

MY CONQUEST.

Ages I wandered 'mid the sands of time,
My life tormented with the scorching flame
Of passions warring in my soul. Hate, greed,
Ambition, selfish pride, and wrong desire
Filled all the avenues of being; 'e'en
As they touch too oft most other souls. Life
Seemed but a dreary waste, a barren strand
On which no lasting happiness was shed.
I turned this way, and that, but found no peace;
I mocked my god, religion seem'd a myth;
And man's devotion through the ages past,
But idle superstition, vain device.
To fill the fleeting hours of Folly's day.
My thoughts were bitter, and my life a void.
'E'en Love had fail'd me, and her siren voice
Call'd mockingly across the desert wastes of time.
I call'd my battered ship upon the strand.
All bruised and bleeding thus from life's sad war,
The cool earth wooed me, and I fell asleep;
When to my longing eyes a vision came;
A glorious being touched my fevered brow
And gave me hope. His eyes, like gleaming stars,
Look'd tenderly upon my prostrate form,
And pity from their wondrous depths, like waves
Of ocean compass'd me about. "Dear Life,"
He said, and ah! those accents sweeter were
Than dulcet music of supernal spheres,
"Why wilt thou follow false alluring dreams,
When Truth awaits to wake thy sleeping soul
To grander destiny than dreams portray?
The Universe is thine. No low, no high
Thou canst not sound it thou wilt strive to climb,
And leave the dross of earth to those who sleep."
He ceased, and I, entranced by that sweet voice,
Scarce dared to breathe lest I dispel the light
Whose shimmering radiance glided all the scene,
And spread throughout all space Life's light of love
In circles vast, e'er changing, limitless,
Infinite, concentric yet diffuse.
O'erlapping, blending, interpenetrant;
And I, the central figure, seemed to stand
The guardian of all life, all knowledge, light.
My senses held in thrall, I could perceive
That I, the microcosm, knew with each
Expanding breath to macrocosmic range.
Beside me there was naught. The Universe
And all its parts were one, and I was it.
Then for the first I knew what Jesus meant
By those mysterious words "Who hath seen me
Hath seen the Father also, we are one."
Oh! limitless, eternal, loving life
That wells and throbs in every point of space,
Thou holdest in thy grasp undream'd of power
To mold the universal destiny
Of empires, races, worlds, yea, gods to be
Who yet shall walk this earth in human form
O'er death triumphant, presaging with all might.
Hath not the Master promised this, who said
"Who keep my law shall never taste of death?"
If ye believe on him who hath me sent,
And ye abide in me, and my words keep,
Ye may ask what ye will it shall be done.
He that believeth me, the works I do
Shall he do also, yea, and greater still,
Because I go to him that fillet all.
But whatsoever in my name ye ask,
That will I do that He be glorified."
No more I question Man's, nor Fate's decree,
The god within me tells me I alone
Must answer for all things that come to me;
That naught exists for me but what's my own,
Almighty power of Love and Life, and Will,
In whom all creatures move and being hold,
In thee I dwell, and hold my purpose true
That my whole life henceforth shall be to prove
That I am one with thee and thou with me.
Mrs. J. E. Hyde,
Lily Dale, N. Y., April, 1902.

Mother Nature's Critical Points.

A Lecture Delivered in San Francisco by Charles
Dawson.

Every educated man, woman and child knows that the universe is expressing its energy by constant motion. "Vibration" is the word now used by platform and press to denote this conception of perpetual movement. Scientists tell us that the sun's energy reaches us in vibratory waves, traveling 180,000 miles in a second. And we know that this energy remains as "vibration" either in our atmosphere, or in all embracing cosmic ether.

Man has no means of expressing himself to his brother man save by these vibrations. Whether he would talk, or even think, there must be movement of the unitary particles amid which he exists, and of which his organized form is but one expression.

The student of man is compelled to recognize energy, which is motion, as the great cosmic factor in creation, and in itself eternal, so far as mortal man can conceive of endless movement. The importance of this factor in human life is strikingly illustrated by the phonograph, invented by Thomas Edison. A needle, hung with mechanical precision, vibrates to every sound. Its point traces its movements upon a moving cylinder of wax. There is no telegraphic code for a trained operator to read, yet those tiny movements are recording the expression of human thought by sound. If that wax cylinder were eternal, then a million or millions of years from now it would repeat the tale of wisdom or folly, love or hate, exactly as uttered today. We are told that vibrations of thought without sound have been recorded in similar manner by talented French scientists.

Such facts demonstrate that Nature is one eternal memory. Any sensitive may become, as it were, a human phonograph repeating this eternal past. Every thought, word and deed of mortal life can thus be born again if only its recording vibration be repeated. Cosmos is without a single secret. Repeat

her vibration and you have the truthful history. It is when we attempt to apply these truths, that seem universal, to human immortality and spirit return that we discover another law which must be taken into careful consideration.

Science has long noted certain results, suddenly appearing in sequences of vibration, which cannot be explained as effects following a previous cause. Such startling changes are termed "critical points," and are anxiously studied by every explorer into Nature's inner life. As, perhaps, the best and simplest illustration, we find certain molecular groups of atoms combining into gases, called oxygen and hydrogen. The molecule, like the atom, is permeated by the eternal energy, and therefore ceaselessly in motion. But no one supposes that the inherent vibration of the oxygen molecule is the same as that of the molecule of hydrogen, and for the most part, they remain indifferent to one another's movement. But, if by any chance, two such molecules of oxygen blend with one molecule of oxygen in volume, or combine so that eight molecules of oxygen are associated with one molecule of hydrogen by weight, the resulting vibration is neither that of either of the gases, nor of any mathematical resultant of their blended vibrations.

We are told, in poetical phrase, that a man and his wife become one, and we know that the usual result is a number of little "ones" exhibiting more or less of the original behavior and mold. But in this union of gases we have a polygamy in which the whole crowd become "one," without even a trace of the old individuality. The new "oneness" has become what we call "water," which is apparently everything which a gas is not and cannot be. No one without experience could have foreseen such a result of that blending, and, for want of a better name, the change is marked as the result of passing a "critical point."

Of course man knew much about water before he prowled round among the gases. And it is reasonably believed that in our planet's history these gases must have blended into water long before any existing form of life became possible. So long as man took things as he found them, and accepted everything for what it seemed to be, he was a petted child of Common Sense, like our money-changers of today. Water was just water unless it was ice or steam. But after a time, children of Science, themselves mortal enemies of Common Sense, discovered that steam and ice were born of "critical points" as much as water itself. If you add heat to water its particles get further and further apart, but nobody could have guessed that at last would come a "critical point" at which the gases composing water would take a shape unlike the parent, and with entirely unforeseen powers. But it was not chance. "Critical Points" never are. Make your temperature boiling point and a new civilization becomes possible. The water has vanished, and a giant has taken its place.

This "critical point" was gained by increasing vibration, which drove the molecules of the water further and further apart. As a matter of course, if you proceed to abstract heat you are getting further and further away from that "critical point." But you presently stumble on to another which seems even more mysterious. No sooner have you reached a temperature of 32 deg. F. than your water ceases to draw its molecules nearer together. It once again begins to drive them further apart, and then, at a "critical point," ice is born, which we all know has as different qualities from its mother water as those of the steam or the gas. We say we all know it, but without experience no one would even have guessed it. And when discovered as a natural fact no one would have learned its lesson so long as Common Sense was running its ice wagons to earn dividends for its children.

Such "critical points" are recognized today by every student of natural law, and are usually counted as exceptions to the general laws governing our planet. They seem to have been limited, so such students suppose, to the blendings of molecules into inorganic form. The evolutionist claims a steady and progressive change in the realm of organized life, and apparently counts "critical points" as unknown within that field. Yet in reality Nature's scheme of progress might be styled "a system of 'critical points' outreaching beyond mortal life."

The lesson of foetal exploration is that "critical points" mark every step of progress. Two little leaves are first noted by the student as "life born of life." Intelligence, substance and energy have taken vegetable form. The forest, the flower and the grass exhibit life's labor within certain vibratory limits. But suddenly in that foetal silence a "critical point" is reached—a degree on life's thermometer—when a change, that would be utterly unexpected, because without logical sequence, makes its appearance. Animal life enters that foetal field. Lowly and humble, it is true, but representative of its class in the school outside, where, spite of evolution's eager search, no species reaches a "critical point." The horse, whether five toed or one, is equine at every step. From microbe to

lordly tiger we have a cat. Such progress knows nothing of "critical points." But in the foetal darkness each species repeats its climb from one critical point to another under a law as mysterious as that of life itself. The vegetable can become animal, the animal climb by "critical points" from gill to lung, and evolve and discard a tail. It becomes reptile at one point, mammal at another, with changes as startling and unexpected as if the multiplication table were to suddenly cease at twelve times twelve. Erection is the law within these points, but the critical points themselves stand as the most potent factor in creation.

There is never any new material. The gas, the water, the steam, the ice are always two molecules of hydrogen to one of oxygen. It is always a manifestation of intelligence, energy, substance, separated by "critical points." The fish, reptile and simian forms in their foetal cradle never advance by any evolutionary process. They suddenly reach "critical points" which, by a process inconceivable today, may start them manward, or compel their extinction.

What about man whether within that foetal cradle or without? The writer has recently pointed out the tremendous importance of "shock" to man—born and unborn, into earth life. The history of "Subliminal Sally" told that tale of truth to the world. Yet that was but one of the critical points to which man is held subject by Nature. The process of birth does most probably invite "shock," with whatever may be its effect in individual cases; sometimes even breaking up the personality so that a part remains unborn into earth life. So much was demonstrated in that life history. But apparently no "critical point" is necessarily passed when a child is born. He grows and lives under evolutionary laws, which, generation by generation, shape himself and his surroundings. But there comes an hour to every human when a "critical point" is reached as completely as the water which has become steam, and, like that water, he becomes subject to other laws. Just as the oxygen and the hydrogen in themselves know no change save that of a new expression, so manhood is evidently forever and ever its original compound of intelligence, substance and energy. But that wondrous compound is at last on the other side of a "critical point" which leaves Homo outside and beyond mortal comprehension. Every "critical point" is separated from its fellows by an impassable gulf, so far, at least, as form is concerned. But intelligence has flashed the glorious truth across the gulf that Nature has no process of annihilation.

In other words, a "critical point" stands between mortal man and spirit return. This fact is apparent at a glance. Everything by which we know our friend lies silent in the basket. Everything the microscope could discern, or science analyze is still there, yet Homo has himself simply reached a "critical point" and passed on. In every such case the change itself demands and creates a new appearance, amidst new conditions, impossible on the other side of that "critical point." With such an individual fact compelling microbe and man, the student of "spirit return" may well hesitate to accept as natural the freedom of intercourse claimed by enthusiasts to whom a critical point is an unknown fact in nature.

The very existence of "critical points," and yet more the fact that death is itself such a point remains for the most part an unknown fact in natural history. In consequence of this ignorance everything flashed by intelligence from the other side remains interpreted as an echo of earth life in almost every detail. But the other day there was a communication from a spirit mother to her mortal daughter published in a leading Spiritualist paper. That mother told of the cold "over there," and of their needing good fires and warm clothes. Incidentally she spoke of a pet cat in the parlor. Presently she went into the kitchen and was startled by the disappearance of a large black cat which had been lying on the rug. It was explained that it was only the spirit of a cat yet attached to its body in earth life. Such conceptions are accepted as veridical by whole-souled ignorance. We hear of ladies who go to concerts "over there," get tired and go home to rest, and have a quiet stroll in the garden, with an occasional trip to earth by Nature's express. Such are the everyday beliefs of thousands, and even our keen witted scientists demand earth echoes as the only proof of spirit return and human immortality. They utterly ignore the "critical point" passed by their spirit visitor. Beyond that point we may picture spirit forms as we please, with wings or without; we may in imagination build vast cities, depict charming scenes in rural life according to our taste, but let us remember that such happenings are always beyond the "point" and must therefore remain absolutely without verification. Whilst the writer is a firm believer in what is called "spirit return," he thus marks its serious limitations. From beyond the "critical point" called death comes no great gift to mortal. No announcement of an existing X-Ray. No chemical or physical discovery unwrought by mortal man, save per-

haps by his aural self, its existing present personality, as explained by the writer in a previous article. And with all the shrewdness and suggestive accumen of the returning intelligence, it grasps little but the life and experience of today.

We gather from such intelligence nothing of human life in the dark past, nor of its slow climb to the present era. Never a problem is solved, nor even a difficulty removed from the path of the student, other than may be included in the powers of aural man himself. The writer believes that human immortality and spirit return are both demonstrated facts, but, at the same time, the unseen Homo is so far removed from us by a "critical point" that every attempted account of his present life is but play upon imagination, and little but ghostly gossip. At least such is the humble opinion of the present writer.

San Leandro, Cal.

The Spiritual Influence of the Religious in Art.

By Madam Higgins-Glenne, author of *The Forces of Nature, Life an Eternal Psyche Continuation, Forces in the Realm of Mind, The Spiritual Significance of the Autophones in Music, etc.*

From Galilee and Jerusalem art has drawn its inspiration and its realism of scene, and given to the world the portrayal of the personality of Christ with appropriate surroundings, in order to place Him vividly before the world, thus binding it to Him almost insensibly by the strongest and subtlest force, that of unconscious influence, that religious art can bring to bear upon the souls of men.

It has been the exaltation of divine inspiration that has brought the masters of religious painting into such close sympathy with their subject as to represent the Savior in the aspect of an exalted humanity.

Religious art without this inspiration touches the mood of exaltation, appeals to the soul's imagination of unknown glories, beyond finite comprehension, and fills us with a dread awe that lifts Christ so high above our mortal understanding that we forget that He, also, was of man, and, having, as man, felt the bitterness of human life and of death. He can, as God, the more fully sympathize with us.

The mistake of the modern painter is that he cares too little about the consistent combining of realistic details of tradition with the artist's enthusiasm, that he does not bring to his labor of love the broader experience not only that the older masters lacked, but the spiritual glow of religious fervor that made them dreamers among men, and gave to their work its symbolic quality, and that rendered the expression of the wondrous actualities of the Christian faith possible to them.

The purpose of religious art is to bring the divinity of Christ as an ever-living, ever-present force to the world, so that it may appeal to the consciousness of each individual soul.

Art should be religion to the modern painter as it was to the old masters. The spirit of the modern age leaves its imprint of the too-practical upon the hearts and lives of men; and, while it may broaden the intellect and widen the experience, and make artistic criticism more masterful, it takes from the artist-soul much of that intuitive knowledge and spiritual comprehension that is not born of contact with the world.

