doing. There would be far more sense in an injunction, backed up by a sound Federal statute, forbidding the use of money in the support of foreign missions of any sort. The missionary is nothing more or less than a parasite upon humanity. He has become a pest, as well as a nuisance, and should be suppressed for the sake of public decency and national honor.

If the millions that are annually wasted in the support of Asiatic and African missions were applied to home needs, this nation of ours would soon become civilized in all respects. Booker T. Washington needs all the help he can get in his great work of making his race industrious and intelligent citizens. The white laborers of the nation are in bondage, and they should be shown a peaceful way to freedom. Prison reform is an absolute necessity, and methods devised for the prevention of insanity. The destruction of the insects that ruin trees, crops, and prey upon livestock ought to be exterminated. If the money now being squandered in uncalled-for and useless missions in foreign lands, and that which is now being worse than wasted in building ships of war, in the purchase of supplies for a standing army, in the manufacture of implements of destruction, and in the maintenance of worthless military and naval schools, were to be applied to the worthy objects above named, great good would speedily accrue to the American people. Home missionary work in the way of educating and feeding our own citizens is one of the great needs of the hour. Legislation in respect to this need would be both wholesome and helpful. Spiritualists should bestir themselves and work faithfully to establish this reform movement. Let the American people be taught to mind their own business by giving strict attention to the needs of their brethren at home, and none to the imagined needs of the foreigner, and the work of the new and true civilization of mankind will have been begun.

Edward VII. of England has at last been crowned. He is no more kingly or noble in character than he was before. The fanfare of the occasion tickled his bump of approbation to a marked degree, and gratified his vanity to the fullest extent. Despite all the prophecies of real and would-be mediums, and occult scientists, Edward has really been crowned. Many of these wise-ones prophesied years ago that Queen Victoria would outlive her hopeful son, and that he would never be crowned King of England. The event of Aug. 9, when he received his kingly crown, proved the fallacy of all these prophecies. He lives and is now King of Great Britain and Ireland, Emperor of India, Defender of the Faith, etc., etc. He may be an amiable and well-meaning monarch, yet it is apparent that his love of display and of mediæval customs constitute his only claim to statesmanship. These things may serve for a time to conceal a corrupt life, and the lack of progressive ideas, but they will inevitably be found to be poor substitutes for manly vigor and mental strength. Citizens of America all unite in wishing their English cousins contentment and prosperity under the rule of Victoria's son, yet every one of them wonders, down deep in his soul, at the reverence paid to royalty by them and

by all other Europeans in these days of twentieth century enlightenment.

The above paragraph brings to mind the fact that the love of lavish display of high-sounding titles, and of caste distinctions, has spread to America. The millionaire is not happy unless he can flaunt his wealth in the faces of his neighbors, while his wife, sons and daughters are wretched unless they can outshine in splendor their wealthy compere. American women have been inoculated with an itch for lordly titles, and eagerly bargain their money in exchange for a title, with their own physical forms thrown in. American newspapers are now boasting that four of the great (?) peeresses of England were born in the United States and grew to womanhood here. The more shame to them and to their parents for being so un-American and so unwomanly as to sell themselves for meaningless titles, to become the wives of profligate "noblemen" (?), and to accept a life of legalized prostitution in exchange for pure love and a happy home with one of the earth's uncrowned kings—a true-hearted American boy. During the past thirty-five years, two hundred and fifty millions of dollars have been paid for titled husbands in foreign lands for daughters of American parents, whose love for "social" (?) position exceeded their love of honor, and caused them to sell their daughters as sheep in the shambles, giving millions in exchange for a meaningless title with a profligate man attached to it. Such actions debase marriage to the lowest planes of sensuality, and stamp our present civilization with infamy. These sales are morally reprehensible, and deserve condemnation at the hands of every true American patriot.

Ordination is once more occupying the minds of many of the Spiritualists of the United States. In Massachusetts, even with our State Association duly organized and legally established, the rite of ordination carries with it no legal prerogatives. The civil authorities hold that the Spiritualists have established no church usages, hence have no rights as a religious body under the law. It will take a special act of the Legislature to enable them to enjoy the special privileges of a religious body. This may be true in many other States, hence it will be wise for those desiring ordination to make a thorough examination of the law in respect to the same ere they ask to have it bestowed upon them. The writer has been a life-long opponent of ecclesiastical forms and ceremonies in spiritualistic work. In the opinions of many people of whom he is one, it would be far better for our nation were the rite of ordination legally abolished in all denominations. Marriage is a civil contract only, and no clergyman should have the right to perform a marriage ceremony. This should be a function of the civil authorities, and I believe it would be better for the Spiritualists to emphasize this truth at their every public gathering, and take the lead in the work of establishing this progressive reform. Take from the clergy these special perquisites, and fewer of them will find themselves "called of God" to preach an effete and worn-out theology. There may be an argument on the side of the Spiritualists seeking ministerial favors so long as they are enjoyed by other denominations, but I cannot help feeling that the only safe course is to take marriage out of the hands of the clergy and thus make ordinations desirable only for the sake of being better able to serve others without the hope of monetary reward.

