

OUT IN THE YEARS.

BY LILIAN WHITING.

There are beautiful things out in the years. Some of them are for everybody.—*Elbertus.*

Ab, many the things that are out in the years!
There are visions of joy, bright hopes and dark fears,
There are thoughts which the future to good deeds may change.

There is happiness there so blissful and strange,
There are gleamings of smiles and cloud-mists of tears,
There are beautiful things far out in the years.

There are beautiful things far out in the years:
There is light which the gloom of the present eadars.

There are thoughts which the future to good deeds may change.

There is happiness there so blissful and strange,
Though the present for us hold but trial and tears,
There are beautiful things far out in the years.

There are beautiful things far out in the years:
Can we not bear bravely some burdens and fears?
Can we not patient be if He bids us wait
For some things, till we meet at the Beautiful Gate?
For they all shall be ours when our Savior appears
With the beautiful things that are out in the years.

Temperance.

SUSIE C. CLARK.

One of the resolutions proposed by the most wise and able Committee on Resolutions, at the recent Convention, was as follows:

Resolved, That we discontinue the use of intoxicating liquors, tobacco, opium, and all similar articles that are harmful to human welfare.

This appealed so strongly to the approval of the delegates that its hearty adoption was signified by a rising vote. The spiritualistic heart strongly responds to the moral sentiment, as it must ever aspire toward greater purity of life.

But are the demands of strictest temperance met by an abstinence from drugs, or stimulants? Is not temperance a prominent vice of the age, intemperance of speech, of expression, of habits, food, and expenditure of life force in every way? Extravagance is not alone a feature of the pocket-book. Indeed it would be well if purse-strings were made a little more flexible, that benevolence and charity might have freer exercise. But in every other direction, lavish expenditure is the spirit of the hour. Conversation is keyed to the superlative degree. A slight wrince of pain is described as "most excruciating;" a touch of brightness in color is "perfectly gorgeous;" a pleasing speaker is "incomparable," "divine." The simple, truthful manner of expression, weighed by discriminate judgment, seems a lost faculty at the present day. Compliments no longer convey any meaning, the deluge of adjectives accompanying them wash away their true significance and value.

The gross physical development which many excellent people acquire (where such rotundity of form is not a natural or inherited type) would seem to indicate an intemperance of appetite for tempting vintands that encourages the formation of adipose tissue, and conflicts with spiritual unfoldment. Of late, a vigorous attempt has been made to save mankind from gluttony by establishing a no-breakfast regime, which has spread widely and whose numerous adherents are so staunch in their espousal of this custom that they take most unkindly any criticism thereof, regarding those who differ with them, with the pity of conscious superiority.

It is true that two meals a day are perhaps better than three for the hearty eater, but it is not a favorable commentary on spiritual beings that they are manifestly unable to eat moderately at each meal, and therefore are obliged to abridge the number of meals to save themselves from becoming gourmands. And if such restriction were made, it would seem more sensible for the toiler to omit his mid-day meal than his breakfast, unless he so gorged himself with a late dinner the previous evening, that his stomach has not yet recovered from its herculean effort to dispose of the same. No wise engineer starts his locomotive on the rails, for its day's run, without fuel for the boiler. The well ordered system should receive the same judicious treatment before the day's demand upon its energies begins.

Moreover, there is an ethical feature about breaking one's fast in the morning. Man is naturally a gregarious animal and the isolation of sleep oppresses his spirit for some time after beginning a new day. He needs the social intercourse of the breakfast table, however light or "force"-ful the repast may be, to haptize his spirit with the grace and sweetness of human interchange, with all delicate courtesies, and hospitable attentions, to ensure that he goes not forth to his toll with a self-absorbed, crusty, unsocial atmosphere that will not qualify him either for the kingdom of earth, or of heaven.

Physiologically, the stomach has been longer without food, the digestive organs have had more hours of rest during the night than at any other time of the 24 hours. They need action, something to do, to encourage their continuance in health and strength. The promulgator of this no-breakfast idea among

other untenable theories, gives as one argument in its favor that no one should eat until he has an appetite for food, thus revealing that he himself has never known a healthy desire for the morning meal and therefore it goes without saying that no one else has. The well-ordered, healthy stomach should be most hungry when it is most empty, but even then its owner should eat so lightly, abstemiously, as to rise from the table with a portion of his appetite left over for future use. Let not the palate be so unduly cultivated and indulged, let the food be regarded as a means to an end, a necessity of existence, not the summum bonum of human delight. Salts, sweets, acids, phosphorus are a necessity of the changing organism, to supply its waste, but is not the life more than the meat, and have we not our everlasting life to get, for which quest a preponderance of fleshly indulgence is a hindrance and detriment? Much testimony is given to the great benefit received from the no-breakfast regime, the wonderful reduction of flesh, and the circumference of the waist line thus gained (the result of an exercise of spiritual supremacy over the lower self in any direction), but watching such cases for three or four years, one discovers there is always a time limit to this reigning fad, for there comes an hour when the nervous energy feels the lack of nourishment which the system should receive at the proper time, and threatens collapse, when consulting physicians order a return to the maternal customs of civilized communities, who eat three regular meals, but with temperance and refinement, as becometh enlightened souls.

Perhaps the greatest intemperance among mortals is manifest in their needless waste of nerve force, in keeping the mill grinding when there is no grist to be converted into grain. A reposeful pulse is seldom attained by the 20th century mortal. He cannot sit quietly for ever so brief an interval, without drumming his fingers, tossing his foot, each motion requiring an outlay of nervous effort which, if wisely directed, might accomplish some great and permanent good. The restless activity of childhood in its growing epoch is perpetuated in adult manhood. Grown-up children are often less self-contained than their juniors, and when some special demand arises on their reserve force, it is not there to rely upon, having been frittered away in fidgets, in extravagance of nervous expenditure. To be sure, some of the graver habits discontinued in our opening resolution, are direct factors in this excitable state of the brain and nerves, and in striking at the root of the tree, the branches must soon wither. But why can't mortals love purity, sobriety, uprightness, so supremely, that all habits will only reflect the innate rectitude of an aspiring soul, which naturally without effort, spurs the mundane and imperfect, the lower gratification?

Then if some pledge of abstinence could be signed that would arrest the waste of mental action, the needless tension, and fears and worries over the things that never happen, but to which strenuous, misdirected thought lends a false vitality. True mental labor never killed anyone, but worry and anxiety slay hundreds of victims. On many a tombstone, "what if" might be inscribed as the cause of early demise. Thought should not be allowed to run riot, like a wayward, unbridled steed. The thinker should hold a firm rein on his mentality, and intelligently, temperately direct its course to all noble service, to strong mind-building, whether conscious or sub-conscious, he should train his mental action by firm concentration and judicious meditation. Many people of active brains could not focus their thought upon one of their thumbs, for sixty seconds, by utmost effort, without wandering in a dozen different directions during the attempt. We are a race of mental drunkards and need all the assistance which the New Thought can lend, to help us to think rightly, moderately, effectively.

There is a tendency also today toward intemperance in amusements. Recreation is essential for the physical or mental toiler, since all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, but much play and little work makes him a mean shirk. It is a great surprise for the occasional visitor at any of the theatres in this amusement loving city, to see the crowds at each one, standing five or six deep in the rear of the seats, night after night, at any of the attractive plays, surprise that so many people can be found with leisure and appetite for such enjoyment, cultivating such taste until it consumes and fritters away all noble growth of the mental or spiritual nature. To witness a grand drama, to admire the talent and achievement of a true artist, is an education in itself, an exceptional episode in the study of human character and emotion, but the modern society play with the same time-honored situations, the trivial treat, dragging its slow length along through scenes after scene, seems a pitiful waste of time to one who is living in earnest, working humbly for the freedom and advancement of humanity, and is straitened till it be accomplished. As Agassiz declared, he had no time to make money, so many a sincere worker has neither time nor desire to seek amusement, continually.

There seem, by the way, only three places in Boston, today, that are sore of a large audience, just three institutions that are always crowded, the Catholic Church, the Christian Science Church (for which state of affairs in both cases, allegiance to a Pope seems necessary), and the theatres, unless we except an N. S. A. Convention. Spiritual societies are not growing as they should. Churches of the most liberal faith dwindle. Not long ago a suburban Universalist Church with an able, popular pastor, was forced to discontinue its evening services, once crowded to the doors, because there was not sufficient attendance to maintain them. Yet no one hears of theatres being discontinued for want of patronage, but instead, new ones are building all the time.

It is claimed by astrologers that the year 1902 will go down into history as a year of special disaster, as marking an appalling loss of life all over the world, in volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, and floods. A similar year was that of 1666, when the black plague swept over London leaving 100,000 dead, when fires and droughts and bloody wars devastated other countries. The people of that age, all over Europe, were so terrified that they turned to religion, and it is recorded that "the churches were better filled than ever before." But humanity today, seems less impressed by widespread disaster and turns less to the study of spiritual truth. It seeks instead wholesale amusement, with a "let us eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die" spirit. It is the restless spirit of the age, a feature perhaps of the changing epoch between the two cycles, but the pendulum of expression must rebound in the near future, toward a great spiritual wave of awakening and progress.

The present era is a discouraging time for the spiritual worker, but he must toil on in patience and hope, in singleness of purpose, and true-hearted devotion, sowing seed today for future harvest, even though another hand may glean the ripened crop. What matters it whether Paul plants or Apollos waters; the Lord of the harvest can alone bring the increase. Let the teacher's example, at least, as well as his precept, the life no less than the spoken word, be pure, be unselfish, be temperate in all things.

Told Through a Typewriter.

A Danish West Indian Story.

DR. CHARLES E. TAYLOR.

My wife is not a Spiritualist, nor does she make any pretensions to mediumship. As far as my experience goes, up to the present day, she has been rather opposed than otherwise to my decided preference for the spiritual Philosophy as compared to others propounded for the moral guidance of man.

This is no fault of hers and from no unwillingness to be convinced; but what is satisfactory and convincing to one is not always so to another. Besides, few of us can stand, with equanimity, the polite sneers of one's neighbors for believing in what they are pleased to term "spooks," especially if it be in an unorthodox fashion. It is quite right for you to do so, it told as a gospel truth of 1900 years ago, but to allow that those who loved you most in earth life can come back and make their presence felt, breathing words of comfort, hope and joy to you, is so difficult to believe, when told as a common occurrence, that by a strange perversity of human nature, most people prefer the old legends, no matter how grotesque, antiquated or impossible.

This by way of preface, and is only written to show that in the following story at least one of the parties present was an unbeliever. I had just returned from the World's Fair, Chicago. Deeply impressed with its magnificence and the sights that I had seen, it was some time before I settled down again to work in the little "Island of the Sea," where I had dwelt for more than thirty years. Besides, I had many pleasant memories of the "Windy City;" my Alma Mater was there, and so were many kind friends and acquaintances, some of them classmates and now successful physicians.

It is not here that I shall expatiate upon the glories of the World's Columbian Exposition. I had traveled much in my young days, and had seen a goodly portion of this world's wonders, but nothing like this had come under my notice. I gazed delightedly upon the contents of its buildings, as well as the products of man's handiwork from every part of the civilized globe. I have a predilection for mechanics, and I spent hours among the latest inventions for the purpose of improvement in that direction. What mankind owes to America for labor saving contrivances it is impossible to tell.

