

## THE EBB AND FLOW.

The city home was crossed with care,  
As day departed sad and lone,  
A little child was dying there,  
And soon its life as prayer had flown;  
It passed away in lovely grace,  
As fade and fall the flowers of light;  
The tide went down, and moaned apace,  
But all the stars were shining bright!

The village lay awaiting morn,  
Save in white cottage up the street,  
Where came a child in beauty born,  
To make the home with sunlight sweet;  
The very sky had flush of pride,  
And golden gladness of the May,  
While whispering up the beach—the tide  
The welcome of the world did say!

William Brunton.

## What Did She See?

BY LILIAN WHITING.

For the first time in her twenty years of existence Ethel Leigh awoke to the realization of life's significance. She was, in a sense, alone in a great city. Her few letters of introduction opened for her opportunities rather than, in the conventional sense, society. It was the life of the student only, of the spectator rather than the participant in affairs. But youth, health, and hope, were with her. Imagination, once set free, peopled the air with invisible creations. She was under the spell of artistic exaltation. The dreams of her young mother, sleeping under the still beauty of Italian skies, sprang to life and light in Ethel, and demanded realization. For three years she studied and worked—with one hand for bread, with one for art. She essayed a line of sketches that should be imaginative interpretations of poetic motives, and when she produced "The Belonged City" it became quite the fashion to have one of Miss Leigh's original little studies. At last this was life—positive, electric, thrilling, not the mere negative existence of all her girlhood when she had dreamed the dreams that seemed impossible to realize. Yet, she had felt in herself the instinct of success, and she had always believed a good deal in her own right of way, with a positive assertion not always visible in her apparently yielding and plastic nature. When, three months later, Herman Eckstein returned to St. Louis this positive assurance in her recognition of life had so asserted itself—she saw so clearly that she had loved—not him, but that life which for the time he represented to her,—that she had begged and at last demanded a release from their engagement. It had become not a support, but a fetter to her. She did not love Herman Eckstein, and the muzzling test of absence had revealed this. For it is absence and not presence which is the true test of any regard. Distance and separation are the perspective which alone shows the values truly. It is the finer qualities that make themselves felt through absence and through space, and we may well distrust the regard that is inspired only by the actual presence of its object.

The day on which Ethel was told by the art dealer who disposed of her sketches, that her studies from "The Golden Legend" had been purchased for a sum quite beyond her expectations, she wandered into the library and sat in her favorite niche before the ideal figure of Beatrice Cenci, which the genius of Harriet Hosmer had wrought into the eternal silence and repose of marble. It is a life-size, reclining figure, with the head resting on a rude block of stone; the long, unbound tresses escaping from their confinement, flowing over the fair, dimpled shoulders. The face, turned to one side, is resting on one little hand, while the other, from whose relaxed grasp falls a rosary, hangs by her side in the careless abandon of sleep. Artists have painted, poets have sung, sculptors have modeled, and historians have written of the subject here represented, the beautiful, high-souled, tragic-stricken Beatrice Cenci. Than hers no sadder life was ever lived: Than hers no more severely tried and suffering soul ever entered heaven.

Perhaps no life ever wrought with more force upon the world of art and letters; and perhaps no name, so universally familiar, is yet so enshrouded in mists of poetic fable. The statue of Beatrice Cenci represents Miss Hosmer's conception of her as she lay in her cell the night before her execution. The face of chiseled marble is the very saddest ever pictured. It is a perfectly quiet, hopeless sadness that you feel rather than perceive. This statue alone would fix Miss Hosmer's place as an exalted one in art. It was hardly possible to sit before this creation of the artist without feeling something of its spell. It touched Ethel Leigh that day. The success that had met the interpretations of the poet's fancies had aroused all her positive force, and like a sudden inspiration came to her the thought of transplanting herself to New York, for continued study. She would go, and she would succeed. She touched her foot to the floor with a little unconscious emphasis.

It was at the Art Students' League that she met Theodora Bartlett. Miss Bartlett was a struggling art student, too, but she had a home and a mother, and in this home Ethel

Leigh found hers. It was a small suite in the exalted upper stories of a sky-scraping New York apartment house, and Ethel remarked to Theodora that, while it was believed that care was taken that the trees did not grow up into heaven, no one would venture so rash a prophecy about a New York apartment hotel. But the cosy little suite had its sunny windows, its fernery, its books and pictures, and it had that best ornament of a house, the friends who frequent it. And among those friends was one of the most noted of the rising artists of the city—Gardiner Courtney.

CHAPTER II  
Developments.

The private view of the autumn exhibition of the American Art Galleries was thronged on the second day of November. The beautiful rooms, with their wealth of painting and statuary, seemed a temple fit for the gods, and the guests, in various ways, were enjoying it. For modern society is much concerned with things artistic, and considers art exhibitions a part of its daily bread, and a right as inalienable as any other form of the endless pursuit of happiness.

Miss Leigh, who had come in with some friends, was sitting before a large salon picture as Mr. Courtney entered the gallery. She had that effective style of beauty produced by the union of golden hair and eyes changing from deepest violet to black, as she grew earnest or questioning. Some excitement in her thoughts had brought a flush to her face and a new sparkle into the play of her expressive countenance. Seen in profile her features were so exquisitely chiseled as to be at once an artist's dream and his despair, and Gardiner Courtney caught a new impression of her as he watched the changeful glow of her face. The picture before which she was sitting was entitled simply "Dakota." It was the work of Herman Eckstein, the fruition and result of the studies he had made for a great American picture in the summer when his visit there had touched the spring which was destined to influence all the after life of Ethel Leigh. The picture represented a great stretch of level prairie land. There were clouds studding the sky, and afar to the horizon the prairie stretched away as infinite as the sea. The shadows of the clouds lay upon the grass. In the foreground were great patches of wild flowers that grew riotously, and in the middle distance were more than twenty ploughs, drawn by two, and some by four horses each, which the men were driving. The great stretch of level country, the strong realism of the farmers and their implements, the lack of dramatic variety and incident, all these were so subordinated to the poetic art with which the painter has invested and idealized his subject as to make it seem to Ethel one of the two or three great paintings of the exhibition.

"A dreary subject," commented Mr. Courtney; "or, rather, it just fails in the one essential element necessary to lift it from the photographic into the artistic realm. Yet, a painter who could do that—who could seriously devote himself to this study as something essentially American, has a grasp and power that is exceptional."

"I know, or rather I knew the artist," replied Ethel. "Some day I will tell you about him. There seems something like fate in my coming upon this picture today that oppresses me. Let us go to something else."

He looked at her a little wonderingly as she rose, and they passed into another gallery and paused before a wonderful picture of great, riotous roses in a wealth of bloom. For a moment she stopped, lifted her hands suddenly to her eyes, and exclaimed: "O, Venice, do you see! I was born there. I belong there—there by the lapping of those blue waters. It is more real to me now than all my life that I have lived here. What an exquisite interpretation is this!"

The picture was, indeed, a beautiful composition. There was a grey morning sky, a rift of sunshine sifting through the clouds and shining full on a mass of white and crimson roses in an old basket, a picturesque Venetian water-jar filled with delicate pink and white fluffy flowers, a part of a garden wall over which the wealth of bloom was falling, and beyond the Laguna, reaching far to the Lagoon, and thence fading into the Adriatic. A few tinted sails of the braggos, telling the morning hour as they sped outward bound. It was a picture of sunshine, atmosphere, and nature, painted evidently by one who loved the lovely flowers in dreamy Venice—who felt their pathos and their poetry.

"The work is admirable," replied Mr. Courtney. "See what an original grouping that is of Venetian sea, the grey sky, against which the flowers seem blooming; the ray of sunshine that strikes full on this centre mass of white, and the cool grey of these foreground flowers in shadow."

"If only I could have that picture always before me," Ethel murmured in reply.

"You shall have something quite as good—that is to say, 'good for tonight only,'" he replied,—"you shall have the original flowers." They wandered away into other galleries,

and as the early November sunset was fading, they left the exhibition to saunter homeward. Passing a florist's, Mr. Courtney left her for a moment, while he gave an order for the roses which he intended should glow with a welcome to her when she reached her own room. Passing the cathedral on their way up Fifth avenue, they passed in as if by mutual accord. It yet lacked an hour of being time for the vesper service. Somewhere, unseen, people were passing. They heard voices and footsteps. Occasionally a priest disappeared within the door of a confessional. The life of the city grew dim and far away. All its hopes and its happiness; all its despair and its degradation; all its daring and its dreaming could not voice itself to them as impressively as the whispered prayer of the woman who knelt at a shrine seen dimly through the pictured vistas. It was leaving all the world behind them to sit here. It was cutting off, for the moment, all connection with the tides of life. Here he could tell him the story which the picture of Herman Eckstein had called back to her that day.

"I want to talk to you," said Ethel, speaking rapidly as if her resolution might fail; "I was once engaged to Herman Eckstein."

"The artist of the 'Dakota,'" he answered, quickly.

"Yes," she said.

"I congratulate you upon your ability to conceal what should have been told, Miss Leigh," he returned, jolly.

"Oh, don't speak to me like that!" she said. "It was all over long before I met you. I found I did not love him. I never knew what love was until—" she hesitated a moment and then went on bravely—"until I met you."

"Yet you had given him your promise?"

"Yes. But you cannot understand it," she continued, "unless you can read it intuitively. Words say too little or too much. It was not Herman Eckstein that I cared for, but the world-life, art, success, freedom, happiness—a world really wide enough to live in. Mr. Eckstein represented that to me. But when I came to life itself, he had no part or place in it."

