



THE HIGHEST LOVE.

BELLE BUSH.

Love lays the foundation of worlds, and her hand
Furns the billows of ocean to cradle the land
And she buildeth the hills out of atoms of sand.

Love weaves the fair curtains looped up by the stars,
She maketh the swift winds and lightning her cars,
And the blossoming clouds of the morning are here.

Love nothing despoileth, nor counteth as vain.
What is, she improves; in her hand loss is gain,
Even the smoke of a battle she turneth to rain.

Oh! the world knows not yet half the duty of love,
It scarcely has tasted the sweetness of love;
It dreams not, it feels not how holy is love.

Her companion is Wisdom, and pure undefiled
Are the pleasures she seeks, and yet gentle and mild,
Her dreams are the dreams of an innocent child.

Through love and love only is duty made sweet
Or the steps that pursue it made steady and fleet,
'Tis love, and love only gives wings to the feet.

Love thinketh no evil, she "seeks not her own"
From the peasant who reaps to the king on a throne,
She exacts not her title till the harvest is grown.

Through ages unnumbered she reaps and she sows,
Then patiently waits till the blossoming rose
And the lilies of love all their beauties disclose.

The soil planted first in each bosom is self,
And its flowers are man's pleasures, its fruits are his self,
While justice and truth live in books on the shelf.

But, ah! 'twill be shown in the growth of each soul
That the highest self-love seeks the good of the whole,
And this heaven-born truth every act will control.

Harmonization.

An Address by the Inspirers of Mrs. Mary T. Longley,
before the First Spiritualist Association,
Washington, D. C., Nov. 2, 1902.

The subject which the guides have selected this morning is "Harmonization," and to them I shall most certainly look for an elucidation of the subject, for it is without a thought of that which is to be given or unfolded that I am here before you, but owing to that influence and guidance which I as an humble instrument of the spiritual world have received for many years in public utterances and through various manifestations of labor, I feel that I can depend upon them for that which is to be done.

We would call your attention, good friends, to the thought of harmony—the harmonization of all that is in the universe—that which brings out of chaos and disorder the various links of harmony and of love and binds them closely together until there is formed the golden chain of unity, which no force can disrupt, which no influence can break. It is with a thought of harmony in our hearts that we come together today to learn something of that which is of the spiritual and yet which is so closely allied to the physical that it ramifies from both and comes into contact with mortal life and with the material affairs of every day.

We who are here, coming to you from the spiritual world, recognize that it is not possible for any one of you to so isolate yourself from the material as to be altogether in the spiritual atmosphere or to partake altogether of that which is called sustenance for the spiritual being. We realize that the physical has its laws and demands, that these must be obeyed, and to have complete harmony of being there must be an adjustment of the physical with the spiritual law of action and of experience. Therefore in selecting this subject of harmonization, it is with the thought that we must first look to the harmonization of forces which belong to the physical being before we can expect or hope to find those which are altogether of the spiritual life.

"Order," we are told, "is heaven's first law." Order is harmony. Order is attunement. To be attuned with all that is within and around us is to be in harmony. That does not mean that we are to be in sympathy entirely with that which is discordant, yet let us remember that the discordant notes are only those we do not understand and because we do not hear and comprehend all the great rhythmic tone of Nature and the universe at large, we do find that which is repelling and discordant, but when all these vibrations are brought into accord and we realize that a minor scale has its place, that the major tones are all in their proper sphere and all can be so simplified and harmonized to make perfect tone and rhythm, then shall we learn that by each one adjusting himself to his proper tone and chord, shall the entire harmony be outlined and the full force of beauty of tone, and sweetness of life be made known to humanity.

Ease of the body is health; disease is want of comfort, want of ease, lack of health. So we say of a diseased organism that it is out of tune with nature, out of harmony with itself, the discordant is in the ascendant and the harmony has been disturbed. We look for the creative powers that shall heal and restore the harmony of the system, and we say we are medically treating the body for disease. We are simply seeking and hoping to find the condition and element which shall bring restoration of harmony to the human form. And so with the mind.

We find minds unseized. They are out of harmony, they have become unbalanced in some direction, the attunement has been disturbed and there is a necessity for that which shall bring forth the adjustment of all parts of the mental nature so there shall be harmony in every part of that structure.

It is the same with the spiritual nature as with the physical and the mental. There may be harmony, there may be perfect ease, because of this adjustment, because one is attuned to the higher, sweeter forces of life here and around us; because there is that flowing forth of the beautiful influence and magnetic force that creates for itself an environment of beauty and sweetness; because there is also the inbreathing of all that is high and exalting from the atmosphere, from the spiritual life, and from that which even this material life affords, for there is sweetness in the material life in spite of all that we find in this daily routine of labor, of struggle, of pain and of unpleasantness; in spite of the clouds and storms of the material forces, there is sweetness and beauty which we may, if we understand ourselves, extract from the mental and physical atmosphere and make a part of our own being, and when we do this we shall find ourselves growing into harmony with that which is around us, we shall find the mental and physical less easily disturbed than they are when we realize and reach out to that in the material atmosphere which is beclouding, which is unpleasant, which drags the spirit down. In the spiritual life when we reach out with a realization of and aspiration for what is elevating we come into harmony with the unseen.

The unseen is all around us. You who are in the mortal life cannot, perhaps, realize to any great extent this vast and wonderful universe of power, of force and energy, which is filled with the unseen powers, and influences not only of human intelligence and their spiritual activity but also of the vibratory and ethereal forces and elements that go to make up worlds and systems of worlds; but as you advance further and further into the understanding of the realms of science, and of spiritual law as well, and come to harmonize the rule and law of science with the rule and the law of spiritual activity and conscious intelligence, then will you come to understand more and more clearly these great and wonderful forces that are developing and perfecting not only human life but planetary existence as well.

In the law of nature we find only that which is good. True, there are storms and tempests; true, there are devastations that bring ruin and disaster of various kinds to human property and to human life, yet these are only the ebullitions of Nature in throwing off the cruder conditions of being in her developing processes for the more glorious unfolding of the planets and for the greater perfection of the universe. We learn, in studying nature's law and her methods that it is only by constant and repeated efforts for the unfolding of the world planetary and for the unfolding and elevation of human beings, not to speak of all these other forms of life which the planets contain, that progress is made.

Looking back over the years of human experience and existence we find that mankind has been forced to struggle upward and upward, step by step, and age by age, contending with all sorts of conditions, and reaching up for something higher and better through the mists and shadows which have fastened upon him from every side. And so with the planet itself. Step by step, and age by age, the earth has been reaching upward and outward for a grander unfolding, a more beautiful perfection of life upon her bosom, through the mists and shadows and in struggling with contending forces that at times would seem to disrupt her; all this is in the line of progress.

Nothing can be perfected except through the law of growth. We realize this. The beautiful flower which you behold here this morning with its gorgeous hues, its perfect shape, its glorious texture, has been unfolded from the tiny seed in which was folded that germ and possibility of expression which we find here today in this lovely form. Within that tiny seed has been penned up all the potency, power and force of the glorious revelation of beauty and of fragrance which, under proper conditions, were to burst forth and give untold satisfaction to the human eye and sense. We find this little seed gradually expanding, the tiny germ feeding upon the substance which enveloped it and which a wise provision of Infinite Good had given to it for sustenance until it could reach forth and gain more and more of strength and food from the atmosphere and soil and surrounding conditions. Gradually it grew and expanded; thus we find the wonderful mother processes of nature working outward from within.

Here we have the law of growth; from that which seemed to be of but little service to humanity, has come forth this grand revelation of the hidden life, of a perfecting power which man calls God and whose perfect law is harmony. The adjustment of all these conditions, drawing them inward to the central

power and bringing them to bear upon the tiny seed until that wondrous work within went on and on, the spiritual force making itself manifest through the substance, through the soil and the darkened conditions of environment until it burst forth in a radiant splendor that you behold in the leaf and rose of the present day.

Thus it is with the planetary life itself. Enfolded within those misty, shapeless nebulae which are cast forth by the parent orb is the grand revelation, of divine energy and force, and when these are brought under the proper conditions which will supply them with activity, we find that there goes on the law of growth, and from the law of growth is the developing process which brings out from the chaos order, from inharmonious attunement, from that which seems to be coarse and degraded and imperfect, the beauty and fragrance and sweetness of a glorified orb.

Ah! the marching worlds in their radiant splendor, traveling onward in their majestic force, sing a song of triumph and of praise to the Infinite Goodness that has planted within them the potency and energy of an eternal and never-failing life. But each planet—as with each flower, each universe or system of worlds, as with each human being, has to pass up through the stages of struggle, of trial, of shadow and pain, before the glory and the perfume of an expanded existence, of a forceful achieving life can be displayed and manifested in their proper place.