When I came back from Chicago I brought a typewriter with me, and the first few days after my arrival a good many of my West Indian friends came to see it. It was not the first that had reached our shores. The Simplex was a common toy with our young people, and there were two Caligraphs and a Remington. Mine was a Hammond with interchangeable shuttle. It did beautiful work, with perfect alignment, was easy to manipu-

late and excited the admiration of everyone who saw it. When the novelty was over, I set myself to learn it, and after steady practice became tolerably proficient in its use. I could not get my wife to do so, though she would watch my proceedings with interest when she joined me of an evening in the room of study, where I generally received my patients and wrote the queer stories which of late I had been giving to the public. Some men would have preferred being alone, but I found that I always wrote better when she was present.

Now on the night when the occurrence took place, which forms the subject of this story, she was sitting with me. My skeleton, a very fine one, by the by, was securely locked up; my books occupied a fine mahogany case, my instruments were all carefully arranged and put away. In the West Indies such a thing as a litter, or piled up books and manuscript, is not to be thought of, the presence of scorpions, cockroaches and centipedes who delight in the hiding places which they afford, reminding you of your untidiness. The typewriter which I had been using shortly before my wife entered the room, was open and stood at the other end of the table at which we were sitting. I had just been reading to her the outline of a story which I contemplated writing, when I observed her shiver, then she caught me convulsively by the hand, and to my utter astonishment passed into the trance condition.

This was so unexpected, that, for the moment, I thought of using the regular methods of procedure for getting her out of it, when suddenly I heard the clicking of the keys of my typewriter, and then it occurred to me that I was about to witness some abnormal phenomena. Making sure that my wife was comfortable and that no dangerous symptoms were likely to manifest themselves, I directed my attention to the little instrument, the keys of which were now sounding with remarkable rapidity.

I felt sure that an invisible operator was seated before it, and that he or she was manipulating the keys, but how this was affected by the impact of non-matter against solid, tangible matter was a problem which was more than I could solve. And I must frankly state that, at that moment, I did not think of attempting a solution, my interest being chiefly centred upon what was going on before me, and becoming more and more excited as I saw sheet after sheet taken out of the instrument, as if by an unseen hand, and carefully laid upon the table.

Once I essayed to rise from my chair to get nearer to the spirit operator, for such I judged it to be, but as in a former instance, when my skeleton got out of his case for the purpose of writing the story of his life, I found myself unable to move from it.

All I was permitted to do, was to sit gazing steadily on the typewriter at work, and conjure up the form that was unmistakably working it. By and by the clicking of the keys came to an end, my wife gave a long drawn sigh, awoke, and with an exclamation that I had been trying to play some of my spiritist tricks upon her, abruptly left the room. For this, I was heartily sorry, and my first impulse was to follow her and assure her of my innocence, my next was to look at the typewriter. And this is what it said:

"I can hardly help feeling amused at the astonished look of the Doctor as he gazes towards what he considers the vacant space occupied by me. Yet there was a time when he knew me in the form, when I was as visible to his material organization as he is now to mine. Strange, is it not, how the mere passing from one condition of existence to another should place such difficulties in the way of our friends yet perceiving those they love and who have gone before them? And yet the day is not far distant, when science will demonstrate this all important fact to mankind and settle, at once, and forever, what has been so often demonstrated to an unbelieving and unthinking world. But I am not here to memorialize much less laugh at the perplexed look of the Doctor. He is no stranger to me nor to spirit communion and considering the valuable time that he has devoted to a study of what the world calls occult phenomena, not even my employment of this useful little typewriter to save him the trouble of writing my story should be so strange to him.

"Perhaps it is on account of his wife that he is anxious, yet he ought to be aware that it is a condition of the present manifestations, and that without her help, I could not control this instrument so easily. Those versed in spiritual laws know this, so I shall not dilate further on the subject.

"And now I may as well state that I was formerly a practicing physician on one of the most picturesque islands of the West Indies. At the time I first made the acquaintance of the Doctor, he was pursuing a series of investigations in the psychical nature of man. He maintained, and with justice, though I did not think so, then, that the physician who was not acquainted with this side of his patient, had mastered only half of his profession. I was a young graduate, at the time, and I must confess that I used to listen, with

a sort of incredulity stealing over me, to the theories he advanced as to the positive existence of what is usually termed soul, but which he affirmed was the conscious personality of man, and which he moreover asserted was as persistent and indestructible as the material envelope in which it existed.

"Fresh from the dissecting room, where the search for this invisible entity had never been rewarded with anything tangible; and from a College where scientific research had failed to discover any proof whatsoever of a soul, or such an after life of which my good friend the Doctor spoke so assuredly, it may well be imagined how incredulous I was with regard to the opinions he advanced with such confidence.

"There were occasions when he permitted me to be present, at some of his experiments, but to me they were rarely satisfactory. At any rate, I was always able to explain them away scientifically. It is true I was not so easily able to account for the phenomena of clairvoyance in which one of his subjects displayed a marvelous aptitude for reading through opaque objects, much in the same manner as Hontgen's rays are revealing to us the contents of a locked up box or the interior of a man's body, but no sooner had I got away from the influence which the seance exerted over me, I would always wonder if I were not the victim of a delusion, just as I believed the Doctor to be.

"When I look back upon those days and consider how persistently men of the highest endowments reject the evidence, so easily attainable, of man's existence beyond the grave, how they will devote the best part of their lives to the study of material phenomena, neglecting, if not despising the spiritual, I wonder.

"Though this is but natural, now that I have in my own person experienced the truth of the fact that man lives eternally and is as one with the Source of his being.

"I mention these things, in order to show my condition of mind at that time and how little inclined I was to believe in the supernatural. Not but what the Doctor, for whom I had conceived a great affection and respect, did not exert a great influence over me. No one could listen to all he said and the incomparable ethics of the Spiritual Philosophy which he enunciated with such conviction, without being impressed with its beauty and fitness for man in his present state of existence.

"That scientific men should reject the fabulous stories presented by priests as inspired by the Deity did not appear strange to me, for even the unlettered have to close the portals of their mind to accept them. So if I were a sceptic in matters considered, by so many, of weighty import to our salvation, I was scarcely to be blamed if I doubted things which my scientific training had taught me to be contrary to natural law.

"But if my mind rebelled against legends of the past and what my friend the doctor termed psychical phenomena, how much more prejudiced was I against some of the practices which were yet common in the West Indies, and which under the name of Obeah or Voodooism, were practiced secretly among the negroes, and, if report spoke truly, were believed in by some of their superiors in education.

"That any human being should be able to communicate a force to anything inanimate, a piece of stone, a few rusty nails, a tuft of hair or a few's claw, was to me so sublimely ridiculous, and often when the Doctor has gravely asserted me of the existence of an universal fluid which could be passed from one being to another for good or evil, or its properties conveyed to a handkerchief or a glass of water, I have felt inclined to laugh outright at his credulity, as of a piece with that of the Obeah man or woman who believed in such things.

"You see I was only master of the material side of my profession. I had made no study of man on the psychological side—hence the Doctor was head and shoulders above me as a specialist in nervous complaints and diseases of the mind. Though this I preferred to attribute to his great learning and experience.

"Not that I did not seek to acquire knowledge on such subjects nor that I did not wish to believe,—but there was an innate scepticism within me that precluded belief, and which only such a rude and terrible experience that I am about to relate was destined to remove. (To be concluded.)

My friend, do you believe I rate my soul as better than it is? Then let it be. Nor rob me of the nobler part of me: Better a half truth than a lying whole. I am that part I would myself conceive: 'Tis through such errors martyrs face the flame. Smiling, and keep down cowardice for shame. Since they in God and in themselves believe.

Throw your windows and doors open when you sleep and fill yourself with the only light which replaces the wandering flames with vital, indestructible life.—*The Path-Flasher.*

An attractive and accomplished girl, known as Mollie Faucher, is thrown from her horse, as has happened again and again since the first time she was thrown, to her great grief. Although much injured she makes progress to recovery until a second fall, this time from a street car, leaves her a paralyzed invalid, with no prospect of cure. The double shock had crushed her young form out of every position. She is now a helpless invalid, and her nerve becomes diseased. Light is so painful she must remain in a darkened room. Her arms are drawn back of her neck, where her hands have sufficient freedom to permit her to use them so far as possible in that position. She has no hands, but she has no fingers, the other. In this helpless position the poor sufferer lives year after year, often for weeks taking no nourishment by which even such a limited life must apparently be supported.

Of course this is a very rare experience. The brain of the poor girl is not affected. She has no mind, but she has no mind, as before, but she develops now is not found in normal life. With paralyzed optic nerves, and in darkness, she reads and writes; and with those hands of hers back of her head she knits wool shawls, selecting the shades of the colored wool needed with unerring accuracy.

So much, together with her developed claim-

regance, belongs to the fields of anatomy, physiology and psychology, and for more than thirty years her case has aroused scientific interest. Yet these details, however interesting, the only marked features of the case, there would be no need for the student to seek for any special lesson here. Clairvoyance, or sight without the use of the optic nerve, is an attested fact, and only adds another power to those previously claimed as belonging to humanity. Like the psychometric faculty it belongs to the mortal and, like all other powers, may or may not be developed. The rare feature of this case is the one which contains the lesson we seek.

Almost daily, and usually at night, her distorted form is suddenly convulsed, with the result that in a minute or two her mentality is changed. There appears another exhibition of Mollie Fancher, for an intelligence now talks to you which claims to be Mollie Fancher, and apparently has no other experience of life than certain of the experiences of Mollie Fancher, and of which experiences the Mollie Fancher you knew has no remembrance when she is herself again. This of itself would be one of the rare cases of which we have spoken, but it goes much further. Presently there is another convulsion with another distinct personality, and another, and another, and so on, until Mollie Fancher, or if you please, six fragments of one Mollie Fancher have appeared. This goes on night after night, and the mentality of each is so marked and distinct from any other that it is given a special name of greeting by the nurses and friends. Each has its own experience—always feminine—its own gathered and accumulated knowledge unshared by any other, and its own special friends. Each, too, has its own limitations. It is only when you add the mentality expressions of all these personalities into one that you find yourself grasping the truth that Mollie Fancher is herself the individuality underlying the whole.

This does not mean that the girl Mollie Fancher, if unhurt, would have grown into a woman who would have had all of the tendencies and mental powers exhibited by the six, but that the possibility of such development inhered in the form of that school girl. We are witnessing an effect of matter upon mind quite as marked as the effect of mind upon matter, which is the glory of manhood. The convulsion is a change of vibration of the physical brain, perhaps of the whole organism, and forthwith the mortal appears to us as a new personality. Nay, is really a new personality, for all our experiences, and our own personality must be expressed by and through vibrations of the matter or substance of which our bodies are composed.

So much has been noted and recorded again and again. The one point which is shrouded over by the witnesses and the reader is the tremendous fact that each of these personalities claims to be Miss Fancher. There is no manifestation of spirit return, unless each is a living spirit, for they all make the same claim to be Mollie Fancher and nobody else.