He was silent. Ethel had always felt, rather than known, that Gardiner Courtney's one undiscovered and uncontrolled quality was his unreasoning jealousy. It was not from a desire to deceive him; not even a desire to conceal this fact in her life that had kept her silent; but, instead, some subtle instinct for harmony, some latent dread of a discordant note between them, some faint foreshadowing of an hour when he would understand her so fully as to comprehend that it had no real place in her life. They rose, as by one accord, and passed out of the shadows of the cathedral. The gleam and glitter and glow of Fifth avenue contrasted strangely with Ethel's mood and her lover's unrelenting attitude.

"You have deceived me," he said; "if not in words at least tacitly. You are the only woman I have ever loved. You led me to believe that you fully reciprocated the compliment."

"But it is true with me," she interposed. "I never cared for—"

"I fail to see that your extraordinary assertion makes the affair any more acceptable," he interrupted.

They had reached Ethel's home. She was pale and trembling. Nothing in her character fitted her to meet such moods as these on the part of her lover, yet with her clearer woman's sight she knew that it was not himself, not that ideal in him which she loved that had thus spoken, and a deeper tenderness, a longing to save him from himself, came over her.

"Will you come in?" she said.

"I will come this evening," he replied.

"Forgive me, Ethel, but I want to talk to you very seriously."

Ethel passed directly to her own apartments. The great basket of fragrant roses which he had ordered for her as they left the gallery stood on her table. In their shades of crimson, and rose, and creamy white they gleamed before her in the faint twilight. She turned away from them sick at heart. Yet an hour before they would have made her happy. She threw herself upon a fauteuil and covered her face with her hands.

Some time had passed when she started suddenly. Had a touch aroused her? Had she been dreaming?

"My darling! my darling!" she heard distinctly, in her lover's voice. She raised her head and saw him standing with one hand on the roses and the other outstretched to her. He came nearer, and she felt the tenderness of touch and tone.

"Why, Gardiner," she exclaimed, "why did you come here?"

But she felt that touch? There was no one near. She was alone, and the clusters of white and crimson blossoms were very indistinct in the darkness. She arose and lighted the gas. She looked at her watch. It was half-past eight.

"The gifted artist, Gardiner Courtney, was evidently just going out for a call last evening

when he fell dead from heart disease," said the Herald the next morning.

Friends brought their words of sympathy to Ethel. No one ever knew from her the story of that day of her life. But there was about her an invisible atmosphere of consolation and peace. Now, she knew, they understood each other truly. Death had forever united what life had threatened to divide. In that spirit communion their souls met. And she knew that he had given her his message of love and of peace in the touch of those flowers, in their masses of pale rose and gold and creamy white, with their faintly flushed petals and their last message of a love strong enough to overcome death—a love as strong and abounding as life.

The End.

## A Christmas Loaf of Bread.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

While thankfully receiving Christmas and New Year's remembrances from E. Dawson Rogers and Wallis of London "Light," Spigars the medium, Tebb the anti-vaccinationist, Snedley the enthusiastic Spiritualist, Lingford the missionary, and others in England, and further, gifts and remembrances from dear Australia, and a number of very beautiful gifts from my American friends, none pleased me more than a great, nicely baked loaf of bread from the Shakers of Mt. Lebanon, N. Y. Such a loaf, baked and sent by express nearly seven hundred miles. Think of it! Do you ask what there is peculiar to Shaker bread?

This, and more. They take (or certainly used to in the past) the choicest, plump-appearing white wheat, and thoroughly washing it, dry it in the sun. The sun, we know, is a great magnetic battery. Fruits and grains growing in the sunshine are more refined and vitalizing than those growing under ground in the dark. This wheat is then ground in their own home grist-mill, and then passed on to the sunny-faced sisters for mixing and molding and baking. And mark, when they mold this dough they knead into it their own aural magnetism, the magnetism of fraternity, kindness, purity and unselfish love. It soon comes out of the oven, a little brown-crust on top, but bearing within a granular-white hue, light and deliciously toothsome and exquisitely tasteful. It contains no alum, no minerals, nor dyspeptic inducing ingredients. The ordinary bakers' bread, that hotels provide and many shiftless families procure from bakers' shops, is not fit to eat. It is psychically, if not physically, dirty. I have seen bakers manipulating dough for bread, with the sweat dripping from their foreheads, and running down their bare arms into the unbaked loaves. It is said upon good authority that Italians knead their bread with their feet. Some Germans, certainly, press the juice from their grapes with their feet; and I saw, a few miles north of Kandy, Ceylon, the native tea manipulators walking barefooted among the dried tea-leaves, and babies rolling on the floor poking the tea-leaves about with their hands. Tens are herb-medicines. They contain thine. They are useless, expensive and upon the whole injurious.

But I am wandering. When receiving this Shaker-loaf, I thought of the Nazarene's words, "I am the bread of life. . . . This is that bread which cometh down from heaven; he that eateth of this bread shall live forever." Doubtless the word "bread" here used, was used figuratively, meaning "doctrine," or "spiritual teachings." Agnostics and atheists are very slow to learn that the writers in Bible times wrote largely in parable and allegory, using sometimes extravagant figures of speech. When Paul said, "That rock was Christ," he had no reference to a granite boulder, composed of mica, felspar and quartz. When Jesus said, "I am the true vine," he did not mean that he owned a Palestinian vineyard and raised grapes to feed the multitude; and again, when he said, "Except ye eat my flesh and drink my blood, there is no life in you," he did not mean his physical flesh, nor the material Jewish blood that flowed in his veins, but flesh was a symbol of his uplifting doctrines, and his blood a figure of love, that unselfish, spiritual love which, with wisdom, sanctifies and saves.

Writing of this loaf of bread reminds me of my visit to London with Elder Frederick Evans in 1871. This was one of the richest experiences of my life. The Elder, being an Englishman, went to his own as a missionary. At the great meeting he held in St. George's Hall, London, when W. Hepworth Dixon, author of "New America," took the chair, an immense crowd flocked to hear him. There were present members of Parliament, distinguished journalists, noted clergymen, secularists and Spiritualists. The music was excellent. The Elder was up to the occasion. The "spirit of the Lord was upon him." If ever a man was inspired, he certainly was. His eye flashed like fire at times. His voice rang out clear, strong and resonant. Three-fourths of the audience were seemingly hypnotized. Occasionally there was a dissent, as for instance, when he begged of the English to dispense with their

bishops and priests and noblemen, constituting the "House of Lords," and put women in their places. He further shocked them when declaring that the repenting, fighting, warring Jehovah of Israel was nothing but a tutelary divinity, needing conversion to Shakerism. As a whole, the audience was delighted with the simplicity, sincerity, solid logic, and I may add, the elder's daring denunciations of England's sins and shortcomings.

The next day we were invited to breakfast with Auberon Herbert, an ex-member of Parliament, at 11 o'clock. What an ungainly hour for breakfast! But such was fashionable London. I never could, and I never expect, while vested in mortality, to convince the dwellers of London that it is cheaper and healthier to use the sunlight than to burn gas-light. They persist in turning night into day. Eleven o'clock at night many of the streets are literally crowded, and at eight o'clock in the morning they are as silent, almost, as the chambers of death. On the morning that we were to breakfast with the Hon. Mr. Herbert, the Elder took his plain breakfast at the usual hour. Much of this he had brought with him in a large trunk from Mt. Lebanon. When about to start at half past ten for the breakfast, the Elder deliberately walked to his trunk and took out a good-sized "chunk" of cold, coarse-ground Shaker bread, which, putting into his hand-satchel, we started off for our appointed breakfast. At a little past eleven o'clock we were invited into the breakfast room. The furniture, paintings and fixings of the room were rich, and of the most elegant patterns. There were ten or twelve of the guests. The Elder had stepped to his grip and taken out a "chunk" of bread half as large as a quart bowl, and sitting down at the table coolly, deliberately "chucked" it down by his plate. As the Elder was the honored guest, tall and reverential looking, the host asked him to "say grace." Crossing his hands and sitting as erect as a towering pine, he said, "In my accustomed way," and this way was as silent as the depths of silence itself. Not a word from his lips! Soon there was passed to him a cup of coffee. He did not take coffee. "Do you prefer tea, or cocoa?" "Nay, I take neither." There was passed to him a nice plate of fish. "Nay, I do not take fish." "Perhaps you would prefer steak?" "Nay, I do not take steak, or any animal flesh."

"Well, really Elder, what do you eat and drink?"

"I drink water, when thirsty, and I brought my bread with me, for I did not expect to find any London bakers' bread that was fit to eat."

This opened the way for a free, outspoken series of remarks upon bread, animal flesh-eating, and its effects upon both mind and body. The Elder persisted that men grew to be like what they ate and drank, foods making the blood, the blood making the body, and the body affecting, more or less, the mind. The breakfast "hour" lasted nearly two hours, and I have often wished that it might have been reported verbatim. Permit me to say, before closing this rambling, off-hand article, that I wonder, and "still the wonder grows," why more people, and especially Spiritualists, do not become members of the several Shaker fraternities. Their buildings, though a little unique, are large, commodious, and exceedingly comfortable. They have all the modern improvements. The brothers are industrious and warm-hearted. The sisters are noted for their neatness, quietness, simplicity and spiritual-mindedness. It does a weary mortal good to sleep and roll, and think if awake, in a nice Shaker bed. You know that we magnetize our rooms, our furniture, and the very garments that we wear, and nothing can be more attractive, serene, and peaceful than a Shaker home, a Shaker house of worship, with their Shaker songs and uplifting inspirations. These Shakers are all Spiritualists; more or less of them have visions, trances, and soul-enabling impressions from the overshadowing spiritual world. They in all things financial in common are like the early Christians. People that find their happiness in smoking and chewing tobacco, in eating the corpses of dead hogs, and drinking and guzzling down the foaming beer, would not feel comfortable, perhaps, in a lovely Shaker home. These believers have schools, libraries, and they take the choicest newspapers and journals. They are industrious, yet well read in art, science, literature and religion. Mother Ann said, "Hands to work and hearts to God." That is, to that Father-Mother God whose love extends high as heaven, deep as the lowest depths, and fills the souls of all those who have risen into the resurrection state. Pure love is immortal. Fires cannot burn it, waters cannot drown it, nor can death annihilate it. The illustrious Abraham Lincoln said, "When any denomination will adopt a creed of love to God and love to man, I will join that denomination."