So those of us who are struggling here amid the turmoil and conflicts of mortal existence may be encouraged and strengthened, in spite of the untoward conditions and the almost incessant struggles which have to be made in a forward march toward a sweeter and more perfect life. But each one has his work to do in the developing processes of the inner, as well as in the adjustment of the outward being to the forces and to the conditions of life. This is what we call harmonization, the harmonizing of the outer to the inner conditions and experience, of impulse and aspiration, so that there shall be an attunement of the vibratory forces that shall bring the human being into a sphere of peace and of affection that of itself will be as beautiful as the flower, as sweet in its fragrance and essence as the unfolding rose, as high and pure as the aspirations of the angel who has passed onward into the glorified presence of the unseen beautiful. This may be done. It is no stupendous task. It is not to be all achieved in a moment, a day, or a year; we do not expect any soul here or in the unseen realms to become perfectly adjusted in a day or a year, but what we would ask and demand of ourselves is that we shall use each moment, each passing day, each speeding year, toward harmonious adjustment of these various forces and conditions and make ourselves something better and sweeter to-day, tomorrow and in the days to come than we have been in the years gone by.

Each one of us has made mistakes; has perhaps been fretful, has perhaps thrown out conditions which were not altogether pleasant, but it does not follow that we must or need go on from day to day repeating them and continuing in that sphere of inharmonious which has made us discontented with ourselves and with our fellow men. We may profit by our mistakes; we may look them over carefully and candidly to ourselves in the privacy of our own lives and learn where the error has been and why it has been. As rational, thinking men and women we can freely perceive this and then we can set to work and right ourselves with the world and with ourselves.

The first duty of man—and by "man" we mean men and women, of course—the first duty of man is to right himself with himself, so as to be in harmony with himself. If he is in harmony with himself he will be at peace with the world. True there may come up conditions and circumstances that will annoy him, because we can not be perfect as yet; true, he may feel disturbed by the injustice that many times rules in the world, and it is right for him to be, because the very disturbance that human beings feel at injustice, helps them to put forth potential power to right the injustice and to bring about a better system of things; one can truly look upon these things and feel the spirit stirring within him a desire to right the wrongs of humanity and at the same time he can come into adjustment with himself and do a great deal better work for his fellow men than he can while he continues to hold a carping spirit and pressing outward feeling nettled each day by the little conditions and circumstances that must arise and which he should be strong enough to meet and overcome.

Adjustment with one's self means power, means the helplessness that reaches out and gives to others and at the same time draws unto himself success. You do not find an irritable, nervous person, one who is out of sorts day by day with himself and his fellow being, one who can not bring himself into concentrative effort for the purpose of attending to his own business affairs, successful in the rule and law of business life. You do not find him overcoming

great obstacles and forging on to the achievement of his ambitions and plans, but he who is calm and self-centered, he who can adjust himself to the conditions of the day and to the circumstances that arise, making the best of them, overcoming them for the better if he can but if he can not because of other conditions beyond his control, make the most and the best of them, going around the boulder if he can not climb over it, he is the one that will win success for he has the power of concentration and he has self-poise, he has a mastery of things which enables him to grasp and hold those conditions which are there to lead him onward into the fields of success. Thus in the business world.

So in the mental line, he who is self-centered, he who brings harmony into his life and adjusts himself mentally to the conditions of the world as he finds them, doing his best to better them for the general good as well as for his own, will find the intellect growing, reaching outward, grasping situations, understanding problems, delving deep into subjects that he desires to understand and so coming into harmony with the laws of nature and of the universe, which will enable him to express the mental nature much better than he could possibly do if it were not for this harmony of the interior self.

And so, of course, with the spiritual. Man is a trine being; he is the three in one, the physical, mental and spiritual nature which makes up the grand intellect, activity and oneness with the divine. When the physical nature is understood, when the physical is brought into harmony, the mental adjusted to its proper functions and the spiritual related in attunement with all, there will be an unfolding of being which can not fail to bring harmony into the life and to exalt it like the perfume of a flower into the atmosphere for the enrichment and upliftment of fellow men.

Spiritual harmonization means life. Life is the central force of all being. But love is only another name for harmony; there can be no love without harmony; there can be no real life without harmony, and love and harmony are one and the same—they are attunement, being in accord with all things that tend to bring in the power and uplifting influence and atmosphere of those who are reaching and pressing onward toward perfection. Not that this can be obtained in a little while either in the mortal or in the immortal, yet perhaps through the eternal ages of the ever-to-be-perfection may sometime come to the unfolded soul; but as we advance higher and higher, through the years, through the ages, our conceptions of perfection will widen and those whom we may now think to be perfect beings, who are so glorified in their persons and power as to appear to us to be the acme of perfection in spiritual attainment and expression, will, when we have reached their height of unfoldment seem to be, as we will ourselves be at that time, very far from the heights of perfection, very far from the limits of spiritual unfoldment. But we may be ever leading on toward that which is higher and more perfect, reaching and working onward to that which is more pure and serene, and when we begin to cultivate serenely in our own lives it will permeate the entire being, reach into the physical and give strength and health, reach into the mental and bring power of intellectual understanding and expression, coming out in and through the spiritual forces and making ourselves in harmony of love, in tender sympathy and compassion, as one with our fellow beings, looking upon their imperfections with compassion and extending to them some influence or some interior force or helpful expression that will enable them to follow more clearly the path and to make a stronger effort to walk within it for their own advancement and growth.

Truly, dear friends, there is nothing so sweet in life as harmony; nothing so sweet as the unfolding of the love nature, the putting forth of the affectional impulse that brings us into sweet accord with our fellow men. We find it in the family life, in the parental heart, we find it in the gentle sympathy and tender expression of the little children; we realize it as we behold the friends gather together in and through the cord of sympathetic attraction when we know that love is permeating and uplifting them—we mean the true love that is of the spirit, not that takes hold of the spirit, but that which is of the spirit and makes itself felt. As the glorious possibilities of the flower are within and reach outward to the glorified expression, so the love element within reaching out to the manifestation of its beauty and fragrance is of the spirit, and nothing is so divine and sweet, and when we come to realize this and place ourselves in accord with it we feel the harmony of life sweeping around and upon us.

Here we come into a family and we see the little children growing up beautiful in their innocence and simplicity. There is love and beauty, because all are in accord with one another, and we do not hear the voice of harsh criticism or of the voice of the individual or of subject, but we find the loving expression, the tender thought, the pitying word for those who are not as unfolded as

are these. We go into another family and we find the little ones also growing up and coming into life as little buds of beauty and innocence, but there is inharmonious, want of adjustment; we hear the harsh word, the criticizing expression; we know that there is not the same spirit of affection that dwells in the first home, and we find the little ones listening to the harsh words, breathing in the inharmonious atmosphere, and we realize that here is an injury being wrought that will affect all the existence of those children, and when they come out into the world as a part of its great force and business we need not be surprised if they, too, are discordant, if all the forces and elements of their natures are out of tune, if they feel the world is not in sympathy with them, for they have breathed in that atmosphere of inharmonious and have become a part of it. Therefore it is our duty to give to our environments that which shall be uplifting and strengthening, and when we realize that harmony is life; and Love, Harmony and Heaven, trine forces that make up the human being's beauty, splendor and growth—the heaven of spiritual and divine development—we shall come very near to the kingdom of heaven, for we shall bring it into our lives, into our homes and into the world.

Spiritualism at the Russian Court.

The Vienna New Free Press publishes some interesting details of the high position held at the Court of Russia by a Dr. Philippe, a Spiritualist and hypnotist, who was presented to the Czar, some time since, by Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievich, the cousin of the Czar.

Dr. Philippe, it is said, is a French physician who lived some time in the United States, was naturalized an American citizen and, about a year ago, went to Russia. He made so favorable an impression on the Czar that His Majesty invited him to the Court where he holds the exceptional position of psychic healer and spiritual adviser to the Imperial family. Nicholas forms no important decision without first consulting Philippe. He has granted him permission to practise in Russian and to wear the uniform of a military surgeon of the rank of a Councillor of State, which is equivalent to the rank of General.

This will hardly cause surprise, for it is well known that Czar Nicholas is a convinced Spiritualist, as was his father. The court physicians naturally took umbrage at the growing favor of this rival, and the outcome, as is everywhere the case when the "Secured" privileges of the orthodox medicines are interfered with, was an endeavor to throw discredit on the intruder. It was rumored that the psychic treatment of the Czarina, by Dr. Philippe, had seriously unfavorable effects in May last.

Dr. Ott, the court physician, backed by certain court ministers, presented a report to the Czar, denouncing Philippe, but Nicholas defended his friend and qualified the step taken by complainants as "an unjustifiable interference with his personal affairs."

It was reported that the Czar, yielding at last to the pressure brought to bear upon him by the Ministers of War, State and Finance, had consented to discharge Philippe. Rumors of the Czar's falling health and mental powers were also industriously circulated, but Count Cassini, Russian Ambassador at Washington, speaking of the press dispatches from St. Petersburg about this matter, said: "The dispatches addressed from St. Petersburg to the press and relating to the Czar cannot be founded. For instance, it is alleged that the Sovereign's ministers had made certain remonstrances, in so case would the ministers permit themselves such a liberty. Without going into details, I say that these declarations are entirely devoid of foundation. As regards the health of the Czar, I received no letter than yesterday (Nov. 25) dispatches which announce Nicholas II's health to be very good."