Spiritualists, do you believe "thoughts are things," as you have been claiming for more than half a century? If you do, why do you persist in putting forth through your own creative energies, such ugly, misshapen manifestations of your powers? Do you realize that you will have to meet and keep company with these hideous images of your creation until you have gained sufficient soul-power to transform them into creatures of beauty and true worth? Are you prepared to spend myriads of years in the world superlunary with yourselves alone, endeavoring to escape from that which you are solely responsible for through your misdirected, perverted, selfish, sensual, revengeful thoughts while in the body? Why will you persist in thinking evil of others, and strive to build yourselves up by tearing others down? Way not seek to become harmonious with yourselves, and thus be able to live in love and harmony with your fellowmen? Why not think the best you can of others, and extend to them the noblest impulses of your nature? By so doing you help them into a higher life and light, and, at the same time, add much to the stature of your own souls. I am aware that this paragraph is personal in character, but occasionally a personal application gives a strong point to an argument, hence the writer, as well as the reader, can fit these words to himself, and proceed to act in harmony with the suggestions made. It is time that every thought-creation was made one of beauty and power here on earth. It is time that the world should be peopled with love-creations from out the very depths of the soul itself. The people who should lead in this work are the Spiritualists.

Hon. Luther R. Marsh took leave of earth on Friday of last week in the ninetyeth year of his age. Mr. Marsh was one of the leading legal lights of the United States and was said to have been associated with Daniel Webster in the later years of that great statesman's life. Mr. Marsh was a man of scholarly attainments, and possessed a very brilliant mind up to the very last moments of his life. He became interested in Spiritualism many years ago, and was converted to a firm belief in the great truth of spirit return. He wrote much in behalf of his religion, and was ever ready to say a word in its defense. His new found faith was so beautiful to him that he accepted, without questioning, many things that should have been thoroughly analyzed ere he spoke concerning them. He became very credulous regarding many of the phenomena he witnessed, and was misled thereby

often to such an extent as to make him the innocent victim of clever and designing knaves who only wanted the influence of his great name and his money to assist them in promoting their schemes. Mr. Marsh's unfortunate connection with the notorious Dias De Bar is too well known to require further reference. But Mr. Marsh was perfectly sincere and thoroughly honest in all he said and did for Spiritualism. Had he really identified himself with the movement organically, he could and would have done our Cause far greater good than he did. In fact, his influence has been seriously crippled by his devotion to one phase of Spiritualism, rather than to its humanitarian and philosophical lines of thought. He has lived a good useful life, but he has built little or nothing in his own name for the Cause he so truly loved. No man can help Spiritualism by adhering closely to extreme individualism and it may be seriously questioned, without the least impropriety, if such a man can be counted as an out-and-out Spiritualist. Luther R. Marsh was and is a good and great man. He has done much good in this world, and he will not forsake his career of well-doing now that he has entered the "Great Unseen." His influence for good in this life would have been much greater had he sought to make Spiritualism a permanency through its co-operative and humanitarian lines of work.

Spiritualists of New England, we must not forget that we are to entertain the next national convention in Boston. We are to pay the rent of the hall and furnish the decorations of the same. We should set an example for the Spiritualists of the nation by making our National Association royally welcome in our midst. In view of the fact it voted its convention into New England, the Spiritualists of that section can do no less than to make its visit as inexpensive as possible. In fact, the N. S. A. never should be put to any expense in respect to hall rent, music, and decorations, no matter where its conventions are held. The Spiritualists who are favored by the convention in their midst should attend to these things as an expression of their gratitude to the Association for making them a visit. Music in abundance and of excellent quality has been provided by two progressive citizens of Boston. But the matter of hall rent and decorations is yet unsettled. The Spiritualists of New England in general should attend to these things. It will require two hundred dollars to pay all expenses in these directions. A portion of the money is in sight. Let us at once set to work to raise the balance. Now is the time to act! Send in your dollars for this hospitable purpose, and prove anew your gratitude for the coming of the convention into New England. Address all letters with money for the fund in question to J. B. Hatch, Jr., 74 Sydney St., Boston, Mass. Don't delay! Act speedily!