It is a grave mistake to say, as some "yellow journals" do, that the Shakers are opposed to marriage. They say nothing of the kind, but do say that there are two planes of existence, the Adamic plane, and the

(Continued on page 8.)



## "THE NEW NAME."

DR. GEORGE W. CAREY.

"And his name shall be in their forehead."  
 "And I will write upon him the name of my God."  
 "And I will write upon him my new name."  
 —Revelations.

A soul struggling up to the sunlight—  
 Up from the mire and the clay,  
 Fighting through wars and jungles,  
 And sometimes learning to pray—  
 And sometimes a king with a scepter,  
 And sometimes a slave with a nod—  
 Some people call it Karma,  
 And others call it God.

A beggar ragged and hungry,  
 A prince in purple and gold,  
 A palace gilded and garnished,  
 A cottage humble and old—  
 And one's hopes are blighted in blooming,  
 And one gathers the ripened pod—  
 Some call it fate or destiny,  
 And others call it God.

Glimmering waters and breakers,  
 Far on the horizon's rim,  
 White sails and sea gulls glinting,  
 Away till the sight grows dim,  
 And shells spirit-painted with glory,  
 Where sea-weeds beckon and nod—  
 Some people call it Ocean,  
 And others call it God.

Cathedrals and domes uplifting,  
 And spires pointing up to the sun,  
 Images, altars and arches,  
 Where kneeling and penance are done—  
 From organs, grand anthems are swelling,  
 Where the true and the faithful still plod—  
 Some call it superstition—  
 While others call it God.

Visions of beauty and splendor,  
 Forms of a long lost race,  
 Sounds and faces and voices,  
 From the fourth dimension of space—  
 And on through the universe boundless,  
 Our thoughts as lightning-shod—  
 Some call it incantation,  
 And others call it God.

Vibration of Etheric Substance,  
 Light, flashing through regions of Space,  
 A globe of something, enfolding  
 And binding together the race—  
 And words without wires transmitted,  
 "Ariel"-winged, Spirit-Sanctified and Shod,  
 Some call it Electricity,  
 And others call it God.

Earth redeemed and made glorious,  
 Lighted by Heaven within—  
 Men and angels brought face to face,  
 With never a thought of sin—  
 Lion and lamb together lie  
 In the flowers that sweeten the sod—  
 Some of us call it Brotherhood,  
 And others call it God.

And now the sixth sense is opened—  
 The seventh embraces the whole—  
 And clothed with the oneness of Being  
 We acknowledge the Dominion of Soul—  
 And in all of life's phases and changes,  
 And along all the paths to be trod,  
 We recognize only one power—  
 One present Omnipotent God.

1564 Papin St., St. Louis, Mo.

## State President's Annual Report.

Officers and Members of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists.

As presiding officer of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists I take pleasure in presenting you with my annual report in compliance with its By-Laws. The past year has been one that has called for a great deal of labor on the part of your officers, and great care has been taken by them in arranging the details of the different mass meetings. Your officers have been obliged to answer many questions not only with regard to the objects of this Association, but also with regard to that of the National Association, the legitimate work of local societies, methods of investigating the phenomena and also with regard to the status of speakers and mediums. All inquiries have been answered to the very best of their ability. They have found also a growing demand for literature that could be used for missionary purposes. In order that this demand might be partly met, the Board of Directors bought 500 copies of the lecture given by Dr. B. F. Austin at the anniversary held under the auspices of this Association last March in the city of Boston. Other documents of a scientific and religious character are needed to carry forward this most important part of our work.

## MASS MEETINGS.

Since our last annual meeting five mass meetings have been held, one in each of the following places: Haverhill, Camp Progress, Camp Unity, Onset and Lowell and also an anniversary meeting in Boston. These have all been very largely attended. At these meetings the speakers and mediums have all volunteered their services. Each one did most admirable service for the Cause of Spiritualism, for which they deserve the gratitude and thanks of this Association. At these different mass meetings nearly all our State speakers have participated and also several from other States. We are pleased to note that all speakers are coming to recognize the necessity of organized effort on the part of Spiritualists. We are also glad to announce at this time that the interest is growing instead of lessening in the mass meetings held by our Association. We are not able to meet the demand for them, and always have several applications ahead. If we were able to pay our speakers and mediums for services rendered we could hold more mass meetings every year, but since we are not, we do not feel that it would be just to make these meetings of more frequent occurrence. The time must come soon when radical changes will be introduced into mass meetings. It seems to me that the work of a mass meeting could be carefully outlined in advance and the speakers requested to come prepared to speak upon topics which had been assigned them. In this way a great deal more ground could be covered in a short space of time, and many times a subject could be treated in a more instructive and intelligible manner. Spiritualists have yet to learn, at least many of them, that meetings are not held simply for amusement, but for instruction. Then labor and not play shall be the watchword of the hour in all our meetings.

## LEGISLATIVE WORK.

Very little has been accomplished along this line during the past season. Of course the annual protest against restrictive medical legislation was made at the proper time and place. Besides a good deal of time has been devoted in all our mass meetings to speeches upon this subject. Also our earnest protest has been offered against vivisection and capital punishment. Much also has been said concerning the rights of children and Woman's Suffrage has come in for its share of discussion. This Association from its inception has always stood for equal rights, and at every opportunity that has offered, earnest protests have been made against all forms of class legislation. Believing, as the great majority of Spiritualists do, that vaccination is one of the greatest curses ever inflicted upon the world, this Association has ever advocated the repeal of all compulsory vaccination laws. We would further recommend that this Association, in convention assembled, again put itself on record as the earnest friend of all legislative measures that tend toward uplifting and benefiting humanity, and the uncompromising enemy of legislative measures that infringe unnecessarily upon the rights and liberties of the individual.

## CHARITABLE WORK.

This Association was not organized for the purpose of doing charitable work. For this reason it has never infringed upon the domain belonging legitimately to other organizations. But during the past year it has in an indirect way, largely through the efforts of its officers as individuals, accomplished a great deal toward the alleviation of suffering on the part of some who have in former years been earnest workers in our ranks. If this convention at a later hour sees fit to adopt the amendments to its objects, your President would most earnestly recommend that some definite plan be outlined whereby the destitute in our ranks may be assisted.

## PERSECUTION.

Under this head we would call the attention of this honorable body to the case of Mr. Alexander Proctor of Springfield. Our attention was called particularly to this case in the early summer by Lawyer McKean of that city, who came to Onset for the purpose of presenting the case of Mr. Proctor. At the time your Secretary and President spent a good deal of time with the individual and went over very thoroughly all papers in his possession relating to the case. Later some opposition to the case of Mr. Proctor presented itself, and it was suggested that Mr. Proctor be arrested for using either the prefix "Dr." or the suffix "M. D." and not for practicing the healing art. The Secretary, under instruction of the Board of Directors, wrote to the Clerk of the Municipal Court at Springfield for particulars, and received a very short reply simply stating that Mr. Proctor was arrested for practicing medicine without being registered. This reply being unsatisfactory, inasmuch as it failed to contain the specific charge of using either title, "Dr." or "M. D." These came in later as incidentals to the case. The reason why he had not been registered was simply this, that he could not act as a clairvoyant, and magnetic physicians could not do so.

The case was to come before the Grand Jury in October, but was passed over to the December sitting of that jury without action. Since then I have heard no more about the case. The Board of Directors voted to assist Dr. Proctor in obtaining justice, and a strong appeal was made by the Secretary of our Association in the columns of the Banner of Light, and your President made appeals wherever he was called upon to lecture. These efforts have resulted in raising quite a little sum which will be used in the defense of Mr. Proctor if the case comes to trial. If not, the money will be subject to the disposition of the donors. We would recommend that this case be closely watched, and the financial aid of this Association be rendered if required. In our opinion Mr. Proctor is a gentleman in every way worthy of the respect and aid of all true Spiritualists.

## MEDIUMS AND LECTURERS.

The State Association has ever recognized mediumship as the foundation stone upon which we build, hence it has been the staunch friend of every true and honest medium. It has never had any use for those who would prostitute the divine gifts with which they have been endowed. A great scientist once said that nothing profane should ever be allowed to enter the laboratory of modern science. Should we be less mindful of our science rooms? Should they not be pervaded with an atmosphere of the sacred and divine? For this reason the State Association has ever declared the sacredness of the phenomena of Spiritualism and urged upon Spiritualists the great necessity of separating the chaff from the wheat. For this reason, also, we would urge upon all Spiritualists to aid in divesting every science room of all semblance of the show, lifting the science into the atmosphere of religion where it rightfully belongs. With this object in view the State Association has stood in the past, the same as it does today, for the perfect development of mediumistic gifts, with the atmosphere of a well-rounded out character for the background of every spiritual manifestation. The world is demanding more and more cultured and refined mediumship. All that we have said with regard to the medium and his gifts applies also to the lecturer and his special line of work. While the medium presents the scientific evidences of immortality, the lecturer presents the philosophy and religion of Spiritualism. The future will demand that both be better equipped for their special lines of labor. One of the objects for which this Association has ever stood is "the better equipment of lecturers and mediums for their work." We would recommend that this subject be taken up and thoroughly discussed at this Convention and that some plan looking towards the accomplishment of these results be formulated.