From all of which I infer that the Franco-American medium is still in the full enjoyment of his privileges. We have no idea on this side of the spread of Spiritualism in Russia. The most extraordinary phenomena are obtained through mediums of the lower and middle classes. In the higher and most enlightened, the Spiritualist philosophy is generally accepted. Count Comodor Alakof's great book, "Animism and Spiritualism" has done immense good for the Cause.

I hope these facts will be perused with interest by the readers of the Banner of Light.

Paul F. de Gourmay.

Fisest, pleasing versatility is fruit of classic thought. To commune with self, silently and earnestly, on a plane of purity and with purpose, undisturbed, is the shortest route to enjoyment of higher blessings in life. In language simple and forceful the soul's inspirations, transformed to words, find eager, appreciative, attractive listeners.—Ed.

From the depths of the soul cometh the real strength to overcome error, ignorance, superstition, transgression and self-worship.

Mr. Taylor traces this general trend of the Church as far back as the teachings of the New Testament to the influence of Oriental Theosophy. "The Infane Church, with its pomp and awful rites, embraced a mystery tremendous indeed,—a motive and doctrine which, after trampling in tyrannous mockery upon the most potent forces of human nature, lent its superstitious power to whatever else might seem to need animation and support."

While employed in repelling Gnosticism in its protean forms which beleaguered it from the first, the early Church "did itself admit, and to a much greater extent than has often

been supposed, a deep Gnostic feeling, which made itself felt in every branch of its doctrinal and ecclesiastical constitution. In this feeling we must trace many of those peculiarities of sentiment which make up the striking contrast between the Apostolic and the Nicene Church.

"All religions are of Asiatic origin," Mr. Taylor remarks; and having made an exception for Christianity he adds: "and they resolve themselves easily into two great principles, conveniently designated Buddhism and Brahminism." In the former of these he places Gnosticism, to the influence of which in the Church he attributes the abstract ascetic principle, and the doctrine of the angelic virtue of virginity. From Brahminism came the notion that man from birth is a guilty being and a subject of the Divine wrath; and that the propitiation for this was procured by the Savior, and conveyed through the hands of the Church. Thus two classes were established: the sacred few, the "angels upon earth," comprising the monastic institute; and the rabble of mankind, who receive mercy only by "various atonement, penance and purgatorial expiations," who thankfully receive from the priests' hands any salvation that is offered them, and on any terms.

"That awful mistress of the ancient world, the Oriental Theosophy, under a thousand charnel aspects, held the religious mind in thrall during a period of two thousand years."

"Gnosticism surviving in principle and polytheism in ritual, make up together the bastard religion of the Middle Ages, otherwise called popery. . . . The identity of this occult element, working under so many forms, and during the lapse of so many centuries, and struggling from West to East like a pestilence, born in the mud of the Ganges and spreading death to the shores of the Atlantic, becomes manifest when we keep the eye fixed upon certain of its constant characteristics."

"We have here the key to the curious enigmas of Church history. The Protestant churches have shaken off the polytheism of popery, but they have not altogether dispelled the more occult and refined element, the Gnosticism of popery."

"Religious culture in the ancient church was not an expiatory sacrifice, nor a penance, but an act of abstraction to eliminate the soul from the dregs of life, or matter, and so place it nearer to God. 'Happy the course of those, the unmarried-blessed,' says Gregory Nazianzen, 'who, having shaken off the flesh, are nearer to the Divine purity.'"

"The virgin when she goes abroad," says Chrysostom, "should present herself as the bright agalmata (representative figure) of all philosophy, and strike all with amazement, as if now an angel and descended from heaven, or as if one of the cherubim had appeared upon earth and was turning the eyes of all men upon himself. So shall all those who look upon the virgin be thrown into admiration and stupor at the sight of her sanctity. And when she advances, she moves as through a desert; or when she sits in church it is with the profoundest silence, her eye catches nothing of the objects around her; she sees neither women nor men, but her spouse only, and he is as if present and apparent; and then, returning to her home, there again she communes with him in prayers, and his voice alone she listens to in the Scriptures; and of him there she thinks whom she desires and loves; and whatever she does, it is as a pilgrim and stranger, to whom things present are nothing. . . . Gold haled indeed by nature its splendor, but when saturated with love admiring, how fearful it is! And thus, when a soul, such as this, occupies the body, not only shall the spectacle be wondered at by men, but even by angels."

Verily, with such enology, Jesus would seem to be out of sight, asleep in the hands of the ship, or more likely, absent on shore. Basil of Caesarea was equally extravagant. Virginity, he declared, will render man like the incorruptible God. Also he affirmed: "Every man uncommonly good, was called 'The Son of God.'"

Augustine, Ambrose and Athanasius, the great lights of the Nicene Church, participated in the same notions. The Christianity of that time bore little relation to pure and upright living, but was a religion of superstition, asceticism, sacraments, and priestly domination over private conscience. "Although a man should be foul with every vice, even the blackest that can be named," says Chrysostom, "yet, should he fall into the baptismal pool, he ascends from the divine waters purer than the beams of noon. Those who approach the baptismal font, although fornicators, etc., are not only made clean, but holy and just."

It was a fashion to defer being baptized till near death, in the notion that thereby the necessity of confession and penance might be avoided, and the recipient receive the full benefit of the rite. The real reason, however, was to be made in the church, "Enter the church and wipe out thy sin," says Chrysostom. "Repentance is a gracious victory over the penalty of laws."

If we were to read the works of these several "Fathers," we would find that with their grades of the monastic institute, the monasteries were often hot-beds of profligacy. Basil, Chrysostom and Jerome are full of descriptions and denunciations.

Having buttressed the authority of the Episcopacy by the establishment of the celibate, they had to contend with the revolt of human nature itself against the arbitrary requirement. Basil is so explicit in his criticisms and directions that modern diffidence would be shocked to read them. He even goes into the private apartments, describing them as through a keyhole, and cautioning women in respect to matters of the toilet. Jerome, who never scrupled to be foul-mouthed, was equally denunciatory.

Along with this general profligacy which the masters were unable to restrain, was a general skepticism on the part of the laity in regard to the immaculacy of their saints. This they sought to control by diabolic cruelty. Whatever the persecutions which were undertaken under "pagan" Emperors, those under the Christian rulers were more satanic and merciless. Christians were more savage toward rival Christians than toward heathens, and the Empire became a virtual Hell to its subjects. When Mohammed introduced his new revelations, and his followers sought to enforce them by armies, they were welcomed in Egypt, Africa, and the East, as actual deliverers from an intolerable despotism.

Very naturally a feeling of wonder arises that so soon after the promulgation of the Gospels, and the death of the founders of Christianity, there should occur such a divergence from what they taught. It is true either to the public discourses of Jesus or his private communications with his disciples as they are recorded, this remarkable contrast presents itself. Yet this is only what we observe in other cases. No religious body ever continued what it had been while its promulgator lived. The discipline changes what the Master inculcates. Nobody for example, believes the doctrines in the Sermon on the Mount. After the death of Mohammed, the Omeyyads his adversaries, became his successors. In Persia, the Magians who once put a summary end to the Mosaic worship, became the accredited teachers of Parsism. Brahminism in India is unlike the religion of the Vedas, or the puja extant twelve hundred years ago. Who supposes that Wesley, Knox and Luther would recognize the modern Lutherans, Presbyterians, and Methodists? Such changes are universal. All progress is in spiral, circle upon circle.

We may be referred to Gibbon's masterly history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. But Gibbon derived his information from the early Christians from the "Christian Fathers" themselves. Indeed, Peter Harwood and his admirer, the Rev. Edwin Johnson of London, insist that the works accredited to the Fathers, many of the classics, the history of Josephus, and the Bible itself, were fictitious productions of monks of the Middle Ages, and never genuine nor written by Mr. Johnson would even make us suppose that Mohammed was a pioneer, and that the Judean and Christian systems were off-shoots of Islam, of some ten centuries ago. This may seem plausible to many, but it appears to me highly improbable.

Nevertheless there is abundant reason to suppose that the writings imputed to the Fathers have been largely tampered with, changes made, portions taken out, and additions inserted. Many of the Greek and Latin classics were recovered to us from contents. It was considered meritorious in the early centuries of the present era to change the text and tenor of writings for the sake of the Church. Truth was a virtue of only secondary importance. The writings included in the collection of the New Testament were for centuries in the same hands, and generally subject to like treatment. They certainly were not regarded at that period as authoritative documents. We are left, therefore, to find a clew out of the labyrinth as we best are able.