The paintings portraying the infancy and early childhood of the Savior do not appeal so forcefully to the spiritual emotions of mankind as those that illustrate the object of His divine mission upon earth.

It is not alone the incomprehensible idea of Divinity itself that moves the souls of men. It is the idea of Sacrifice. It is what Christian art has set before us embodying the doctrine of self-sacrifice, and typifying that religion that comes to us rich in its promises of a kingdom in which there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; and that brings with it the lessons of existent truth emphasizing the necessity of present affliction to be patiently endured; that teaches us that good is the final goal of ill, and that places before our comprehensive understanding the practical, illustrative interpretation of the doctrine of the Resurrection.

But the great mystery of the Divine Sacrifice is founded on the truths of a benevolent energy—that spiritualizing principle that underlies heroic existence and faith.

The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all," appeals in its true significance to him only who understands his own frame, that it is but dust, and who is aware of the frailty of his own heart—but who, at the same time recognizes the force of the responsibility laid upon him by that Divine Benevolence that has rendered the salvation of the children of men possible only through the energy of their spiritual power over self.

The true glory of this life and the unspeakable gift of the Life Eternal is not bought without a price. Christ died for us that whoever would might be saved.

Those paintings of the Agency in dark Gethsemane, and of the death on the Cross are immutable lessons to every one of us, and lessons by which each heart cannot help but be strengthened; that by that spiritualizing power over self through Him, we, though we fall an hundred times, yet may rise again, and ultimately prove the triumph of mind over matter and the soul over the flesh.

The truths that religious art also teach are that, for all human pain and loss and care and suffering, there is one thought to sustain the heavy heart, and that is the thought of the Resurrection.

It is this doctrine that lightens the gloom that falls about Calvary, and bathes the rude and awful Cross in the radiance of unspeakable glory.

It is this consolation that grants to weary eyes grown dim with their long vigils, to look beyond the darkness of the night and see the Light that breaks upon the Life to be.

The influence of all art should be uplifting. The generally-accepted significance of the word realism as applied to art and literature today seems, somehow, to be synonymous with uninspiration.

One accustomed to forming hasty, but unprejudiced opinions and conclusions, might understand the poet's, the artist's, the novelist's, the essayist's intention to be to portray the human nature of these latter times as in direct opposition to those laws whose dictates are the utterances of purity, of truthfulness, of sincerity, and of godliness.

Why should this be so? We turn to Nature and we find her the source of all that is true and beautiful.

We have but to touch to our lips, a-thirst for knowledge and wisdom, and inspiration, the chalice that she offers, to become forever afterward imbued with that intoxication that uplifts the mind from the dead level of materialism to the realms of spirit-alism.

This should be the lesson that all Art should teach—to look to Nature, not as man in his carnal moods interprets her—but as she is, a-kin to God her Creator—the source of all perfected beauty and goodness and wisdom and purity and truth—that from her instruction we might be satisfied, remembering that of the sin of our own hearts should be born compassion for the weakness of others, and that of charity come the first fruits of self-repentance; that out of the toil and turmoil, the sorrow and travail of this life shall come the balm of rest hereafter, and the benediction of the fullness of Peace.

(Marchioness of Esbury.)

(Author's Copyright.)

The Heavenly World.

WILL PHILLIPS.

How near we are to the heavenly world. Dwellers in valleys rarely see the mountain peaks which shoot their lofty spires into the azure heights. They but see the nearer ridges; and while they know there is beyond their range of vision peak upon peak, they rarely trouble themselves to set out upon the journey which would make them acquainted with the hoary giant under whose shadow they dwell.

It is not thus with humanity at large concerning the heavenly realm? So near to them, and yet so far from them. The glorious hues of crimson and purple and coral are to the workers in the valley unknown; the clear, pure air, away up above the miasmatic mists of earth, is a quantity unvalued; and these glories of the heavenly region, to be had for the climbing, go a begging; and men grumble at the misery of the world, its sorrows, its trials and never dream it worth their while to gain fresh courage, new inspiration, by taking an early morning climb to the heights of the "Heavenly World."

"The spirit world around this world of sense floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense A vital breath of more ethereal air."

Yet the bulk of mankind wanders along, helplessly lost in the dense undergrowth of life's ravines, not knowing, and often not caring to know, that there is a brighter, better world in which they may live if they will.

The inexperienced traveler often wastes valuable time by wandering in a circle, and the ring in which humanity hopelessly moves is of the dreariest and most miserable type. A mechanical struggle for bread, an unending war with poverty, a daily tramp with bent shoulders and eyes looking earthward, while all the time there are the magnificent heights up above where they all may in peace and prosperity live if they will it so.

And Spiritualists, what of them? Do they live in this real world of Heaven? Alas! while they talk so loudly of it and of their blest, it is to be regretted that when they do not make full use of their greater opportunities, and that that Heavenly World which should be so near to them is shut out. (Continued on page 15.)

signed in this arrangement, but when it is remembered that mental science and sugges-

tion as therapeutic agents have little or no reference to or dealings with Divinity, that as commonly practiced it is not even metaphysical healing, but the power of one will or mind over another, the objection will be withdrawn. In the higher forms of Healing they would come under the distinct head of metaphysical healing, but until they are so understood the arrangement which is here offered will not be unjust.

Christian Science as taught and practiced is theological (because Christian), while Divine Science Healing is method rather than dogma.

The history of Healing as thus indicated shows a marked growth and expansion from the use of matter and her forces without a recognition or realization of spirit or Divinity to the affirmation and consciousness that spirit is the source of health and healing and the fountain of life and happiness. And while this growth or expression waited upon such human experiences and awakenings as placed supreme value and authority upon the deductive or a priori method of the treatment of disease, the growth was permanent and radical. And it can be said in favor of Divine Healing that while it is last in the category it is first in its supreme power over disease.

The perception of this fact is slowly but steadily being made by the old and evolving and establishing the new.

J. C. F. Grumble.

The Old Men and Women Do Bless Him.

Thousands of people come or send every year to Dr. Byre for his Balm Oil to cure them of cancer or other malignant diseases. Out of this number, a great many very old people, whose ages range from seventy to one hundred years, on account of distance and infirmities of age, they send for home treatment. A free book is sent telling what they say of the treatment. Address Dr. W. O. Byre, Drawer 1111, Kansas City, Mo. (If not afflicted, cut this out and send to some suffering one.)

Anti-Compulsory Vaccination Society.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Thank you very much for your kindly notice of our society. There was one error, however, that I wish you would kindly rectify. The address of secretary is C. Asbury Simpson, Box 2063, Boston, Mass. (and not Roxbury). Our headquarters are 23 School St., Room 31, Boston, Mass., and we extend a cordial invitation to all your readers to join our society and assist in our endeavor to overthrow this law, which is a constant menace to the lives and health of every citizen, and of every child born in our commonwealth. We aim especially at the compulsory laws, because with the fangs extracted the serpent will be unable to do much harm.

Mr. Albert Pear, Assistant City Clerk of Cambridge, Mass., and one of our members, who was fined \$5.00 last July for refusing to submit to vaccination, and who appealed, has, during the past week been tried on his appeal before Superior Court and sentence of lower court was confirmed. This was expected and his counsel of defence was attempted, because we wish to carry the case on exceptions to the Supreme Court in order to test the constitutionality of the compulsory law. Exceptions have been filed and as soon as allowed they will be argued in Supreme Court. The importance of this case can scarcely be overstated, as we believe this will be the first case to test constitutionality of the law in this State. We intend to secure best legal talent procurable, and as this involves heavy expense, we hope all opponents of this iniquitous law will rally to our aid and assist to the best of their ability. There are several other cases pending, and the decision in this case will be far reaching in its effects.

Fraternally,

C. Asbury Simpson, Sec. and Treas.
23 School St., Room 31.

Serious Indigestion Cured by Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It relieves immediately, and then gradually restores the stomach to perfect health. A permanent cure and a most excellent Tonic.

Who am I?

"There is no great, no small,
To the soul that maketh all;
And when it cometh all things are,
And it cometh everywhere."

To the thoughtful man, he who is seeking to know himself, Theology, with its many creeds, articles of faith, and tenets, has not answered satisfactorily his query, "Who am I, what am I?" In the twentieth century, he asks for scientific evidence and not for religious theory. Have we in Spiritualism such proof for him? Yes, through our phenomena. But may we not lead him on until it will be no longer necessary for him to have signs, tokens, symbols, and tests of his soul's (himself) immortality?

Does he not realize that he has not reached the present stage of intellectual development at one bound, nor without the help of the "wise men of other ages"? That his progress, physically and mentally, depends somewhat upon that which he has garnered from the past—grains of truth sown in the soil of wisdom, which have brought forth the thinkers of the present, and which will enable us to unfold knowingly in the future?

The theology that has taught man that he is but a "crawling worm of the earth," and must die as such, is too repulsive to gain steadfast adherents; still those who seem forced into that belief receive no satisfaction from science—science, forsooth, which says that our inner conviction of the immortality of the soul is not such, but that we have wished it was so constantly, that we finally come to believe it as an inner monitor of divine origin.

Science has labored long and faithfully to reach the remarkable discovery that man is—then furnishes us a carefully prepared table of those elements of matter which compose man's body, failing, however, to enlighten us as to the component parts of his mind and his soul.

When the physical body is no longer tenable, it returns to the material elements from which it sprang. In the "wonderful economy of nature" and "the survival of the fittest," we know that not one particle of matter, however infinitesimal it may be, is ever lost—each goes to contribute its fractional part to the grand total. Physically man dies, as a man, yet there is no destruction of matter, merely a change of form, each atom passing forever from one stage of development and growth to another, neither losing nor gaining—transformed, but not annihilated. How wonderful and fascinating to the physiologist must be the study of physical man! And to the psychologist the mental man, his powers, his development must be greater study.

We are learning that mind is the superior power and that every act of body is dominated by mind, "as mind is omnipotent," says a mental scientist. "To it all things are

possible. Mind creates all thought, all feeling, all will."

When we say that physical man is the accumulation of elemental forces, and has been for all ages, and that the body will change in the future as the present has changed from the body of the past, in the makeup, we are taking a strict account of hereditary influences and prenatal environments in the evolution of the body per se; but it also refers to the mind's evolution, adapting itself to those external coexistences and sequences to which the body was not able to adjust itself, because they were internal coexistences and sequences. If the mind made demands upon the body with which the latter was unable to comply, the mind had to make concessions or the organism perished. Mental man is the result of the thought of ages—that is, the thoughts given the world by Zoroaster, Buddha, Confucius, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, the Nazarene, and other sages, philosophers, reformers and teachers of the past. We may have added nothing new to those thoughts, but we have put them into a shape better suited to our time and age; and perhaps there are many more today who understand the possibilities of the human mind, and are making better use of the thoughts that have come to us because of this effort.

Man cannot, mentally, remain in pagan darkness any more than does the earth stand still. His mental action is a movement over the horizon of the light, the light of growth and unfoldment. We are moving ever onward, upward on the path that was surveyed for us by those who have gone before, and we are paying the way for those who are coming after us.

I assert, mind cannot die nor be annihilated any more than can the physical body; the thoughts of man, attributes of his mind are sent forth, caught in the vibrations of cosmic ether reservoirs, as it were, there to remain until the active need of a mind calls them into motion again, or are preserved by man, in hieroglyphic, written or printed form; transcribed but not annihilated!

Mind is a spiritual attribute of physical man, without weight or form (?) ever active, unfolding, evolving, creative, not creature! While the psychologist studies man, mentally as a conscious and sub-conscious entity, and often states that man as an individual is dual; the occult student has become aware of the existence of an equal, nay, a more potent force, one that may and does master all mental and all physical forces!

To the adept, the student of the soul, must we go for the knowledge of this force, and when we once understand the language of this teacher of ancient science, we not only respect, but seek to gain more wisdom from him. Modern science endeavors to prove that man is but an animal. The psychologist, that he is an animal with an objective and subjective mind, somewhat removed from the "beats of the earth." The adept teaches that he is man physical, man mental, man spiritual, that he is a soul and may be a god!

Modern science gives him power to overcome all matter. "And in the beginning God created heaven and earth, and in the end, and gave man power and dominion over all." Mental science endows him with the ability to measure the distance of stars, to weigh worlds, to sound the depths of the ocean.

Ancient science proves that he may use his physical (earth) power and force, that he has power to control not only himself, but may sway the destiny of worlds. The adept teaches that we have always existed, that we always will exist, "that which is without beginning can have no ending!" That man is a divine ray of light, diverging from the great sun centre, and with never cease to exist! One earthly existence is nothing more than one of the many incidents necessary to eternal life.

"Who is this eternal man?" say you. "The I, the soul, the ego, the divine one! The third complement of the trinity of man—for man is triune, he is a soul, a body, and a father (deity). God the Son (mind), God the Holy Spirit (soul)." The Great Principle causes all power, with its subsequent manifestations of consciousness, intelligence, love and wisdom, to come into existence, that is, into a conscious existence upon a physical plane, so that to our material selves is all matter tangible.

The adept teaches not only the cognition of the Great Principle, but that soul, one individual soul, is a fractional part of this Great Principle (God), and by recognition of self, do we become conscious of the God in all creation. Then will greater spiritual light pour in upon us, illuminating our pathway until we are no longer creatures, but have become creators. "Time incessantly hasteneth on—he seeks for perfection. If thou art true, thou canst cast fetters eternal on him."

Loie F. Prior.

For Over Sixty Years

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

Save the Body.

Waverley Home, Sunday, Nov. 16. The recent wanton murder of a beautiful young woman (Miss Clara Morton), in this quiet and peaceful village, has thrown a gloom upon the community, and has led to a state of alarm. The women are in a state of terror and will not venture out of their homes after the shades of night come on without an escort. Every precaution has been adopted to prevent a recurrence of a foul deed like this, and every device and plan that is in the mind of the police has been put in force to discover the miscreant who perpetrated the foul deed; but a sweet and beautiful life has been blotted out of earthly existence and the community stands aghast at the cruel act, committed solely and purely on account of cupidity. The perpetrator is an American, born and raised in the environs of what is sometimes called "the Modern Athens of America," noted for its culture in the arts, sciences and learning, also for its commercial enterprises and zeal in promulgating the truths of the Gospel in heathen countries by the aid of run, toll and missionaries.