The word "person" signifies a mask, worn in olden times by actors to hide his own individuality. And we see that our form in earth life is always a mask, which can be so changed that another person is manifested, although the individuality remains the same. Yet "form" absolutely limits the mental manifestations, as there must be conformity in the brain and other organs which compel or limit the new personality. For instance, if there be a cleft palate the pronunciation would be defective in all alike, though one might be clearer than another. The larynx, and suitable brain conformations must be present to permit any manifestations of art or science. So we find ourselves in presence of a "rare fact," which demonstrates that our coming personality after death is affected by the shape of the form through which we mingle with other intelligences. And whether we are recognizable through earth life memories will depend upon whether our earth personality has been broken up by the change called death.

Death is conceivably a shock equivalent to that which is a disaster to the personality of Miss Fancher, although, of course, this may only be a consequence in exceptional cases.

San Leandro, Cal.

(To be continued.)

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, he has decided to send this remedy to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with a stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 34 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A Word for the Children.

Dear Editor: When we have read one of those beautiful letters of Abby A. Judson, there comes to us this sentence: "I pity those who have said harsh things to children who are dead." Then we are tempted to ask, if we have lived for all there is in life and feed there are who can answer that they have.

Each day is the setting of a sun in some home circle and with it goes out the light, the ambition of some one, who has lived for the betterment of the world. There is in each soul some good and we of this world have in business cares forgotten the existing of a friend whose conditions have never been hampered by the lowly conditions of earthly rows or perhaps the cruel results of an injury. Then should we not live in a true light, in the opening of a new world, where we see the blush of the new born rose as it opens its beautiful petals to catch the glimpse of the first broken sunlight, which comes in the first spiritual knowledge to the soul of the growing man.

Would that the world was better and that the life of each child as it comes into this condition of life might be enlightened by the purest conditions, that the child might never come in contact with the surroundings of a world made cruel by those whose influences have been perhaps misdirected in the beginning of a life which should have been better.

Should we then not be filled with praise, that we are not mortgaged with human iniquities or the lowly conditions which may surround our neighbor? In each soul there is that spark of a better condition which needs only the kindling to make the light which would spread and better those who come within its radiance.

There in Maine we have not the advantages offered by the Spiritual Lyceums of other States, and we are not reaching in the way that we should the young people who are growing up. Would it not be a beautiful thing if we had a missionary among the young and young generation of the old Pine Tree State? We have the foundation for mediums which might assist materially in the demonstration of this grand Cause, but they remain inactive, simply because the "bringing out" influences are not thrown around them for the elevation of the powers which are focused for the budding of a new life.

How often have I wished that with the beautiful influences, which it has been the kindness of the spirit world to place with me, that I might reach out to the home of the coming generations and interest them with the new light of love, truth and the spirit of making better the world around. Each child brings to me an interest, and if better conditions might reach the homes, if the truth of Spiritualism might be sown while the child was still young, the coming years would reap rich harvests in the interests of Spiritualism. To do this will require money and the kindly devotion of some one who will interest the young people. Unfortunately, and for us, each camp ground in Maine which we have visited lacks the embracing influences, the interesting conditions which should have to draw in and to hold the younger people.

In the children is the hope for the future and no one has greater love for them than all the writer. Would that the children's column of the Banner might receive the support that it should. May the heavenly influences of spirit power be over the children of Maine as elsewhere, and may the sweet influences bring some way in which to assist those who are to follow us.

Belfast, Nov. 25, 1902.

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 colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Pennsylvania Items.

We served the excellent little auxiliary society of the N. S. A. at Roversford, Nov. 10 and 11. They meet in a nice hall and are an energetic body of workers, with two or more local mediums of excellent ability to entertain the public. The family of J. Buckwater entertained us in their splendid home, and our host gave us a liberal donation for the N. S. A. Nothing encourages us more than liberality! And then we feel that generous labor on our part is appreciated, and we are sure to give it. Indeed, our public workers all, as a rule, and the missionaries in particular, are always generous. We often sadly need to be met by equal earnestness.

We visited Lancaster and held meetings Nov. 22, 23, and 24. A good working society was organized here nearly a year ago by Mr. and Mrs. Sprague. A few of the members have stood steadfast and held regular meetings. Mrs. Barton has well served them and will continue during December. We will return there for Sunday, Jan. 4. The need of local societies is first local energy and then a regular speaker, or frequent visits of competent platform workers. We need more able speakers who will accept a circuit and build thereby the various sections of our country where our societies fail for want of talent. Instead of mediums collecting in cities for competition, they should diffuse the many solutions where support can readily be secured and good work done for our Cause. There is scarcely a locality but will sustain an earnest speaker or medium.

Bro. George A. Kiehl is the president and zealot of the Lancaster society. He was our host and right rightly did he and daughter entertain us. It is pleasant to visit in such a home. Our lectures were well received, and the messages by Mrs. Kates were all accurate and convincing.

Pennsylvania is beginning to stir itself, and will soon be ready for a State Association.

G. W. Kates and wife.

Briefs.

The Church of Fraternity of Soul Communism held services in the Atlantic City Cathedral, cor. Bedford Ave. and Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday evening, Nov. 23. The services were very interesting and after the pastor, Rev. Ira Moore Corbitt, delivered the invocation, a beautiful selection was rendered by the Vocal Quartet. Mr. Corbitt gave a sermon, reading some wonderful messages from the spirit world and reaching a great many sorrowful hearts. The bazaar and fair given in the church proper by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the church was a success. The attendance was good and donations liberal. Miss Emma R. Smith, of Fitchburg, Mass., and Mrs. J. W. Kenyon of this city spoke for the First Spiritualist Society Sunday, Nov. 23, to large and appreciative audiences. The addresses were followed by a large number of convincing spirit messages, holding the closest attention of all present. The vocal solos by Mrs. E. Fisk and Mrs. Becker and piano selections by Miss Howe were finely rendered. Dr. C. L. Fox, Pres.

Nov. 22, The Boston Spiritual Lyceum met at the Appleton Hall, singing and responsive reading, followed by discussion of the subject of the day, "How can we profit by the errors of others?" by Mr. F. Allen, Mr. Seaverns, Mr. Clark, Mr. Packard, Mr. J. B. Hatch, Jr. Literary program: March: recitations, Nellie Bonner, Edgar Spooner, Beatrice Spooner. Topic of the day upon "The Suppression of Child Labor," by Mr. Packard. The exercises closed with a very fine talk to the children by our good sister, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule. E. B. Packard, Clerk.

The regular meeting of the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 of Boston was held Sunday, Nov. 22, at 11 o'clock in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St. After the lesson a number of the older pupils took part in explaining the lesson, and Dr. Hall gave a very interesting talk. Mr. H. Leslie read a beautiful poem on the subject of the lesson. The following children took part in the entertainment: Readings, Grace Supero, Jennie Myer, Fern Foster, songs, Alice Eva Scott, Evelyn Franconer, Anita Osgood, Blanche Collett, Esther Bots, piano duet, Willis Milligan and Rebecca Goodall; song, Mrs. Taylor. Annie Hanky Scott gave some very fine messages to the children. Mrs. M. E. Stillings, Sec.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Church of Living Truth held services at Arcadium Hall, 1236 Bedford Ave., near Fulton St. The attendance was good and appreciated the work of the medium, Mrs. Carrie A. Thomas. A musical program preceded the test session. Mrs. Thomas certainly did justice to all who were fortunate enough to receive messages from their spirit friends. We hope she may continue the work she is doing for Spiritualism in Brooklyn. All are welcome to our meetings.—J. C. Miller, Secretary, 241 Kingsland Ave., Brooklyn.

Spiritual Science Home Mission, Providence Hall, Market St., Boston, held meetings on Sunday, Nov. 23, were very interesting. Mrs. Edie L. Webster was the speaker and medium at both services. At the close of the afternoon session circles were formed in the hall there being several good mediums present. At 5.30 supper was served to a large number. A fine musical program was rendered by violin and piano which was much enjoyed. Mrs. Webster gave great satisfaction in the evening with her fine tests all fully recognized. Mrs. M. A. Bonney served the society at a supper and speaker Sunday, Nov. 20. Mrs. Ella B. Merrill, 56 Lynnfield St.

The Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society held its regular meeting in Appleton Hall, Thursday afternoon and evening. In the afternoon the president, Mrs. M. J. Davis, first vice-president, presided. Supper was served at 6.30 p. m. The evening was devoted to dancing, with a large number in attendance. Dec. 4, the society will give a

concert to the old workers in the Cause of Spiritualism; all are invited to attend. Supper will be served at 6.30 p. m. Supper tickets 15 cents. Admission tickets to evening meeting, 15 cents. Afternoon free. Through some error the name of Adeline Wilkinson was omitted as one of our speakers Nov. 20.—Emma L. Hubbard, Recording Secretary pro tem.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union met in Dwight Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 26, as usual. Our president, Mrs. M. J. Butler, was absent, and Mrs. Ella A. Weston, our worthy first vice-president presided over the meeting. We had with us Mrs. Berry, Prof. Arthur, Mrs. Kneeland and the messages were excellent. Mr. Willis Milligan and Miss Lottie Weston favored us with a piano duet. Mrs. Barber, of Malden, spoke for us also. Our next regular meeting will be held as usual next Wednesday, Dec. 3; all welcome.—Laura F. Sloan, Recording Secretary.

The First Spiritualistic Ladies' Aid Society of Boston held its usual weekly meeting in Appleton Hall on Friday, Nov. 21. In the afternoon the public circle was held with Mrs. Lizzie Lincoln as the medium. The evening service was opened with singing by Mrs. Hattie C. Mason, followed with remarks by Mrs. Alice S. Waterhouse. It being medium's night the evening was devoted to the test phase of mediumship through the demonstrations of such well known workers as Mrs. Lizzie Shackley, Mrs. Hattie C. Mason, Mrs. E. M. Shirley, Mrs. Thompson, Dr. C. L. Willis and Mrs. Chandler. The business meeting of Nov. 23 was called to order at 8 o'clock in the afternoon, with the president, Mrs. Mattie Albee, presiding. The treasurer, Mrs. Nina Pierce, was present for the first time since the society announced its fall meetings, and she received many earnest expressions of interest and sympathy for her health. It was voted to hold a soap party on Friday evening, Dec. 6. The evening session was unusually interesting, the attendance being the largest of the season. After a song by Mrs. Hattie Mason, Mr. Albert P. Blinn was called upon to read "The Builders," a poem. "The Builders," and made interesting remarks. Mrs. Edie Webster of Lynn was the medium for the evening. Her remarks and messages were very convincing. The society showed its appreciation of the service by giving a large bouquet to Mrs. Webster.

Mrs. Waterhouse closed the meeting with a benediction. Mrs. M. L. Dexter, Sec. pro tem.

Lake Helen, Florida.

As winter is near, with all of its discomforts, I am inspired to write a word to Spiritualists in general on behalf of the Southern Cassadaga Camp and Florida as a climate in which one may rejuvenate both physical and spiritual powers.