It may be that Mr. Taylor himself has depended sometimes upon interpolated statements. It is palpable, nevertheless, that the theology of the early Church was largely derived from the Gnostic theosophy, and that the ritual was largely made up from the various pagan worship. Anyone familiar with astrological works can trace the dates of festivals by the position of bodies in the sky. Even the birth of Jesus is dated the same as that of the Persian Mithras, and the recorded crucifixion looks more like an astrological date than a historic event. The worship of Mary as the Mother of God, always has had a counterpart with Isis and Cybele. But all that may be the modifications made by subsequent writers. Enough is known, however, to show that little difference existed between the Christians of the Second and Third Centuries and the Chaldean Gnostics. Their doctrines appear to have been little else than a phase of the Gnostic notions of the time, and the morality appears to have been neither exalted nor immaculate.

Yet I am not disposed to reject the early manifestations in our full sweep. I am an enquirer, eager to look over the field and to sort carefully all that is true and good, but I am certain that external evidence in the subject cannot meet the exigency. It is a spirit of truth that we must rely upon to guide us to truth, and the truth which does not always appear upon the record. The cry "Lo here" or "Lo there," by whomsoever made, will never show where it is. We have a more sure word of prophecy.

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Message Department.

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

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

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seances held November 20, 1902, S. E. 25.

Invocation.

Oh, Spirit of Life, we come into the presence of those who would speak to their own, with an inspiration to do good, to be of service; we would that some echo of the perfect life might reach us at this moment; may we hear and give to duty more noble service than ever before. Wherever our lot may be cast, however much we may be wishing to be in other conditions, may we be true to the duty that confronts us and may our efforts be of some avail. Into the homes made desolate by the hand of Death we would go this sunny morning, carrying the radiance of the truth of spirit communion. Into the hearts that are weary and sick and saddened by the hand of the angel of Death, we would carry the balm and the healing of the knowledge of our truth. Oh, bless our effort, help us and keep us, Amen.

MESSAGES.

Isaac Hubbard, Freetown, N. Y.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is that of an old gentleman who is short, not very stout with full gray hair, and hair and sort of brown eyes. The first message that he gives is very clear and distinct: "I am Isaac Hubbard; I lived in Freetown, N. Y.; I have been over in the spirit about twenty-five years and it seems to me but a day, so quickly time has passed so much and I with my people and constantly receiving and helping those who come over here. I had a little inkling of this truth but I didn't know it as you people do and I want to say to the spirit it is the greatest comfort in the world to know that to return is possible. I would have been very unhappy because I left many of my people if I had not been able to send a message or express my spiritual desire in some way. I have with me Hannah; she says: 'Please say to our friends that we are quite happy and always ready to receive as in the past.'"

Harvey Douglas, Portland, Me.

Here's a man from Portland, Me. He is very funny, because the first thing he says is "Portland, Me., will now be duly represented. My name is Harvey Douglas and I have the same voice that I had with me when I came away. Everybody would know that voice for they always used to laugh and say they knew when I arrived. I don't hang around the old station the way I used to because I have a better job. Dear me, I meet so many people that I used to know that it keeps me busy some days most of the time saying 'How do you do' and 'How are you,' but I thought I would like my friends to know that I haven't forgotten anybody. Somehow it sort of quickens the memory to come out here and look back over things. I would like to send a special delivery letter to my friend Morgan. He misses me perhaps as much as anybody but tell him for me that I am not a bit sorry but what we can all smoke together and have one of our talks about as soon as he gets over here. I am. It is kind of surprising to get knocked out so suddenly, but I am not one of the kind to kick over what happened. It wouldn't be much use anybody if I wouldn't do any good to look after me in my coffin. I did about all I could before-hand, but the most of my folks are over here and I didn't let them know that I was coming back this morning or I would have had them all on my back. They are an idea that it is kind of improper to try to connect with people they have left and so I took a sneak and came down to send this message to you. I will have the laugh on them when I show them what I have done. I thank you people for your politeness."

Mary Ann Carter, Fall River, Mass.

There is a spirit here from Fall River; a woman past middle life, with gray hair, broad, full forehead, dark eyes, and a straight, firm mouth and chin. She seems very much troubled; that seems to be the reason she wants to get back. She says, "I am not particularly troubled for myself, but I want to get to my child Hattie. My name is Mary Ann Carter and I want Hattie to know I am trying to help her through the crisis that is now about her now. When the man who spoke before said his family did not know he had come, I felt almost like saying that my folks in earth life would not be particularly glad to have me come. I don't think it is because they are glad to have me out of the way, but somehow it seems like sacrifice for angels to speak, and they immediately make everybody who dies an angel, and I am not one. I am just the friend and mother that I was before I came away. I thank you, Hattie, for all you have done, especially this fall, with me in your mind. You must not think that I am away from you. Often when you are sitting there by the window sewing away, trying to get your work done before school is over, I am with you and wish I could take hold and help do some of the mending. I have your father with me and he says it is a great comfort to him to have me here. If it is a great loss to you, so try and think that, dear, and live such a life, so pure and so clean, that I may be able to see you at all times. For I find that the purer the thought of the person to whom I would go, the better I am able to see them and understand them and help them from this side of life. Goodbye."

Aleck Maguire, South Boston, Mass.

The next spirit that comes to me says his name is Aleck Maguire and he is from South Boston. He has not been over here very long, but he is all upside down and thought if he could send a message back it might help him. He says: "I want to get to Katie and Annie. I want to tell them I am able to talk a little and to see them a good deal. Father

is with me and he is very glad to have me send this word. I don't know just what to say that will help you most, girls, but this I do want to say, that the life is quite different from what I expected. I am not spending all my days praying for my own soul, but am doing about the same as I used to, getting around among people and seeing what I can do to get some fun out of life, with now and then a desire to be good. I don't go to church much. You have often wished that I went more, but I haven't more desire to go now than I had before, and so I steer clear of church folks and do what I want to."

Annie Reed, Montana, to Frank Wells.

I see now the spirit of a woman about forty years old. She is tall, rather slight and has a fair skin but very dark eyes and hair. She is graceful; she comes along so easily and says: "I am so anxious to send a message, it seems as if it ought to be as clear as an echo, ever came. My name is Annie Reed and I am from the city of Montana. I want to send this word to Frank Wells. He will understand why I send it to him and tell him I have found his mother and she is all right and received what I had to say with understanding and his mother and I will help him to do the thing that I said I would. I wasn't sick very long, but I was prepared for my coming over here and I can tell you it is a pretty good thing to step over with some understanding of where you are going. It is an awful thing to take such an important step with nothing but trust to guide, and I am glad to be able to help someone to take it with the full light of truth shining over. Thank you."

Arthur Cramer, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A boy about nineteen years old comes to me now. He went out very suddenly to the spirit; the sun suddenly darkened for him and he was like a baby's, her eyes are blue and her hair is almost white, though she doesn't look to be a very old woman. She has a very kind way, and says: "I know you will help me, little one, for I have heard about this and I know the effort is not so much of those who are anxious to meet in heaven. It seems very funny that such an idea should grow up among people and I sometimes wonder if it was not started by someone who wanted to make more successful conditions in life and thought he could do it by keeping the attention on things in the world. It is very wicked and it seems wicked to me to hear anybody assert that we cannot come back until they have made an effort to find out if what they say is true. The people with whom I was associated are talking something they don't know and they say, 'Well, I feel in a hurry because I am afraid something will happen and I can't say what I want to. My name is Henry Clark. I am from Malden, Mass. I want it distinctly understood that I hadn't any more use for this thing before I went out than I have now. I was in crown, now I am over here. I was interested in all kinds of woodwork and I kind of lost my job when I came over here. There didn't seem to be anything particular in that line for me to do. I don't know just what I shall do by and by, but you can tell Lady and Carrie for me that I don't have any more idle hours than I had when I was back with them. The days seem full and I see them, see how their hours are passed and wish I could help them and do try to, but they are just as set in their opinions as I was in mine and I suppose it will take some little time for them to overcome their objections to my return. I am sure I don't want them fussing over the old body or the place where it was put. I wouldn't turn my hand over to have a monument or anything like that over my grave. I would much rather never went to the place, that they never thought of it, that they either just put me entirely out of their minds or keep me where I belong. That is the way I feel about it. I might feel different if I had another first one with tears in her eyes she said to me that she had known I was coming and was prepared for it, and led me away to a home that was like our own we had long ago. It seemed like a dream and I couldn't realize that it was a truth, but when the day went by and no change came I concluded that my earth life had been the dream and that this was the real thing."

Jane Crosby, Farmington, Del.