## LOCAL SOCIETIES.

During the past year your President has visited eleven of the thirty organized and chartered societies of Massachusetts, besides several located in Rhode Island, Connecticut and New Hampshire and everywhere has found indications of growth and greater prosperity than was evident the previous year. Many of them have increased their membership. Some have opened the doors free to the public, and nearly all of them have adopted better business methods. Your President is very sorry to say that a few over their prosperity in part to the very sum that they pay the persons who officiate for them on Sundays. We would ask, Are the members of these societies willing to sacrifice as much for Sunday as they are asking of our mediums and speakers? As an association we have no jurisdiction over local societies—but would simply suggest that it is only just to the worker that they pay a fair equivalent for what they receive.

We would urge upon all societies more attention being paid to the wants of man's spiritual nature, looking toward the making of said societies centres of the religious thought and life of the community. There is no valid reason why we should continue along the line that seems to have been mapped out by some one in the past, that of denial and negation, for now the positive forces of the spirit should come to the front. The era before us will become that of affirmations. Prophecies concerning the divine possibilities of the soul are echoed and re-echoed from our platform. Has not the time come for their realization? Do not misunderstand us—for we believe that man's physical wants are just as important as his spiritual. The one should keep pace with the other. Neither should be neglected. If our societies become centres of life and thought, the entire man will be cared for.

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Another matter intimately connected with the work of local societies, and of the great-

est importance for the advancement of Spiritualism, we believe to be the organization of lyceums, or Sunday schools. The society never can become in any sense ideal until room has been made for the children. Their spiritual welfare is just as important as that of the adults. Why send our children to the liberal churches for the moral and spiritual training that we ought to give them at home? If you desire to have them with you as workers in your societies when they have grown to manhood or womanhood, you must supply this demand in connection with your Sunday meetings. There are several good, strong, and well conducted lyceums in our state—but it should be the duty of every society to look after the welfare of its children and young people. Your President feels most keenly the necessity of still greater effort in this direction, and would heartily urge its consideration upon this convention.

## CAMP MEETINGS.

Too much cannot be said in favor of these meetings—as most useful allies to the cause of Spiritualism. Yet there are grave evils connected with them, they should never be allowed to usurp the place formerly occupied by the local society. But this has been done in the past. Individuals who in the years gone by had contributed liberally toward the support of local societies, obtained at a greatly reduced cost a sufficient quantity of Spiritualism for the year—thus have the local societies in certain places been allowed to languish and die. The camp meeting should be a source of strength to each and every local society in the state. Only man's selfishness causes this perversion. The rule should be, never neglect the local society in order that the camp meeting may grow and flourish. 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# PERSONAL TO SUBSCRIBERS!

We will send to every subscriber or reader of  
The BANNER OF LIGHT

A full-sized ONE DOLLAR package of VITÆ-ORE, by mail, POSTPAID, sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and doses of quacks or good doctors or patent medicine he or she has ever used. Read this over again carefully and understand that we ask our pay only when it has done you good, and not before. We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. VITÆ-ORE is a natural, hard, adamant, rock-like substance—mineral—ORE—mined from the ground like gold and silver and requires about twenty years for oxidation. It contains FREE IRON, FREE SULPHUR AND MAGNESIUM, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, LaGrippe and Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration and General Debility, as thousands testify, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. VITÆ-ORE will do the same for you, as it has done for hundreds of the readers of this paper who have accepted this offer and MADE NATURE THEIR DOCTOR, if you will give it a trial, which none should hesitate to do on this liberal offer. SEND FOR A \$1.00 PACKAGE AT OUR RISK. You have nothing to lose if the medicine does not benefit you. WE WANT NO ONE'S MONEY WHOM VITÆ-ORE DOES NOT BENEFIT. Can anything be more fair? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. Investigation will bear out our statement that we MEAN JUST WHAT WE SAY in this announcement and will do just as we agree. Write for a package TO-DAY at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, so that we may give you special directions for treatment, if same be necessary, and mention this paper, so that we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterwards the gratitude, of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills and diseases, which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for skepticism, but ask only your investigation and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. You must not write on a postal card. In answer to this, address  
THEO. NOEL COMPANY, B. of L. Dept., Vitæ-Ore Building, Chicago, Ill.

question so often put to us, "Is Spiritualism dying?"

The work of the office has been very pleasant this year. I have sent out over eight hundred letters during the year, have reported all meetings for publication, and have come in contact with many pleasant people who wish to know the workings of our society. Information is cheerfully given by any of our Directors when required.

I must not fail to speak of our official paper that the State Association felt was needed for the Secretary. Last November at the Board meeting it was decided that we were old enough and well enough established to have paper with letter head for the State, and I wish to extend my thanks to the Board for this beautiful paper; it carries a dignity with it which impresses all who receive a letter written upon it.

I will close with the hope that this coming year will be one of great prosperity for the State Association.

Respectfully submitted,  
Carrie L. Hatch, Sec.

Jan. 6, 1902.

## A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn. (the Clothier), says if any suffer from Kidney and Bladder Diseases will write him he will direct them to the perfect home cure he used. He has nothing whatever to sell you.

## Spiritualism in Brockton.

The People's Progressive Spiritual Association of Brockton began this season's work October 5. Mr. J. S. Scarlett was the first speaker.

We have endeavored to secure the best speakers and test mediums our limited means allowed and consider ourselves fortunate in securing the following: C. Fannie Allen, George A. Fuller, Ida P. A. Whitlock, Albert F. Blinn, Sarah E. Holmes, Ruth A. Swift, Carrie F. Taber, Charles E. Dane, Wellman C. Whitney, Sarah A. Byrnes, Nellie F. Burbeck, M. A. Bonney, Nellie S. Noyes, Edie L. Webster, Thomas Cross, Hattie L. Webber, Katie Ham and Annie Banks Scott.

Through the generosity of one of our members were privileged to listen to B. F. Austin of Toronto, Canada, who was with us Sunday, Jan. 4. Mr. Austin visited the Lyceum in the afternoon, which fact is much appreciated by the members and children. This society is composed of earnest, energetic workers, who are willing to struggle for the ultimate success of the Cause, which is dear to the hearts of all true Spiritualists. A fair is to be one of this season's attractions and as this means hard work, we shall appreciate any assistance from all who feel inclined to aid us. The fair will be held in April.

With a thought for success to all spiritual societies from the Brockton society, I am sincerely,  
Susie R. Bicknell, Cor. Sec.

## For Torpid Liver

### Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Take it when your complexion is sallow, and you are troubled with constipation, malaria and sick headache. It stimulates healthy liver activity, increases flow of bile, and improves the general health.

## A Just Medical Bill.

The American Medical Union has formulated a medical bill which is being introduced into the Legislatures of various states, which, if it should pass, would abolish the medical examining boards, repeal the present oppressive medical laws, and at the same time, give the people an opportunity to protect themselves against quacks and pretenders. We print this bill for the information of our readers, also the note at the bottom, calling upon the people to respond.

### A BILL

To Regulate the Practice of Medicine, Surgery, and Midwifery, Provide for Registration of Physicians, Etc.

Be it enacted by the Senate and the House of the State in Legislature assembled that: Section 1. Any person desiring to enter upon the practice of medicine or midwifery in this state shall, and they are hereby required to have their name and place of residence recorded in the office of the Recorder of the county in which they reside, in a book kept for that purpose, also a statement of the system of medical practice they propose to pursue; where and when they graduated, if graduated; and if not, when and where they studied medicine and how long, where and how long they have practiced, if at all, and such other facts as will enable the people to judge of their fitness to practice medicine. In case a person does not administer drugs to the sick, but uses water, Magnetism, Massage, Swedish movements, Osteopathic treatment, Hypnotism, Mental influence, Christian Science, or any other plan of treatment, that fact must be recorded before such person shall enter upon the practice of the art of healing, as a business or profession.

Section 2. Any person desiring to enter upon the practice of operative surgery in this state, shall be required to present proof of having graduated in a college of medicine and surgery, which is in good standing with the State Medical Society, of the school of medicine to which he or she belongs, and shall have such proof together with a certificate of the State Medical Society recorded in the office of the recorder of the county.

Section 3. A certified copy of the registration record provided for in sections 1 and 2 of this act must be hung up or otherwise displayed in the office of the physician, surgeon, or midwife, before he or she can legally begin practice, and shall remain hung up, or otherwise displayed, constantly while he or she shall continue to practice.

Section 4. Any person found guilty of any material false statement in registration shall be liable to a fine of not less than \$100 nor more than \$500, and shall thereafter be debarred from the right to practice medicine in this state.

Section 5. Any person entering upon the practice of medicine, surgery or of healing in any way without being registered as provided in this act shall not be legally entitled to receive any pay for his or her services.

Section 6. All acts or parts of acts inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed. If you prefer this bill to the medical law now in force in your state please write at once to Dr. T. A. Bland, Sec. A. M. U., 181 S. Hoyne Ave., Chicago, and your letter will be used to secure its passage in your state.