Perhaps some time pipe lines will be used in the future to bring our homes in the cold regions of the North; then the ozone of the pine will cool our rooms in the morning of a hot summer's day and in the afternoon we will enjoy the salt breezes fresh from the ocean, and in winter the balmy breath of spring will come to us in pipe lines from some Southern clime. Until science with its ceaseless march provides us with all the conditions conducive to health and comfort, the human family will be compelled to follow its nomadic wanderings to obtain health and comfort. In writing to friends during my winter stays in the South, I have so often tried to find language to express the soft thought of the charm and mystery that overwhelms one after leaving gray skies and wintry winds and making the transition to this land of sun and flowers, and every time I make the attempt language ceases to vibrate; I can only say, in proportion to the size of your soul and your love of the beautiful will you enjoy it.

Florida is the most picturesque State in the Union, and is a State in which one may find the perpetuity of all life. Florida is the healthiest State in the Union, for two reasons: First, the State is new. Old Ocean has not yet completed the job of making the State, although no doubt she has been milking the State for centuries. Second, the valleys that comprise the vast territory of Florida, and yet there has not been sufficient time for decayed vegetation, and the carbon from the sun's rays, to form a stratum of soil upon the surface. Hence there are no noxious gases, and the air is pure. The entire State is covered with a rich growth of pine that gives off a rich resinoid that mixes with the salt breezes that sweep in all over the State from the Gulf Coast as well as the East Coast, which adds health and vigor to the air.

To Spiritualists wishing to enjoy a spiritual feast as well as climatic benefits, there is no spiritual camp anywhere equal to Lake Helen. "Thine there you will meet the most intelligent class of our people; they go there for religious instruction, and yet they are there for a good time and they make pleasure out of every little social event that occurs. 'Tis there you have our philosophy presented by our ablest speakers. 'Tis there we learn that the dream of love that is in the soul is the only saving principle to cultivate and cherish in the heart. When we present it to rule all, other good things will be added to our store."

Many of our people are adopting the pessimistic idea of life, and I don't wonder from the spirit of envy and jealousy that pervades our race, and yet the world is growing worse. Education and science are civilizing and spiritualizing. Evolution is slow but sure, and to it we must look for the redemption of the world. Not an act of nature, from the winds that leaped ages ago across Hindlay heights to the trickle of the line dross, building stalagmites in a sunless cavern, but pointed toward the evolution of a moral character of creatures not yet evolved. Man is the fruit, but not the ripe fruit, of evolution, and his moral character is the product of all the combined forces that work in atoms. He is the child of comical environments, but it does not yet appear what he shall be; he weaves now at the loom of his own destiny. It is nature and her children, the father and the mother, the infinite finitely, the finite infinitely yearning. God will never appear to men only as he appears in them. We see in a thing what the mind brings to it. We can only enjoy according to the value of our reminiscence. The day is coming when men will live more in thought and less in the material world. At present his eyes are hidden. 'Twas Emerson who said:

"God screens us evermore from premature ideas. We cannot see things that stare us in the face until the hour arrives that the mind is ripe to behold them, and the time that we knew them not is like a dream. 'Canst thou bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion?' Then will I also confess unto thee that thy own right hand can bind thee."

When man truly knows his capability and directs himself of his selfishness the Golden Rule will then enforce itself. Thinking is getting to be a great power. By and by it is going to set up a kingdom on this earth. Thought now commands the lightning and is obeyed by the great forces of nature will be at its command.

Spiritualists, go to Lake Helen, where you will come in contact with the ablest representatives of our glorious religion. Go where the morning bird sings night and day. Go where the gentle zephyrs that sift through the long-leaved pines will be to you as music from aeolian harps. Go where you can row over the silvery waters of Spirit Lake. Go where you can enjoy the fruit of the orange

WHAT A SAMPLE BOTTLE OF SWAMP-ROOT DID

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

Among the many famous cures of Swamp-Root introduced 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, liver and bladder remedy.

Mrs. H. N. Wheeler, of 617 High Rock St., Lynn, Mass., writes on Nov. 3, 1901: "About 18 months ago I had a very severe spell of sickness. I was extremely sick for three weeks, and when I finally was able to leave my bed I was left with excruciating pain in my back. My water at times looked very like coffee. I could pass but little at a time, and then only after suffering great pain. My physical condition was such that I had no strength and was all run down. The doctors said my kidneys were not affected, but I felt certain that they were the cause of my trouble. My sister, Mrs. C. E. Littlefield, of Lynn, advised me to give Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root a trial. I procured a bottle and inside of three days commenced to get relief. I followed up that bottle with another, and at the close of that one found I was completely cured. My strength returned, and today I am as well as ever. My business is that of canvasser. I am on my feet as much as I can, and I have to use more energy in getting around. My cure is therefore all the more remarkable, and is exceedingly gratifying to me."

Mrs. H. N. Wheeler

MRS. H. N. WHEELER.

The mild and extraordinary effect of the world-famous kidney and bladder remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, therefore, when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, fatal results are sure to follow.

We often see a friend, a relative, or an acquaintance apparently well, but in a few days we may be grieved to learn of their severe illness, or sudden death, caused by that fatal type of kidney trouble—Bright's Disease.

The Effect of the Sample Bottle of Swamp-Root.

"Having heard that you could procure a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, free by mail, I wrote to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle and it was promptly sent. I was so pleased after trying the sample bottle that I sent to the drug store and procured a supply. I have used Swamp-Root regularly for some time and consider it unsurpassed as a remedy for torpid liver, loss of appetite and general derangement of the digestive functions. I think my trouble was due to too close confinement in my business. I can now get out in the open air and breathe the fresh air. I am not in the habit of enduring any medicine, but in this case I cannot speak too much in praise of what Swamp-Root has done for me."

454 West High St., Springfield, Ohio, Feb. 21st, 1901.

W. F. Johns.

EDITORIAL NOTE—If you are sick or "feel badly" begin taking the wonderful discovery, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful remedy, Swamp-Root, 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 large measure, to the great curative properties of Swamp-Root. Write to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say that you read this generous offer in the Boston Banner of Light.

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 the 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.

grave and be sheltered from the burning sun, by the emerald magnolia. Go and spend one winter in Florida, and my word for it, the memory of what you enjoy will always be a joy and a delight to you.

G. N. Hillgrove, M. D.

260 W. McAllen Ave., Cincinnati, O.

The American Free Thought Society.

Looking over the Banner recently, we noticed an announcement of the American Secular Union, of a convention to be held at Brooklyn, N. Y. We were much pleased to hear of this, and we thought G. W. Kates and wife would be the representatives of our people, as fraternal delegates of the N. S. A., and decided to join them. We were already present when Mr. and Mrs. Kates arrived, and were surprised to notice how lukewarm they were received. Mr. Kates offered his credentials as a delegate of the N. S. A., but he was not invited to a seat on the platform, given a chance to speak or convey our fraternal greetings to the convention assembled.

Now we as Spiritualists, preaching and teaching from our platform the universal feeling of brotherly love, the unity and kinship, towards every one, should begin to practice what we preach, and not try to air our wounded feelings in our spiritual papers, but take respectful action of such matters at our annual conventions, and we agree heartily with the suggestion made by Dr. Hale of Boston, in his last convention, when this subject matter was under discussion, viz: "To respect ourselves, thereby demanding others to respect us."

It was our pleasure to be present together with Mr. and Mrs. Kates at one of the evening meetings. One of the eloquent speakers of England in his discourse made these remarks.

There is no immortality, for as it "has not been proven that life exists after death we do not accept it." In answer to the gentleman's

OLD AND NEW PSYCHOLOGY.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

Author of "Studies in Theosophy," "Dashed Against the Rock," "Spiritual Therapeutics," and numerous other works on the Psychological Problems of the Ages.

The author says in his Introduction: "The writer lays claim to having written a complete and exhaustive treatise on Psychology, but simply has undertaken to prove it, as in popular a form as possible, some of the salient features of the subject." Reports of twenty-four distinct lectures, recently delivered in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia and other prominent cities of the United States, have contributed to the reputation of the author.

As the author has received numerous inquiries from all parts of the world as to where and how these lectures on Psychology can now be procured, the present volume is a decided and authoritative answer to all these kind and earnest questions.

The chief aim throughout the volume has been, to arouse increased interest in the workable possibilities of a theory of human nature, thereby stimulating and aiding the mind, to profound ethical. As several chapters are devoted to improve methods of education, the writer expects that many parents, teachers and others who have charge of the young, or who are called upon to exercise in education, will find much that is new and highly adapted will derive some help from the doctrines here with pre-maligned.

CONTENTS.

What is Psychology? The True Basis of the Science. Rational Psychology, Theories of Aristotle and Swedenborg, with Medications Thereon. Relation of Psychology to Practical Education. Study of the Human Mind. The Two Theories of Psychology, Instinct and Intuition. Psychology and Physiology. Mental and Physical Therapeutics. The Power of Thought: How to Develop and Increase It. Concentration of Thought, and What It Can Accomplish. The New Psychology as Applied to Education and Mental Hygiene. Telepathy and Transference of Thought, or Mental Telegraphy. Mysterious, Its Nature and Cause. Hysteria, How Acquired and How Mastered; with some Remarks on Mesmerism and its Kinematics. The Scientific Ghost and the Problem of the Human Double. The Human Soul. Health and Environment. Physical, Mental and Psychological, their Bearing on Psychology. Indivisibility as Reality. Free Will. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

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Elisabeth F. Kurch.

He who has his mind and will so subdued that he cheerfully and willingly does what his soul tells him he ought to do, is a great and wise man and can teach all men.—Ex.

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Editorial Notes.

A valued friend sends us a clipping from one of the leading metropolitan dailies which makes an extended reference to the rapid growth of Socialism, evidencing the recent state elections throughout the nation as proof of the fact that something is "radically wrong" with the voters of our land. We have often stated that the Banner of Light is not a political paper in any respect, and its only policy in politics is to advise spiritualistic voters to cast their ballots for those men only be Democrats, Republicans, Populists, Socialists, or Prohibitionists, who will manfully uphold those principles that are dear to every true Spiritualist on the globe. By this method they will succeed in establishing humanitarian laws, and will aid in the noble work of realizing the ideal of the Christ of Nazareth, i. e., the brotherhood of the human race. Socialism in its complete sense, teaches the equality of all souls, and proclaims the adage "All for each, and each for all" as its motto. Spiritualism has taught the same great truth ever since the Christ walked the earth. In this respect Socialism and Spiritualism are in full accord. The fact that 400,000 men voted with the Socialist party at the last election would seem to indicate a trend toward humanitarian principles on their part. The gospel of kindness and honest work serves to make men realize that the interests of one man are the interests of all men—that "all for each—each for all" is no chimera, but an ethical truth to be worked out in the lives of all men. It would almost seem as if the awakening of the voters of our land to a realization of their responsibility one toward another had come, and that the voice of the twin angels "Love and Justice" were finding an echo in their souls, when men begin to vote for principle and not from party prejudice.