I see the spirit of a woman about fifty years old, short and stout and quite fat. Her skin is like a baby's, her eyes are blue and her hair is almost white, though she doesn't look to be a very old woman. She has a very kind way, and says: "I know you will help me, little one, for I have heard about this and I know the effort is not so much of those who are anxious to meet in heaven. It seems very funny that such an idea should grow up among people and I sometimes wonder if it was not started by someone who wanted to make more successful conditions in life and thought he could do it by keeping the attention on things in the world. It is very wicked and it seems wicked to me to hear anybody assert that we cannot come back until they have made an effort to find out if what they say is true. The people with whom I was associated are talking something they don't know and they say, 'Well, I feel in a hurry because I am afraid something will happen and I can't say what I want to. My name is Henry Clark. I am from Malden, Mass. I want it distinctly understood that I hadn't any more use for this thing before I went out than I have now. I was in crown, now I am over here. I was interested in all kinds of woodwork and I kind of lost my job when I came over here. There didn't seem to be anything particular in that line for me to do. I don't know just what I shall do by and by, but you can tell Lady and Carrie for me that I don't have any more idle hours than I had when I was back with them. The days seem full and I see them, see how their hours are passed and wish I could help them and do try to, but they are just as set in their opinions as I was in mine and I suppose it will take some little time for them to overcome their objections to my return. I am sure I don't want them fussing over the old body or the place where it was put. I wouldn't turn my hand over to have a monument or anything like that over my grave. I would much rather never went to the place, that they never thought of it, that they either just put me entirely out of their minds or keep me where I belong. That is the way I feel about it. I might feel different if I had another first one with tears in her eyes she said to me that she had known I was coming and was prepared for it, and led me away to a home that was like our own we had long ago. It seemed like a dream and I couldn't realize that it was a truth, but when the day went by and no change came I concluded that my earth life had been the dream and that this was the real thing."

Henry Clark, Malden, Mass.

There is the spirit of a man here who is very energetic and sharp. He just pushes everything away until he gets right up to me and then he says: "Well, I feel in a hurry because I am afraid something will happen and I can't say what I want to. My name is Henry Clark. I am from Malden, Mass. I want it distinctly understood that I hadn't any more use for this thing before I went out than I have now. I was in crown, now I am over here. I was interested in all kinds of woodwork and I kind of lost my job when I came over here. There didn't seem to be anything particular in that line for me to do. I don't know just what I shall do by and by, but you can tell Lady and Carrie for me that I don't have any more idle hours than I had when I was back with them. The days seem full and I see them, see how their hours are passed and wish I could help them and do try to, but they are just as set in their opinions as I was in mine and I suppose it will take some little time for them to overcome their objections to my return. I am sure I don't want them fussing over the old body or the place where it was put. I wouldn't turn my hand over to have a monument or anything like that over my grave. I would much rather never went to the place, that they never thought of it, that they either just put me entirely out of their minds or keep me where I belong. That is the way I feel about it. I might feel different if I had another first one with tears in her eyes she said to me that she had known I was coming and was prepared for it, and led me away to a home that was like our own we had long ago. It seemed like a dream and I couldn't realize that it was a truth, but when the day went by and no change came I concluded that my earth life had been the dream and that this was the real thing."

Charley Hall, Minnesota, Minn.

There is a man walks up to me now who looks just like a newspaper reporter. He is rather slender and very light, with blue eyes, light hair, light mustache. He is a kind of a dapper-looking fellow, but he seems to be constantly on the go as though he was making the most of everything that came along. He laughs a little and says: "Well, it didn't make much difference to me whether I was a first or a second one. I was a reporter on a daily. I don't know that I had any particular interest or lack of interest in this subject which is engaging you. I took it as a matter of news when anything happened, but it didn't seem at all important any more than many other things. My name is Charley Hall and I lived in Minnesota. It is quite a long way from here, but cities become realities to reporters, for we are constantly dealing with places and people which are away from us. Do you want to know what I am doing over here? I heard the last man who reported try to give an account of himself. Well, I will tell you. There is so much going on, so many places to see, that I unconsciously feel

for my pencil about two-thirds of the time and wonder if I had not better send in a report. I could tell you many things that are going on here and they would be interesting, but of course to my friends the personal things are the most interesting of all. I'd like to have Frank know that I know about the watch and I am pleased about it and sometimes when he has been up so late writing away for dear life, I have been right beside him trying to help him. He has not realized it, but I am going to keep coming until he does, if it is a possible thing. I guess I have given him for this time, but I feel like thanking you for listening to me."

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY SEVEN

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

One of your readers, a lady in Maine, has just sent me the Bangor Weekly Commercial, of Nov. 23, containing a marked article on "The Three Fox Sisters," with the request that I reply to it. I was wondering if the story to be printed in the Banner of Light.

Being quite unable to do so, through ignorance of all the facts in the case, and remembering that Hudson Tuttle had given an able summary of the whole subject, I was wondering whether that article could be found for reference, when I read in the Banner that he has been appointed Editor-at-large for the purpose of replying to any such prejudiced accounts as the one sent to me. So I shall send him this Bangor notice, and will add here the expression of my delight at this appointment by the N. S. A., of one whose knowledge of all matters connected with Spiritualism, whose fidelity to our cause, whose undaunted courage, and whose able pen, and such other qualities of the ideal person in all our ranks for such a task as this.

Whenever any event is reported in the newspapers regarding any member of the Fox family, the occurrence is at once followed by the printed revival of all the unfortunate features that can be right up regarding the life of these young girls, and special prominence is given to the recantation and the exposure of fraudulent methods made by one of the sisters at a public meeting in New York. These articles are brought to the notice of Spiritualists by those who oppose our views, and are forced to deny these accusations in toto, or while admitting them in part to apologize for the sisters on the ground of a weakness and a susceptibility to outside influences inherent in the physical and moral makeup of these girls.

I feel that she many faults, the love for notoriety, the untruthful statements, the addition to spirituous liquors, and the pretended or real exposure of fraud in the famous "Rochester rappings"—in short, the weak and slim moral stamina, which characterized the most prominent of our such unfortunate and discreditable that they should be looked upon by many as the founders of Modern Spiritualism. The raps that convinced the Wesley family of a life beyond the grave in England betokened a supra-mundane intelligence, as was the case with the Hydesville, in the formation of a powerful and philanthropic sect in the Christian church, and the communications made through Andrew Jackson Davis five years before the Fox Sisters became mediums, make what came through such mediums but in many cases, the events of the night of March 31, 1843, have been compared by enthusiasts to the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem, and that the communications came through little children has been dwelt upon. They were not little children. Kate was a bright and intelligent girl of thirteen, and the other sisters were still older. That they were physical mediums for discarnate spirits is beyond all doubt. But the time was ripe for such manifestations. Had the murdered pedler who haunted the farmhouse at Hydesville not come to rest in new earth, the quality through which he could produce these raps, there were scores of other mediums in America that were in condition to be used. This is clear from the fact that within a year of the time that the Rochester rappings were given, and such dates should be brought into prominence as are connected with persons whose integrity, temperance, and high moral character make it probable that they were the instruments of spirits whose purpose was to advance the human race in humanity and peace, and not to lead it into the mire of use of strong drink, and that one of them, under the influence of Roman Catholics, did declare that the raps were produced wholly by trickery. I tell them that those poor women did not understand the purpose and the scope of Spiritualism, the aim of its development, and the spiritual development of each individual human soul. When others come to me and say that they have found mediums who used tricks, others who do not tell the truth, and still others who live lives of holiness, I tell them I am very sorry, and say that I believe in the truth, and that I tell them of truth and pure ones, tell them how hard it is for discarnate souls to communicate freely through the personality of another being. I tell them to take quiet times when while by themselves they can realize that God is with them and in them, and that while they do this, they make it possible for pure spirits to give them impressions and to guide them into truth, which is better than for them to try to learn something about their future life on earth through a medium. Such persons lead me with shining eyes, and say that if Spiritualism is what I make it out to be, then they would like to be Spiritualists.

I had a singular experience in Minneapolis, and as in this particular, circumstances have conspired to make me better informed than most Spiritualists, I think it my duty, Mr. Editor, to lay it before your readers. I heard of a medium who was said to be wonderful for physical manifestations, and presented myself with a number of others to attend one of his seances. Before he began he told us to examine two iron rings about six inches in diameter, which a man had had made at the foundry that afternoon. I know the man, he was present, and the rings were plain iron rings, as solid as iron rings could be. The medium was a young man, clean shaven, with a wholesome, candid expression. No one could help liking him.

After the seance was under way, and we had received writings and seen hands of different sizes, from behind the curtain, the medium said he would now show us how spirits could disintegrate those solid iron rings, and then put them together again just as they were before.

Three chairs were placed in a row, with their backs to the black curtain that formed the cabinet. I was invited to sit in the middle chair, facing the audience. The medium sat on my left hand, and I held his right hand in my left. One of the sisters was placed at my right, and I held his left hand in my right. I never let go of either during the whole performance. An attendant then placed another black curtain covering us three over our shoulders and down over feet, and fastening it at each end to the curtain that formed the front of the cabinet.

While we thus sat, looking aside, I saw a white, shapely hand come out from the cabinet on my right shoulder. Somewhat startled to find a spirit hand in such close proximity, I said:

"I wonder if these are good spirits." The medium told some one to hold a writing pad and see if the spirit would write. This was done, and the hand wrote these words:

"Only good spirits can come through a clean medium."

After this, I felt a little quiver in my left hand, and one of those iron rings was put on my arm and pushed up over my elbow. This was done, and the hand wrote these words:

"This is wonderful. The ring is on my arm, and I am holding the medium's hand tight, and never let it go at all."

In a moment or two, I felt another little quiver in my left hand. The ring was taken off my arm, and rolled onto the floor where it was picked up and examined.