Can man find his Soul while he dwells in mortal form? Can fishes swim and birds fly? If they can, man can as surely discover his soulhood while in control of his body. The religious world has taught man to believe that he is to be a Soul when he reaches the heaven of his dreams, and has never declared that man is a Soul while dwelling on earth. If man ever is to be a spirit, or a soul, he is one today. If he is to live in an immortal future, he has lived through an immortal past. Through error, he has been led to believe that the present is the carnal or physical life, wholly divorced from the spiritual or soulful expressions of being. This doctrine has led him to feel that he will inherit a soul-expression after leaving the body, provided he has faith in someone else outside of himself. The new thought proclaims man's soulship today, and directs him to develop the higher activities of consciousness that will enable him to realize that the only enduring part of his nature is Soul. By living harmoniously with himself, man lives in harmony with his fellows; through the law of kindness, brotherly love, spiritual perception, pure thinking and high aspiration, man can always find his Soul, can unite himself therewith, and grow into the true expression of the Soul-Self while here in the material world. The Soul is the real man, and should ever be permitted to dominate and absolutely control all expressions, mortal and spiritual, of itself. Spiritualists owe it to themselves and to the world to prove that they have found their Souls and that they are living from within the interior life—not from the sensuous life of the outer world.

Readers of the Banner, do you want to do something for the Cause of Spiritualism? Are you interested in its progress? Do you really love your religion? Are you willing to exert yourselves in its behalf? If so, you can do yourselves an honor and your religion a great favor by aiding the Banner of Light. Send in one new subscription each, and you have doubled the Banner's power for good, and quadrupled its influence. It will only take a moment's thought and a few words to induce your friend and neighbor to take the paper for six months or a year. Remember that the Banner is the oldest Spiritualist paper on earth. It is worthy of support, and you, as its reader, can help its managers to make the Banner a mighty power in the world. Will you do it? Try to obtain at least one subscriber, and then keep on in well doing. The Banner is the paper of the people, and as such, deserves well at the hands of its friends. Send in your own subscriptions and induce your neighbors to do likewise.

Little localized powers, and little narrow streaks of specialized knowledge, are things men are very apt to be conceited about—Holmes.

After all, the kind of world one carries about in oneself is the important thing, and the world outside takes all its grace, color and value from that—Lowell.

To read without reflecting is like eating without digesting—Edmund Burke.

SPIRIT

Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. MINNIE H. 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 social representative of the Banner of Light, and are given in the presence of other members of the Banner of Light.

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.

Report of Session held July 24, 1902, S. E. 11.

Invocation.

Oh, Spirit of Life and Love, we would rest in the assurance of thy continued protection, of thy continued love and tenderness toward us. In our hours of distress and pain, in our hours of reaching, of aspiration, and truth, we would trust in thee and we would that those who are further along the pathway of progress, whose eyes have been opened to the light of truth, may draw ever near to us and help us on in our upward path. Bless us and keep us. May we ever aspire for the best, and when material conditions and cares seem to overcome us, may we through the strength that is in these words be near to us, overcome and be strong and steady for the right. To the hearts that mourn, we send our message of peace, to the lonely ones of earth, we send our word of greeting, to those who mourn and yearn for the loved ones gone to the other life, we would send a thought, an evidence of the love that overcomes death and of the life that is bright and glorious with blessings of continued opportunity to manifest that love and may the message and the greeting and the evidence be received and understood. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Frank Noyes, Omaha.

The first spirit that I see this morning is a man about fifty years old, rather tall, not very stout, with hair and eyes are dark. He has a strong chin, a heavy mustache and he speaks in a very clear way, and says: "I am glad to stand in this circle this morning and be able to send some word to my wife. My name is Frank Noyes, and I come from Omaha. I want to send this word to Anna and let her know that I am conscious of her life and her effort and the struggle that is going on with her. I have found Ned, and he is helping me to do all that is possible with my friends in earth life, and also I have found Edith and she is as sweet as a flower and seems as anxious as can be to enter into my life as fully as I could possibly want to have her. Dear Anna, don't strive so hard to do everything at once. There is plenty of time for you to accomplish the things that are for you to do, so go ahead slowly but bravely, and know that I am with you. Thank you."

Emma Andrews, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The next spirit that comes here to me is a woman about thirty-five years of age. She is very fair, with brown hair, smooth white skin, and is very delicate and slender looking. She comes over to me with a little hesitation and says: "Can you help me? This is all so new to me. I haven't been over here so very long and it seems so hard for me to say just what I want to say. My name is Emma Andrews, and I lived in Jamaica Plain, near Boston, you know. I have so many friends that I would like to have help in my life as fully as I could possibly want to have her. Dear Anna, don't strive so hard to do everything at once. There is plenty of time for you to accomplish the things that are for you to do, so go ahead slowly but bravely, and know that I am with you. Thank you."