Now that the heathen and savages of America, Africa and the Islands of the Sea have been converted to the refining influences of modern civilization, chiefly brought about by gospel bullets, fired from the muzzles of the modern rifle, by one way or another, the modern, the elders, the gentlemen, who have assumed the direction of God's will in foreign lands, for many, many years, are to give their attention to the conversion of the savage, the moral pervert, and the inhuman "sluicer" in his own land. The missionaries and the missionaries have expended an immense amount of time, money, energy and patience to inform us of God's will, and of God's ways in spiritual things. Now they are going to give some attention to mundane things; they begin to see that the body and its environment is an important factor in determining man's spiritual progress; that makes for righteousness; they are beginning to understand that a squalid, half-starved, ill-conditioned body is a formidable deterrent for the spiritual progression of his soul; they are beginning to understand that for the soul to attain that degree of beatitude, no love, no wisdom, no grace, the body also must be saved from hunger, squalor and vice.

Save the body, is to be the grand humanitarian work. The soul will then assert itself; the World will then be made upon the earth; we will be in heaven, and all mankind will rejoice that they are in deed and in truth sons and daughters of our heavenly Father, the giver of all life and of all good. J. H. Lewis.

Briefs.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union met in Dwight Hall, Nov. 19. Whist party in the afternoon from three to five o'clock; business meeting at 6 p. m.; supper served at 6.30. The evening exercises consisted of an address by the Lyceum scholars. The following took part: May Burdett, song; Rebecca Gault, dance; Florence Butler Meredith, reading; Mollie Stovin, song; Lottie Weston, reading; Myrtle Brown, song; Lona Stillings, reading; Blanche Colard, song; the Misses Backman, readings; Evelyn Francis, song; Edna Britton, Florence Tibbitts, Jennie Taplin, and Fern Foster, readings; Esther Botts, songs and dance; Mollie Stovin and Blanche Colard, cake walk. The hall was taxed to its utmost seating capacity and the standing room was also occupied. Our annual fair takes place Dec. 15, 16, 17 and 18. Contributions of articles, useful and fancy, acceptable. Laura F. Sloan, Recording Sec.

Spiritual Science Home Mission, Providence Hall, Lynn. A very large audience gathered for the afternoon circle and listened with great interest to beautiful invocations given by Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, of Providence, R. I. A large number of very accurate tests were given, all gladly recognized. A fine musical program preceded the evening service. Mrs. Merrill sang "Home in the Morning Land." Mrs. Whitlock read "Seven Powers." Mrs. Merrill sang by request "Only a Thin Veil." Mrs. Whitlock spoke briefly and interestingly on "Facts in Spiritualism." Many excellent readings were given. Next Sunday Mrs. Webster will be the speaker. Circles every Tuesday. Mrs. E. B. Newell, Sec.

Fitchburg, Mass. The First Spiritualists' Society had a large attendance Sunday, Nov. 16. The subject of the speaker, Charles E. Dane, of Lowell, "Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself," was ably presented, and followed by many tests and spirit messages fully recognized. This was Mr. Dane's first engagement with us, and we hope to secure his services again in the near future. Dr. C. L. Fox, President.

Mrs. A. J. Pettengill, of Malden, delivered a very pleasing address which was followed by psychometric readings, before the First Spiritualists' Ladies' Aid, of Stoughton, on the evening of Nov. 13. The next regular meeting will be held Dec. 11, when we shall have with us Mrs. May S. Pepper. Mrs. J. L. Draper, Sec.

Dr. Noyes writes from Lawrence, Mass. Sunday, Nov. 9. Mrs. Noyes and self assisted the regular speakers of the Methuen Spiritualist Society, W. H. A. Simmons, of Haverhill, and Mrs. E. M. Smith, of So. Lawrence, Medium. Mrs. Smith is a fine medium, the Methuen Society is a large society, and they talk of building a temple. Mrs. Noyes and self assisted the speakers of the platform of the German Spiritualist Society, of Lawrence. The society has a temple of its own, and the attendance is large. English and German talent is employed. Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. Kates, N. S. A. missionaries, worked in the temple while the temple was being dedicated. The Editor of the Lightstrahlen, of West Point, N. H., after Dec. 1, our address will be Lowell, Mass., Gen. Del.

Malden, Progressive Spiritualist Society, Marcus Hall, Browne Building. Meeting Sunday, Nov. 24, Mrs. A. Noyes, of Boston, presided. The attendance was large. The Astrology which is given in connection with spirit messages was very pleasing. Sunday, Nov. 9, Mrs. M. A. Bonney, of Boston, occupied the platform, and gave many spirit messages to the large audience present. Mrs. A. Noyes, of Boston, presided, and gave an interesting address. Sunday Nov. 16, Lyceum night, Mrs. W. S. Butler, of Boston, with several of the children of the Boston Children's Spiritualist Lyceum occupied the platform with Mrs. Judge Pettengill, Mr. J. S. Scarlett, Mr. Harold Leslie, and Doctor Wm. H. Pies. The speakers of the evening were Mrs. E. A. Lincoln, Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. E. M. Shirley, Mrs. Chapin, Albert P. Blinn and Mrs. Alice S. Waterhouse. Mr. Allen read an article replete with spiritual thought, and Mrs. Chandler and Mrs. Hattie C. Mason gave some excellent tests, all of them being recognized. Annie E. Barnes, Acting Treas.

Commercial Hall, 624 Washington St., Mrs. M. Adelaide Wilkinson, conductor. Sunday, Nov. 16, a very interesting meeting and a special loving circle, at 6 o'clock. Those taking part in the evening were Mrs. Nettie Morrow, Mrs. Whittemore, Mrs. Horton, Mrs. Peak Johnson, Mrs. Hugo, Mrs. Strong, Miss Ida Wells, Miss Jennie Rhind, Miss Anna Strong, Dr. Brown, Dr. Blackden, Mr. Thompson, Missie, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Lillian, Mrs. Lillian, Mrs. Lillian, Mrs. Lillian. Mrs. Wilkinson will celebrate the eleventh year of her public work Sunday, Dec. 7, afternoon: Music, speeches and a collation; evening: The colored jubilee singers and Prof. Walker's beautiful art pictures. Her old friends and workers are all welcome to come and take part. Lenore.

The Boston Spiritualist Lyceum met Nov. 16, at 2 p. m., in Paine Memorial Hall. After opening song and responsive reading the question of the day, "Which is There Most of in the World Today, Good or Evil?" was ably answered by Ansel Harnes, Gen. Allen, W. C. Hatch, Mr. F. Allen, Mr. Packard, E. W. Hatch, Mrs. Pratt, Mr. Clarke, and Mr. Danforth. Mr. Danforth also read in connection with his remarks the topic of the day bearing upon the lesson. Literary program: Recitation, Nellie Bonney; violin solo, L. C. Hatch; remarks, Mrs. F. Allen; song, Mr. F. Taylor. Exercises closed with Banner March. Our Lyceum is trying to do a good work along educational lines. Come and help us; it will do you no harm and will help the children. E. B. Packard, Clerk.

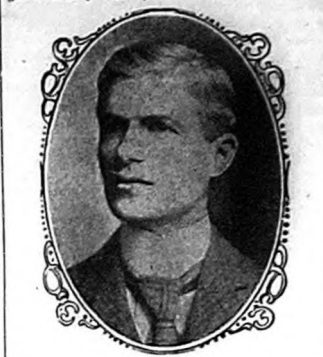
The Spiritualistic Industrial Society met Nov. 20, Mrs. Whitlock in the chair; singing, Anna; Mrs. Peak Johnson, remarks and tests; Mr. Hill, recitation; tests, Mr. Coen; Mr. Smith, tests and remarks; Mrs. Shirley, reading; Mr. Shaw, address; next Thursday, Thanksgiving, one monthly dance; expect a very enjoyable time. We are doing quite a good deal of charitable work. Mrs. E. M. Shirley, sec. pro tem.

The regular meeting of the Children's Pro-

KIDNEY TROUBLE, LAME BACK AND RHEUMATISM CURED BY SWAMP-ROOT.

To Prove what the Great Kidney Remedy, Swamp-Root, will do for YOU, Every Reader of the Banner of Light May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

Among the many famous cures of Swamp-Root, investigated by the Banner of Light, the one we publish this week for the benefit of our readers, speaks in the highest terms of the wonderful curative properties of this great kidney remedy.



T. F. McHUGH.

Tacoma, Wash., Nov. 27, 1901. DR. KILMER & CO., Binghamton, N. Y. GENTLEMEN—It gives me great pleasure to add my testimonial to that of hundreds of others regarding the wonderful curative properties of Swamp-Root. I have lame back three years ago before leaving North Dakota for the coast. Soon after my arrival in

EDITORIAL NOTE—Swamp-Root has been tested in so many ways, and has proven so successful in every case, that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of the Banner of Light who have not already tried it may have a sample bottle sent absolutely free by mail. Also a book telling all about Swamp-Root, and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who owe their good health, in some cases in the greatest and most successful remedy for kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at all drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

graduated Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston, met in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St., Sunday, Nov. 16, at 11 o'clock, with the largest attendance of the season. Dr. Hale gave a talk on the subject of the Dove to the children. After the march the following took part in the entertainment: Readings, Mabel Weaver, Elsworth Embury, piano solo, Eva Lee, Rebecca Gault, Florence Tibbitts; song, Edna Butler, Blanche Colard. Mr. Elmer Packard made some very interesting remarks and read a poem. Mrs. Knowles was with us and let her control come and talk to the children. Mrs. Miner also spoke to the children and read a beautiful poem. Mrs. Butler spoke briefly and thanked Mr. Hayward for the beautiful flowers he brought. Mr. Leslie spoke of the singing class Saturday afternoon and invited all to join. We had 46 last Saturday afternoon. They are preparing for Christmas. All strangers and mediums are cordially invited to join the Lyceum. Mrs. A. E. Stillings, Sec.

Remember our fair Dec. 15, 16, 17, 18 in Paine Hall.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston, met Sunday at 11 o'clock in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St. Mrs. M. J. Butler, President; Mrs. M. E. Stillings, Sec.

Lake Helen Campmeeting.

George Colby is in Jacksonville for a short time before coming to camp. J. D. White and wife of New York are settled in their cottage. Mrs. Eliza Philbrook has returned from her visit to Massachusetts much improved in health. Mrs. Hardenberg has returned to Daytona for a few weeks. Mrs. J. E. Vogt of Newark, N. J., has taken a room in the apartment house. Mrs. Hatch and wife are living in their cottage outside the grounds. Mrs. Van Lier is in her old room in the apartment house. Mr. Bartholomew has brought a young man with him to assist in building his cottage. Mrs. Bartholomew will locate in Webster Hotel. J. M. Harkins of Lynn, Mass., will sail for Florida, Nov. 21, and expects to visit Lake Helen. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Carrique of Rhode Island will sail Dec. 5, and on arrival will occupy the former Clark Cottage. J. D. Palmer and wife have left Waukegan, Ohio, for Lake Helen.

The camp is filling up. New faces appear every week, and many old campers are gathering at this healthy resort. Everyone is cordially welcome. Lake Helen is an ideal winter home—such balmy air, such genial climate, such good water and such evening sojourns, brightened by the cheering knowledge of immortal life and spirit communion.

My third excursion by water will leave New York City Dec. 5, and my fourth one will leave same place Dec. 12.

Write me for particulars (enclosing 4 cents)

PHILOSOPHY OF CREATION, Unfolding the Laws of the Progressive Development of Nature, in embracing the Philosophy of Man, Spirit, and the Spirit World. By Thomas Paine, through the hand of H. G. WOOD medium. Paper, 15 cents. Cloth, 25 cents.

THE SIXTH SENSE, or Electricity. A story for the masses. By MARK E. BULL. This is a fine and pleasing story so interestingly told that each individual character of its dramatic personae is quickly grasped by the reader as a living reality. It is a story of the future, and it is a story of the present. It is a story of the soul, and it is a story of the body. It is a story of the mind, and it is a story of the heart. It is a story of the spirit, and it is a story of the flesh. It is a story of the immortal, and it is a story of the mortal. It is a story of the eternal, and it is a story of the temporal. It is a story of the divine, and it is a story of the human. It is a story of the infinite, and it is a story of the finite. It is a story of the absolute, and it is a story of the relative. It is a story of the perfect, and it is a story of the imperfect. It is a story of the good, and it is a story of the evil. It is a story of the light, and it is a story of the darkness. 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Banner of Light.

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Marion D. Barrett, Editor-in-Chief.
Marguerite C. Barrett, Assistant Editor.

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Editorial Briefs.

IN RE NELLIE CORCORAN.

A Boston friend has suggested what will appeal to very many persons as a most rational solution of the problem of Nellie Corcoran's mysterious transition. It will be remembered that the most learned men of medicine in New York City failed to find any cause or probable cause for her demise. She was perfectly well at the time she entered the trance sleep from which no medical skill could rouse her. She slept twenty-one days, then bade farewell to her body, and entered upon a new stage of existence in the higher life. But what a mysterious change was wrought in her physical form in those twenty-one days of mysterious slumber! From a blooming maiden of twenty years, she had become a venerable woman of sixty-five, with gray hair, wrinkled face and shriveled form. No wonder the medical men were baffled when they found that her every physical organ was in a state of perfect health. Our Boston friend suggests the following: Nellie Corcoran was known to be highly mediumistic, and very susceptible to the trance condition. She was thrown into the trance state by the positive spirit of an elderly woman, who had been called away from earth through the disease that is popularly known as "sleeping lethargy." The controlling spirit threw this same condition upon her unconscious medium, and succeeded in taking complete possession of the girl's physical form, then expelled the rightful inhabitant in toto, and thus prepared the way for the final tragedy. While in this deep trance, the metamorphosis from youth to age was accomplished by the control, thus accounting for a phenomenon that is otherwise inexplicable. Our friend's theory certainly seems rational from a spiritual point of view, and he will find many who will agree with him. In the opinion of many persons, there is a feeling that the doctors who performed the autopsy were the real cause of Miss Corcoran's exit from earth. There is little or no real evidence that her spirit had departed prior to the application of the surgeon's knife to her form.

STIGMA OF HIS "DISGRACE."

The stigma of this "disgrace," expressed in surferous figures, has a still more disquieting aspect when thrown into that statistical shape which Mr. Carnegie affects. If he were to receive in single dollars the income with which his adopted country is rewarding his exuberant loyalty, he would have to spend eight hours a day taking them in as fast as his fellow citizens, "born free and equal,"

could pass through a turnstile. Every breath he draws, sleeping or waking, represents one day's work of a farm laborer. His "disgrace" pours in upon him at the rate of over 50 cents a second, \$24 a minute, \$2,000 an hour, \$48,000 a day, \$226,000 a week, and a million and a half a month. Barely has the world seen such "disgrace" heaped on "disgrace." If he had to carry it to the bank himself he would be unable to do anything else, for it would weigh over four tons a day. If he received it in gold it would amount to more than his own weight. If in dollar bills he could plaster an acre lot with them, and in the course of a year they would make a continuous trip from New York, across New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Nebraska to Denver, in Colorado; or from London through southern England, across the channel, through France, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, to Turkey through Serbia, Roumania, and some other kingdoms of the same sort through Asia Minor and beyond the Euphrates to where Adam and Eve pre-empted the first government land. If his total wealth were thus spread out to the admiring gaze of his fellows, it would almost gild the earth—a wondrous spectacle of one man's "disgrace." Let us not contemplate it further.—Exchange.