WE MAKE

no attempt to commit Spiritualism to any political party whatsoever. Our Spiritualism includes all that is true or good in all religions, and in all reform movements. If there is a vital principle in Socialism that will uplift the masses, it belongs to Spiritualism, should be absorbed by all Spiritualists and worked out for the good of others. But this is also true of the Republican, Democratic, and other political parties. The growth of Socialism causes no wonder to any thinking mind. The inordinate greed and brutal selfishness of the managers of the Beef Trust, the Coal Trust, and Steel Trust, as exemplified and proved during the past six months taught the American people a

great, a very wholesome lesson. It showed them how miserable the multitude could be made by the selfishness of the few who were in control of the business of nature. Suddenly, almost without warning, the terrible trouble of high priced food and fuel were upon them. Many suffered keenly thereby, and in that suffering were taught to see that they were mutually dependent one upon the other. "A bond of sympathy makes all men kin," and they voted accordingly. It was humanity pleading for its rights against monopoly and intended greed. It was justice demanding its own from the corrupt plutocrats who had usurped places of trust and power in the land. The immense gains of the few stood out in bold relief before the startled eyes of the cold and hungry ones of earth. They saw as never before the truth of the saying "when men have only that which they need and can use, all men will have enough." The influence of this thought led many men to cast their votes with the party that stood upon that platform. No wonder plutocracy trembles at the result—it knows that it is doomed whenever the American conscience is led to act.

CREED REVISION.

At the November meeting of the New York Presbytery all the pending proposals for the revision of the Westminster Confession, eleven in number, were endorsed. Most of the votes, which were taken separately on each proposal, were unanimous. There was not in any instance a considerable negative vote. There was very little discussion. The business was treated almost perfunctorily. It seemed to be assumed by the nearly 150 members of the Presbytery present that creed revision was bound to prevail, and the sooner it was done the better.

On the last previous occasion when the question of revising the creed was before the Presbytery, there was a very hot and prolonged debate, and it was finally voted down by 75 against to 71 in favor. That, however, was considerably more than a year ago. The question then was whether the creed needed revision at all. The difference between predominant antagonism and tame acquiescence is a sign of the times. Not in the development of higher speed for express trains, not even in the wonders of wireless telegraphy, is there any more rapid and amazing progress than there is in the growth of theological liberty.—Exchange.

The foregoing speaks for itself. It may be that the famous "five points of Calvinism" are not the eternal verities of the Presbyterian creed after all. If that creed is not perfect, and the admission on the part of its followers that it needs revision, shows that it is not, then "total depravity" and "infant damnation" may eventually take their places "among the glimmering dreams of the things that were." If the Presbyterian church can change its creed, there is hope for the rest of the world. There was never a more pitiless, heartless, irrational creed ever formulated, yet it found millions to accept it, to swear by it, even to risk their hopes of heaven upon it. But it is to be changed—what will the Presbyterians do with those whom they condemned as heretics, tortured as such, and went out of life under the ban of their church? If the creed was wrong, ought not those who were unjustly condemned to have another chance somewhere? If so, who is to get them out of everlasting torture into the joys of the "Saints eternal possession?"

JOHN G. WHITTIER A SPIRITUALIST.

The good "Quaker Poet" was not only a disciple of the "Friends," but he was also a firm believer in spirit communion. Under the nom-de-plum "The Stranger in Sewell," he wrote more than fifty years ago, as follows: A young girl, of great purity of character, in a highly exalted state of what is called clairvoyance, or animal electricity, was visited by the Magnetizer to the future world. In the language of the narrator, "The vision burst upon her. Her whole countenance and form indicated at once that a most surprising change had passed over her mind. A solemn, pleasing, but deeply impressive expression rested upon her features. She prophesied her own early death; and when one of her young friends wept, she said, 'Do not weep for me—death is desirable, beautiful! I have seen the future, and myself there. O it is beautiful, happy, and glorious—and myself so beautiful, happy and glorious!—And it is not dying, only changing places, states, and conditions, and feelings. O how beautiful—how blessed!' She seemed to see her mother, who was dead, and when asked to speak to her, she replied, 'She will not speak. I could not understand her. They converse by willing, thinking, feeling, without language.'"

All this may in part be accounted for on my friend's theory of cerebral excitement—the disturbed over-action of a portion of the brain, or, to speak phrenologically, of "the religious organs." Yet the mystery even then is but partially solved. Why in this state of exaltation and preternatural mental activity should similar images and thoughts present themselves to persons of widely varied temperaments and beliefs, from the credulous believer to the confirmed skeptic? How is it that the youthful Mesmeric clairvoyant, who has never heard of Swedenborg, confirms in her dreams of a future life the speculations of that remarkable writer?

For myself, I am not willing to reject at once everything which cannot be explained in consistency with a strictly material philosophy. Our whole life is circled about with mystery. Who knows the laws of his own spiritual nature? Who can determine the precise conditions of the mysterious union of soul and body? It ill becomes us, in our ignorance and blindness, to decide, that whatever records not with our five senses, and our every day experience, is an impossibility. There is a credulity of doubt which is more to be deprecated than that of belief.

A BAY OF LIGHT.

A St. Louis jury earned for the members thereof the gratitude of the patriots of America by the verdict recently rendered in a court of the Missouri metropolis. Jacob Ernst was awarded one thousand dollars damages against Dr. Arnold Hayford for causing the death of Mr. Ernst's daughter by inoculating her with diphtheria anti-toxin.

The one fault with this verdict is the small sum assessed against the physician who administered the fatal dose. The sum of ten thousand dollars would not have been exorbitant under the circumstances. Monetary values can never be set upon human life, and no amount of cash can ever make up to a parent the loss of a beloved child. The jury sustained a vital principle in this case, hence should be given due credit for the justice of the action taken. If all physicians were held strictly accountable for all damages brought by compulsory vaccination, either for smallpox or diphtheria, there would be no such unwarranted haste as now prevails on the part of the medicals to inflict such evils upon the suffering people. If a doctor were liable to a ten thousand dollar fine for every death caused by vaccination, or five thousand dollars for every chronic invalid caused by it, he would shun vaccination as a burnt child shuns the fire. His chief interest in and love for vaccination lies in the dollars he gets out of it. If his purse were to be lightened by these fines as penalties for the direful results of his rape upon his patients' persons, his love for money would give him prudence, and he would suddenly "discover" (?) that vaccination was no longer a benefit, but a serious menace to human life! Moral—Make the doctors responsible for the results of vaccination in all forms!!

MORMONISM

Some of the preachers of the land, particularly those who held forth in Salt Lake City, Utah, profess to be greatly agitated over the subject of Mormonism. One of the Twelve Apostles of the Mormon Church is to be elected to the United States Senate by the Utah legislature when that august body assembles in January. His name is Reed Smoot, but it is not on account of his name nor of his politics, nor of his wealth that these sorrowing (?) clergy venture to become so wrought up. It is because Mr. Smoot is a Mormon in religion, and they consider Mormonism as highly improper. They do not allege that Apostle Smoot himself is a polygamist, but they say that his fellow apostles are enjoying plural marriages, and that their influence is great enough to control him! They also declare that they believe him to be in sympathy with polygamy, or he would refuse to associate with those apostles who are openly living with more than one wife. But Mr. Smoot contents himself with saying nothing. His election is assured, for the Utah Legislature is almost unanimously Republican and overwhelmingly Mormon. Mr. Smoot happens to be both just now hence will go to the Senate. He will be seated, too; his State voted the right way, and did so at the command of the Mormon Church. That Church's price for its votes was the United States Senatorship. The bargain has thus far been carried out, and there is no valid reason for supposing that Apostle Smoot will be deprived of his reward. The Mormon Church is Utah and, "as Congress can make no law respecting religion or the full exercise thereof," no just cause can be found for excluding the apostle from the Senate after he is once elected. The expulsion of Brigham H. Roberts was an act of intolerance and injustice.

AN EXPLANATION.

One of the true and tried friends of the Cause of Spiritualism who took leave of earth during the past year was Gen. Ferdinand J. Dreer of Philadelphia. His name was inadvertently omitted from the list submitted by the committee on resolutions at the last National Convention, and it was our intent to insert the same in the resolutions on necrology published last week. A curious type error placed the name with those of the committee on resolutions, and not with those of our ascended friends as was intended. Gen. Dreer was a true friend to Spiritualism, and a loyal supporter of the N. S. A. His departure from earth is regretted by every worker in Spiritualism, whose sympathy is most earnestly extended to the members of his family.

GOING HOME

These words come to mind as we recall the transition of that devoted medium, Mrs. J. C. Ewell, whose obituary appears on another page of this issue. Mrs. Ewell was one of the pioneers, and her departure shows that the veterans in our ranks are going home. Very few of the early workers are now in the form. Five and fifty years constitute a long period of time to serve any cause, and it is not strange that so few of our old workers remain in the form. Their labors are over, and their mantles have fallen—where? Are the young people of today coming forward to fill the places of the veterans? Why are they holding back? Surely the self-sacrifice of the pioneers should inspire the youth of today to do their duty in the self-same field. Why don't they do it?

The Century for December is at hand and contains a veritable mine of information for the seeker for truth. Its illustrations, prose articles and poems are of the highest standard of excellence. No lover of good literature can afford to be without this great periodical. To particularize as to its chief merit would be impossible. It deals with the very best in literature, and it is worth many times its subscription price. The sketch of Frederick W. Robertson is very instructive, and will please thousands of people. The article on the Steel Trust will be read with interest, as it is an up to date subject in which every American should find food for thought. The Century is a great magazine, and deserves well at the hands of every book lover.

We take pleasure in calling our readers' attention to the fact that No. 8, of Miss Lillian Whiting's series of articles on "The Outlook Beautiful," will appear in our next number. This article is one of Miss Whiting's best, and extra copies of the Banner will be in demand. Send in your orders for the same at once.

"The Inward Voice never deceives us; listen attentively to it."

Editor-at-Large.

The N. S. A. has taken a very important step for the protection of Spiritualism in America from erroneous and unwarranted attacks in the secular and religious press, by electing Hudson Tuttle as Editor-at-Large to reply to all such as occasion may demand. This is a movement that will commend itself to every true blue Spiritualist in America, and all will agree that no better selection than this distinguished author and scholar, Hudson Tuttle, could have been made. He has been duly commissioned for this special post by the N. S. A., and has already entered upon the discharge of his duties. All secular papers and religious journals that admit anything prejudicial to or false concerning Spiritualism, will hear from our able Editor-at-Large.

It is the duty of every Spiritualist, and it should be a pleasure as well, to co-operate with Mr. Tuttle in this work. His attention should promptly be called to every reference to Spiritualism either favorably or unfavorably, in order that he may know the true animosities of the managers of the various newspapers of the land. Send him every paper containing references to occultism, spiritual science or Spiritualism. He will need them when writing his replies. The various clipping bureaus will, of course, supply him with many of these references, but there are hundreds of papers that said bureaus do not handle, hence there may be many attacks that he would not see unless his spiritualistic brethren everywhere took pains to place these notices before him.