Fannie Ellis, Bridgeport, Conn.

A woman about twenty years old comes now, but she looks older, as though she had taken a great deal of trouble. She says: "Don't bother about what I used to do. Just tell what you can about what I am now. My name is Fannie Ellis, and I lived in Bridgeport, Conn. I want to go to Charlie; I want him to do something for himself. I am too apt to let him do things that he can do and to get sick when there is no need of it. He is discouraged and thinks he can't get work, but I know he can, and so I send this word to keep his courage and get his work, and his health will come. I don't like what Johnny has done, but I don't see that I can help it. Please give my love to Mamma and to Bert, and tell them that I am studying all I want to and don't feel tired, either. Thank you."

Richard Long, Washington, D. C.

Now comes the spirit of a man who is short and rather stout, with a full gray beard and gray hair. He is about fifty years old. His beard is short cut, and he is a very nice looking man, and seems to have a good deal of care about himself. The first thing he says is to keep up my mind. "Well, so this is the place that I am to come to give my evidence. My name is Richard Long, and I used to live in Washington, D. C. I have been interested for a long time in the Spiritualistic movement. I didn't think that I should ever strive to give a public message, but somehow when I want to send word away from those who love me I will use any method to get a word back to them. To be sure I have many friends over here, but it is the absent one that always appeals to the heart, and so as I look out and see those that are left, my heart aches to give them a message. I do so much when I am alone, well, I have been across to see our friends and find they are getting along pretty well. I must thank you people for giving me this opportunity and I hope through it to get closer to my friends."

Marie Deane, Chatham, Mass.

Quite a tall and energetic woman comes here. She is bright and smart; her eyes are blue and her hair a very dark brown, which she has a habit of taking down, because it is so heavy it bothers her. She suffered very much with headaches, but she went to the spirit, and I am sure by the look of her she was more or less meditative, but didn't understand it. She took care of her people until she didn't have a bit of strength left, and it was just in this condition that she went to the spirit. Her manner is one of extreme nervousness, as though she had worn her nerves threadbare, and that in trying to send her message it takes every bit of strength she has. As she comes over to me she says: "My name is Marie Deane, and I am from Chatham, Mass. I want to say that although I am aware that I wore myself out in taking care of others, I haven't a single regret for doing it. I would do it again were I able to, and am sure that the effort I made has been of more use than if I had simply taken care of myself and lived longer. I say that for the comfort of my friends. I am not unhappy here; I have my home and my friends to look after here. Father will be with me and I of course will be with him. I am into the spiritual conditions and try to see what we can learn. There is very much to learn over here and very much to be done. I have often thought that life but begins with death, and so instead of a long, long rest I find myself seeing so many things to be done that I am just thankful that I have eternity to do it in. Thank you."

Addie Wentworth, Portsmouth, N. H.

I see the spirit of a girl about sixteen years old. Her hair is braided down her back, and her face is round and plump. She is rather a strong looking girl, and it seems such a surprise that she should come to the spirit. I think she went out very suddenly—looks more like an accident, and she says: "That is right. I was drowned. My name is Addie Wentworth, and I live in Portsmouth, N. H., and all my people most are alive now. They will hardly get used to the fact of my death in a long time. I did not suffer any, mama, dear; it was over so quickly that I didn't realize what had happened, but it was so beautiful when I first came here that I thought I must be dreaming. It is only when I see you crying and the rest talking about me that I just feel as if I had left you all. I never feel that way only when I see you distressed. I wish you would just try to forget all about it and not blame yourself the least bit, but know that nobody was to blame. It was only just an accident. I am sure you have put my clothes where you have, you have put my clothes where you have, I can see them once in a while now, and I wish that you would give them to my cousin. You know whom I mean."

Andrew Hunnewell, Kennebunk, Me.

Rather a slim man, about thirty years old, comes to me now. He is not so very tall, has a smooth face, his hair is parted and combed very primly, and he himself has a very prim way. He says: "Hold on; don't go to talking about me, but please say that my name is Andrew Hunnewell, and I come from Kennebunk, and all my friends are there, because I never traveled very much. The most I have seen I have seen since I came over here, and about all I have over here is my grandmother, and she and I live together in just the prettiest fashion. We are making great plans to go to call me Andy. I want to get this word out over day and night, and she says that if I am successful this time, she will try next time to give her message. We would like very much to send word to Ada, and have her know that I go there. She is not with the family any more, and seems to be pretty much alone, but she will feel better. I am sorry you haven't got a better picture, Ada, but perhaps that one is better than nothing. If I had done what you say, you would have had a better one. God bless you, dear; don't forget me, but try to see if you can't get a more complete word from me in a private way. Thank you."