We quote the above for the purpose of showing the Spiritualists of the United States in particular that Spiritualism has a work to do. Instead of blindly worshipping at the feet of one Dives or Croesus, or a dozen of them, it is their duty to spiritualize the wealth of the land by acquainting its possessors with the truths of the world of souls. When wealth is used for the purpose of leading man to his soul instead of away from it, there will no longer be any danger of anyone being "disgraced" by extraordinary riches. While Mr. Carnegie has been seemingly generous with his money, he has continued to be a staunch advocate of the system that enabled him to accumulate the millions above described. He has given with one hand, yet has not hesitated to seize with the other the bounties Nature provided for her children and claim for his own. Abolish the system and no one will be disgraced.

BOSTON'S GHOST.

According to the secular press of Boston, a ghost has made its appearance at stated periods during the past month, greatly to the surprise and annoyance, not to say terror, of the parties who claim to have seen it. A certain conductor and motorman claim to have witnessed some very strange things at about 11.20 p. m. at a certain point on their final run. The bell has been rung with great violence, stones thrown at the car, and a most uneasy figure clearly outlined clinging to the trolley. Of course, these appearances were most numerous just before and just after the recent State election. This may account for the peculiar condition of the eyes and ears of the men in charge of the car. It is more probable, however, that these nameless parties are figments of the fertile brain of some would-be-smart reporter, who had been instructed to get up some new sensation in order to sell his paper. Ghosts, haunted houses, apparitions, etc., are usually explainable from very material hypotheses, and are seldom traced to the realm of the supernatural. The itching desire for notoriety on the part of many people becomes almost a mania with them, and they do not scruple to resort to any methods to gain their ends. Spiritualism deals with the facts of psychism, and has nothing in common with pseudo ghosts, haunted houses, or any of their companions. Sensationalism has the exclusive right to exploit itself in those fields, and no reputable Spiritualist cares to dispute its claims, or to enter into conflict with it.

WEALTH.

According to the New York Sun, Rev. M. J. Savage thinks that the average rich man, despite his seeming generosity, has only given a few crumbs in comparison with what he is able to do, and might do were he so inclined. Mr. Savage argues that the poor people of the land give far more to charity and to the support of religious work, than do the wealthier classes. No one who has given this subject any thought will dispute these words of New York's most popular preacher. Among Spiritualists, the charge is certainly true, as everyone must confess who has had anything to do with the average local society. Men and women of wealth are to be found among the Spiritualists to the same extent as they are found in other denominations. It is not true that the Spiritualists are all poor. Some of them are, but others are not, yet the former are the ones who sacrifice most to keep Spiritualism before the world. If all Spiritualists would contribute to the support of the Cause in proportion to their means, Spiritualism would soon take its proper place as the foremost religious movement of the world. Let Spiritualists endeavor to prove Spiritualism to be a religion, and the only religion for humanity, and the problem of wealth is almost solved. When wealth is spiritualized to humanitarian ends, men and women will gladly give more than a few crumbs out of their store for those in need. It is the right use of wealth that should be considered by all Spiritualists—not its accumulation. But the only true and lasting wealth is that of character, and the world has too little of it to have any of it thrown away. Material wealth can be used in the noble work of developing character, and it is one of the duties of Spiritualism to labor to that end.

BELIEF IN GOD

Some Spiritualists are greatly disturbed in mind over the fact that many speakers and writers in the field of Spiritualism see fit to use the word "God" and to declare their belief in Infinite Intelligence. Even Minot J. Savage is receiving caustic criticism for his frequent references to what he terms God. But all of these advocates of higher Theism can afford to receive these criticisms with a smile of gentle pity. Those who make them thereby confess their absolute ignorance of the great fact of life. If man exists, if he thinks, wills and acts, then there must be a cause for the phenomena of his personality.

That cause, in the last analysis, is proved to be intelligent life. All phenomena are reducible to the unit of being, and that unit is Infinite in potency. No one believes in an anthropomorphic deity, save the misinformed, and perversely ignorant. To the intelligent man, there is not alone an Overruling Power, but also an Inner Ruling Principle manifest in the universe. All sentient beings spring from this source. If life is non-existent, then men can declare with the certainty of truth, that there is no God, no Infinite Intelligence, no First Cause. But life is, and its only finite explanation lies in the fact of a larger form of life behind it. It matters little whether this Principle is called God, Force, Life, Power, Principles of Nature, Natural Law, or what not. The fact remains—the power is there, and Theism in the all-inclusive sense of spiritual pantheism, merely affirms what is. NIL SINE NUMINE.

ANTI VACCINATION.

Several articles appear in our columns this week on this important subject. The space thus used is gladly given, because of the transcendental importance of the issues involved. The advocates of compulsory vaccination in many sections of the land are now making a house to house canvass for victims upon whose persons they perpetrate the infamous and horrible raps of filthy poisoning. Physical weakness, nervous exhaustion, lack of vitality, count for nothing with these human vampires in the forms of doctors, who are thus fattening upon the miseries of their fellowmen. The Anti-Vaccination Society has been formed at a most opportune time. Men, women and children are now in danger of their lives, and there is no protection for them until the Supreme Court of the United States declares the present iniquitous compulsory vaccination laws unconstitutional. The Society purposes taking a test case to the Supreme Court at the earliest possible moment. It has found a good case in Mr. Pear, to whom reference is made in a letter from Secretary Simpson of the Society. It will take money to win this just cause for humanity, and it is to be hoped that every opponent of compulsory vaccination will at once become a member of the Society. Let one hundred thousand persons unite in this reform and victory is assured. Now is the time to act! The bodies of human beings are no longer their own. Rape, wrong, outrages unspeakable are being inflicted upon them in the name of the law through filthy matter. It must be stopped in the name of justice, decency and humanity. Let those receive vaccination who desire it, but let those who believe in health, in vigorous mental action, and cleanliness of person work together until liberty is once more theirs. Join this Anti-Vaccination Society at once. Give the doctors to understand that every human being's person is sacred, and must not suffer violence in any way. Say "hands off" in tones that will be heard throughout the land, and if necessary, give these doctors pick axes and shovels and set them to digging ditches, or cleaning swamps, or digging cess-pools, or some other respectable work.

TRANSITION.

T. S. Niles, a Spiritualist of many years' standing, husband of that well-known medium, Mrs. L. A. Coffin-Niles, passed to spirit life from his home in Middleboro a few weeks since, "in the youth of old age." He was a free hearted man, always ready to divide his substance with those more needy than himself, and ever ready to lend a helping hand to those who were in danger on land or sea. During his sojourn on earth, he succeeded in saving fifteen precious lives from the perils of the sea. He felt from his very earliest boyhood that his was a mission to save life. Nobly did he fulfill his destiny. He lived up to his ideal and has left the best of legacies to his mourning friends—an untarnished name, and a long record of good deeds. No obituary notice reached this office at the time of his departure from earth, hence the delay in our reference to our arisen brother. We greet him in spirit and extend our sincere sympathy to his bereaved ones on earth.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA

Is reported to be suffering from a serious nervous disorder, and the statement has also been made that he has employed a Spiritualist doctor, who is also a mesmerist. The secular press announces in large headlines, that the Czar is a Spiritualist. It would be very strange indeed if he were not either an avowed Spiritualist, or a deeply interested student of its teachings, in view of the fact that both his father and grandfather openly acknowledged that Spiritualism to them was a truth. It is to be hoped that Dr. Phillips will be successful in restoring both the Czar and Czarina to health. Nicholas is the one European monarch who dared to take steps toward the disarmament of the nations of earth, with the hope of establishing peace and good will among men. This is the position of every true Spiritualist, and the Czar proved himself in full sympathy with his Spiritualistic brethren on this point. It will be remembered that his universal peace project received little or no support from England and the United States.

MYSTERIOUS FIRES

A family in Tennessee is reported to be greatly terrified over certain mysterious fires that have recently broken out in the house in which its members resided. Within a period of forty-eight hours, fourteen different fires made their appearance, all of them having so it is alleged, no visible cause. So thoroughly terrified were the members of the family that they removed from the house to other quarters less uncanny in nature. The citizens of the township became interested, and many of them verified the genuineness of the reported phenomena. The secular press is somewhat inclined to wax facetious over the matter, and to sarcastically aver that the cause of the fires was supernatural. It is far more probable that the story is a newspaper hoax, or if it has any basis in fact, is due to the focussing of the sun's rays upon a stray piece of glass upon the roof. One fire caused in this way would become fourteen by the time

the story found its way into print. Spirits have something better to do than to commit the crime of arson for the sake of depriving honest people of their home.

MIND CURE.

Mr. Justice Peckham, of the United States Supreme Court, has recently handed down an opinion given by seven of the nine members of that august body, in regard to the "Mind Cure" in the treatment of disease. The School of Magnetic Healing in Nevada, Mo., was refused its mail by the postmaster of that city under a supposed ruling of the Postmaster General in Washington. The school asked for an injunction against the order, which was denied in all of the lower courts to which the question was taken. The highest judicial tribunal in the world now steps in and overrules all of the lower courts, grants the injunction and orders the case to trial by jury for settlement. The school will now receive its mail until a jury decides whether its business is conducted in violation of the statutes of the United States. If the decision is adverse to the school, it is highly probable that the case may once more be heard by the Supreme Court on a question of law. In the present instance, Justice Peckham expressly declared that it was not the intention of the Court to pass upon the constitutional objections raised by the bill of complaint. This ruling leaves those points yet to be settled. The present ruling deals only with the Nevada School and its mail privileges, hence settles none of the vital issues involved in the matter of mental cures, or those wrought by magnetic healing.

THOSE QUESTIONS

are yet to be determined. The chief interest in the decision of the Court lies in the references of Justice Peckham to mental and magnetic healing. He says the question involved is merely a matter of opinion, and declares that it is impossible to fix an absolute standard of truth by which to prove the assertion (i. e., magnetic healing) to be false or a fraud. He further states that no one can fix the limit, and say beyond it lies only fraud or pretense. One paragraph of this opinion of the Court is quite in point: "Suppose a person should assert that by the use of electricity alone he could treat diseases as efficaciously as the same heretofore have been by regular physicians. Would the Postmaster General, upon evidence satisfactory to him, be qualified to adjudge such claim without foundation, and then pronounce the person so claiming to be guilty of procuring by false or fraudulent pretences the moneys of people, sent through the mails, and then prohibit the delivery of any letters to him?" The following is also of interest: "Many people do not believe in vaccination or in homoeopathy. On account of these beliefs, shall vaccination be prohibited, and homoeopathic physicians proceeded against by the Postmaster General?" The opinion concludes by saying that the Postmaster General is not dealing with the question of mere opinion, but only with cases of fraud in fact, in regard to which, opinion forms no basis.

THERE IS

some comfort in the decision of the seven Justices to which the foregoing paragraphs refer, for the Spiritualists and other believers in the irregular schools of medical practice. One significant fact in connection with this ruling is this: Justices White and McKenna, who dissented from the majority decision, are both ardent Roman Catholics. In view of the fact that the Roman priesthood claims to be able to heal the sick by laying on of hands, and to work miracles in the mental realm by the exercise of will, the attitude of these Judges is, to say the least, peculiar. What these jurists will say when the question of faith with regard to cures by means of suggestion or magnetic application, is to be decided, will be awaited with no little interest by thousands of people. We do not see the great victory claimed by the advocates of suggestion in this judicial decision. It is an index of what may be the result when the question of healing is passed upon, or the constitutionality of the laws involved is to be determined. A few points have been gained by the ruling of the Court. Justice Peckham stated the case impartially, so far as he could go in the premises, and the decision was certainly just so far as it applied to the school in Missouri whose rights had been invaded. But the great question of medical freedom is yet to be decided. Work to that end never was so necessary as it is at the present time. We believe all prospective medical enactments to be unconstitutional, and feel that they will be held to be such by the Supreme Court of the United States, when that tribunal is asked to pass directly upon them. Lovers of liberty and of justice should leave no stone unturned to take a test case to that Court at the earliest opportunity.

TREASURER MAYER'S PROPOSITION.

A number of letters of inquiry and several personal questions have been received with regard to the meaning of Treasurer Mayer's recent offer to the Spiritualists of America. In brief, this: Mr. Mayer proposes to deed in fee simple, without one dollar of compensation, to the Spiritualists of America, a magnificent property in Washington, D. C., whose minimum valuation is \$15,000, provided his brethren will unitedly contribute that sum in cash, and place it in the treasury of the N. S. A. to be used for the Cause of Spiritualism. Mr. Mayer receives nothing for the property; it is to be a free gift to his brethren out of his love for the religion of Spiritualism, but he asks them as a body to do as much as he does alone. In any other denomination such an offer would have been met in full within ten days of the time it was made public. It should have been the same with the Spiritualists of America. Ten dollars each from fifteen hundred people, or one dollar each from three thousand people, would yield the required sum. There should have been no delay in this case, and we wonder greatly that even one person hesitated to send in a generous sum to offset Mr. Mayer's noble gift. It is a burning shame to Spiritualism and a disgrace to Spiritualists that the matter has dragged even for one la-

stant. In times of plenty, preparations should be made to guard against famine, and this remark should apply to this case.

"WHAT IS THE MONEY FOR?"

This question brings a smile to the face of every devoted Spiritualist. The money will not be squandered for it cannot be. It will go into the treasury, and there funded or placed at interest for humanitarian work. One of the uses to which the income of that fund will be put is this: The caring for or the pensioning of the sick and needy Spiritualists in America. "But there are so many calls for donations for different objects, that I do not know what is the most pressing or worthy," is the objection made by many. It is true that the calls for help are numerous. Our schools, our homes for worthy mediums, our pension funds, our missionary work, etc., all need aid. AND AID THEY WILL RECEIVE IF THE TREASURY OF THE N. S. A. IS KEPT FILLED TO THE HIGH WATER MARK! From a plenteous treasury, the N. S. A. can make donations to all of these worthy objects, and we believe it will never hesitate to do so, when evidence to warrant such action is at hand. If we were to give an opinion as to the first duty of the Spiritualists of America at the present time, we should unhesitatingly declare that it is to fill the Meyer Fund without one day's delay. It means homes for mediums, pensions for the sick, and aid for our school, as soon as it is done. We believe the time to act is now, hence have placed the foregoing facts before our readers. One party has informed us that she will be one of six hundred persons to make up the entire fifteen thousand dollars. This is a pledge of twenty-five dollars only, and should be an inspiration to others to aid in the work to the same extent. We hope these words will induce not only six hundred, but six thousand persons, to give the same sum. The results from that number of donations cannot now be estimated. It would mean the salvation of Spiritualism.