This demonstration seemed to me absolute proof that the ring could indeed be carried by spirit power, and then put together again, and I described the whole process to a great many of my friends. It seemed impossible to doubt that the thing was really done as described.

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In flames, and frantically trying to tear the clothing from her body.

Mrs. Bruckner shouted for her husband, who was in the cellar, telling him what the matter was. Bruckner caught the word "fire," and rushed from the cellar, scaled the fence that separated the two homes, and dashed into Miss Judson's home, from the rear door of which the smoke was pouring in volumes. Miss Judson, by this time, had been overcome by the flames and had fallen to the ground. Bruckner, seeing the fence, saw something blazing in the yard, but thought it was a carpet or something of the kind which had been taken from the house.

The cries of his wife, however, soon brought him to a realization of the situation, and running again from the house and going to the still burning form of Miss Judson, he rolled it in the snow and tried to beat out the flames. Mrs. Bruckner secured a bed quilt, with which the husband then wrapped the victim.

By this time a number of the neighbors, attracted by the cries of Mrs. Bruckner, had come upon the scene and lent their assistance to Bruckner. When the fire was extinguished, Miss Judson was carried into the house and Dr. J. A. Exton was summoned. Though suffering great pain, she refused all help until she was assured that her pet dog and a puppy were safe. Upon examination Dr. Exton found that the burns were horribly burned all over the body and that she had inhaled some of the flames.

An alarm had been turned in from box 47, but when the firemen arrived the burning mattress had been drenched from the house by some of the neighbors. The damage to the room was slight.

MISS JUDSON'S USEFUL LIFE.

Miss Judson comes of a family well known in the religious world, and during the latter part of her sixty-seven years, she has been a most useful and active worker in the cause of Spiritualism. Because of an eye disease Miss Judson had, of late, been unable to do much writing outside of the contribution of weekly articles to a spiritualistic paper published in Boston.

Miss Judson's father was Dr. Adoniram Judson, whose name is revered by Baptists as the pioneer Protestant missionary to the Burmese Empire. Her mother was Mrs. Dr. Edward Judson, pastor of the Judson Memorial Baptist Church in New York. Another brother is A. B. Judson, the orthodox surgeon, also of that city. Rev. George Farna Boardman, pastor of the First Baptist Church at Philadelphia for the past thirty years, is her half brother.

Miss Judson was born in Moultrie, Burmah, October 1, 1835. Her parents were Dr. Dr. and Mrs. Sarah Hall Boardman Judson, both of whom were missionaries. On April 1845, the Judson family, with the exception of three little children, embarked for America. On September 1 Mrs. Judson died in the harbor of St. Helena, her body being interred on that island. Her husband, with his children—Abby, Adoniram, Jr., and Elzabeth, reached Boston on October 15 of the same year. The following year Dr. Judson married again, and sailed for Burmah, where he died in 1850.

Miss Judson received her education at Bradford Academy, Massachusetts, and at private schools in Hanover, N. H., Providence, Philadelphia and New York. From 1854 to 1876 she taught in various schools. After a year's travel in Europe, she resumed teaching, taking a position at College Hill, O. Later she went to Minneapolis, and founded there the Judson Female Institute, which she carried on for eleven years. She became a Spiritualist in 1887.

After disposing of her seminary in 1890 Miss Judson devoted herself to giving private lessons and to laboring for the Cause of Spiritualism. She made a lecture tour of the principal cities in the United States, and her addresses aroused the enthusiasm of the believers in Spiritualism.—Newark Evening News.

Miss Abby A. Judson.

THE UNIVERSAL FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

The news in all the leading papers of the terribly distressing going out of the sweet, large-hearted soul of that universal friend of humanity, is sad news to the friends of all who are next to the terrible suffering and distress of the poor souls still in the bodies of so many, many in the larger cities who have so little with which to make themselves comfortable during this severely cold weather and scarcity of coal.

Oh, it's all dreadful, dreadful! That we should lose the presence—for the weekly letters of Miss Judson in the Banner made her very presence felt by all her readers and all such could not be bought else than friends. Oh, it is so sad that her loving soul should be snatched so suddenly from her body, and that the only consolation remaining to her friends is that now she can find relief and rest after this last and all the other suffering she has so long and so bravely endured.

May the good angels so long ministering spirits during her earth-life give her the welcome in her new life she so richly deserved.

M. A. Warren.

Hudson, Mass.

Patience.

Cheerful patience is one of the highest manifestations of hope and faith. What ills and distresses we all suffer from our impatience! Life is imperfect without patience. In our toil, our labor and work patience helps us more than anything else. All great and good men are patient—they have a genius for patience.

Thou canst not see grass grow, how sharp so'er thou be,
Yet that the grass has grown thou very soon canst see;
So, though thou canst not see thy work now prospering, know
The print of every work time without fail shall show.

Patience is optimism, and in time fills us with an occult or psychic force or power that will work wonders. With patience and hope and faith we reach the Most High.

Let us pass through this little space of Eternity, called life, with patience and contentment, knowing that action and Eternal Progress is the order of all things—the Divine Order. Let us be free and fearless and not distressed by the past, crushed by the present or dismayed at the future. Remember that to bear our misfortunes bravely, without murmur or complaint, is to turn them into good fortune. "To be troubled when in trouble, to have your troubles doubled," God loves action, doing and achieving, and cares not for your pining and whining and moaning and groaning if you have strength to act. "To the persevering mortal," said Zoroaster, "the blessed immortals are swift."—Ex.

While we fully realize we are an eternal part of one great Eternal Whole, we will no longer fear and doubt, and struggle; we will then know what to do, how to do, where to do and when to do. "The wheel of Life turns ceaselessly," and "It is when we are at-one and in harmony with Universal Life that we cease to suffer and mourn."—Ex.

Miss Abby A. Judson.

Miss Abby A. Judson, sixty-seven years old, a widely known Spiritualist, was fatally burned by the upsetting of a lamp at her home, 425 Davis avenue, Arlington, Sunday night, December 7. A neighbor saw her in the yard with her garments blazing, but when prompt assistance came it was misdirected for the moment by the idea that the fire was in the house. Miss Judson flung through the night and died at 8 o'clock Monday morning.

The woman was lying on a bed, reading a book, when a fox terrier jumped upon the nearby table which held the lamp, and the latter slid off onto

[illegible]

A Remarkable Father and Daughter.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I suppose that friends have already apprised you of the terrible death of your familiar contributor, Miss Judson. It took place at Arlington, N. J., December 3, at eight a. m. It appears that she was reading while lying on the bed, and a pet dog, eager for a caress, sprang upon the bed upsetting her lamp and setting the clothing and bed on fire. Most persons are crazed when danger is in this way imminent. Miss Judson rushed out of doors, which made the fire blaze over her, and some of the flames entered her lungs. A neighbor saw her trying to tear the burning clothes away, and gave the alarm to her husband, who hastened over, supposing the house to be on fire. Not till he had ascertained his mistake did he make his way to the sufferer herself, now fallen helpless to the ground. She was carried in and a physician called. Characteristically, she declined attention till assured that the dog was safe. It was impossible now to relieve her; and she lingered in almost unendurable suffering till morning.

The readers of the Banner will now "know her no more." Her contributions, week by week, have been broken off. Some one, who knew her, will write her memorial.

Though Arlington is barely over the Passaic river, and she lived only some two miles or so from Roswell, I never knew her. It is my impression that she was not anxious to extend her acquaintance, and I am aware that busy people are often annoyed by the intrusion of visitors without an errand. I have read her papers with interest, and admired their straightforward simplicity, the depth of conviction which they exhibited, and her earnestness in setting forth what she knew and believed. I prefer such characteristics than fulsome language and colored displays.

We doubtless all carry with us somewhat of our early habits of thinking. We who adopt new modes of belief still adhere to a measure to those former ways of viewing facts and actions. Thus Emanuel Swedenborg, with all his transcendent faculty of vision adhered to Lutheran habits as opposed to Calvinism. It seemed to me that Miss Judson was to the last somewhat of the woman of the Sunday School and Bible Class, as they existed in Baptist societies.

She had the fortune to be fathered by a parent of superior intellect as well as an unyielding zeal and energy. Adoniram Judson was a native of Malden, the son of a Congregational minister, a man of powerful mind and fit to be in the suite of Oliver Cromwell. He learned to read at three years old, and could at that age render a chapter of the Bible. At twelve he attempted to interpret the book of Revelation. When a student at Brown University he never missed a lesson. He published an English Grammar and a "Young Ladies' Arithmetic." He next became a student at Andover, in 1803 at 20, though not yet "converted." Indeed, he adopted a religious life from conviction, without the peculiar emotional disturbances which were so generally considered essential to a genuine experience.

He became impressed with a desire to become a missionary to Burma, actually declining an opportunity to accept a pulpit in Boston. Several fellow students joined him in forming a missionary society, and at their instance the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was organized in 1810. Judson was sent to London to make concurrent arrangements with the London Missionary Society. He was successful. An English clergyman described him, that if his faith was equal to his voice and force of character, he would drive the devil out of India.