Susie Jones, Hackensack, N. J.

The spirit of a woman comes now who is about forty years old. She is very fair, with dark eyes and hair, and she is quick and says: "I am rather stout, and has a way of talking so fast as though she had so much to say that she couldn't get it all in hand, so must talk just as fast as she could. She is anxious, I know, by her manner, and she says: "My name is Susie Jones, and I live in Hackensack, N. J. I want to get this word out over day and night, and she says that if I am successful this time, she will try next time to give her message. We would like very much to send word to Ada, and have her know that I go there. She is not with the family any more, and seems to be pretty much alone, but she will feel better. I am sorry you haven't got a better picture, Ada, but perhaps that one is better than nothing. If I had done what you say, you would have had a better one. God bless you, dear; don't forget me, but try to see if you can't get a more complete word from me in a private way. Thank you."

David Sloan, Bangor, Me., to John Hastings.

There is an old man comes along to me. He is just as jolly and merry as he can be. He is singing a song, as though this was the only thing in the world that he was to come to give his evidence. He is a very nice looking man, and seems to have a good deal of care about himself. The first thing he says is to keep up my mind. "Well, so this is the place that I am to come to give my evidence. My name is David Sloan, and I used to live in Washington, D. C. I have been interested for a long time in the Spiritualistic movement. I didn't think that I should ever strive to give a public message, but somehow when I want to send word away from those who love me I will use any method to get a word back to them. To be sure I have many friends over here, but it is the absent one that always appeals to the heart, and so as I look out and see those that are left, my heart aches to give them a message. I do so much when I am alone, well, I have been across to see our friends and find they are getting along pretty well. I must thank you people for giving me this opportunity and I hope through it to get closer to my friends."

We are just like chimps. I used to feel when I had my horse with me I was all right, and that is about the size of it now, and I want to say to those people who think that horses don't have any particular place in spirit life that they have a particular place when any one cares anything particular about them. I have mine, anyway, and I expect that we will jog along together for many a year to come. I think that my old horse knows more than some of the people who think that horses they never did. I want to send a word to John Hastings, and I want to tell him that I have looked up his affairs and I think he stands a pretty good show to have a pretty good place when he gets here. Tell him he isn't getting it because he has earned it; he is getting it because he has so many friends. That, of course, is my joke, because you know to have friends you must earn them, and if your friends do things for you, you have earned them through being good to those friends and earning their devotion. Well, I guess this will do for this time. I hope you will let me come again when I feel like it, and I thank you for the opportunity."

A Surplus.

It is good to have a surplus—a surplus in the pocket, a surplus in the heart, a surplus in the head.

A person can hardly be said to be upright with pocket, heart and head depleted; waste and loss attend all such time is unlivable, the heart is without love, the head unfilled—there is no surplus.

Earth-life is too much a stage. There is something more than infancy, childhood and old age. There is too much playing—too much getting up temporary excitement without a purpose. Men and women have lived for only a long enough time to get into line with the Infinite ways a little more and every superficial gratification should be for that purpose. The aim and purpose are the levers that move toward the larger and better life. One may see the beauties of art on both continents and still be quite shallow in the grandeur of the soul.

A surplus in the pocket, heart and head is good, but it should be considered the key to the complete man—the man with the generated psychic power to be better and do more—to possess that attractive and repelling power which ever guides to the better and purer—Marion (N. Y.) Enterprise.

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The impressions one receives in childhood are not easily obliterated, and many of us were led to believe that all who were in spirit were on the one hand God, angels and saints; and on the other Satan, devils, and ruined souls. We were not to suppose there were any plain, natural human beings there. The parent or friend who had been "saved" had a halo about his head, was a perfected spirit, and spent all his time in adoring the Most High. While those who were "lost" were filled with hate and anguish, and were forced to become devils, and like the crowned head who ruled them.

Coming into Spiritualism, it is natural that our attitude to the disincarnate is colored by these former impressions. When those we love return to us, we think of them as glorified spirits, and as endowed with a wisdom and as crowned with a love that is not of earth.

"We see them walking in an air of glory. Whose light does gleam on our days."

We reverence the words they speak to us, and would fain take them as our counsel and guide at every turn in life's path. And others who come, whom we did not know on earth, seem to us to know far more than we do, and we treasure their words, and are guided by their opinions. Poor human beings are so weak, so frail, so ignorant, they are not to be compared to those who have passed the great dividing line, and are no longer mortals, but spirits.