Petrified Grudges.

SUSIE C. CLARK.

What prolific cause for needless suffering mortals create for themselves by harboring slights, unkind remarks and petty gossip, which habit indicates more than many other foibles, the immaturity of human growth. A certain person has made a most uncharitable criticism on us, or our work. It is undeniably true, because such and such a one heard the unguarded comment, and repeated it to our dearest friend; there can be no mistake. And it was, without question, a grave error, an unpardonable injustice on the part of said speaker. But is that any reason why we should prove ourselves as living so on the level of such error as to be permanently affected by that error? Shall we brood over it, frequently recall it and rehearse it, until our whole nature is poisoned thereby, thus becoming a worse foe to ourselves than was the original malefactor? Perhaps he has already grown beyond the position where such criticism would be possible, and we are doing our best by our thoughts, to hold him in that former imperfect condition, to petrify his uncharitableness into perpetuity.

As the law of progress universally obtains, the soul of every man must move steadily on. It is not safe to judge any one from his demonstration of a year ago, now possibly outgrown; and if he left that position no longer ago than yesterday, we should be on the outlook to joyfully welcome his advance, and see to it that it does not outstrip our own. The more grievously he has wronged us, the greater our triumph in complete forgiveness, in utter obliteration of his fault. And what happiness would thus be reflected on our own spirits, what true growth we should thus gain!

And who are we to become self-constituted judges and censors of our neighbors? Have our lips uttered no guile, has our tongue never moved in criticism of another, have we always noted the best and only the best in every human brother or sister, keeping utter silence upon the subject of their faults? Have we no glass houses to become demolished if we invite stone throwing? One should be wholly without sin before he presumes to harbor bitter resentment for last year's faults, before he crystallizes old grudges into a diabolical immortality. O, for an increase of that charity which suffers long and still is invariably kind, that charity which thinketh no evil, refuses to remember evil, however flagrant! Alas for the rarity under the sun!

The slates of mortal remembrance should be washed spotlessly clean every morning, to receive a new inscription that shall obliterate every trace of the old. The gallery of memory should hold only treasures of beauty, none of bitterness. We are all in the kindergarten of growth, we ascend the ladder of human progress slowly, round by round. Some natures overcome certain faults at an earlier stage of unfoldment than do others, who perhaps excel in another direction. It would be amusing if it were not so pitiful, that imperfect human beings rise up to fiercely blame each other, and call one another hard names over their mutual imperfections, since all are traveling the same road. And if there were no other incentive, the mere pleasure one gains from the victory of overlooking injuries, or overcoming resentment, is one too pure and soul gratifying to miss.

The habit of gossiping over mortal frailties is of the vilest order, and one that grows under cultivation, or indulgence, with direful rapidity. The deadliest bullets are not fired in open warfare. It is the ambushed foe, like the coiled viper, who is most cruel and deadly. Christian civilization has not yet outgrown some of the methods of savagery. After 1500 years, the reign of "peace and good will among men" is not yet supreme. The season of good resolutions approaches. Let the first on our list be a determination to maintain at any cost, the utmost purity of speech, the kindest charity of judgment, a whole-souled surrender of every judge, and a complete forgetfulness of our neighbor's faults.

Message Department.

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

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides, or that of the individual spirits, 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 Staff.

These circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seance held October 27, 1902, S. E. 25.

Incarnations.

Laying aside every prejudice, stepping out freely into the light of truth, with hearts open for whatever may be poured into them from the great life of the spirit, we come this morning. The great weight of sorrow and suffering of the world sits heavily upon us, and we would that through this knowledge of the manifestation of truth, we might pierce the darkness and lift the gloom. The doubt that has so long encumbered the life of man, may it be removed and may a full and complete understanding that God is good, come into the life of every human soul. Sometimes we are impatient for growth, sometimes it seems as if we must force the understanding, but today we would leave it all to the power that is, to the influence which understands, to those who are leading us and will lead us out into the broad fields of peace. May the dear loving spirits who try to express something of their life, who are anxiously waiting to give the test and proof of their existence, may they come with clearer message, with plainer tone than ever before, and may the tears be wiped away from the eyes of their mourning friends and may the sorrow be swept out of the hearts of their suffering ones who are left. Bring comfort, oh messengers of the spirit, unto all hearts that ache. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Nellie Franklin, Butte, Mont.

Standing before me this morning is the spirit of a young lady. She is apparently between eighteen and nineteen years of age, is very fair with blue eyes and soft brown hair which is combed very prettily and which she looks like an old fashioned picture. It is parted and then waved and taken back with heavy braids at the back of the head. She seems very particular about every detail of her dress. She likes beautiful things and yet they are not at all showy or gaudy. She says to me: "Thank you for giving me such a pretty compliment. My name is Nellie Franklin; I am from Butte, Mont. My father lives there now; his name is Henry. He thinks I am dead and that he will never know anything about me until he comes over into heaven. I want more than I can tell you to convince him I am frequently in his presence. I know it would shock him exceedingly to be told that, because it would shock his idea of propriety. I came over here after a short illness. It seemed that I could die. Neither my father nor my mother had the least intimation that such a thing could happen, but I caught a sudden cold and pneumonia swept me right out of my body. I found over here Grandma Clafin. She was glad to have me come to her. She says: 'I have been looking for this, for I knew a long time ago that you were to come to me.' We all send love and hope that the door will be opened for us so we may be able to express all that we feel."

Jack Hanson, Castine, O.

A spirit is now standing before me of a man about forty-five years old. He is short, rather thickset, and has a little grizzled look in his beard and hair. His eyes are sharp and bead-like; he seems to have been a man with a heavy temper and very bad manners, almost repulsive. I am telling you this because he desires me. He stands with a picture back of him of a country place and a barn. I see him first as though standing there he made a decision that he would take his own life, and then in another picture I see his body writhing in the last agony and I know that he must have committed suicide. He says, "That is right, I did, and for a long time I did not regret it. I thought it was nobody's business, that my life was my own, and I could do what I pleased with it, and to tell you the truth, I did not much care for my life. My name is Jack Hanson; I came from Castine, Darke Co., Ohio. Nobody ever knew just why I did what I did and I suppose that I will never be able to say much about it except that I did not feel any great regret over the deed. I begin to feel my regret now and I have been over here some time, but not every little while I am able to see something that I might have done, some help I might have given, some place I might have filled and I am tormented with a regret that I did not improve my opportunity. At first it was a definite feeling I had as though I had done what I pleased and nobody could say a word about it. I didn't have much love for anybody and didn't have much expressed to me, but now a great tenderness is gradually stealing over me and I long to be of service. I wish I could say to some of the people I left that it was a sneaky game to come over here when I did and no good can ever come of it for me. I will do what I can and will attempt to retract my black past. Tell Hannah she was in no way to blame. It was only a worldly condition that I got into that found vent in that final act. Thank you."

Carl Burnham, Fargo, N. D.

I see a spirit now who seems extremely anxious to tell his message. He says: "Oh, yes, indeed I am. If you will hurry, because I am so weak. My name is Carl Burnham and I am from a long way off, Dakota, Fargo. I had consumption. I fought it and thought I could live, but I wasn't any use. I wish I had recognized it and had gotten ready to come instead of constantly asserting that I wouldn't go. It seems to me if I could only tell Hattie and Lizzie that I am with them and really love them and am grateful for all they did for me, that life would look a good deal brighter for me. It is true everything is beautiful over here. The flowers are so clear; the birds are beautiful; the flowers are bright and beautiful too, but I long for my friends. I have everything

here that I can ask for except those I loved. My little brother was very glad to see me and of course knew me a great deal better than I did him; my uncle George has been as good as a father to me, but I isn't just the same. I had to grow used to them all. I do want to say, though, that I found some pleasure in making a few friends here, and around myself where my friends could come to me. I don't know what to say that will make you all sure I know what I am talking about, but I do feel like telling you it isn't so much different over here from what it is where you are. We have trees and flowers and places to go, flowers and birds and trees, and lectures and music and everything just the same as you people have, so at first it seemed as if I had just moved from one place to another. I like the city and so I don't get off into the country life of spirit much more than you would if I had stayed with you all. I am glad you took the ring. It would have been too bad to have left it as you thought of doing. There, I guess that is a little test and I hope it will help you to understand that I came to you. Goodbye and thank you."

Mary Green, Swampscott, Mass.

The spirit of a lady about forty-five years old, of medium height, rather stout, comes next. She has a sweet face. She says: "I died of a cancer and you can imagine my suffering. I don't tell you this to get your sympathy, but rather to let you know I remember all about it. My name is Mary Green. I lived in Swampscott, Mass. I can remember saying I never loved anyone, but much looking after the interests that were mine before I came over here. I knew I had to die. I don't suppose anybody ever dies willingly unless they have outlived their friends and I hadn't. I tried to have faith in God and I think it was my right to be relieved sometimes and my people have since wondered if I would not have been better and stayed longer if they had left me alone. I don't know that that is true. I am sure I could not have stayed very long from the condition the body was in when I left it. I want to send this message to Elizabeth and James. I want them both to understand I am able to do some thinking and some work for her. Why it isn't all play in this life nor all pleasure. My greatest happiness so far has been in discovering some way that I could speak for my own. There are beautiful people, so beautiful that they look glorified, as though they had walked with God, and I suppose they have been here a long time and they are so good to us, those of us who have lately come over, so comforting they are and tell us that there is bound to bring us to our friends, but the most of us get anxious and try to get back to our friends rather than wait for our friends to come to us. I thank you people very much for giving me this opportunity to speak."

Emory Howland, Boston.

A man who says he is a Boston man comes and says: "It doesn't seem as though we ought to crowd out our own Boston people just because we want to be related to her, but I am stronger in. My name is Emory Howland and I should hope that I could come in a clear, concise way and say a few words to my friends that would make them sure that I know what I am talking about. I tried to live a respectable life and to mix in with the people, but the most of us get anxious and try to get back to our friends rather than wait for our friends to come to us. I thank you people very much for giving me this opportunity to speak."

Frank Morrill, Lebanon, N. H.

There are two spirits here together, Frank Morrill, who is a man about thirty-five years of age and a lady with him giving the name of Annie. She is older than he and seems as though she had great trouble with her eyes for he is leading her. He says, "She was almost blind before she came over and so I have tried to help her to come back. We are from Lebanon, near Jerusalem, and New Hampshire. I preached a little myself occasionally and I suppose if you gave me a text I might preach you a sermon now, but that isn't exactly what I need. I preached hell-fire and damnation and I believed it, and worked with a vim to save souls from torment. You people who are here, I think, this idea that some souls were going to hell can have no idea what it means to a spirit to suddenly have it dawn upon him that he may have been wrong and that possibly all souls will be saved. I am not sure now that all are saved, but I begin to feel that there is a possibility of it. I thought some men were so black and some women were so evil that there was no possible chance for them, and I couldn't think that there was anything for them after their body went away. I am happy to say, though, that some of the men I thought were depraved and their souls were lost anyhow, are walking around with pretty good grace and look as happy as I and are rather crowing over me because I didn't tell the truth about things. I meant to. It was only because I had been misinformed and my enthusiasm and my desire made me overlook a good deal of evidence. Well, I'd like this word to be sent to Oswego, N. Y., to my brother Lyman. I want him to make an effort to connect with me. That's all."

Willie Andrews, Washington, D. C.

Now comes a little boy of ten years, crying. He tells me his name is Willie Andrews, he lives in Washington and his father's name is George. He says: "Willie, you tell my papa not to feel so badly about me, that I can see? I do love him, and every night I go to him and put my arms about his neck and tell him I am there, and he doesn't know it. He doesn't hear me, I hear where he sleeps, a picture of me and he often looks at it, but he only cries and says to himself that life is awful dark without his little boy. Ethel is with me and she says we will all be together after a while. I hope so. I think the baby is so cunning; I wish she knew I was near her."

Jennie Hadley, Newburyport, Mass.

An excited girl, wringing her hands, comes now and says: "I am so distressed because I am unhappy, but because I don't know just how to go to work to tell what I want to. My name is Jennie Hadley. I lived in Newburyport. I have a great many people there who would be glad to hear from me if they could. I feel as though I have a heavy burden of a feeling that if a spirit comes back it must be it is sent back for some purpose and nobody sent me. I just came because I wanted to, because it seemed to me that I would feel better if I could be reconnected with the friends I loved. I was before me spoke of a picture that was near my father's bed. My people have no picture of me and they have wished very often that

they had. It seems strange, but it was just a sort of neglect and they would give anything if they only had one. Don't try to have anything fixed up, but keep me in your minds just as you knew me. I would rather have it that way and by and by it may be possible I can find some way to give you a pleasure in making a few friends here, and around myself where my friends could come to me. I don't know what to say that will make you all sure I know what I am talking about, but I do feel like telling you it isn't so much different over here from what it is where you are. We have trees and flowers and places to go, flowers and birds and trees, and lectures and music and everything just the same as you people have, so at first it seemed as if I had just moved from one place to another. I like the city and so I don't get off into the country life of spirit much more than you would if I had stayed with you all. I am glad you took the ring. It would have been too bad to have left it as you thought of doing. There, I guess that is a little test and I hope it will help you to understand that I came to you. Goodbye and thank you."

James Hilliard to Mrs. Helen Knowles.

Here is the spirit of an old gentleman with a gray beard and white hair; his face is a little bit long and very pleasant, with beaming eyes, though he wears spectacles. His name is James Hilliard; he was a reverend and was always very lenient, or thought he was, to all other religious centres. He says, "I had no fight with you Spiritualists, for which I am very thankful now, but I haven't been able to decide what to do. I am tired of discourses, but I have come back to give an evidence. I'd like this message to go to Mrs. Helen Knowles. Tell her I am often with her; sometimes I try to inspire her that she may talk better, giving out the very highest as I see it from my new point of view. I don't know if she is often together and we frequently make conditions better for her. Jennie is with her as often as possible and is glad she was able to accomplish the thing she set out to do in August. Soon, into her life will come a very definite and decided change and she will find that the little changes have been but stepping stones leading up to that. I thank you very much for giving me this hearing."