## Memorial Service for Dr. C. H. Harding.

On Sunday evening, January 11, notwithstanding the weather was cold and stormy, Malta Hall was well filled by the friends of Dr. Harding, who has made Greenfield his home for the past two and a half years.

Dr. Charles H. Harding was well known to all the local societies in New England as a fluent speaker and as a splendid psychic, but to his intimate friends he was endeared especially for his quiet acts of charity, for his habit of living his life in accordance with the teachings which he promulgated. His sudden transition was a great shock to his many friends and especially to his townsmen at Greenfield. Gone, indeed, from our mortal sight, but not forgotten.

The memorial service, arranged by his best and chosen friend, Mr. R. F. Churchill, and given under the auspices of the local Spiritualist society, was a splendid tribute to his worth as a Spiritualist and to his integrity as a man. The floral offerings were very numerous and beautiful and the platform was surrounded with potted plants and palms.

The musical part of the service was beautifully rendered by Mrs. Sloumb, the soloist of the Unitarian Church, accompanied by the organist of the church. Appropriate selections were read from Longfellow's poems by Miss Ella Webster of Orange, whose reading of "Resignation" was peculiarly appropriate, it being one of Dr. Harding's favorite poems.

The address of the evening was given by Mr. Albert P. Blinn of Boston, whose guides seem to understand that many of the friends present had never attended a spiritualistic meeting before and so took the opportunity of giving them a better understanding of Spiritualism than they could have gained in any other way. His address was replete with gems of thought, with scientific data, and with instances of psychic manifestations, all demonstrating the truth of spirit return, and he made touching reference to the esteem with which Dr. Harding was held by every one whose good fortune it was to become well acquainted with him.

Remarks were also made by the writer and Mr. Churchill, through the speaker of the evening, expressed his appreciation for the many beautiful floral tributes sent to the hall in memory of his friend.

We shall miss him. He has been a staunch supporter of our society for three years, a worker of the workers, a medium of mediums, an honor to his sex, a credit to the Cause.

Summer Chapman, Pres.  
Greenfield Spiritualist Society.

## For Over Sixty Years

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

## Briefs.

Boston Spiritual Lyceum.—Our Lyceum assembled at the usual time and the regular exercises were conducted by the officers and leaders. We miss the Hatch Brothers, as they have been so long a part of the school, and also the music which was so well executed by them. Mr. J. S. Scarlett, of Cambridge, addressed the children as did a gentleman from Milwaukee. Children who took part in exercises were, Merrill Bill, Miss Alice Bill, reading; Mr. Taylor, song; Miss Marion Hartman, song. Miss Alice Ireland has presided at the piano during the absence of the regular music. Mr. Dean Clarke and Mr. Elmer Packard were absent on account of

colds.—Alonzo Danforth, Assistant Secretary. Fitchburg, Mass. Prof. and Mrs. Kenyon spoke for the First Spiritualist Society Sunday, January 11th, to appreciative audiences. The address of Prof. Kenyon on "Howbeit that was not first which is Spiritual, But that which is natural, and afterward that which is Spiritual," and "What is good in Spiritualism?" were most ably presented. The spirit messages by Mrs. Kenyon were fully recognized. The piano selection by Miss Howe and vocal solos by Mrs. E. Fisk were finely rendered.—Dr. C. L. Fox, President.

Commercial Hall, 604 Washington Street. The meetings Sunday were well attended although the day was stormy; at 11 a developing and healing circle. During the day the following well known talent assisted: Mrs. Wilkinson, Mr. A. P. Hill, Dr. Blackden, Mrs. May Moody, Mrs. Nellie Grover, Mrs. Rebe-Horah, Mrs. Strong, Miss Landers, Miss Sears, Mr. Walter Mason, Miss Annie Strong, Mrs. Peak-Johnson, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Nettie Morrow, Dr. Frank Brown. At Tuesday evening circle Dr. Clark, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Marston and many other healers were busy giving treatment. Names with a request for prayer to be made well are coming in from some of the large cities, showing the influence from these healing circles is reaching the South and West. Mrs. Wilkinson is holding a developing and test seance every Wednesday evening at her new home 275 Dudley St., Roxbury. Meetings every Thursday at the hall.—Reporter.

The Progressive Spiritualist Society of Minneapolis held memorial services for Abby A. Judson, on January 3. A fine address was delivered by Mrs. Talcott. She was followed by J. S. Maxwell, president of the State Association, with a short talk on "Miss Judson and Her Work," after which our old and tried worker, Dr. Swanson, made some touching remarks, which were greatly appreciated.—M. E. Blodgett, Corresponding Secretary.

Malden Spiritual Association. The Christmas tree for the poor children of Malden, given by the Malden Spiritual Association, was a success. One hundred and fifty tickets were given for the annual tree, named with a children who enjoyed the tree exceeded that by fifty. All these children returned home laden with good things and articles of clothing. Santa Claus was "a jolly old chap," and was Entertainment: Solo, Miss West of Maplewood, "Jesu's Christmas Hymn;" reading, represented by Mr. Edward Marr of Malden. Miss Stevens of Malden; piano solo, Miss Pool of Malden; Little Miss Stevens, recitation; sweet singing by our own quartet; Miss Cora Munroe, comical reading; Solo, "The Quilt;" Mr. Lenard of Taunton, aged with a six; comical reading, finely rendered, Miss Louth of Malden. The presents were then distributed by Santa Claus, and among them were many jokes for the young people of the society. Mrs. Munroe was presented with a beautiful present from the ladies of the society. After the happy children left, the hall was cleared for dancing. A light collation was served and at twelve o'clock the New Year was welcomed. The past month this association has had successful meetings. We wish to extend our sincere thanks to the many friends who so readily responded to our call for donations, for this most worthy cause, also to the Banner of Light, for the valuable space so kindly given us.

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

## A Useful Institution in Brooklyn

Wm. P. and Nina Vera Hughes, who have been engaged in much good work in Chicago and Washington for the last twenty-one years, have established Metaphysical Bureau Rooms, in Brooklyn, N. Y., at 77 Court St., cor. Livingston St. They have opened a Public Reading Room and Circulating Library, and cordially invite the mutual helpfulness and fraternal fellowship of all truth seekers and thinkers along advanced lines of thought. The demand of the hour is that one prove one's faith by one's work. Theory may accompany research but should never supersede purposeful action. The principal point of interest will surround the healing thought. When one's thought is manifest in normal physical conditions, then has that one a correct concept of God and one's relation to Creative Power. Healing will be taught constructively as the work demands, by different teachers.

Intuition, being a necessary factor especially

in the removal of beliefs of sub-conscious thinking, special attention will be given to its discovery and recognition. The entire purpose of teaching and treatment will be to establish permanent right conditions through knowledge of Invariable Law, and individual self-helpfulness.

We have heard of over 600 families who are able through the previous work of Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, to manifest freedom from race beliefs and current unhappiness.

Meetings for the practical application of Divine Science Healing and for spiritual growth, will be regularly held. Many cases of instantaneous healing have resulted, even among inexperienced attendants, as well as for those who have requested help in this manner.

Intemperance, when treated as a disease, is more readily remedied than by previous methods. Although healing and teaching are synonymous, still individual attention is necessary when disturbed physical conditions seem more real than mind control through Law. Treatments will be given present or through correspondence as preferred by the patient. After a co-operative relationship is established between healer and patient, absent work is less personal and more suggestive of Divine Presence and Power.

Upon application, an Intuitive Character Reading, personal or for a friend or member of the family, will be given, and "written chart" furnished, delineating unused possibilities and encouraging to limitless use of God-given Powers. Not infrequently one's entire life experience is hindered and the harmony of the home affected because of ignorance of one's privileges (not duty) toward those "nearest and dearest."

A large and profitable branch of the work is the study of music through mental methods, either presently or through correspondence. Voice culture has resulted most profitably, and great satisfaction is given.

Contributions to the Library are gratefully received. Pamphlets, magazines and all good reading matter will be used to good advantage. Books also kept on sale. Subscriptions taken for periodicals. The reading room is open free at all during business hours.

Public lectures each Sunday at 2:30 p. m. Questions answered. Gratuities offerings constitute the only recompense for the expense of the public meetings.

Having known Mr. and Mrs. Hughes for several years, and worked most amiably with them in Washington, I wish to introduce them in their new quarters.

W. J. Colville.

## Lake Pleasant, Mass.

Although the grounds of the New England Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association, where thousands congregate during the summer convention to listen to the philosophy of Spiritualism expounded by eloquent and eminent speakers, or to receive messages from arisen friends and loved ones through psychics unsurpassed in the world, are now covered with snow, efforts are again being made toward the realization of another successful camp season in 1903.

The Ladies' Schubert Quartet of Boston has been re-engaged to furnish the vocal music, and among our mediums and speakers are such well known workers as Rev. F. A. Wiggins, J. Clegg Wright, Rev. Ira Moore Corliss, Mrs. Edie L. Webster, Hon. A. H. Dailley, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, Mr. A. P. Blinn and Rev. May S. Pepper. We are also in correspondence with several others.

Nothing saps the vitality and enthusiasm of a society or of an individual so quickly and to such a great extent, as does a long and expensive litigation and it gives us sincere pleasure to state that the suit which has been pending for the past two years between the Association and Mrs. Hattie M. R. Cornick has been decided in favor of the Camp Meeting Association by Judge Maynard of the Superior Court of Franklin County. By this decree the Association has the right to collect the assessments which Mrs. Cornick claimed it was not legally entitled to.