Mr. Tuttle is a host within himself, and the opponents of Spiritualism will find themselves confronted with an antagonist more than worthy of their steel. No Spiritualist need tremble for his religion, so far as the reading public is concerned, with Hudson Tuttle in the field as sponsor for our Cause. Dr. S. B. Brittan held this position for several years nearly a quarter of a century ago, and his trenchant pen did valiant service for the religion of man and the angels while he was in the field. The N. S. A. has most appropriately revived the office, and has honored itself and Spiritualism by electing Hudson Tuttle to fill the same important position. This action of the N. S. A. deserves recognition at the hands of every friend of Spiritualism on this continent, and we trust that all who read these words will feel inspired to do something to sustain the organization that has rendered Spiritualism such a signal service by electing Mr. Tuttle to the important office of Editor-at-Large. His salary must be paid and all expenses incurred in the collection of data must be met. We therefore urge all of our liberal minded friends to contribute generously to the treasury of the N. S. A. The Banner of Light extends greetings to Editor-at-Large Tuttle, and promises him its loyal support, as well as earnest co-operation.

Dr. G. C. McGregor.

From the great "Lone Star" State in the sunny South, the sad news reaches us of the transition of the good man whose name stands at the head of this notice. For some months he had been in failing health, hence his departure was not unexpected to those who were intimately associated with his family in Waco and vicinity. Dr. G. C. McGregor was born in North Carolina seventy-eight years ago. His ancestors came from Scotland, and brought with them that proverbial Scotch love of liberty, honesty, and justice. Dr. McGregor received a thorough education, and took his medical degree at one of the leading medical colleges in the United States, that of the University of New York. He early emigrated to Texas, and settled in Washington County, where he built up a very large practice. He was conscientiously devoted to his profession, and strove by every means in his power to succor those in need. He was a man of large heart, broad sympathies, and sincere love for his fellowmen, hence he entered fully into their lives, and strove to add to their comfort in every possible way. Dr. McGregor was also an original thinker, and a seeker for truth in all directions. His broad mind early rejected all creeds and dogmas, and led him out into the fields of scientific and philosophical research. His independence in regard to religion did not alienate the affections of the people, because they loved him for his genuine nature and unselfish devotion to them. When he first heard of Spiritualism he began a painstaking study of its phenomena. He reasoned, reflected, analyzed, classified them, removed the wheat from the chaff, and was finally led by positive demonstration to accept the teachings of Spiritualism as absolute truths. In this research he was seconded by his good wife, Mrs. A. P. McGregor, daughter of the late Col. Charles Fordtran, whose transition at the age of 99 years, 6 months, was recently adverted to in the columns of the Banner of Light. To Dr. McGregor and wife five children were born, two of whom have preceded him in his entrance into the spirit world. His only daughter, Mrs. H. S. McLennan, resides in Waco, Texas, while one of his sons, Charles M., an artist of great note, resides in England, and the other, A. W., resides in Seattle, Wash.

Dr. McGregor was a generous, whole-souled man in every respect. In 1873, he took up his residence in Waco, Texas, where he has since remained. He devoted himself to the interests of the city, and his great public spirit has been the inspiration of much of the improvement and advancement made by it. He was widely known throughout Texas, and the progressive little city of McGregor was named in his honor. Education, art, science, literature, religion, all received a share of his attention. He was also devoted to every reform that had anything in it for the benefit of humanity. Such a man could not fail to be loved by the thousands to whom his life became a synonym of progressive thought, kindly sympathy and pure philanthropy.

He retained his interest in and love for Spiritualism up to the last day of his life. He has been a loyal friend to our Cause in

his every department of work. The local society in Waco, the Texas State Association, and the N. S. A. have all been the recipients of his bounty. He loved the precious truths of his religion and was not ashamed to make known his devotion to them. The Banner of Light has long been a regular visitor in his home, and he has never failed to express his appreciation of its work. We have had the honor of knowing this noble man for many years, have been a guest in his hospitable home, and have realized in our own life the richness of his great mind. We honored him while in the form, and pay this deserved tribute to his nobility of soul as he enters upon his life in higher spheres. Our sympathy goes out to all of the members of his family, in this hour of their grief. They all have a knowledge of Spiritualism to comfort them in their sorrow, hence can look forward with courage to a glad reunion with their loved ones in the life beyond the cloud rift.

Truly, this earth of ours is much the richer because of the life of Dr. G. C. McGregor. He will not lose interest in its welfare, now that he has exchanged worlds. He labored for humanity here and will do so in the world where he now dwells. His whole life may be epitomized in the words he requested to have inscribed on his tombstone—"Here lies the body of a man who tried to do his duty." He did his duty and has earned his reward. Peace and Love be his for evermore.

Psycho-Vital Energy.

Joseph Stewart informs us, in Realization, that psycho-vital energy is that which is generated by thoughts and emotions, and is not only most valuable to health and character, but an essential in the upbuilding of the magnetic forces. He says:

"Many phenomena justify the recognition of this force. We will consider here some simple methods of conserving and using the resident quantum of it which each one possesses."

"In some persons and for a period of time there is an active manifestation of this energy tending to the production of phenomena outside the limits of the body. If encouraged, the result is wasteful of this most desirable element. This energy is evolved for the benefit of one's self, and if due appreciation is had of the elements which existence allots to him for his well being and advancement he will not unwisely and recklessly throw them away."

"It is not in this extraordinary manner and measure that the majority dissipate this energy, but by the unperceived drain of wrong thoughts and actions. Irrational thought is a dissipator because it involves some excess of false opinion and a maladjustment to truth. Anger and excessive emotion are speedily destructive, while anxiety, sorrow and remorse slowly but surely dissipate it. On the other hand, the evenly balanced mind, rational in all things, open, free and adaptive to truth as it evolves in the consciousness, creates no friction or maladjustment to use up the vital forces needlessly. Joy and pleasure free from excessive expression, and optimism which opens the soul to all helpful relations along the lines of least resistance, make no useless employment of this energy."

"Conduct is usually obviously associated with thought, and either aids or hinders the conservation of this energy. Excessive exercise and labor, irrational and useless movements either of the whole body or of its parts, subconscious habits of movements, irritability and 'nervousness,' to say nothing of unwise though conventional sex relations all are powerful dissipators of this energy."

"The earnest conservator will seek to correct all these errors. He will endeavor to direct the modes of thought from these harmful expressions and to cultivate those which do not destroy. He will avoid the excesses of action and assume a control over his movements, eliminating the irrational, the sub-conscious and the purposeless ones. Vigilance for a time will be entirely effective, and short exercises of control of the body by will, as by the inhibition of nervous movements, holding the body in a pre-determined position or posture, etc., will soon confer desired power."

"These are considerations which may be borne in mind at all times for the purpose of conserving this energy. Consider now means of bringing it directly under the control of the mind in order that it may be consciously directed for health."

"One should first become acquainted with his forces. For this purpose, and for the further purpose of establishing a familiarity with conditions from which subsequent exercise shall proceed, it is well for the student to set apart twenty minutes or half an hour daily, either early in the morning or at evening, during which he shall sit quietly and undisturbed, wholly relaxing mind and body. The place should be suitable, and the requirements as to preliminary conditions named in the articles on Concentration and The Silence may be profitably followed. The eyes should be closed and the attention withdrawn from the thoughts of environment and previous occupation."

"In this exercise there need not be any special effort beyond this mental and physical relaxation and quiescence. Its purpose is to accustom one to this working point of advantage, and an immediate effect is to gradually stop the waste of psychic energy and gathering it to the organism acquaint one with its existence. The flow of energy follows to some extent the direction and purpose of thought and act, and when these become quiescent dissipation ceases, and the massing of this power becomes evident—as by feeling its flow over the body."

"Follow this exercise for a month, if need be, until you find it becomes one of ease."

He is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace.—Ruskin.

The Spiritualist knows that the life that now is on the Earth-plane shapes the life that is to be.—Ex.

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 spirit guides, or that of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a social representative of the Banner of Light, and are given in the presence of other members of The Banner 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.

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

Report of Seances held November 6, 1902, S. E. 25.

Invocation.

Oh, infinite spirit of love and tenderness, we would be enfolded by the influence that comes from thee. We would stand white and clean with nothing but love and tenderness flowing from us toward those dear ones who are gathered here, one purpose in their hearts, one purpose actuating their effort, the work of bringing together souls who feel their separateness. Out of the midst of trial and temptation we would flee to those who are stronger and wiser. Above all the trial and turmoil of life, we seek the inspiration of a purer life, a better atmosphere. Always remembering those who still struggle, we would gently lift them to the heights which we ourselves would possess. Make us useful instruments in the great world, make us strong where strength is needed. Make us kind where kindness is most needed, and make us always loving and charitable and tender. In our service to the spirit world, our service to those who have passed on into the next condition of life, we would be faithful and true and would teach them the way to come into the understanding of their mutual life and kinship with souls everywhere. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Harry Allen, Peterboro, N. H.

I see first this morning the spirit of a young man who seems to be about twenty-two years old. He has very brown hair and rather a strong face, and he tells me that he went away from earth life very quickly through an accident. He says "So sudden was my transition that I didn't have a moment to prepare for it and hardly understood the change when it came. My name is Harry Allen and I come from Peterboro, N. H. I want to send this message to my mother whose name is Jane. I would like her to know that I can come to her. To give her the evidence which I desire is almost impossible at this time, but let it suffice that I am able to come and give her my name, and add to that a thousandfold of love and she will have some conception of what I feel for her. I have my uncle Henry and Aunt Lou and they are very helpful; they tell me that at a time I will grow stronger and perhaps be able to make myself seen by my mother, who is very mediumistic. Tell Auntie that I understand all. Thank you very much."

Thomas George, Harlem, N. Y.

The next spirit that stands before me is a man about fifty years of age, of medium weight, rather strongly built, with blue eyes, dark brown hair, and a very full, broad forehead. He is rather jovial and seems to have an idea that it is a pleasure to us to have him come and certainly feels that it is a pleasure to him to come, so he is very happy. He says, "Well, I suppose I will have to give you my name and that you may know to whom you are talking. I am Thomas George and I am from Harlem, N. Y. Isn't it strange to stand over here in the spirit life and see one's friends all about and be unable to get any response from them? Now I want more than all else to reach Abbie. I have tried over and over and over again and it seems as if she were made of stone, as far as I am concerned, for I stand about and speak and it is all lost in the air. I made up my mind I would come and send a message and see if that wouldn't awaken her to the sense of my presence. Last Friday afternoon I was over to the house and I knew about the call that was made on her and I don't believe there is a bit of sense in her feeling badly over it. The only thing to do is to just go right straight ahead and pay no attention. There is something missing which I want to find for her, but I am unable to do so at this time, but I will make an effort to impress her where it is. I thank you, too, like the brother who preceded me."

To Charlie Briggs, Hartford, Conn.

A woman about forty years old comes now. She is of the medium height and quite fair with light brown hair, blue eyes, and a very sweet expression on her face. She says, "Little Sunbeam, I am a mother and I have come because my mother love has prompted me to speak a word to my child. I want to go to Charlie Briggs and he is in Hartford, Conn. I have been over here sometime, too long I find, for it seems hard to be away when one has loved ones to whom they would send messages and give hope and instruction. My husband is alive, but somehow he doesn't seem to need me so much as the child. I don't mean in any way that we would not be glad to communicate with each other, but his life is shaped and he can go ahead while my boy is reaching for some expression from a mother heart. Please tell him for me that I hope he will go forward with his music. It is the one thing that I am anxious for him to do. I will help him and bring him all the strength I can from my life over here. My name is Harriet and I thank you very much for giving me this chance to speak."