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
The tension is removed in other directions, and dear, beautiful, wide-awake, and progressive Japan comes to the front in my mental horizon. Why I care so much for Japan is not wholly clear in my mind, but no doubt the angels will make it clear before the conclusion of this article. The re-incarnationists would have me believe that it is because I was once, in some previous incarnation, a Japanese, but those who know how far removed I am from this notion, in habit of thought, in personal nature, and in conception of Spiritualism, will readily see that this would explain nothing to me, contradicting as it does "common-sense Spiritualism," and being so opposed to its inner nature as to be but an outside growth. No, my love for the Japanese is not due to anything so far-fetched as my having been once in some by-gone age. It is rather due to the light that has been cast on them during the last fifty years.

The first time I ever met a live Japanese socially was about 1864, when Messrs. Sugi Lenza and Hanna Bozo were boarding with friends in Roxbury, Mass., while pursuing their education in America. They were so neat, gentlemanly, bright and progressive, that though their shoes were worn and their hair long, and though they performed religious rites of their own in their private chamber, they did not seem in the least like heathen, and cast a good sized stone at my narrow belief that New England orthodoxy was the only right religion in the world. Their hosts, who were a while they returned to Japan; but to this day when I see the names of their countrymen prominent in literature, science, war, or social progress, I look to see if their names appear therein.

Many more than they were studying in America at that time, and while the Chinese still stood aloof, the wonderful Japanese were eagerly cropping the grass in Western fields, and carrying an abundant harvest to their island home.

About 1880 I heard a lecturer in Minneapolis give an account of his experiences in Japan, and he said that he saw that there were hundreds of denominations in the different religions, prevailing there; and that there were as many different sects among Buddhists, Confucianists, and Shintoists, as there are among Christians in America, while the advocates of each were as alert in supporting their own, as our Unitarians, Baptists, and Salvationists here. That was a revelation indeed, for up to that time I supposed all Buddhists were homogeneous, and bowed down to their idols of wood and stone without thinking much about it, unless they met some hostile sect, and then they would go back on their ancestors and adopt Christianity.

Japanese hatred of the doctrine of the cross seems to have struck the Western mind a long time ago. Heine, who was born in 1799, and died in 1856, said:

"I will be a Japanese. They hate nothing so much as the cross. I will be a Japanese." Poor Heine was a Jew by birth, but signified his adhesion to Christianity in order to obtain social standing. He however thought of this act with disgust, and loved his own race to the end of his sad and suffering life.

One is not surprised by the hatred of a good Japanese for the cross. To them, all life, animal, as well as human, is sacred, and the thought that Buddha, or any other divine being, could be pleased by an offering of blood, is to them a monstrous and revolting idea. Heine forbade the doctrine of a blood atonement for sin should ever obtain a foothold among the humane and fair-minded Japanese! But, like American Unitarians, they may well revere the humanity and purity of Jesus of Nazareth, of whom even Heine said:

"How beautiful, how serenely fair, how unutterably sweet was the Christianity of the early centuries, while it still resembled its divine founder in the heroism of suffering!" In examining the scientific, intellectual, and religious progress of Western nations, many they practise the happy right of selection, assimilating only what can worthily harmonize with their own national character, and discarding what is rough, unjust, inhuman, and immoral.

In Mr. Kennan's brilliant account of the tragedy of Mt. Pelee, it is pleasant to see that he cites among other scientific authorities the report made by the Japanese geologist Kikuchi of the Imperial University of Tokyo, regarding the great eruption of the volcano of Bandai-san in 1888, in which he points out that the blazing sparks seen from neighboring villages "were quite different in nature from lightning, presenting rather an appearance as of the firing of innumerable guns."

These reports, as well as many scientific books by Japanese, have been considered worthy of translation into the English language. In fact, there are those who think Japan is coming to the front rank of nations in relation to science. She has already assumed a position of equality in the manufacturing and war. The way in which she beat China in fighting was a surprise to the world, and recalls, in point of the relative area of the two nations, the surprising and successive defeats of the Persian Empire by the Assyrians before the Christian era.

Before this occurrence, one would naturally suppose that China need only open her jaws in order to swallow Japan. But the la-

land empire, besides having scientifically appropriated the most effective methods of modern warfare, have also the immense advantage of a cohesive and determined patriotism. The population of China is largely heterogeneous, while her patriotism is conservative and inert. The Japanese are homogeneous in texture and progressive in spirit. The sea separates the islands as a whole from other nations, and in their war with China, they displayed the alertness, the resource, and the vigor of a little mongoose in its contest with a large cobra.

But Japan does not wish to fight. Her people are naturally pacific, and would rather devote themselves to the arts of peace than to the wars of blood. She is fully capable of defending herself, and might express her attitude by the precept of Polonius:

"Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, bear it, that the opposed may beware of thee."
She has no wish to pilfer nor to rob other nations of their goods. Her people are industrious, and are willing to work for what they possess and enjoy.

Spiritualism being identical with naturalism, the heaven we believe in is not artificial, but is all that we can become of nature. Flowers will be abundant, and they will be of the sweetest kinds. In this view, Japan must seem like a heaven on earth. The royal order of the Mikado is a flower. Most of the women are named for flowers. A Japanese woman's physical beauty is compared to the plum blossom, and her beauty of character to the blossom of a peach. An important accomplishment of a girl is to arrange flowers gracefully. Her artistic hand places a single spray so that it looks as if it were growing.

"Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

They would regard a crowded banquet as a monstrosity. The whole country is like a garden. In their grounds they make much of the beauty of stones. But the stones are not chiseled nor carved. They are shaped by nature alone. If a Japanese has a passion, it is for nature.

The religion they talk about may affiliate with one of the existing sects, but the religion they feel is a sort of nature-worship, and they hover on the confines of a pure Spiritualism.

The proverb and sayings current in daily life show the gentle and tender nature of the people. Here, young persons are reminded that old people know more than they do, and so they ought to listen to what they have to say. In Japan, a different reason is assigned. They say, "Give heed to the voice of an old woman; sorrow has given her wisdom."

Young persons may antagonize one who knows more than they do, but they are touched by the thought that one has sorrowed much, and their hearts are melted into affection.

Another and very forcible proverb is as follows:

"A mother not spoken well of by her children is an enemy of the state."

The spring of all true courtesy is a kind and unselfish heart. The Japanese possess more of this sort of courtesy than any other people in the world. French politeness is more superficial. They do not hesitate to lie, if that will smooth things on the outside. "Not at home" is a conventional fiction, and saves one from telling the truth. True courtesy will lead one to entertain a caller, even at great personal inconvenience, and if this is impossible, the reason will be gently and truthfully explained. Persons who are always courteous will be treated courteously. We have known some who were rough when they went to Japan, but returned to America so changed that their beautiful manners became a subject of remark.

I was reading lately of an English clairvoyant who had traveled much and seen spirits in many different lands. He could see them anywhere, in the daytime, on the streets, and anywhere else. Some of the English spirits seemed to put out all the lights in the room, and one ill-conditioned one materialized enough to knock him down. He found some genial spirits in France, but those in China were insufferable. He did not like those he met in India, for they all seemed anxious to make him enter the condition of a demon.

But, as one might expect, the spirits he saw in Japan were always most courteous. He had many talks with them, and sometimes they ran happily by his jinkishness when traveling late at night. The most amusing circumstance he related was of a respectable female Japanese spirit, who, after being asked from one end of the island to the other.

I do not know that all these manifestations took place under test conditions that would make them credited by the Society for Psychical Research. But they serve to illustrate the sweet courtesy of the Japanese, "whether in the body or out of the body," and may all the spirits who come to me in the near or the distant future possess the same amiable characteristics!

Yours for humanity and for spirituality.

Arlington, N. J. Abby A. Judson.

Transitions.

Mary A., wife of Horace A. Paxson of Hamburg, N. Y., passed away from this life after an illness of several years, from consumption, at her late residence on Main Street, at 4:40 o'clock Sunday morning, Oct. 25, 1902, aged 61 years, 1 month and 25 days. She was a daughter of the late Nelson and Naomi Kester of Eden and was born in the town of Colden, this county, Aug. 31, 1841. She was married Aug. 31, 1865, to Horace A. Paxson, of Hamburg, N. Y. She was a member of the Hamburg Spiritualist Society, of which she had been president of the V. C. T. U., Political Equality Club, Presbyterian Literary Society, Women's Relief Corps of the G. A. R., all of Hamburg. The Friends of Human Progress of North Collins and the Up-to-Date Club of Eden. Mrs. Paxson was a firm believer in Spiritualism, a woman of ability, and with a very cheerful and sunny disposition which endeared her to her many acquaintances, by whom she will be greatly missed.

The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon, October 28th, at the family residence, there being a large attendance. Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twine, a prominent Spiritualist lecturer of Westfield, N. Y., officiated, opening the services by reading a poem from an unknown author which she rearranged and adapted for the occasion as a symbol of the life of the deceased.

After an uplifting invocation a duet and chorus entitled, "Just Beyond the Gates of Gold," was sung by Mrs. G. A. Hunting, Mrs. W. N. Colvin and Mr. Frank Walker, with Mrs. E. Abbott as instrumentalist. Mrs. Twine then delivered an impressive discourse full of comfort and consolation, showing the beauty of the Spiritualists' faith and the blessing which they possess in knowing that death is but a doorway in life's experience. Her discourse was marked by a marked attention of all present. The services closed with a duet and chorus entitled, "When I Go Home." There were many beautiful floral offerings

from friends and societies. Her body was laid away in the Friends' Cemetery at Eden. The bearers were Hon. A. H. Baker, S. H. Saunders, Fred Henn, Josiah Kester of Hamburg, H. H. Train of North Collins and E. T. McCracken of Gowanda.

Passed to spirit life from his home in Newton, Mass., Nov. 12, Mr. C. Hobart Davis, aged 40 years. Mr. Davis had been a great sufferer during his last illness, in fact, for more than a year had been in poor health. Yet during the summer just passed he spent several weeks at Oaset and was apparently in better health than he had been for some little time. His death was caused by a tumor on the brain and his suffering for about four weeks was very great. Mr. Davis was one of the most unselfish of men, and was loved and respected by a great host of people. Even during his last illness he made no complaint, and when suffering the most requested those that watched over him to cease their ministrations and take the rest they needed. Previous to his illness he had been engaged in business where he came into contact with many men and here he had won the confidence and respect of all. At one time he was one of the directors of the Oaset Bay Grove Association. Here he was ever ready to do his duty. Certainly he was one of the most genial and kind-hearted men I ever knew. He had two brothers, a sister and a wife who deeply mourn their loss. May they be sustained and supported by the knowledge of the nearness of his spirit. May his message of love and sympathy come unto them to strengthen them in this hour of their greatest grief. The funeral services were held at his late home, that of his father-in-law, Mr. J. Q. A. Whittemore, on Friday, Nov. 14, the wife officiating. The funeral home furnished most beautiful and appropriate music. The floral decorations were elaborate and the services were most fitting symbols of the life that so recently had taken its departure to the higher life. After the services the body was taken to the crematory. May peace and love be with those that remain until all are united where pain and sickness are known no more. Mrs. J. Q. A. Fuller.

Oaset, Mass., Nov. 17, 1902.
Passed to spirit life from Leominster, Nov. 8, Jonathan G. Pierce, aged 66 years and 8 months. Mr. Pierce had been in failing health for many months, and at times a great sufferer. He was a most successful and most respected citizen, genial, kind and honest, a man to be depended upon to do the right thing in every emergency. He is survived by a wife, an only son and one brother. His faithful companion is cheered by her knowledge of the peace of heaven surrounding spirit, and the blessed memories of the many years of their harmonious union. The funeral took place from the home, Monday p. m., Nov. 10. It was private, except for the large gathering of relatives by whom he was much beloved. The floral tributes were profuse and very beautiful. The body was laid to rest in a placid face upon which, after the long months of suffering, rested the look of vanished youth. The inspirations of the hour were voiced by the writer. Juliette Yeaw.

Admiration vs. Love.

I contend that admiration is a higher quality than love. It may be called the highest quality of love, perhaps. It belongs to the ideal brain. It binds people to one another where love fails. Make an individual feel your admiration, and you can hold that one through all time. The appeal is to the higher nature, the best qualities. Tell one of his admirable traits and cultivate them, and the faults will be of no account. Love will disappear from our growth of the good and the true. Admiration is a great power. Love is a fickle jade and sits on the fence waiting to see which way to jump. She flies out at the window when discontent stalks in at the door. Her place is in the back brain and she is made for the world of the passions and "raises Cain and kills Abel" with the whole world. She rules in the affections and lacerates the hearts of mortals with inconsistency, with separation and death. And the fickle jade laughs at them and leads them on a "wild-o-the-wild" dance of the wilderness. There seems to be no love that can be depended upon but Mother's love and God's love.

It is a lamentable fact that there is so little reverence for the "mysteries of God," at the present day. The Divinity of Conception is the "thought" of God, and it is upon humanity, for "He has made us a little lower than the angels, and crowned us with glory and honor." He has made us creators, akin to Himself. In the days of the ancient scriptures, motherhood was sacred under all circumstances. Each woman hoped to be the Christ. If a little of that reverence could only be infused into the women of the present day it would be better for the race.

The idea is not more personal liberty, but more charity and a larger tolerance for those who are said to turn their backs to the world called heaven. Why? Because the world has been too bitter and severe. It has placed more confidence in the laws of men and of society, than in the laws of God. Look at the brothels and bells upon earth created by the thoughts of humanity, bootless neighbors. They have been driven into dens of iniquity by intolerance. Those who have never visited the slums can never realize the depths of degradation to which, perhaps, just one step, called false society, has precipitated mortals, through the unforfeitedness of other mortals. The world is a vast, unexplored land, and humanity to a higher level. This should be the age of justice as well as benevolence. The deepest sinner may become the brightest saint. All are God's children and "the sun rises on the just and on the unjust," alike. Intolerance is a sin, and a deadly one in growth. All conditions may be overcome or outgrown. It may take what seems to us an age—but time exists not in eternity. Experience, however bitter, is the great master, the great teacher. It gives power, when one rises to a height where it becomes use. The hope of the human race is in progress. The concept is, that the creative act should be idealized, exalted. The low thought concerning it is the cause of the universe. Why must it be? "God works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," and none are so wonderful as His methods of reproduction in every form in which it exists. Some of the older mediums taught that "the world has got to be redeemed by what it hates," or professes to hate.

Do I believe in hell? It has been said it would be a great leaving out the plans of the Almighty if there were no hell. Yes, I believe in the hell of physical suffering, and the worse hell of mental anguish; in the hell of despair and of depression; in the hell of poverty and cruel want and of disgrace and social ostracism. These are some of the hells of earth. And of earth, and of the children of this planet must walk into hell at one door, and walk through it, out at the other. Will they leave it at the door of death? No, but that will depend on conditions. If they have conquered it, outgrown it, risen out of it, then will they find heaven. Otherwise they carry it with them, and their state or condition makes the hell or the heaven of the spheres.