Yet the cautious American Commissioners hesitated till he gave them their choice to send him out under their authority or he would get an appointment under the London Society.

In February, 1812, he embarked for Calcutta, but before setting out he married Ann Hasseltine, whose fortitude and heroism have commanded the admiration of all that ever heard of her. Mr. Samuel Newell, his fellow student, his bride and Luther Rice accompanied him.

On the way Mr. Judson made the change in belief which created a profound sentiment at home. He declared himself a Baptist and was baptized accordingly on arriving at Calcutta.

The East India Company refused to let the Americans preach, pretending that they would excite the natives to rebellion. Mr. Rice and the Newells left; Mr. and Mrs. Judson followed, but afterward made their way to Rangoon.

This conversion of Mr. Judson was like an electric force in the Baptist denomination. Before that Baptists had a reputation much like that of the Salvation Army; now they became a religious force. A Baptist Missionary society was formed, and Mr. Judson was its apostle.

In the rural school district where I was born and reared were three Baptist families. The members were full of ardor and hardly regarded an unbaptized person as capable of entering heaven. Their proselyting zeal was typical. I need not add that all through childhood I heard the praises of Judson, and I remember well the story of constancy and distress that was narrated during his tedious imprisonment by his devoted wife. She had the heroism of Margaret Fuller Ossoli at Rome and Florence Nightingale in Crimea. She died; none of the children survived her. She was a grand woman.

Mr. Judson was now led to a more interior life. He procured and read the writings of Kropka, Anselm, Madame Guyon and others of the Mystic temper. Finally he went into a jungle, built him an abode there and devoted himself to contemplation. He saw only those who came to converse with him. His principal employment was the translating of the Bible in Burmese. He dug a grave and would sit for hours gazing into it. He was eager for a complete holiness and more intimate and tangible spiritual communion.

Resuming his labors, he fixed his residence at Maulmain, in 1824 he married Mrs. Sarah Hall Boardman, the widow of a fellow missionary. She is described as a fit one to succeed the heroic woman who wore out her life in her efforts in his behalf in that terrible imprisonment. She was an accomplished scholar in the Burmese and other languages and a devoted helper in the work of the mission. There were six children to this marriage. Of these the Rev. Edward Judson is now a Baptist clergyman in New York.

In 1845 the Judsons, now in broken health, set out for the United States. But Mrs. Judson died on the way, at St. Helena, leaving him to go on with the three children, Abby, Elkanah and Adoniram. After a few months he was able to return to Burma. He lived till 1849. Mrs. Emily Chubbuck Judson, also known as "Fanny Forestier," his last wife, survived him only a few months.

Such was the career, such the character of the great pioneer missionary from America to the Farther Indies. It is easy to forecast that such a father should have such a daughter. But if he lived to a later generation, it appears evident that the energy and enthusiasm which he bestowed to extend the Gospel as he understood it would have impelled him into the wider field which has since been laid open. He followed conviction at the hazard of every ambition, and he was open to impressions from the higher



Every mother possesses information of vital value to her young daughter. That daughter is a precious legacy, and the responsibility for her future is largely in the hands of the mother. The mysterious change that develops the thoughtless girl into the thoughtful woman should find the mother on the watch day and night. As she cares for the physical well-being of her daughter, so will the woman be, and her children also.

When a young girl's thoughts become sluggish, when she experiences headaches, dizziness, faintness, and exhibits an abnormal disposition to sleep, pains in the back and lower limbs, eyes dim, desire for solitude, and a dislike for the society of other girls, when she is a mystery to herself and friends, then the mother should go to her aid promptly. At such a time the greatest aid to nature is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It prepares the young system for the coming change, and is the surest reliance in this hour of trial.

Case of a New York Girl of Interest to Every Mother and Daughter in the Land.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I hope you will publish this letter, for I want all mothers to know how much good your medicine did my young daughter. Her health broke down about six months ago, and although she is large for her age, I did not understand what was wrong with her; the doctor did not, either, for he treated her for her heart, which pained her a good deal; but he did not do her any good, and we were afraid heart trouble would carry her off. Every day she kept getting whiter and thinner. She had no appetite, and she sat around without any ambition, and was always too tired to do anything. All night long she would moan in her sleep, as though in terrible pain.

"I felt terribly discouraged; I was spending money for doctor's bills right along, but she was receiving no help. At that time I was taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I read in one of your books about young girls. I decided to drop the doctor, and give her your medicine. I wish you could see the change in her, and the pink cheeks Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has given her. She had taken but half a bottle when menstruation started again and her heart trouble went away like magic. I had her continue the medicine, and now she is fat, rosy, and perfectly healthy. Menstruation is regular and painless, and I owe my thanks to you and to your wonderful medicine for her good health."—MRS. MARGARET PHELPS, 673 Tenth Avenue, New York City.

SPECIAL ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN FREE.

From her vast experience in treating female ills, extending over 20 years, Mrs. Pinkham has gained a knowledge which is of untold value to every ailing young woman. Her advice never fails to help. If you need such help write her. Address Lynn, Mass.

A medicine that has restored so many women to health and can produce proof of the fact must be regarded with respect. This is the record of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which cannot be equalled by any other medicine the world has ever produced.

It is well to remember these facts when some druggist tries to get you to buy something which he says is "just as good." That is impossible, as no other medicine has such a record of cures as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; so do not experiment with untold medicines, but insist upon the one you know is best.

\$5000 FORFEIT If we cannot forthwith produce the original letter and signature of above testimonial, which will prove its absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

spheres. He certainly had the very endowments of which we now experience so much need—the acumen to perceive, the courage to act, and the resoluteness to persevere.

This daughter evidently possessed a goodly share of these characteristics. Having spent many years as a teacher, she finally founded an institution, bearing her own name, at Minneapolis, where for eleven years she was its head and exemplar. Becoming a believer and witness for Spiritualism, she laid aside her other employments, and lectured on her new views, till boldly infidelity compelled her to stop. She then sought to effect with the pen what she had labored to do by her discourses. That she followed the right bravely as she saw it to be right, and that she gave both good testimony and a good example, every one will bear witness. She had been a bright ornament in the old methods of belief and thinking; she was a jewel in the coronet of advanced thought.

Alexander Wilder.

Newark, Dec. 9, 1902.

"Take Due Notice."

Dear Mr. Editor:

In the Progressive Thinker of Dec. 13 appears an editorial notice with the above heading, which concludes as follows: "The project of establishing a Mediums' Home at Reed City has been abandoned, and the one at Lansing, Mich., selected in its place." As far as the N. S. A. is concerned, this sentence is misleading; while it is true that the Reed City Home project has been abandoned, and the N. S. A. is in harmony with the Lansing Home project, and does not think it wise to have two such Homes in one State, it has not taken the Lansing Home under its auspices, nor has it—the N. S. A.—yet determined when or where it will open a Mediums' Home. At present this association is using the funds collected for the benefit of mediums in caring for as many aged and sick mediums as it can, not in a Home, but as pensioners in their own homes or among their friends who can minister to them. We have pensioned one in So. Cal., three in Mass., and two in Mich.—one of the latter being Dr. Shide, whom we have at Reed City Sanitarium. As soon as we can we shall place others on the list of beneficiaries, and all friends who wish to donate to this worthy object, or to the ultimate Home for mediums to be established by the N. S. A., may send their contributions to the undersigned, who will not get for the same. Every "note" will be gratefully received. All contributions intended for the Lansing, Mich. Home, should be sent to its officers in that State.

Also, Mr. Editor, kindly allow me to state to ordained mediums and speakers, that in

registering ordination at this office, no fee is required. The former fee of one dollar annually was abolished at last Convention.

Sincerely and fraternally,
Mary T. Longley,
N. S. A. Sec'y.
600 Penna. Ave., S. E., Wash., D. C.

From N. S. A. Home Office.

Paternal greetings to you, Mr. Editor, and to the public at large. Since convention the work at this office has been proceeding in regular order, and we have not a great deal to report, except to prove our general interest in the following important points: First, that, as has already been announced, the N. S. A. has engaged that grand worker and spiritual veteran, Mr. Hudson Tuttle, to serve the Cause in the capacity of Editor-at-Large, to keep watch of the secular press, and to reply to such attacks as it may make upon Spiritualism, said reply to be printed in the same publication which made the attack, or misrepresentation, if possible. We feel that this is a grand move, and one that was successful in the days of Dr. S. B. Brittan, a movement that is so less needed now than in the years past. This must be an expensive work, of course, and if any friend wishes to donate to the same, his offerings will be accepted gratefully at this office.

The second point is also known to the public, but may be mentioned here; this is the engagement of that enthusiastic and willing worker, Mr. John W. Ring, as General Superintendent of Lyceums. Mr. Ring is peculiarly fitted for the work. He proposes to send out a weekly lesson for Lyceums. The managers of every Lyceum in the land should correspond with him. His address is Galveston, Texas. The first number of his Little paper, "The Progressive Lyceum," containing lesson, with questions and answers for Lyceums, is before me. It deserves patronage, and is intended to be of much use to our spiritual schools. We hope that Spiritualists generally will take an interest in Mr. Ring's good works and encourage him by word and deed.