The officers for the year are Judge A. H. Dailley, President; H. A. Budington, Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, F. B. Woodbury, Vice-Presidents; Albert P. Blinn, Secretary; Byron Loomis, Treasurer; A. H. Dailley, D. P. Barber, K. D. Childs, Byron Loomis, W. W. Lee, L. F. Crafts, H. S. Streeter, W. C. Pomeroy, H. A. Budington, Directors.

Albert P. Blinn, Clerk.

61 Dartmouth St., Boston.

## A Tribute to Abby A. Judson.

I can not refrain from paying my tribute of respect and love to our sainted arisen sister, Abby Judson. Her pure life in her home has left a marked impress. We shall not forget her words of wisdom, which have made us better acquainted with that home toward which we are all journeying.

In our little meeting today in "The Bower of Beauty" we held a memorial service in honor of Abby Judson. You will remember that there are only a very few of us who meet together from Sabbath to Sabbath, to learn the truth. I asked some of the children to speak and tell us of what value Abby Judson's life had been to them. Little Harold said, "It has helped me to be good." Elghan said, "It has helped me to be kind to animals." Another spoke of the time she put up a new string for a morning glory in her garden, so it could climb higher, and they believed that now, from her spirit home, she would be reaching down, trying to help mortals climb higher.

Our angel helpers came and spoke. They said that the life of our dear arisen sister, Abby Judson, was like the snow flake which had left a mark, but not a stain, that she had left broad, deep, wide marks along the pathway of human life which would guide many weary human souls into the haven of peace. They also told us that by holding our memorial service we had built a bridge from our humble homes to the land of souls, and that across that bridge Abby Judson would come to help us to develop into a broader freedom, a more universal love.

So may it be, for we long to hold communion with such exalted spirits as hers. The land-marks and guide boards she has left all along the way, will introduce us to the divine, which lies hidden within all our souls. Peace to thy arisen spirit, dear Sister Abby. We shall be glad to clasp thy hand in the Summerland when our souls have become ripened like thine.

Mary Drake Jenne.

Monson, Me., Jan. 4, 1903.

## Cost of Living.

Your editorial in last issue of Banner on cost of living interested me very much. I am surprised that so many people live poorly in cities, whose incomes would make them rich in our small towns. And life is so much pleasanter in the villages. People are all good and kind or it is your own fault. Everybody cares for you; and there are the birds and the lovely landscapes. True, every region is not beautiful. I know this Upper Missouri Valley is remarkable for its beauty. Long ago Catlin, the painter of Indian portraits said of it: "I never tire of gazing upon the fair life scenery of this Missouri Valley." But one must get away from the railroad tracks to see it.

As to cost of living, I can only say this: We have our home and plenty of space for a

## How to Find Out.

"Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains the linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it, or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order."

### WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney and bladder remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day; and to get up many times during the night. The mild and extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

You may have a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, and a book that tells all about it, both sent absolutely free by mail. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. (When writing be sure to mention that you read this generous offer in the Boston Banner of Light. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.)

garden and a couple of dozen hens. Aside from our fuel and taxes, our living does not cost wife and self over ten dollars per month. This I know, and we live well. True, we are very light meat consumers. Add for ten cords of wood, ready cut, say forty dollars; if you will have meat (the less the better) say fifteen dollars more, and two hundred dollars for clothing and all. With an acre of ground an able body can raise enough poultry and vegetables to buy all the groceries for a family.

I am satisfied a family can live well in any Missouri village on three hundred a year. Yet how many families are little more than impoverished in cities that have incomes of a thousand dollars. Very good cottages can be rented with space ample for garden at from five to eight dollars per month in country villages, county seats like this old town, situated high above the river about twelve to fifteen hundred feet above sea level.

C. L.

Oregon, Mo.

## Any Sick Person Can Be Cured.

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## Memorial Service.

It has been said that it is better to have loved and lost than never to have known the sweet tenderness of father and mother love. When the one has passed over to commence its work of love where chilly winds and storms of human life can not assail, how sweet the memory of the touch of little hands, the sound of the merry voice, and the patter of tiny feet. The tiny hand is now opening "mid the sweetness and love of a never ending summer."

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society in regular session assembled desire to say a word that may possibly ease the pain and sorrow that have come to Mr. and Mrs. Barrett. Sunday, January 4, memorial service was held, as requested, in memory of our arisen sister, Abby A. Judson. The speaker, Wellman C. Whitney, also gave a loving tribute to Nilla Barrett and to the little daughter of one of our members, Mildred Hart, who was born on the same day and a few short weeks before the transition of Nilla was called to join her twin sister, who passed out at birth. Dr. C. H. Harding of Greenfield and many others were remembered by floral tributes.

Mrs. Minnie Proctor,  
Mrs. Lillian Whitney,  
Committee.

## Believing.

Desire, hope, belief, faith, knowing; these are the rounds of the ladder by which we reach the goal of our aspirations. We hardly know what. We are conscious of something lacking, something needed to round out our lives, to make us contented, satisfied, at ease; of a vacancy, rather than of the want of some specific thing, but by and by into something definite—a want to which we can give a name, something that appeals to us as the one thing necessary to our happiness; and as we dwell upon it, hope, the child of desire, is born in our hearts; the hope that somehow, sometime, the desire may be gratified. We do not see the way by which it will come; indeed, it seems at first impossible that it should come; but, in spite of the seeming impossibility, we hope, until from hoping we pass to belief; we believe that our desire will be gratified.

But belief is not faith. Faith is the fully developed flower, of which believing is only the half-opened bud, that may yet be nipped by the frost of doubt. Faith opens its every petal to the sun and the breeze, and does not close them when night sets in and the rain descends. And from the blossom comes the fruit. Knowing comes through faith, as faith through believing; believing from hope, and hope from desire. All forms have their inception in the mental, and that which is conceived in the mental must have birth in the physical, if it is perished not in the womb for lack of nourishment.

I say must be born into the physical. I mean just that; it must be. Desire is a seed germ, and if it be not pinched back at the moment of putting forth its first young shoot it is bound by the law of the universe to blossom and bear fruit.







we become what we imagine ourselves to be."

Now what practical use can we who are not actors, authors, or artists, make of this wonderful force of our nature—the imaging faculty? Can we not with its aid build ourselves to any design which we have in mind? Or conceive of a grander ideal than we have previously entertained as possible? If we hold in our consciousness the fair image of a sound body in perfect health and strength, a mind that is poised and aspiring to a higher plane, a heart that is tender and true, shall we not put this potent imaging force into action to make them so? But, on the contrary, if we allow and even foster the image of a dyspeptic stomach, a weak heart, or neurasthenic head, our last state will be assuredly worse than our first, thereby. If one thinks he has inherited weak lungs, let him imagine them growing stronger, image forth in his mind the weak or collapsed air-vessels filled out with strong, active life, and he will thus actually materialize atoms and endow them with force, energy and health.

But any faculty can be diverted from its rightful exercise until it is abused, and deteriorates the nature it is intended to uplift. Creative imagination should be intelligently directed and trained by the Will, it should always be voluntary. For it is an excellent, potent instrument of service, but can become a very bad master. There is an involuntary imagination whose pictured guests are unwelcome spectres, most persistent, often vile, and do incalculable harm to the brain dominated by them. The timorous person under the sway of a slight cold, will imagine the throat is growing rapidly sorer, he will swallow frequently to prove it, the lungs feel more and more congested, a visitation of pneumonia is strongly imagined, until the negative of this mental picture is fully developed. Mortals become pitiful slaves of this pictorial faculty which was designed for their unfoldment, for all beautiful creation. It is an inward fire which each nature should be able to kindle or extinguish, as it yields a true or false light. An image of fear or foreboding should be obliterated as firmly as the wise concept, the beautiful ideal are invited. For in the train of involuntary imagination, that kind which enslaves and destroys, come a numerous progeny, such as worry, suspicion and jealousy, often groundless, but which breaks hearts, ruins reputations, and leaves the course of such imaginative mortal through life, like the trail of a slimy serpent.

A favorite stone which the septic and scoffer has cast at Mental Science is: "O the Scientists think you only imagine it when you are ill." This is literally true in a different and really scientific sense. We are indeed the fruit of our imaginative power. It is the clay in the hands of the potter. Not always are we the result of a morbid, frightened fancy, but invariably a semblance of the image and likeness which we hold habitually in thought. Changes thus wrought may be gradual, only discernible after many days, but let any thought be held persistently in mind, month after month, year following year, and we can be what we will to be, eventually, on physical, mental and spiritual planes.

If one resents the idea that imagination can cure, let him explain how it can kill. The Chinese, who for centuries have devised ingenious tortures, discovered long ago the art of destroying life through imagination. One method is the allowing a drop of water to fall upon the victim's head at very short intervals. The successive drops do no real harm, they do not pierce the scalp, but the constant, monotonous dripping soon produces disastrous effect, the waiting for each drop to fall becomes intensely painful, the mental torment increases as time passes on, and the unfortunate victim of Chinese cruelty and his own imagination, dies ultimately in horrible agony, a fate which would have been impossible had he been told that he were receiving a baptism of healing balm.