Elinor Osborne.

The mighty plan of God is perfect, and listen to no one who would teach thee that there is any opposing force that can in any degree alter, change or obstruct the Grand Plan of the Omnipotent One.—E.

FREEDOM'S OFFERING.

(Tune "Marching Through Georgia.")
 Brothers of the sunny South, we send a greeting true—
 Let us be united 'neath the old Red and White and Blue—
 To our country and its flag be loyal, brave and true,
 While we are marching for freedom.

Chorus.
 Hurrah! hurrah! we bring fraternity!
 Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes us free!
 We will sing this chorus throughout eternity,
 While we are marching for freedom.

Hear the people shouting when true brotherhood they've found!
 Let us bury all ill will deep in the ground.
 All join hands together and circle around,
 While we are marching for freedom.

Let us show the people what freedom really means,
 Fond hopes will be realized of which we have had dreams,
 Then all the world will know what fraternity really means,
 While we are marching for freedom.

We will not want great armies the people to subdue,
 When "Do ye unto others as they should do to you."
 All working together in social interest true,
 While we are marching for freedom.

We'll extend the hand of friendship to all the nations of the earth,
 For America is the land for us where freedom had its birth.
 This shall be our watchword, less sorrow and more mirth,
 While we are marching for freedom.

C. T. S. Cook, one of the "Boys" in blue.
 Scotts Michigan, August, 1902.
 Dedicated to the school children of America.

Progressive Lyceum, Galveston, Texas.

TOPIC.—MEDIUMSHIP.

Gem of Thought,—
 I'll keep my mind and body clean,
 Do what I think is right;
 I'll raise the lofty and the mean,
 With love, my strength and might.

ADULTS
 Careful study of our being as a spirit embodied is certain to inform us as to spiritual mediumship; for very similar are the laws which permit the workings of our mentality through the physical organism which clothes it and the manifestations of the spirit emanate through the forces which are manipulated by them to prove their existence and presence and bring to the knowledge which will make our lives better and more useful.

While we find some wonderful artists, poets and musicians who are living in decrepit bodies, it is the rule that a clean, well formed body is the best vehicle for the successful expression of the spirit. These spiritual gifts are of the spirit, and when developed operate independent of the moral or physical condition of the Medium; but the messages are in safe hands if the person is unimpaired of a clean channel for the passing of these spiritual blessings as the following illustration will show, and for good and continuous results it is the proper thing to illustrate, when the necessary connections are made with the telegraph wires a dissipated operator may send a message, which may be brought to you by an unreliable person; yet you, and the public realize the risk. And a man who has no regard for his morals or the preservation of his body, will sooner or later be disregarded by employer and friends, so the Medium who is not the personification of the good which comes through his mediumship will sooner or later be deserted by spirit and mortal. There are a diversity of gifts of the spirit, divided among mortals, but there is one common gift, which all may possess, and that is to use every passing moment to do well the thing which is at hand. If we know that the angel world ministers to us we can produce no stronger evidence, than to have the sunshine of their presence show forth in our lives. Many sit and wait for some wonderful phase of Mediumship to develop, that the neighbors may be convinced of spirit return and angel ministrations, while the precious moments hurry on. Let us each be the Medium for sweet and comforting smiles, words and deeds, that the world will not only be convinced of a fact, which they must sooner or later come to know, but they will be made glad.

The greatest proof of spirit life,
 Is in the sight of spiritual things;
 In all the din of earthly strife,
 The real and lasting clearly rings.
 I'll touch the great key-board will respond,
 None of griefs minors will annoy,
 For lo, joy's theme will there abound.

INTERMEDIATE.

Leader: Well, boys and girls, our Gem of Thought is especially attractive today. What do you think of the necessity of a clean body?
 Children: It is conducive to health, and a healthy body will admit of the easy and desirable expression of the mind. However bright the mind is, it cannot manifest successfully, if the body is disabled.
 Leader: Our minds rule the body, but the transgression of law has in the act a penalty. If our minds were properly developed we would not transgress law, so would be free from penalty; but when we are in the prison house of disobedience the mind, for the time, is cramped. So you are quite right, the body should be kept clean for the proper expression of the mind. But how is it best kept clean?
 Children: By proper thoughts evidently, from what you have just said.
 Leader: Yes, if we learn thoroughly the laws of hygiene and use every force, air, water, food and exercise for the health and well-being of our body we will find that it is responsive to every thought.
 Children: I suppose then that a healthy body is more responsive to the force of the mind, than an unhealthy body?
 Leader: Certainly, just as a man builds a house from trees, but he can do the work much better and quicker if some one who makes it a profession, cuts the trees and saws and planes them into planks, so the mind is marter, but succeeds best after the avenues of expression are well prepared for operation.
 Children: There are laws then which govern our lives, and if we comply with them we are well and happy?
 Leader: Quite right. Obedience begets the fulfillment of the law. The law of life is love to one another and obedience thereto will bring love to us. So let us say and do, all together, "I'll raise the lofty and the mean, with love, my strength and might."

LITTLE ONES.

If you are sick you can not think clearly, can you? And if your thoughts are of impure things it will soon be manifest in the condition of the body. A rainy day is very necessary for the growth of vegetation, but if you think about the fact of indoors all day as a task you will become dissatisfied, and the day will seem so long; while if you read and cut papers and do such things as a rainy day will permit, the time soon passes and the world looks very much as we picture it and by our thoughts of strength and love, of health and happiness we will find time and opportunity to do much of kindness; we will find health and happiness our royal possessions. My dears, remember that it is forever, that it will never end, and that each day should find you farther on the way of living good and beautiful lives.

Every moment affords you, even as children, an opportunity to do some good, some thing which will make others happy; and our true happiness is found in the happiness of others.

John W. Ring.

Psychical Research Society, Ottawa, Ont.

A "borderland" society is now in the process of formation in Ottawa. It will be known as the Psychical Research Society of Ottawa.

This society will take its place with the most active in the city. It will include a large number of solid and prosperous men and men who are not usually supposed to concern themselves with psychical problems. In this city there are Spiritualists, a few Seventh Day Adventists, Christian Scientists and all those of other sects and denominations. It is likely that members of these faiths will join the new cult, with others who profess other, or in some cases no religions.

The idea of the society is to investigate all phenomena not readily explained by material law, in the Ottawa Valley, and get all data possible. Hounded houses, mysterious appearances and all such things that may be reported will be investigated and a true report made and it is expected this will have a powerful effect in separating the superstitious from the occult.

For instance, some few years ago a prominent newspaper man moved from a house he was in because he and the members of his family had seen ghosts there. Had this happened recently the society would have at once visited the house and seen just how matters were, and would have continued the investigation till the ghost had been shown, till the proof was to hand that there was none.

There, too, the society will hold sessions at appointed times and study mind reading, mental suggestions and writing with the planchette. The society will include probably several physicians who go in disbelieving that anything happens that is not explained by natural law and yet anxious to give every phenomena a searching investigation to prove this. As is natural the members of this society do not care to say who is joining because they would in a measure be subject to ridicule by the materially minded. However, the meetings of the society are now about to commence with a good attendance.

An excellent cabinet photo. of "The Poughkeepsie Seer" (A. J. Davis) for sale at this office. Price 55 cents.

Missionary Work—Settled Pastors.

DE LOSS WOOD.

Missionary work is essential in every organization and in none more so than in Spiritualism. But there is something more important than missionary work. The present day is a day of great spiritual activity. In a few months the best efforts of the most accomplished missionaries. What is wanted today to make Spiritualism have a healthy growth is settled pastors over local societies. The personal work of a pastor is a thousand times more efficient to build up a society and make it solid, substantial and maintain a healthy growth, than all the mediumship and oratory of itinerant speakers. Danielson, Conn., and hundreds of places of this size (4,000 inhabitants), could maintain a society with a settled pastor; but Spiritualism nor any other denomination can sustain a society with the time, talent and energy-wasting of the present Spiritualistic system. Instruct your missionaries to secure settled pastors over the societies they organize, if you want Spiritualism to grow.

Why don't missionaries try to establish new societies in Connecticut? Now the Putnam and Danielson are connected by trolley, I believe a good missionary could effect an organization, if he should work on the settled pastor plan.

Several years ago I managed a lecture course in Danielson, Emerson, Haver, Helen Temple, Bricham, Mrs. Lillie, Willard Hull, Jennie Hagan Brown, Ida Whitlock, Abby Judson, J. D. Stiles and Helen Stuart Brichams were my speakers. The cost per meeting was more than what it would have cost for a settled pastor, and we lost, you see, all of the personal work, which would have given us a good, strong society. I believe the right kind of an organizer would be successful here. My lecture courses were attended by from 100 to 150 people at each meeting. Some lady or gentleman who combines mediumship, tact in personal work, and is a fair speaker, would be very successful here, is my honest belief.

New Photographs of Mrs. Soule.

So many requests have been made for photographs of our circle medium, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, as she appears in her Sunday work as pastor of the Gospel of Spirit Return Society, that we have persuaded her to take the time from her ever busy and useful life to give the artist an opportunity to photograph her in her platform dress. As a result of her kind compliances with our request we now have for sale three new poses of her, two in a speaker's gown, and a new one—which we think are improvements over the former ones, representing her as she appears in her social life and parish work. The Banner of Light Publishing Company has the exclusive sale of Mrs. Soule's photographs, and has placed them, for the accommodation of their patrons, at the same low price as the former ones, twenty-five cents each.

NEW EDITION. TRANSCENDENTAL PHYSICS.

An Account of Experimental Investigations from the Scientific Treatise of JOHANN CARL FRIEDRICH ZOLLNER.

Professor of Physical Astronomy at the University of Leipzig, Member of the Royal Astronomical Society of London, of the Imperial Academy of Natural Sciences of Vienna, of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg, of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Berlin, of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Rome, of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Naples, of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Turin, of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Padua, of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Bologna, of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Florence, of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Pisa, of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Genoa, of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Livorno, of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Ancona, of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Brindisi, of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Bari, of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Foggia, of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Benevento, of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Avellino, of the Imperial 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by their lack of recognition of the facts of the case.

Oh! for a spiritualized Spiritualism! I have much of a scientific Spiritualism, and find that often professors of such are far from being truly spiritualists.

Granted the authenticity of the angelic message, has that message no significance for those to whom it is delivered? To me the call from the inner world has been a mandate, the spiritual communications have been commands to a life of spiritual enterprise for the well-being of our fellows and of struggle for the development of all the highest and noblest faculties inherent in the race.

The call then comes clearly borne upon the life giving breeze from the peaks of the higher life, and whilst we must deplore the hypocrisy which has made the phrase "Higher Spiritualism" a "blessing and a curse," we must yet learn that the inculcation of highest ideals backed with practical living examples, is the only way to a definite development of the race.

"Spiritualists, to the mountain tops!" may well be a rallying cry today. I do not mean that we should stay there, cutting ourselves off from the struggling, teeming masses below. I mean that if we can rise to the heights of true spirituality, catch some of the inspiration of the angels, and of the realm above us, breathe the purer, less polluted atmosphere for awhile, much of our anemia will disappear, our backs would be strengthened, and our Spiritualism become a term synonymous with progress, and the spirituality of the "Heavenly World."

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

Acute decline and death of summer's glow,
The close of wondrous beauty we have seen,
The miracle of rose in leaves of green,
And all that gardens and the forests know!
How well we loved the brilliance and the show.

As if they did our personal pleasure mean;
We clung to them with friendship fair and keen.

But now with bird and fluttering leaf they go!
Is all of life a thing of hope and fear?

Akin to this, a blessing-crook with bane?
Or is it thus with love's enchantment wrought.

That we may prize the months of all its year,
And see in change an ever eternal thought?
The poetry and power of eternal thought?
William Bruntton.

Hon. Henry E. Lepper.

News reaches me this morning from Mrs. Ella Lepper Smith of St. Paul, Minn., of the transition of her beloved father, Hon. Henry E. Lepper, from the home of his sister, Mrs. Cora Edgerton, in Anoka, Minn., on the morning of Nov. 16, 1902. I have known Mr. Lepper for more than twenty years, and loved him as a friend and brother, not only in the Cause of Spiritualism, but as a man among men. He was prominent in all reform movements, and took an active part in many of the fraternal and benevolent orders of the day. He was especially prominent among the Knights of Pythias, and held many positions of trust under their banner. He was also active in politics, and held several official positions through the suffrages of the citizens of Anoka County, serving as County Auditor for one term.

In Spiritualism, he was ever at the front in every movement that would advance the interests of his religion. He was one of the organizers of the Minnesota Campmeeting that met for so many years at Twin City Park, and served as its treasurer for a number of terms. When the Minnesota State Spiritualist Association was formed Mr. Lepper was again at the front, did everything in his power to further the growth of organization. He was one of the officers of the State Association until failing health forced him to retire. He was always a willing worker, serving wherever he could be of aid, without money and without price. Spiritualism was his religion, and he counted no sacrifice too great to be made in its behalf. He felt that it was always "in order to do good," and lived accordingly.

Mr. Lepper possessed a genial, sunny nature, and always saw the best in the souls of his fellow men. Though he was often betrayed by pretended friends, he never lost his faith in human nature, and held steadfastly to his belief in the ultimate triumph of the good in all of his fellow men. I was often in his home, and always found him to be the thoughtful friend, the considerate brother, the loving husband, and the indulgent father under all circumstances. To know him in his soul-life was my happy privilege, and I can speak of my actual understanding of the man in referring to his life work. His heart was large, and his generosity often exceeded the limits of prudence, yet no one can call this a fault, for it was always done with the hope of making someone else happy.

In early life he married Miss Emily L. Hackett, formerly of Pittsfield, Maine, with whom he lived in perfect harmony until her transition in October, 1899. Eight children were born to them, six of whom, three sons and three daughters, survive. Mrs. Lepper was one of the most accurate clairvoyants and singularly gifted mediums I have ever known. As a diagnostician, she was excelled by none, while her communications from the denizens of the higher life were always stamped with the insignia of absolute truth. Fraud and deception had no place in her soul, and she was ever at the front in earnest combat against them. Mr. Lepper held her power in the highest esteem, and faithfully supported her in her work. It was not strange that the spirits who loved the truth sought this household to voice their messages to the friends of earth. Mrs. Ella G. Smith, the eldest daughter, is a gifted psychic, and nobly carrying forward her mother's work.

Mr. Lepper was a comparatively young

JUST COMING TO THE SURFACE.

Inventions and Discoveries Within the Natural Laws That Will Revolutionize Our Leading Systems.