Mary Ann Jewell, Pittsburg, Pa.

I see the spirit of an old lady. She only looks old in the physical; her spirit is as young and vigorous as many a girl's. She is very large, tall, and very stout and her hair is perfectly white. Her eyes look dim as though she had seen so much that they had lost their strength. She steps rather firmly over to me and says, "Well, this isn't quite new to me. I remember very well when the first word came that there had been communications from the spirit land. You people who are hearing it constantly haven't any idea what it meant to us who didn't know what followed death. It is in your atmosphere, but in ours was nothing of the kind, and it seemed a wonderful thing to have a direct message from the other side of life."

My name is Mary Ann Jewell and I am from Pittsburg. I kept up my connections with my church and with my friends long after I was convinced that they had nothing particular for me. Strange, isn't it, how we dislike to sever ourselves from the places where we had sought enlightenment? I sometimes think it is wrong to go on giving out our energy and our thought to an institution that in no way suffices us and if the same energy that I had expended in my church had been expended to give the light that was mine to my friends, I might have done very much good, and if I have one word to say it is to those who think they mustn't speak because perhaps it would harm some soul. The truth can never do anything but bring light. It may cut away some growth that has obscured the light and in the cutting may bring some pain, but pain is better by far than blindness. I wish you would send this just as I give it to my many friends. I want them to know that I stand fearlessly for the manifestations that I used to tell them about privately and under the seal of secrecy and that I wish I had been less fearful about giving it to the world. Thank you."

Elizabeth Arburckle, Chicago, Ill.

There is a spirit standing by me now of a girl of fifteen years. She is delicate as a flower, fragile and beautiful as a bit of china, and she puts her hand in mine and asks me to help her to express what she feels. She tells me her name is Lizzie Arburckle and that she comes from Chicago. She says, "I'd like to have you tell my father, William, that I am not dead, but I don't know what to say except that. They believe that when they put my body away, they put me away until they should meet me some day in heaven, and while I am not weeping and am happy. I do so want to have them understand that I am not far away. I think I would be happy for me to come over. I had everything to live for, but it was no use. The doctors couldn't save me. I simply slipped away. Oh, I send them so much love, and I would so like to get a letter back from them and send one again, and let them know how much mother as well as my father, for she has been quite ill and has needed some word from me. I don't know what more to say. I think of so many things and yet they all seem unsuitable to print. I wish I could come in a more private way and I suppose I may some day. Thank you."

George Freeman, Boston, to Arthur Perkins.

I see the spirit of a man of about fifty years, rather tall and very nice looking. He wears eyeglasses with gold rims and everything about him is very nice as though he were particular; he has a pleasing manner and speaks just as easily as though he were in his own parlor. He says, "I am George Freeman and I am from Boston. I suppose the familiar scenes and surroundings make it easier for me to speak than some who come from a long distance, but we who are Bostonians feel a certain pride in allowing our friends from other cities first chance to come in these circles, so if there are more from a distance, perhaps it is because of our hospitality. I wanted to have this word of mine reach Arthur Perkins; I want him to know that it is with joy I return. I wasn't quite sure about the possibility of returning, but I had an idea that much could be done if intelligent spirits took hold of the matter and tried to make plain and definite that we are coming for the purpose of establishing a mutual correspondence. I have seen my friends just as naturally as I would meet them if I went to New York and many of them were there, not all in a group nor all at one time, but as they might meet me any day and time to time in their rounds. I don't seem to be as busy as people in earth life. Nobody is standing about with nothing particular to do, and that impressed me more than anything when I first came over here. There was so much work for the spirit I think I had never gotten over the idea that heaven was a place to rest and that rest meant nothing to do. Although I myself was an active man and could never have found rest by sitting still. I think I had an idea that my rest would come later, that I would change somehow and desire nothing to do. Instead I have an increased activity. When I used to be limited through conditions about me, I find myself with a freer action, freer to work and freer to express and freer to understand. It isn't only an enlarged opportunity, but every faculty seems to be born anew, stronger than ever before. I hope you will go further to your investigations and give me a chance to tell you more of what I know."

Emma Willis, Norfolk, Va.

Here is a spirit who says her name is Emma Willis. She says, "Now don't try to talk too much about me. I died in consumption. I was sick and sick and sick and did everything to overcome it, but somehow I couldn't seem to get any more fight the disease. I have more people over here than I have in the body, but I have a very dear friend Alice left, and to Alice I send my love and thanks for all that was done for me. I am pleased with the thought that was expressed only a few days ago. I hope you would say there is nothing of any consequence done that I don't understand and feel an interest in. Tell Nellie I am trying to help her and watching for opportunities all the time. I can't talk much for I feel the old condition coming over me and you know how I hated to die and how I fought for life. Seems almost like going away again when I speak my word and then have to withdraw. Do give me a chance to come to you."

Samuel Harris, Belmont.

It is the spirit of an old man who comes to me now with white beard, white hair, and tottering with age. He lived here so long that the old body was just about crumbling to pieces, and he says, "My dear friend, I am Samuel Harris and I lived in Belmont. I was interested in the town, the people and in good old Boston as well. Now what I want to say is that it looks to me as though there is a foolish thing to do to cut off a man's experience and his body, and so I have been making more or less of a noise around trying to attract the attention of my friends. Of course when a man lives to be as old as I have he has more friends over here than he has back in the body, but I have been taking a few little trips around spirit land and find there is a good deal to see and a good deal of knowledge that you folks might have if you only took time to get it. Why you think you are quite a spot in the universe, but you ought to come over here and you wouldn't be wondering whether there was enough room for all the spirits or not. It is your childishness that makes you wonder how God takes care of so many millions of people. There is a space you can't comprehend and millions of souls who seem to have all the room they want and plenty of space to reside in their friends. That is my word to my friends, and it is to save them from some of their wild theories about the narrow space limits that might obtain in a world which they created but not in this."

Abbie Knowles, Michigan City.

I see the dearest old lady now. She must be sixty years old. Her hair is white and her face is round and smooth and her eyes are blue. She is quite stout and has the nicest,

kindest, and most motherly way. She says, "Thank you for giving me such a good description. My name is Knowles, Abbie Knowles; I am from Michigan City, Pa. Knowles is with me. We came over pretty much as each other and it was good for us that we did, for we were so closely united in our lives that it was a pity or would have been to have had one long precede the other. We want to go to our children to tell them we are making a home for them. I don't know that we are either of us anxious to pick up the threads of our life, but we are anxious for themselves. They can look after their own affairs, but we want them to know we are keeping in touch with their lives and we have a home where they can all gather with us over here. It is big enough for the whole family and Sister Sarah says she has been will add an ell for some of her family, because she likes to live with us so much. Abram comes around just about as often as he used to, sits around a while and says he wishes he could have a smoke and then goes out. Same old Abram; but he is a pretty good friend and he likes him about as much as he used to. I hope this will reach Alice and Bert, and that they will answer my appeal for recognition."

Arisen.

Mrs. J. C. Ewell, one of the oldest and most reliable mediums in spiritualistic work, took leave of earth on Thanksgiving morning at the ripe age of ninety-one years. For more than fifty years she has been conscious of her spiritual powers, and has actively used them for the good of her fellowmen. She was an honored pioneer of our Cause, and will be gratefully remembered by all to whom she so lovingly ministered in the years passed. She is survived by her husband, Mr. Arthur Ewell, for some years, was the principal of Belvidere Seminary, of which the Misses Bash were the founders, and by her sister, Mrs. A. S. Hayward. Our sincere sympathy goes out to those who mourn her physical loss in their homes. All of her relatives and friends themselves the comforting truths of Spiritualism, hence are aware of the way she has gone. The funeral services were held at the residence of Mr. Rowe in East Braintree, Mass., Saturday, Nov. 29, at which Harrison D. Barrett officiated.

Mildred Sanford.

Passed from earth to the higher life July 9, 1902, Mildred, only daughter of Rev. G. R. and Samantha Sanford of Ctr. Lincolnville, Me., after a short illness of scarlet fever, aged 8 years, 7 months, 23 days. Many respects Mildred was a remarkable child, beyond her years, and a great comfort to her parents in the declining years. They have the sympathy of all in their sad bereavement. Little Mildred showed unmistakable evidence of mediumship. While returning home from a celebration at the Centennial, she said to her father, "I could not never go to the Centre any more, and persisted in that thought; she never did. When she was taken sick she told her parents she would never get well, but was not afraid to die, as she was only going home and requested them to let her teachers and schoolmates know she was not to be missed. She told them not to feel bad for her and shortly before passing out called their attention to an uncle whom she saw in the room and also some children whom she wished to join in their play; her parents saw nothing of the kind.

To her memory we quote the following lines by some to us, unknown author:

"Ere her brow had trace of sadness,
 Her eyes had learned to weep,
 With a trusty heart of gladness
 Little Mildred fell asleep."

"Fold her little hands so lightly
 On the still and pulseless breast;
 Sweet the child that rests upon her;
 Little Mildred is at rest."

"Flowers too fair for earth are gathered
 For the Father's home above;
 Where there is no sin nor sorrow,
 Only joy and peace and love."

"But she is not gone forever;
 You will see her soon again,
 When her brow has lost its sadness
 And her brow that look of pain."

"You will know that smile of welcome,
 When Life's trials all are o'er;
 When you meet again your darling
 She will leave you nevermore."

"Yea, 'tis now she comes in spirit,
 And in robes of snowy white,
 Borne to us on Love's own pinions
 Bidding us a valed 'Goodnight.'"
 J. S. Mullin.

Camden, Me.

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY FIVE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

That is a singular query propounded by Rev. J. E. L. Nowers, a "priest" of the Established Church of England, and I think is an unprofessional medium also known as a sound Christian believer and devoutly leading the sacramental life of the Catholic Church.

On reading this, I would naturally suppose him to be a Roman Catholic. But no; he is a "priest" of the Established Church of England, and of course one ecclesiastical association may adopt it as well as another. But as the word "catholic" is synonymous with "universal" or "general," we think that no such organization can rightly claim the title of "catholic" to the English Episcopal Church, and of course one ecclesiastical association may adopt it as well as another. But as the word "catholic" is synonymous with "universal" or "general," we think that no such organization can rightly claim the title of "catholic" to the English Episcopal Church, and of course one ecclesiastical association may adopt it as well as another. But as the word "catholic" is synonymous with "universal" or "general," we think that no such organization can rightly claim the title of "catholic" to the English Episcopal Church, and of course one ecclesiastical association may adopt it as well as another.