A young man late one summer, feeling a little fagged from the heat and long hours of work, consulted a doctor. The physician looked him over, sounded his lungs and heart, and then said, "I will write you regarding your case tomorrow." The next day the young man received the surprising verdict that his left lung was gone and his heart seriously affected, and advising him to lose no time in adjusting his business affairs, although he might live some weeks. Naturally he was dismayed and overwhelmed at receiving so grave a death warrant. Within twenty-four hours he was having difficulty with his breathing and was seized with acute pain about the heart. He took to his bed with the conviction that he would never rise from it. During the night he grew so much worse that the doctor was sent for, who, upon entering demanded, "What on earth have you been doing to yourself? there were no indications of this sort when I saw you yesterday." "It is my heart, I suppose," wearily answered the patient. "Your heart?" repeated the doctor, "why, your heart was all right yesterday." "My lungs, then." "Why, what is the matter with you, man? you don't seem to have been drinking." "Your letter," gasped the patient. "You said I had only a few weeks to live." "Are you crazy?" asked the doctor. "I wrote you to take a vacation in the hills and you would soon be all right." For reply the patient drew the letter from under his pillow. "Heavens!" cried that worthy, as he glanced at it, "this was meant for another man. My secretary misplaced the letters." The young man at once sat up in bed and made a rapid recovery.

And what of the patient for whom the direful prognosis was intended? Delighted with the report that a sojourn in the hills would set him right, he started at once for the country, and five years later was alive and in fair health. This is a very good illustration of the power and scope of imagination, and of human responsibility in wisely directing this creative attribute.

This most facile power, the oldest of our faculties, the earliest to manifest, the last to withdraw, is "the matrix of our possibilities, the mold of form," both good and ill. Man can be a beneficent spirit or an evil influence to himself and others. He can paint a glorious life-picture on this mortal canvas, with the radiance of heaven in every tone, or he can fill it with dark, lowering thunder clouds that forebode tempest and ruin. From "the mysterious citadel of the Will," this band-maiden, imagination, goes forth on potent wing, with sister phantasms of tributary faculties, that will eventually build a fitting temple for the indwelling spirit, a worthy shrine for the divinity within the soul.

#### A New and Valuable Book by Dr. Peebles.

This new work of nearly 150 pages, by Dr. Peebles, is entitled, "What is Spiritualism, Who are these Spiritualists, and What has Spiritualism Done for the World?" It is unnecessary to say that the Doctor is an able, crisp and scholarly writer upon any and every subject that he handles. This last volume is no exception. Considering his travels in Oriental climes, as well as in Europe and this country, no man in our ranks was better able to gather up the names of distinguished scholars, writers, authors and philosophers, who had accepted as true the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, than the Doctor. He has done his work well.

After defining Spiritualism, both affirmatively and negatively in several pages, as he understands it, he commences with the testimonies of Alfred H. Wallace, and Sir William Crookes, and ends with the testimonies of the Czar of Russia, and the late Senator Leland Stanford, who immortalized his name by founding and building the Stanford University, of California. Between these names are tabulated between three and four hundred distinguished persons, scientists, philosophers, metaphysicians, orators, statesmen, and savants, who did or have given in their adhesion to the grand truth of a present intercommunication between the worlds visible and invisible. This book merits wide and an immense sale. It is printed on cream-colored paper, is elegantly bound in both paper and cloth binding. Prices, 35 and 75 cents, respectively, for sale at this office.

This is a mere announcement; a more full review with extracts will appear later in our pages.

#### Items From Philadelphia.

On Sunday, January 11, W. J. Colville again addressed the First Association of Spiritualists in the Temple, 12th and Thompson Sts. Despite the extreme inclemency of the weather, there was a large attendance both morning and evening. The morning discourse was on "Growth and Illumination of the Soul." The speaker insisted that what the soul is in its own state is forever unchangeable, but in its expressions through intellect and ultimately through matter it continually expands and reveals more and ever more of its involved capabilities.

The evening lecture on "Our Immediate Social and Industrial Outlook" presented a review of the tendencies of the times and most particularly referred to the beauty of the socialistic ideal while pointing out that no view of industrial relations could be ultimately satisfactory which failed to build upon the spiritual nature of humanity. A very fine special article in that day's "Ledger" by Rev. Wilberforce Newton, who is now in Paris, on Socialism in France, furnished many points for instructive comment.

W. J. Colville lectured in same place Friday, Jan. 16 and 23 at 8 p. m. and Sunday, Jan. 18 and 25 at 10:45 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. He also gave practical lessons in Spiritual Science, Saturdays, Jan. 17 and 24 at 3 and 8 p. m.

During all other days of the week W. J. Colville is in New York. All communications can be addressed till further notice, 183 Lexington Ave., New York.

#### Announcements.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston, meets in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St., Sundays at 11 o'clock. A cordial invitation to all mediums and strangers to visit us. Mrs. W. S. Butler, Pres., Mrs. M. E. Stillings, Sec.

446 Tremont St.—Bible spiritual meetings at 11 a. m., 2:30 and 7 p. m., every Sunday the year round. Friday afternoon, Jan. 30, will be the fifth anniversary. Meeting at 2:30 p. m. At 7:30 p. m. will be a musical entertainment. Look for notices in Saturday's Post of these meetings at Odd Fellows' Hall, 446 Tremont St. Mrs. Gutierrez, Con.

The Michigan State Spiritual Association will have its annual mid-winter meeting, Grand Rapids, Mich., Feb. 6, 7 and 8, 1908. Speakers: D. A. Herriek, Grand Rapids; Dr. B. O'Dell, Paw Paw; D. P. Dewey, Grand Rapids; Mrs. D. A. Morrill, Grand Rapids; Mrs. Dorothy Daily, Detroit; Dr. P. T. Johnson, Battle Creek; Mrs. N. M. Russell, Grand Rapids; messages: inspirational poems, H. L. Chapman, Marcellus; messages, Mrs. N. M. Russell, Grand Rapids; Julia M. Watson, Jackson; public oration services, D. A. Herriek, Grand Rapids; Dr. A. B. Spinney, Reed City; Miss Rena D. Chapman, Marcellus, Mich.; Sec. Dr. B. O'Dell, Paw Paw, Mich., Pres.

#### Thoughts on Various Subjects.

A Reverend Bishop of the Episcopal Church tells the story of a colored parishioner who had drifted into a dissenting congregation. On being asked to explain the reason for this defection, the culprit replied: "I go there and they have singin' and after that there is preachin', but at the Episcopal Church after the singin' all they do is to read the minutes of the last meetin'."

Dr. Joseph Oldfield, author of a work on "The Death Penalty," said that he wrote to all the Bishops of the Church of England for their opinions on the subject, and not one of them favored the abolition of capital punishment.

The business of the world is not to trade, not merely to be decent, but to grow human souls.—Thomas R. Slicer.

'Tis bene; ibi patria—where all things are well, there is my country.

Virtue is the highest activity of the soul living for the highest object in a perfect life.—Aristotle.

Andrew Carnegie being asked what evil he desired most of all to see abolished, replied: "The killing of man by men under the guise of war. I would see the profession of arms, long regarded the most honorable, made the most dishonorable."

"What you want to do," said the druggist, as he gave his colored patron the medicine, "is to take a teaspoonful of this after each meal."

In Morton County, Kansas, the report to the State Board of Health in 1900 showed that there had not been a physician within the boundaries of the county for one year, nor any cases of sickness to require the services of one. The effect seems to have followed on the heels of the cause.

Bacteriology has been defined as a microbe in the brains of professors.

A journal in Madrid recently affirmed that one-half of the clergy in Spain would secede from the Roman Church if they could be assured of the means for a livelihood.

A French writer enumerates as causes of death: The want of exercise in the open air, microbes in excess of the power to destroy them, and the fear of dying.

"Where are you going, parson?" asked the coal miner. "I am going down to teach that man the error of his ways." "You had better teach him the error of his weights. He weighs out the twenty-eight pound masses of coal that are accounted to the miners as lawful tons."

"They talk of keeping anarchists out of the country, but they cannot put a stop to paupers coming." "Of course they can't; our heireses want them for titled husbands."

"She rejected me because of a bad break I made in paying her a compliment as I was proposing." "How was that?" "I told her she was one of a thousand, and she thinks she was one of the four hundred."

"You believe in giving credit when credit is due?" "Yes, but I make everybody else pay cash."

Alexander Wilder, M. D.

An excellent cabinet photo. of "The Poughkeepsie Seer" (A. J. Davis) for sale at this office. Price 35 cents.

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Following is a list of the chapters contained in this book: Mind: Its Past, Present and Future. Divine Mind: Its Nature and Manifestation. Dual Mind and Its Crises. The Art of Self Control. The Law of Re-embodiment. Colors of Thought. Vibration. Meditation. Creation and Concentration. Less of Occult or Psychic Forces and Their Dangers. Hypnotism and How to Guard Against It. Higher Occult or Spiritual Forces and Their Cause and Cure of Disease. The Law of Omnipotence.

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These circles are not public.

### To Our Readers.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify such communications as they know to be based upon fact as soon as they appear in these columns. This is not so much for the benefit of the management of the Banner of Light as it is for the good of the reading public. Truth is truth, and will bear its own weight 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 Seance held December 23, 1902, S. E. 55.

### Invocation.

To thee, oh spirit of infinite tenderness and love, we turn our eyes this morning and would see through the very radiance of the presence of thy ministering angels something to brighten the dark places of our lives, something to lift us out of the shadow into the better understanding of the purpose of the life we live. Weak, discouraged, oftentimes disheartened, we find our fellowmen and with something of the charity and the purpose of angels we would turn their hearts to thee, we would turn their lives into tuneful song and sweet melodies. Bless us all in our effort. May every step we take toward the light make us stronger in our journeying among our fellowmen, and may the blessing of a well ordered life be ours, so ordered, so serene, so quietly triumphant over all that seems disturbing, unsettled, unquiet that we shall be as a staff and a shield to those who have not learned of thee. Amen.

### MESSAGES.

To Orrin Beavers, Shakers, Albany County, N. Y.