Our N. S. A. Free Library is doing its annual good work and it is an instructive one. Recently we have received a donation of a copy of the latest edition of "Reading the Vell," the same coming from Brother Nixon of Spring Hill, Kansas, and we are glad to get the book, for we have had a great many inquiries from would-be readers of it, for the same. Our thanks are sincerely extended to all donors of good books to our library.

The attention of the chartered societies of the N. S. A. is called to the following Amendments to its Constitution and By-Laws, which were adopted at convention of

1902. The revised Constitution and By-Laws, incorporating these amendments, will not be published till after the meeting of the Board of Trustees in May; after publication, a copy will be sent to each chartered society. With loving greetings to all friends,
Mary T. Longley,
N. S. A. Sec.
600 Penna. Ave., S. E., Wash., D. C.

Amendments Adopted.

Amend Sec. 3, Article VI, to read as follows:

Sec. 3. "No local society shall have exclusive jurisdiction within the city, town or district in which it is located, but additional charters shall only be granted by the Board in such localities, after thorough investigation and careful review of the facts, as afford ample evidence that the Cause will be benefited thereby."

By-Laws. Amend Article II, Section I, by striking out the words "State Agents" in the second line; also amend all other sections in By-Laws by striking out the same words wherever they occur.

Amend Article IX of By-Laws, by striking out entire Section I and make Section II read Section I, and Section III read Section II.

Amend By-Laws by striking out Section 5 of Article XI.

Article VI, Section I. Add after "Each chartered Society" the words "of lay members." Strike out everything after the word "Society" and insert the following: "State Associations having exclusive jurisdiction shall be entitled to representation in the N. S. A. Convention of one delegate for its own charter, and one delegate for each charter granted by it to subordinate societies in good standing at its last convention, provided that such societies shall be subject to both the State Association and to the National Spiritualists Association shall be entitled to representation on one basis only, that society to elect upon which basis they will send delegates."

Article VI, Section II. Strike out "and said Association shall be composed of delegates from local societies."

Article VII, Section I. After the words, "State Association," insert the following: "It collecting annual dues of \$2.00 for each society in good standing."

Amend Article I, Sec. II. By-Laws, to read as follows: "That an outline of the work to be considered by the Convention be sent to the various local societies, in good standing, as far as possible three weeks prior to the Convention."

"Criss-Cross Cereals"

Composed of Life and Strength Giving Properties—A Perfect Cereal Food.

The eating of cereals has grown extensively within the past few years. In nearly every family they are now served with the breakfast. Formerly the healthfulness of many of these cereals had been questioned, but today their value as a palatable, healthful and nutritious food is admitted by all.

Farwell & Rhines, of Watertown, N. Y., prepare food products that are "all food." They are the makers of "Gluten Grits" and "Barley Crystals," for breakfast; "Pansy Flour," for biscuit, cake and pastry; "Gluten Flour," for dyspepsia; "Special Diabetic Flour," and "K. C. Whole Wheat Flour." These cereals are prepared from the choicest cereals, gathered in the great grain-producing states of the West. They are particularly desirable for all people who need nutritious food, easy of digestion. Those who have used them are enthusiastic in their endorsement. They are known as the "Criss-Cross Cereals" because of the criss-cross lines on each package. Look for this mark—take no other—it is their guarantee of purity and quality.

Messrs. Farwell & Rhines will mail free, upon application, a copy of their booklet, containing full information about proper foods, together with samples of these cereals.

Children's Book.

THE DREAM ANGEL.

When each child is sleeping within his wee bed,

Come, the angel of dreams, fair, smiling,

And, bending a-down o'er each dear little head,

Whispers: "Come, love, with me to the land of delight.

O'er the Lullaby river, come, darling, with me,

And the loveliest things in the world you shall see!

"There are wonderful things in that far-away land—

Things sweet to the hearing and sweet to the sight;

And children are playing upon the fair strand

Where the pearls and the rubies forever shine bright;

For they're all the gleams from the heaven above—

The heaven of gladness, the heaven of love.

"There are games in abundance for girls and for boys;

There are ribbons and rings and all 'fol-de-rols';

There are glorious books and most beautiful toys,

But brightest and best are the exquisite dolls;

There are fruits, there are flowers, and song—

A-waiting the children on Hush-a-by Shore."

And the children are glad with the angel to go,

O'er the Lullaby river in dainty shell boats,

With so loving a guide; and the little ones know

That securely, though swiftly, each fairy bark floats.

"Soft and low, here we go, to the land of delight,

And our pilot so dear is the dream angel bright."

—Lillian F. Colby, in Mind.

Fussy Boy.

Once upon a time there was a little twelve year old named Fussy Boy. What his other name was I dare not tell.

Now at home, and Fussy Boy had a very pleasant, comfortable home—he was sure he couldn't sit at the table without his particular chair, and he was sure he couldn't eat his breakfast cereal without his own particular spoon and his own particular dish. His food, too, had to be just so or he couldn't possibly eat it. Besides, there were so many other things about which Fussy Boy was particular that his poor mother was kept quite busy satisfying his many wants.

One day in the month of June, his mama was invited to take a little picnic trip to the shore for a few days with a friend and her little boy, and to take Fussy Boy along. "How will the dear child live without his chair and his dish and his spoon?" thought his fond mama.

Off they went. When they arrived at the salt water, as the other boy wasn't a fussy boy at all, but took things as they came and was happy, would you believe it? They had finished their first meal before it occurred to Fussy Boy that he hadn't the things that he couldn't live without at home.

Then afterwards there were so many nice things to do and he was so busy doing them, that he actually forgot to live up to his name, and sat down at each meal to plain bread and butter and canned salmon and a drink of milk or some such picnic fare. And he laughed and grew fat on it and so, you may be sure, did mother. I hardly think they called him Fussy Boy when he went home.—Practical Ideas.

When winter winds are blowing,
And clouds are full of snow,
There comes a flock of little birds,
A-flying to and fro.

Give them a hearty welcome!
It surely were not good
That they who die in winter-time
Should ever lack for food.

—Mrs. Anderson.

A Little Achilles.

JANE ELLIS JOY.

No matter how clean Achilles Smith's face was when he left home in the morning, there was always a smudge to be a spot of dirt on it before he got to school. Dirt seemed to have a liking for him. He was no better as to his hair. It was red, and stood out like a brush. Achilles Smith thought he did not need to study his lessons. When his turn came to answer a question, he said the first thing that came into his head. Once in a while he got a credit mark. He hated school, and this grieved his parents.

One evening, Grandmother Smith followed him to his room for a talk. Achilles at last opened his heart.

"Well, don't say anything about it, grandma, but the boys and girls at school make fun of me all the time. No matter what I do, I'm laughed at. In the class, as soon as my turn comes to recite, they're all ready to haw-haw before I say a word. I can't stand it any longer! And—I just hate my name!"

"Why, my dear, you are named after a great hero, famous in the siege of Troy!" said Grandmother Smith. "It is a beautiful story. Your father used to read it to me until I would think I could see the armies drawn up in battle. Achilles was so brave that it was supposed he was the son of the goddess Thetis. The story says that, when Achilles was a baby, Thetis dipped him into the river Styx, to make him invulnerable. Do you know what invulnerable means?"

"Why—ah—it's when you can't be hurt," came if a cannon-ball was to hit a fellow, and the fellow didn't feel it any more!"

"For a long time nothing hurt Achilles," said grandmother. "But there was a part of his body that was not invulnerable. When Thetis dipped him in the Styx, she held him by the heel, and the spot covered by her hand, not having touched the water, was not invulnerable. At last the hero was wounded in the heel."

"His mother had ought to 'a' caught hold of him by the other foot, and soured him into that Styx again."

"You remember, when you had a sore finger, how it was always getting bumped and bruised when you played?" said grandmother. "That's just the way it was with Achilles. He was your tender, vulnerable spot—like Achilles' heel," said grandmother. "The other fingers, being well and whole, were invulnerable to the little knocks and rubbings that gave you pain on the spot. Now, what if our little Achilles were to become invulnerable to the laughter of the schoolroom? I don't mean that you should not care for the laughing. There's another way, not to make mistakes. Study your lessons, and be more careful to use the right words. Keep yourself clean and tidy, and your hair brushed. Don't have so many sore spots."

"That's so, grandma," agreed Achilles. And so he made up his mind to no longer be the sport of the school.

To do this cost Achilles much labor and pains. But the idea of becoming invulnerable stood by him. When the lessons were hard, he would study until they were learned.

Very soon he found that grandmother's plan was a good one. Achilles found that he was gaining the respect of all. He liked to go to school now, and he looked altogether different from his former self. Seeing him very bright and happy one day, grandmother whispered:

"Have they stopped making fun of you at school?"

"I don't give them a chance," smiled little Achilles.—Ex.

Live in the blessed Now if thou wouldst see visions of a blessed future.

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