Great opportunity for young men and women without business, who are ambitious to rise. They have been found to be so vital to our existence, the great newspapers have devoted nearly whole pages to them. They are stirring the world. A Massachusetts scientist has made them his life study. He has lately been under the examination of shrewd scientists who are only astonished. He has discovered how our life force can be created, and be transmitted imperceptibly to the nerve centers by natural means, which means, if his book is followed, no nervous exhaustion and much longer to live. He has discovered the foundation of the "law of the similar" and its system, and before known, which, when the remedy, dictates the dose and time of its repetition. Another—how your ordinary food can be chemically balanced in your kitchen by using the book formulae, and get a pure and more enduring life force from it and absorb so luxuriously, at about half the present cost. This alone will save the cost of the book to a person every week. The discoverer profits nothing, but relies for remuneration upon the profits on his book, which all can understand and use. It is so imperative that the latest references ready. Price, book, \$1.50, by mail only.

A. THOMPSON, M. D., Pub.,
107 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.



Fibroid Tumors Cured.

A distressing case of Fibroid Tumor, which baffled the skill of Boston doctors. Mrs. Hayes, of Boston, Mass., in the following letter tells how she was cured, after everything else failed, by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Hayes' First Letter Appealing to Mrs. Pinkham for Help.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been under Boston doctors' treatment for a long time without any relief. They tell me I have a fibroid tumor. I cannot sit down without great pain, and the soreness extends up my spine. I have bearing-down pains both back and front. My abdomen is swollen, and I have had flowing spells for three years. My appetite is not good. I cannot walk or be on my feet for any length of time. "The symptoms of Fibroid Tumor given in your little book accurately describe my case, so I write to you for advice."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass.

Note the result of Mrs. Pinkham's advice—although she advised Mrs. Hayes, of Boston, to take her medicine—which she knew would help her—her letter contained a mass of additional instructions as to treatment, all of which helped to bring about the happy result.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Sometime ago I wrote to you describing my symptoms and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully, and to-day I am a well woman.

"The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely expelled the tumor and strengthened my whole system. I can walk miles now.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth five dollars a drop. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors or female trouble of any kind to give it a faithful trial."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass.

Mountains of gold could not purchase such testimony—or take the place of the health and happiness which Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought to Mrs. Hayes.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women; all ovarian troubles; tumors; inflammations; ulceration, falling and displacements of the womb; backache; irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation. Surely the volume and character of the testimonial letters we are daily printing in the newspapers can leave no room for doubt.

Mrs. Hayes at her above address will gladly answer any letters which sick women may write for fuller information about her illness. Her gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so genuine and heartfelt that she thinks no trouble is too great for her to take in return for her health and happiness.

Truly it is said that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing so many women, and no other medicine; don't forget this when some druggist wants to sell you something else.

\$5000 FORFEIT If we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

man, being only sixty-seven years of age. But he was ripe for the harvest, and has gone on to his reward in higher spheres. He will be greatly missed by all of his devoted children, and by his many friends in all sections of the nation. He has lived a good life on earth, and is now united with his loved ones in the realms of the soul. His many kindnesses and those of all of the members of his family, to the writer, are now golden links in the precious chain of memory, and will be sacredly cherished so long as consciousness shall endure. Their sorrow is my sorrow, and their exaltation in spirit through the transition of our loved one is also shared by the one who was always looked upon as a son and brother in this spiritual household. Peace to the memory of the good man who has gone, and may the angels fill the souls of those who mourn his loss with the bright sunshine of immortal joy.

H. D. B.

A Missionary Statement.

Inasmuch as numerous opinions exist in re the missionary work of the N. S. A., and various suggestions have been made, it seems apropos that I should make a few comments.

The N. S. A. is not in condition as yet to create and support a systematic missionary effort for propaganda. Its present aim is to send out organizers and agents to secure cooperation of and support by the Spiritualists.

We need to get our adherents and sympathizers into line for united effort.

The present missionary effort is unto the Spiritualists more than the public-at-large. When we shall receive the Spiritualists' cooperation, then the public work begins.

We are appointed agents to solicit such cooperation, by organization and financial subscription. There is no special missionary fund to be called on for support of a free effort—hence the need for friends of the Cause to make liberal donations to the so-called missionaries, and to give them public meetings free of local expense, in order to raise all possible funds by collections.

When such efforts of the missionaries shall result in the increase of funds in the N. S. A. treasury, then the restricting of effort and placing of workers into such localized or limited fields will result. First, the financial ability to support must be created.

Our Cause demands that the N. S. A. and its auxiliary State Associations shall create and support local and district speakers and mediums. Such fields will thereby in time become self-supporting.

Each friend of the Cause can readily see that his first duty is to financially aid the missionary organizers and create a special fund in the N. S. A. for such purpose. The

present general fund, satisfying as it is, will not warrant the setting aside of its major portion for such a system of propaganda, as other great needs for mutual protection and effort are liable to tax its capacity. A provident person does not squander, but carefully conserves and utilizes his income.

We should compliment instead of condemning the careful business management of the N. S. A. Board of Trustees. Spiritualists, generally, need an increase of plain business capacity. Conservative wisdom is far better than reckless enthusiasm. The steady financial growth of the N. S. A. is a high compliment to its management.

The restriction of an N. S. A. Missionary to one State or to a district has demonstrated in the case of our most worthy and energetic associate missionaries, who spent most of two years in Indiana, that the financial loss is thereby incurred. And, in our case where we traversed sixteen States, we had a small financial profit. Hence, the efforts of several delegates at the late Convention to restrict missionary travel on account of expense is not warranted by the resultant receipts. We cannot force localities to prepare for us, nor can we assume the risk of forcing ourselves therein.

Many localities do not need us, owing to having local or engaged talent. The business method is to go where we can have cooperation and are needed. All of the States, and each locality desiring our services, have a right to them if we can so arrange enroute.

The statements of long railroad jumps made by the missionaries is not true; for we always make appointments enroute as much as possible. To that end we must arrange our route months in advance, and places should apply early.

I am inclined to believe that Mr. and Mrs. Sprague expended about as much for railroad fares as did Mrs. Hayes and self, and yet their territory was more limited than ours. We made a continuous circuit of States instead of any imposed long trips back and forth.

With only two pairs of missionary agents in the field, the duty of the N. S. A. is to give them full liberty to visit as many States and localities as possible. Auxiliaries of the N. S. A. have a paramount right to the services of the missionaries, and they are all fully willing to do all they can to aid the financial result, and the N. S. A. is as willing to give all necessary free service.

I trust that these plain statements may be fully comprehended by every Spiritualist, and a generous support instead of carping criticism will result.

There is one critical statement that I must notice. A writer in the late "Open Court" of a Spiritualist paper said that several State Associations had complained of overcharge by the missionaries.

I do not believe any one State Association has ever visited made any such complaint, for we have no more than had here expense and salary in any instance, and in some cases less than such. Missouri State Association had our free service; Kansas and Minnesota voluntarily paid us a stated sum; Texas assumed our salary and expense and obtained a profit.

Defamatory writers should be better posted. If any one can do better work than the Spragues or ourselves, the N. S. A. will gladly employ them at an increase of salary, which they will earn, I assure you.

Another item and I am done. They who know better than I, and have possibly better business sense, may show their wisdom or prejudice, as the case may happen to be.

Should a N. S. A. Trustee be a missionary? The present Board of Trustees unanimously say: "Yes." Why? Because the results of labor by President Barrett as a missionary have been of great value to the Board in field information. His personal contact has made it possible to know the situation; and in many cases where information was absolutely necessary, prevented the expense of a special envoy to learn the facts. Field-work by the President makes his position important, and his executive work invaluable. No president should be elected who cannot attend to the field-work.

In my case as a Trustee and missionary, the Board has found in several instances the same capacity to advise and inform. Such being the case, I favor Brother Sprague as a Trustee, and think it is a mistake that he is not a member of the Board.

I have no personal ambition to serve as a Trustee, nor as a missionary. I want to serve Spiritualism and its Cause, and its friends the best I can. My own interests say: "Retire to private life," but the desires of the N. S. A. and my spirit helpers, shall be my duty; and when these shall say: "We need you no longer," then will I gladly retire from public effort and seek a home that for thirty years has been denied me.

Hoping to do some good and harm none, I am always a willing servant; and desire to be a useful helper of our and your cause of truth and humanity.

Fraternally,
George W. Kates.

Children's Book.

XILIA.

Princess surely in disguise,
Is this maiden sweet and fair,
Light of love is in her eyes,
Gold of sunshine in her hair;
Musical her voice as birds,
When they sing at break of day;
Happy trill of laughing words,
Like bright brooks upon their way;
All she does has wondrous grace,
Like the motion of a flower;
Angel beauty in her face,
Speaks of childhood's heavenly dower!

Roses if they had no name,
But the poet gives them claim,
All of sweetness here to know;
And true love baptized the child,
With a name her heart to speak,
Harmony and peace beguiled,
Here their abode life to seek;
So her name and life are one,
Fair and perfect as a flower,
And her days of joy run on,
Spent in love's old Eden bower!

William Bruntton.

The Boy Who Wanted to Know.

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Once there was a boy who lived in a very fine and wonderful house. It really was beautiful to see, you may say—splendid, and not overdo it at all. And all about it was in fact a perfect paradise, with what it was, you could not look anywhere without being delighted. And the boy had the poet's sentiment, and the faculty to follow out his feelings and dreams, and he loved to think about himself and his surroundings.

Would you believe it, he gave considerable thought to the mere fact that he was living. What a curious cap he must have been, you will say.

Well, perhaps that is so, but it puzzled and interested him to ponder on the reality that he had so many things given him, that he had such a handsome home, that he had so many nice friends and playmates, and then the dearest father and mother that a boy could wish for. He did not like to take these things as a matter of course, he wanted to know about them all he could.

And it was not a worry but a delight to put questions to himself concerning this gladness of life. O yes, he was as glad as the bird that he was living. It seemed to him like the lily growing. Why, there really was a flower in his soul and the sunlight was calling it to express its beauty in his words and ways.

I don't know how much he would have learned about this, had it not been that on a day, an angel who was interested in boys, and especially such a boy as this, came to him and talked to him in that lovely way that angels will. The boy was not at all surprised to have such companionship, for it seemed as natural as when we talk to each other.

And the angel said: "You have to learn many things from this world in which you are now; and the first lesson is to love the life you have. You must enjoy it by refusing to think of evil of it, by being brave to do its duties. That is the best way of all, for that is really living as we angels know and delight to tell.

"And you would like to know how you came here? Well, that is something you must work out in your own thinking. It may be that you will have your answer without your knowing it at the time. Perhaps you are to be a teacher of men, to tell them truths you learn by your questions and searchings. That would be beautiful. Perhaps you are to invent helps by which the world's work will be better done. Or perhaps you are to live in such a kind, true, loving way that your presence will be as sweet as a rose.

There are many things before you, and what is made to keep in your mind as if you would like to sing or paint or work, that is for you to do and be; and I, an angel, tell you so.

"And you have more questions, have you? To be sure, little fellow. They will grow in your mind like daisies in the field. And you will always have them, for this is the path of knowledge, and this is the power of your nature to ask questions and find answers, and then ask again.

"And it will seem natural to you to trust your sense of love and joy to believe in the power of love that greets you in your bright world. Do not allow any bit of doubt to come in your mind, have a good heart and a generous, cheerful disposition, and you will be as happy as the angels are, and you will be one of us, and though others may not think of you so, yet you will tell them such things as angels love the best of all."

The little boy at that time was looking at the sunset, and the wonder of it was so great that he forgot the going of the angel. And then as the fire of the heavens was all above, a bird sang the sweetest and softest song, so that he was filled with peace and a sense of power and blessedness, as all souls are which seek to know what life is in its truth of love and light.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

ALMIRA L. FORD.

Oh glad, yet sad, Thanksgiving Day,
A day of joyful greeting,
A day of sacred memories,
For life on earth is fleeting.

How swiftly come and go the years,
Ofttimes sad changes bringing,
And over many a household band,
The dark, dense shadows flinging.

Each, for the sake of others, smile
To keep the tears from falling,
And laugh and jest, with aching hearts,
While merry scenes recalling.

But while our thoughts to heaven are turned,
And we of friends are dreaming,
That realm, we trust, is not afar,
But nearer than the seeming.

And when all friends, at last, shall meet
Where death no more can sever,
In that bright world, oh, it must be
Thanksgiving Day forever.

Playmate and Friend.

On a farm in Vermont there are two horses and a herd of a dozen cows, says Col. Thomas W. Knox in the Brooklyn Eagle. The animals run together in the pasture and are on the most friendly terms. One horse named Jack has a special affection for Betsy, a brindled cow, and the two almost always graze together. Last spring Betsy had a calf at Jack seemed to regard the youngster as his own special care. Hitherto Jack had been a very demure and dignified horse, but the sportive tendencies of the calf developed a frisky mood on the part of the horse. Jack and the calf used to romp and play together a good part of the time, the former being very careful not to injure his young companion. Frequently Jack jumped over the back of the calf, and then allowed himself to be chased by the little fellow, from whom he fled as though alarmed for his safety.

One day when the herd was in a distant part of the pasture Jack suddenly appeared at the farmhouse neighing loudly and telling as plainly as he could that he wanted human assistance. He would gallop furiously a short distance in the direction of the pasture, then wheel suddenly and gallop back to the house, throwing his head high in the air and neighing with all his might. The farmer called one of his men and the twain started in the direction indicated by the horse. When Jack saw that his meaning was understood he capered around with delight, rubbed his nose against his master's cheek and then went off at full gallop in the direction of the herd that was still out of sight. Evidently he wanted to tell his four-footed companions that help was coming, as he soon returned and for the rest of the way went along very quietly in advance of the two men.

When the men reached the scene of the trouble they found that Betsy and her calf had somehow got into a bog or quagmire and were unable to extricate themselves. The supposition was that the inexperienced calf had strayed into the bog and Betsy, while trying to help him out, had become involved. A rope was needed to help the creatures to hard ground, and in order to bring it as soon as possible the farmer mounted on Jack's bare back and without bridle or halter rode to the farmhouse to procure it. Jack was a high-spirited animal and when under the saddle used to prance and show off, but on this occasion he realized that it was no time for play and went along as demurely as possible. In due time Betsy and her calf were extricated from their trouble, and the farmer says that their equine friend danced a jig for joy.—By Col. Thomas W. Knox, in Brooklyn Eagle.

I planted scorn: it died in the garden mold.
I planted love: it bore a flower of gold.
I planted doubt: it withered like a root.
I planted faith: it ripened precious fruit.
—Ida Whipple Benham.

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