John, who saw the disincarnate Jesus at Patmos, wrote these words to those early Spiritualists who formed the bulk of the Christian church:

"Believe me every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God."

We call them Spiritualists, because John, as well as Paul, recognized the fact that many of them were in communication with disembodied beings, and were in danger, like ourselves, of believing what comes from the other side of life.

"Believe me every spirit," holds good in America in the twentieth century, as well as in Rome and Corinth and Thessaly in the first.

We all know cases where persons have been led astray or have made sad mistakes through blindly following advice because it came from some one like that. I have just heard of the distress that has come upon a loved friend in just this way.

She is the mother of three children in earth life, besides those that have preceded their parents to the spirit land. She has been a hardworking woman, a true and earnest, a helpful wife, long continued and helpful illness came upon her, her husband became discouraged, and a disincarnate spirit told him through the entrancement of one he has always trusted, that his wife was unfaithful to him, and unworthy to take care of his children. The mother, who was a spirit, he thought it must be true, and the years of toil and the tender devotion of the mother and wife lost their weight. She is now an exile from home, and in anguish at being separated from her children.

The two boys were to remain with the father. The mother, who was a spirit, he thought it must be true, and the years of toil and the tender devotion of the mother and wife lost their weight. She is now an exile from home, and in anguish at being separated from her children.

How little I thought when first seeing this photograph that this family could ever be parted, and for such a reason. I hope that the wave of mistaken feeling is already on the ebb, and that the way will be opened for this mother to return to the children whom she bore with patient pain, and to the husband whom she yet loves, though he believed the false message of a spirit, rather than one who had walked so many years by his side.

We can quote, "By their fruits ye shall know them." An outsider can compare the fruits of industry and devotion on the part of this wife with the manifest determination on the part of a disincarnate spirit to part her

from her family, and wonder why one so worthy was disbelieved, while an unknown being was trusted.

But we should not criticize. Who knows but that the physical weariness, the nervous stress, the needs of the family and the annoying expenses of so prolonged an illness, and many other circumstances that plunged him into a discouragement, out of which he could then see no other way. Both are Spiritualists and have come much for the Cause of the places where they live. We do hope that the crooked will be made straight, and that a lasting content may bind the severed hearts more closely together than ever before.

We do not blame the medium through whom the message came that have worked such havoc, for he was entranced, and the misadventure could say what he chose. We give the sad recital, as an instance to be added to thousands more, in which mortals have yielded their dearest concerns to spirit guidance, without careful proof that the communicating being was wise enough and good enough to be trusted so implicitly. Yours for humanity and for spirituality, Abby A. Judson.

Arlington, N. J.

Passed to Spirit Life.

Passed to spirit life from Lowell, July 29, Marceline D. Fletcher, aged 72 years, although Mr. Fletcher had been in declining health for more than a year, the rapid failure, ending in transition, was quite unexpected. While a resident of Westford, in connection with his brother Frank J., he conducted a successful business, and the "Two Fletchers" were widely and favorably known throughout a wide circle of towns and cities. In 1880 he became a resident of Lowell, and a leader in aggressive work for the Democracy, and was successfully elected a member of the common council and board of aldermen, but, morally, never "stooped to conquer." The activities of his business and political life never exerted a repelling influence upon his interest in, and advocacy of, Spiritualism, and in the city of his adoption he was a potent factor in the First Society of Spiritualists, while speakers and mediums were most hospitably welcomed by himself and companion to their pleasant home, and the swift returning friends were a regular feature of the social life of the city. In 1890 Mrs. Fletcher moved to Lowell, and found them at Lake Pleasant, interested in everything that pertained to its well-being and prosperity. Mrs. Fletcher has been a most faithful and devoted ministrant in the increasing feebleness of her husband. The only son, J. William Fletcher, of New York City, who was a member of the Lowell Society, reaching there early in the dawn of the morning, "the seal of peace" was set upon the forehead of husband and father. The funeral took place Thursday, July 31, a private service, from the residence, for relatives and intimate friends, conducted by the father, with appropriate readings, rendered by a male quartet. A public service was held at the Universal Church, of which Rev. Ransom A. Green is pastor, who delivered an address pertaining to Mr. Fletcher's life, his work and influence as a citizen, noting one thing as characteristic of him that "he never borrowed money or took a loan." The address of Mrs. Green was supplemented by a writer, with references to his religious belief and its consoling power in bereavement. The quartet again sang three appropriate selections. The floral tributes were exceedingly beautiful and in unusual profusion, among which was a large floral heart with "In tribute to a noble life" inscribed thereon, surrounded by a white dove, designed by the son, also a design of seventy-three pansies, with ribbon, bearing the name "Will"; a large "Gateway" from the Franklin Club, white baskets, wreaths, crescents and bouquets everywhere met the eye. One of the most interesting readings was the reading for the interment, and there in the waning afternoon, was laid to rest the mortal garb of Marceline D. Fletcher, while above his grave tender parting words were spoken, and there fell upon the listening ears of those who loved him, the low, sweet strains, "Abide With Me."—Juliette Yeaw.