But of course it is not what Rev. Mr. Nowers means by the Catholic Church. His inquiry is whether any professional medium is a "sound Christian believer," and devoutly practicing the sacraments of his church. And as he has found none such, and hears of none he thinks mediumship is not from above or heavenly, leaving the contrary inference to prevail, that it is from below and belial. He, however, intimates that he would be willing to join a circle of investigators, provided they worked on the lines of Spiritualism, and that he would be very glad to see one of them sound Christian believers, and devoutly practicing the rites of the English Church. "Light" thinks that this position is like saying that one will accept an invitation to a dinner provided that the host will not eat roast beef, for instance. It looks as if Mr. Nowers will be engaged in finding professional mediums thus ecclesiastically limited in England, and we are pretty sure that he would not find them on this side of the Atlantic. One might as well expect to find a dwarf Japanese scrub oak that ornaments a diminutive Japanese conservatory the same scale in Nature as one of

those giant Californian pines, or to find one who has been deaf, dumb, and blind from birth running a foot-race from Marathon to Athens, or acting as captain of the University eleven at a game of ball.

How can one who has been born here enter again the prenatal condition? How can one who has learned that the spirit world is limitless, and yet free in every sphere to those who have developed enough to enter it, return to believe in a limited heaven with seats for the elect alone? How can one who knows that the final infinite progression necessitates the final ascent of every soul accept the tenet of a bottomless hell, forever sealed up from the celestial regions? How can one who has found that God is our father think that "without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin," and take part in a sacramental rite whose object is to make us think that we are saved, not by being good ourselves, but by believing that we are to be saved because God's only son shed his blood so that our sins may be washed away in that?

No, indeed! mediums who have been spiritually enlightened sometimes make mistakes, sometimes under strong temptation swerve from the path of rectitude, some of them may even at times gild what comes from spirit spheres with colors mixed with wish and imagination. They may do such things, but they are not such double-dyed hypocrites as to sit down and pretend devotion to rites that directly contradict what they know to be the truth.

One may not submit to sacraments like these with "Christian believers," and for one, I find delight in much that is connected with ecclesiastical worship. When I look at a steeple, and think how it grew upwards with successive risings of the roof, to symbolize the aspiration of the human soul towards something afar from the sphere of our sorrow, I look to the other blue to which it points and think of the spiritual earth projected beyond of our atmosphere, and long to plume my wings for the daring flight.

When I attend a very "high church," and hear the clear voice of the professional and the occasional troop, in snowy garb, surmounted by calm and rosy young faces, I think of youthful spirits singing praises to the infinite source of love and light in the spirit world. The clergyman, too, stands for one who "values to brighter worlds, and leads the way," and he becomes idealized to my inner thought, though reason tells me that he is no better, in spite of his high office, than other men.

I can even go to a Baptist prayer meeting, join in the aspirations of the hymns and the prayers, enjoy the devotion of those present, thus.

"Seizing truth, wherever found,
 On Christian or on heathen ground."

But to walk again into the baptismal waters, or accept the bread and wine to symbolize my acceptance of salvation through the broken body and the shed blood of another, even though he might have been "the purest spirit that God ever breathed," No! I could not be a downright hypocrite and submit my mature rites like these.

So it will never be possible for me to join the circle prescribed by Rev. Mr. Nowers, must forever remain "a heathen woman and a publican" to him and his ilk, and the presence of such a circle of spirits, for they themselves believe that their loved ones who have died often return to aid them and guide them aright. And they all believe in guardian spirits. I tell them that they ask Mary and the saints to help them, and that I ask my mother who was as good a saint as ever lived, that they think that all right. And my belief in a kind of purgatory, where we shall gradually get rid of our imperfections goes a good way with them. But I tell them we must purify ourselves, and are not cleansed because some priest says a mass for the repose of our souls.

One of these friends said to me the other day that she looks at me as really being in the church, and in heaven when I die. I asked her how that could be when I do not believe in the atonement by blood, or that Jesus was God, she said I should never go to hell. She quoted the saying of Jesus that there are many mansions in his father's house, and that I would certainly have a mansion there, though it might be quite equal to those owned by believers in the doctrines of her church. Well, this lady's kind and loving spirit will give her a very pretty mansion on the other side of the shining river. We may be neighbors. Perhaps our grounds will adjoin, and we can exchange confidences. She will find that it is much better than she has dared to believe. I shall find that "the half had not been told me."

A curious thing is that this lady does not think her church has ever done anything cruel or wrong. I asked her if they did not have the Inquisition in Spain and use such cruel equipment as racks and thumb-screws. She said that none of those things were true, and that they were all invented by the enemies of the church. Having Hudson Tuttle's "Secrets of the Convent" in the next room, the thought of lending it to her crossed my mind. But I decided that it would be unkind to do so. It would give her pain, and she would only think that Mr. Tuttle had been misinformed. That book is a truthful and graphic account of real and possible occurrences, and is calculated to do much good with many. It opens the eyes of a multitude of people to the fact that is veiled by a semblance of sanctity, but I did not think well of letting this lady read it. She could not do such things herself, and in her secluded life could not entertain the notion of their possibility.

The only person I met during the month spent at the Eye and Ear Hospital in New York last spring was a young Roman Catholic gentleman of twenty-nine. I first noticed that instead of wearing the regulation garb provided by the hospital for the blind patients, that as was a very blue pajamas of his own, that his feet were most neatly shod, and that he was rather a listener than a talker. On becoming acquainted, and learning that he had "detached retina" of both eyes, I realized how slim were his chances that he could ever see to read or do business again, and was filled with deep compassion.

This young man had not read a word for eleven years. But his hands have read so much to him, and his own reading up to the time of his affliction had been so wide, so well-selected, and so thoroughly digested that he has a well-stored mind, and can converse well on almost any subject. The years of blindness have given him time to assimilate what he had read, and to prove that nothing is ever forgotten that has ever been impressed upon the brain.

We spent many hours in walking up and down the long corridor, and all our talk was on my reasons why he should become a Spiritualist, and his reasons why I should become a Roman Catholic. We naturally came to hold each the same general view of before, and yet with a clearer knowledge of the good points on the other side, as well as with a most sincere respect for each other. My only regret was that the ritual outcome of his stay at the hospital could not be so favorable as mine. I have seen him once since we were at the hospital, for I took the pains to go to see

him at his mother's home. He is too modest to realize that his conversation would have pleased me the best, so thinking to entertain me he played several brilliant pieces on the piano, concluding by saying with his characteristic humor:

"I will now give you the Mosquito Two-Step, because you live in New Jersey." I am hoping, though almost against hope, to sometime hear that his sight has improved enough to enable him to engage somewhat in the active walks of life. It is pleasing to know that if anything can be accomplished by human skill in this case, it will be done, as he has the same thorough and competent surgeon as my friend Dr. John E. Weeks.

Blindness is dead enough for those who have never seen, but it is far harder to bear when one has known what it is to see, especially in a case like this of an intelligent, active-brained, pure-hearted man, who suffers no pain, and yet is debarred from taking the large part in life for which he is so admirably fitted. Heaven will be doubly delightful to him, when he enters its fair portals.

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

THE DEATH IN A COTTAGE.

I passed by the door of a cottage Where a woman lay dying, they said. Of a fever brought on by starvation While too feeble to work for her bread. Three children sat weeping beside her, Pale, pinched little faces, dry lips, And tatters and rags, soiled and grimy Were the garments the little things wore.

A few people stopped by the doorway, And looked on the sorrowful scene, With grief tugging hard at their heart-strings.

For all was not hardened and mean; And some seemed anxious to aid her, As stifled and short grew her breath, Ah, how we are touched and softened In the terrible presence of death!

'Tis true that grim death, the much dreaded, Comes alike to the rich and the poor, That all with his gloom are enshrouded— Wherever he enters the door. But wealth robes its corpse in fine raiment, And ladens with flowers the rich tomb, While poverty wraps a coarse mantle, And luries wherever there's room.

I thought, as I looked and pondered On this last and most pitiful scene In the miserable life of a woman, Of all that it really did mean.

It means there are hundreds, are thousands, No matter how much they may try, Who cannot afford here a being, Neither can they afford to die.

Not able to work, they told me, Belonged to no order, she'd said; Not able to pay the dues more, And the husband and father was dead. The groceryman and the landlord Had worried her with their bills Until she had grown unconscious, For this is the grief that kills.

O, where will they lay her poor body, Who'll plant a sweet flower on her grave, And who will reach out a hand kindly Her three little children to save? O, God! if it be that the angels Over earth their kind vigils do keep, Methinks that such scenes by them witnessed Would cause even angels to weep.

How long, O, how long I do wonder Will a system so foul still obtain, That makes him or her the earth's chosen Who only full coffers can gain; That gives to the few all the houses, The silver, the gold and the lands, And turns out the millions as paupers To sink in life's awful quagmires!

A system that's founded on hatred, That makes every brother a foe, That kindles the fires of hell's kingdom In this beautiful world below; That leaves to starvation a sister Like her of whom we have said Lay dying within a poor cottage While her children were famished for bread.

—Laura B. Payne.

Spiritual Science.

GEO. W. KATES.

A Lecture delivered at the Minnesota State Association Convention.

We have before us a theme into which we will go for an impromptu consideration. We would do so rather than bring to you a dissertation that we have prepared. We are accustomed, as a rule, to extemporize, trusting to the affluence of the moment—the inspiration, if you so choose to call it,—knowing that there are intellectual forces extant; that we are surrounded by intellectual forces. We know there are spirit incarnate individuals—deeds can come into our midst and give us a mental affluence; they can impress us with their thought; they can telegraph to us; they can by process of mental telepathy transmit their thoughts so we shall receive and repeat them. In other words it is as if they were speaking to us if they would open their mouths the words would be put into them. We know that such a result is possible; and we believe that statement was made because of an understanding of the scientific law that underlies spiritual force.

The Messiah (he) we call our elder brother, the Savior, a divine personality, incarnate, holy, a man like all men born of the flesh), had the power of the spirit—was under the dominion of spiritual law. The same spirit that in the past worked through the prophets, and the Messiahs, and the apostles, and works today, and the statement that it is and was the same Lord and the same spirit, is true, and we can get an inspiration from the same source if we will but put ourselves in condition for it. But, condition is something that you incidentally talk about as being an unwarranted thing for any spiritual scientist to ever ask for. They who trust implicitly in the Lord must have their conditions always.

There was a good little fellow once who was turned out of one of the theological institutions to preach the gospel, and he happened to be a stuttering man. One of his fellow students said:

"How in the world are you going to preach the gospel?" He replied: "The L-L-Lord will p-p-p-ut the w-w-words into my m-m-mouth!"

And the other said: "But the Lord will have a hard time to get the words out of your mouth!" So you see it is rather a condition of circumstance, and our relationship to the great questions of life as well as to the little ones, that will make it possible or impossible for us to get what we desire. We are, I have already said, spiritual scientists. I like to make that proclamation. You think because we are Spiritualists that we are the worshippers of ghosts and hobgoblins and wacky things. You are terribly afraid of the dead, you are terribly afraid of the inanimate corpse of man; but you will all go to the butcher shop and watch the butcher carve, and discourse upon the beauty of the dead corpses of animals. (Applause.) So inconsistent are we in regard to some of the conditions of life, that

and afterward the gratitude of every living person who
which have defied the medical world and grown worse
investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ill
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orth Ave., Chicago, Ill.