Cases of Alternating Personality.

It is from cases of actual occurrence, such as are here related, that psychologists have learned so much of the properties and peculiarities of the mind. While these instances furnish interesting reading for the general public, they also contain vital facts for the students of these mysteries. In the New York Sun is cited a curious case of what psychologists call "alternating personality."

The instance is as follows:

A man with all the markings of a gentleman was seen on the street at West Rockland, Me., before daybreak, May 12. He could not remember who he was or where he had come from. In his pocket he found a note book with the name "C. E. Brown." The initials "C. E. B." were on his collar. He inferred that he must be C. E. Brown, but he had no idea who he might be.

To collect his thoughts he went to a farmhouse in West Bath to board for a fortnight, telling the family that he was a West Roxbury carpenter on a vacation. The past was an utter blank. He could speak and write good English, and read. But he knew nothing of arithmetic, geography or history. He had no recollection of the assassination of President McKinley. He did not even know how much to pay a barber. A doctor examined him, but found no signs of insanity. The only thing lacking was his memory. It left off abruptly with a dim recollection of a feeling of dizziness and pressure about the head.

As memory is the soul's tag by which it chiefly preserves its own identity, the loss of it left poor "C. E. B." pretty much at sea. He had no idea what his business was, and he knew about town trying to strike something out of his mind. Building interest in him, and he thought he might have been an architect. Meanwhile he read the newspapers assiduously to see whether he could not come across a reference to a missing "C. E. Brown." The Boston papers took up his case, and from the descriptions printed Miss Anna T. Chubb, of South Boston, recognized him as her nephew, Charles E. Buzzell, a dayman and deputy sheriff of Barrington, N. H. As a boy he had worked in his father's carpenter shop. C. E. Brown was one of his employees. She went to see him, but he failed to recognize her, and she had a hard time convincing him of her identity as well as his own. He had left home May 9 and nothing had been heard of him after that time. His aunt took him to Barrington. No report has been received as to his progress in recovering his memory.

In his lecture "Psychology," Prof. William James cites several similar instances. One was that of a French woman, Felida X. She had the uncomfortable habit of suddenly going off into a second personality. As No. 2 she had a fairly clear idea of who No. 1 was, but while in her proper person she had no recollection of No. 2. Once the change was effected while she was on the way to a funeral, and she was unable to recollect who had died. Another classic case is that of Leonie B. In her normal state she was a poor peasant woman, mild, sad, and extremely timid. But when the second personality became dominant through the hypnotism of the first, she was entirely transformed. She became gay, noisy, restless and given to

sharp jests. She refused to recognize her name, but took that of Leonie, and referred to her normal self contemptuously. "That good woman," she would say, "is not me. She is too stupid." Mary Reynolds, a Pennsylvania woman who lived a century ago, alternated between two personalities until the age of 54, when she became permanently the second.

But as curious a case as any was one that came to the personal attention of Prof. James. Ansel Bourne, an itinerant preacher living at Greene, R. I. drew \$25 from a bank in Providence on Jan. 17, 1887. It was his purpose to pay for a lot. He boarded a Pawtucket car and then Ansel Bourne disappeared. Two weeks later a man who said that his name was A. J. Brown rented a small shop at Northtown, Pa., and served it with confectionery. His neighbors noticed that he was taciturn, but they agreed that he was in "no way queer." On the morning of March 14, when A. J. Brown awoke he found himself Ansel Bourne. He had to make inquiries among the neighbors to find what he had been doing the last six weeks. In 1890 Ansel Bourne allowed Prof. James to hypnotize him. The hypnotic personality at once took the name of A. J. Brown. He knew nothing of Bourne, and did not even recognize his wife. Brown then described the events of the full two months to Prof. James and gave him a detailed account of his movements during the two weeks of which nothing had been known before. Prof. James saw Bourne as regarded as a self-reliant, truthful man, and his story of his experience is doubted by no one.—Ex.

Paterson, N. J.

This society commenced the season Sept. 15, 1901. The president conducts the services when there is no engaged speaker. The Lyceum opened by Mrs. Modemay was undertaken by Mrs. Ashton.

Nov. 3 Mrs. Kates commenced N. S. A. missionary work with us. We had a good meeting; the audience being much interested with both tests and lectures. We were glad to welcome the missionaries and give them a good send-off. Many friends were desirous to hear them again. We secured dates Nov. 25, 26, and 27. Unfortunately we had to seek another hall, as the hall we were using for the last six weeks, its being Thanksgiving week the audience was not so large as we expected, yet there was good work done. Many were astonished at the tests given by Mrs. Kates; the lectures were good from both, and caused several to investigate spirit return. Mr. Kates spoke well for us and urged the work of our society to the public and the press, asking their kind co-operation for the Cause of Truth. We have had some trouble to secure notices in the daily papers, none of them caring to accept our ads for Spiritualism.

Dec. 10, 11, we expected H. D. Barrett, but he was unable to come. Mr. Barrett took the platform and explained the Cause of Mr. Barrett's absence; he also gave some excellent tests to strangers which were readily acknowledged. Dr. Riccardo of Passaic gave an address and the committee was very grateful to both gentlemen for their assistance in helping them to come. The hall for the 11th, as nothing could be done, was expected; unfortunately he was suffering from cold and could not leave home.

Sunday, Jan. 12, Mrs. Clark from Hartford was to speak for us. A telegram informed us that she had met with an accident and could not be with us. Dr. Riccardo took her place and gave a talk on the Bible; he also announced that he would give his services the first and third Sundays in the month. We gladly accepted his offer, his talks on the Bible being very enjoyable. The following three Sundays were very wet and stormy and we held circles in place of speaking.

Feb. 9.—The great fire swept out the business part of Paterson, our meeting room, charter, hymn books, etc. As soon as possible a meeting of members was called to arrange for the future. Mrs. Ashton offered her home for the Lyceum. Mr. Walton offered their rooms alternate Sundays for meeting. Mr. Goodman alternate Sundays for circle. The N. S. A. sent a duplicate charter. We received a kind letter from Mr. and Mrs. Kates, asking for news, and tendering sympathy in our misfortune.

April 13, Miss Cushman, president of the Ethical Society, New York, gave her services for an afternoon meeting. We were delighted to have her with us. Her lecture was very interesting to all.

Sunday, April 27, Mrs. H. T. Brigham, speaker for the Ethical Society, came to us for the afternoon. The room was crowded, sixty being present. Subjects were taken from the audience for lecture and poems, which were greatly enjoyed by those present. Some of them had never heard Mrs. Brigham before. We hope to have her in Paterson once more. Some of our members went to New York for the service conducted by Miss Gaule and she most generously offered to come to Paterson and give a séance free to aid us, the only stipulation to be tickets 25 cents each. Her offer was most gladly accepted for April 30. We secured the only hall available, so many being burnt out. The dailies placed our card and gave us good notices. The members did their best to sell tickets and as Miss Gaule is well known in Paterson we were rewarded by having the hall filled to overflowing, not even standing room; many had to go away. There has never been so large a gathering to hear a medium in this city. Not only Miss Gaule, but Miss Fitzmaurice, Mrs. and Mrs. Severne and Mr. Brown came. Mrs. Modemay presided and opened the meeting by singing. Then Miss Fitzmaurice in a few well-chosen remarks offered the Lyceum the books from their society. Mr. Severne gave a selection on the violin. The solo by Mr. Brown, who is a fine tenor, was greatly enjoyed. Miss Gaule was at her best; the tests she gave were astonishing; names being correct. We had some very prominent people in the audience. Eleven of Paterson's best physicians listened to Miss Gaule; one of them heard Mr. Kates and was so interested he invited his brother physicians to hear Miss Gaule. Our meeting was most successful every way; in spite of heavy expenses we were able through Miss Gaule's kindness to hand over a handsome sum to our treasury.

May 11 Mrs. Brigham and Miss Cushman were present for the last time before their departure for Australia. We expected a good gathering, so secured the Sons of Veterans Hall, and we were not disappointed; though Mrs. Brigham has come to Paterson in days gone by when there was a much larger society than at present, she has never spoken before a more interested assembly in this city. The singing was good and the subjects given and answered by Mrs. Brigham's guide were grand. Her poem, "Good-bye," will long be remembered by many friends of Mrs. Brigham.

We closed our meetings in June and we thank those who have so nobly come forward to help us. Though we have passed through disappointment, fire and flood and labor troubles, we are financially better as a society than ever we have been. We need a good honest worker for the truth. Spiritualism is alive in Paterson and there is a good field for a faithful and earnest worker for the Cause. This report is late in the day, but I trust none the less acceptable.

E. L. Smith, Sec'y.

22. What is the purpose of the study?

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