I see a young man standing here who seems anxious to express himself to you. The first thing he says as he reaches out to take my hand is, "Oh, it isn't dark, but so light, so light." I was not prepared for coming into this life and even today when I find my friends troubled and despondent and unhappy over my coming, their grief finds a way to my understanding and bothers me much. I would have been glad to have stayed longer and done so many things for those who are near and dear to me. I was not conscious of any hurt. All I knew was that I suddenly found myself in another place with other people about me than the ones I had been accustomed to. It took me a little time to correct and find out what had happened, but my wife's tears and sobs came nearer to giving me an understanding than anything else. Tell her I am never far away; I am sure I can help her and she must comfort my father. There were some plans I had made for the coming summer which were entirely dissipated by my sudden transition. She will understand what it is, but I am glad they did what they could and carried things along as they have. Most of the things are as settled as they can be without me, but I shall never cease to regard them with love and try to enter into the life as fully as possible. To you, my dear friend, I send my gratitude and love for your effort to help me in my new condition. I have felt your prayers and heard you speak to me and was helped more than you can ever understand until you come here. God bless you for it—Your friend, Edwin Fellows.

Phoebe Pierce, Gloucester, Mass.

There is a spirit come to me of a woman about forty-five years old. She is short, rather stout, with very dark eyes and hair. She says: "My name is Phoebe Pierce; I come from Gloucester, Mass. I am very anxious to go to Rufus. I want him to know I am alive; that is about the gist of the matter. He hasn't any idea I can see or hear a single thing that is going on, but if I can just make him come to his senses and realize I am there and can see and hear, I think he will have a little different opinion of life and it consequences. I hadn't any use for this when I was here because I didn't know anything about it. I should think you Spiritualists would wake up and tell people who don't understand, the things they want to know. Don't confuse your attentions to the city where people are so filled up with all sorts of entertainments and things to make them happy that they don't care anything about this, but send the word out into the country where people haven't much to think about and you will find your truths increasing. I found Albert and George."

Maggie Bodge, Lacon, Ill.

A girl about eighteen years old comes to me. She is tall, slender and willowy looking, as though she had grown tall to face a man of rather light complexion, with brown hair of medium shade and blue eyes; she has a pleasant manner. She seems to be very much concerned over her people that she has left, although her life in the spirit is bright and has much of joy in it. She says: "My name is Maggie Bodge; I am from Lacon, Ill. My mother and father are alive, that is, they are in the body with you people. It seems funny to speak of them as being alive when I am just as much alive as they are, only they don't realize it. I have a brother with me named Frank who came over a long time before I did. He tells me that it is possible for us to be very helpful to our friends and so I am trying to send this message to give them an understanding that I am still myself and able to communicate. We were not rich people, but we had a good deal of affection for each other and my mother often thinks that if she could have done more for me I would have been with her now, but I don't think that is so, because everybody here seemed to know I was coming and to speak as though I had always been understood from a little girl that I was to come at this time. Please say to my mother whose name is Harriet and to my father whose name is Joseph, that I send great, great love to them and would say very much more if I had a chance."

Amos Webster, Danbury, Conn.

Here is a man about seventy years of age, not very stout, about the medium height, with full gray beard and gray hair which is quite heavy and long. He says his name is Amos Webster and he comes from Danbury, Conn. "This is absolutely new to me," he begins, "it is only a little while since I have known that such a thing was possible. Why

I would have thought it just as possible to communicate with the moon as to receive a communication from my friends who had passed into the other life, and so thoroughly was this thought in my mind that I never made the least effort to discover if it were possible to return. The other day I met my friend Elbridge Moore and he said he had been talking to his friends, so I began to look into the matter. It doesn't seem so wild now that I am here, but I suppose I have much to learn and I am eager and anxious to learn as fast as I can. You will please send this message to Mary. Tell her I had always hoped to meet her here, but I didn't know I would be able to talk with her or send a message to her now. I do send my most earnest greetings of love and good will and a thought for her strength and speedy recovery. Thank you."

Charlie Leonard, Cambridge, Mass.

Now comes a man, short, thickset, full of life and vigor, and looking as though he just went out of the body as quick as a flash. He is about forty-five years old; he has very blue eyes and rather thin brown hair. He says: "My name is Charlie Leonard and I lived in Cambridge. Oh, but this is funny to be here sending a word in this way. I had an idea that spirits could know what happened to folks, but I didn't think it was with you. I want to send word to Emma. I want to tell her that both her mother and mine are as well as I could stand with them and speak with her just as I used to. I think I could if you would help me. I am pleased, Emma, that you have done what you did with the things that belonged to me, but I wish you would go a step further and see if you can not help me to get back to you with some plans that I have. Tell Robert that I understand now and it is all right. There is no need for him to feel badly. It is all right. Thank you."

Mrs. Abbie Chase, Reading, Mass.

A woman stands beside me who is about fifty years old. She is very slender and looks delicate, as though she had suffered a great deal before she came to the spirit. Her eyes are very dark; her hair is brown with just a streak or two of white in it. She had trouble with her lungs, for she keeps putting her hand up to her chest as though she were full of pain and she throws back her head as if to cough. She says: "I am Mrs. Chase." Then she writes so that I can see it, "Mrs. Abbie Chase." "I lived in Reading, Mass. I have living here now one by the name of Charles who is near and dear to me. I have been trying to communicate with him but he is so nervous it is almost impossible for me to say what I want to when I am in his presence. The thing I desire to say is that I think his trouble has not the worst part of it and he will be relieved before long. He has been headstrong and eager and through his impulsiveness has brought some things to himself which are hard to bear, but I know and I will help him. It is only a question of time, dear, and then you will see as plainly as I that out of this will come something that will help you for the rest of your days in earth life. I want to send love to Edith and to Dora and say that I have met Fred and Will. Thank you."

Joe Jennings, Fall River, Mass.

A young man about thirty-five years old, bright and happy looking, comes to me. His face shines like the morning, his eyes are bright blue and his hair is dark brown. He has a dark mustache and he has a happy way of speaking and moving about. The first thing he says is, "Well, isn't it good. Some of the people who came before me seemed unable to decide whether they enjoyed coming or not, but I love to come. My name is Joe Jennings; I used to live in Fall River and do you know, I have been back to my people and have helped them quite a little, but I thought I would come this way now. You see I like to try experiments to see how many things I can do from the spirit. Oh, it is lovely over here! I wouldn't come back if I could. I hear people talking about wanting to go back to earth life and wanting to go back to their friends, but there isn't anything I can think of that would induce me to come back and go through the misty, musty conditions that I should have to. I am one of the people that just love spirit life. It isn't because all my folks are over here either, but I have Ed and Gertrude and they are just as happy as I am and we find something to do every day, and not always around our people we have left—a good many times for the people over here. Why when you think that we have houses and schools and places of entertainment and streets and everything that you have and that we can always see each other which is the chief source of enjoyment, you would realize how busy we are. If you folks would stop playing with each other and be truthful with each other you would get along a good deal better. I have seen to think it is best to decide everybody when you can. Make them think you have money when you haven't, make them think you can do things when you can't and make them think you are a good deal better than you are and all sorts of things like that make too many cloaks to carry around. Throw off your cloaks and do the best you can and you will get along a good deal better."

Lizzie Grant, Oakland, Cal.

Here is a woman about thirty years old. She is medium height, rather plump and very fair. Her eyes are pale blue, her hair is very light brown. It seems as though she was just worked out trying to take care of other people. You know there are some people who seem to have so much to do for everybody else that they get worn out, and she is just one of that kind. She laughs a little when I say that and says, "Everybody always told me that when I was alive but I didn't know just how to hinder it. My name I suppose you want first. It is Lizzie Grant and I didn't live around here. I came from California, Oakland; my husband is still living there and his name is Will. It seems as though it would be the easiest matter in the world for you people to send my message to him, but he will laugh and he will say it is a lot of spook nonsense because he doesn't believe in this at all, but it doesn't make any difference. I am going to send my message and I want to tell him I know what he has been doing the last month and it is something he wouldn't want me to know and Olive is concerned in it. That ought to be enough to let him know I can see. I wish he would leave the place. It would be better and he knows it too, but he doesn't quite want to. The place you planned to go, dear, would be much better than to stay where you are, and conditions would be brighter for you if you would just break away. I don't say this to plague you but to help you. Our baby is in my arms as I speak this to you and I wish that you could realize as I do that I am not separated from you. I am glad you kept the watch. It was better than to have done with it what you first thought of. I won't say goodbye, dear, for I shall come again."

Ellen Swift, Manchester, N. H., to Mrs. Emery.

The last spirit this morning is a woman about sixty years old, very stout, with almost white hair, dark blue eyes and she wears spectacles. She is a good, motherly looking woman and seems very emphatic in her man-

ner of speaking. She says, "I am interested in this and was before I came over into this other life. I knew that I should be conscious and be able to return. I didn't know just how or where I would be able to manifest first, but I have been able to do a good deal more than the average spirit. My name was Ellen Swift and I lived in Manchester, N. H. I have many friends there. There are little sets of Spiritualists through the city, but many of them do not know that the others exist. I can't remember a time when I didn't believe in Spiritualism. I don't know how it came to me first, I guess I must have believed it naturally, and I never was afraid to speak my mind. I used to say to some of my friends that if they would only have the courage to tell what they had received and to speak what they believed, they would not have to hold their circles in such a secret way, for they would be respected for the very strength of the message. I have with me Leander, Lee we called him, and we are both anxious to send word to Mrs. Emery to tell her that the manifestations that she has been having are all correct. She thinks they seem too remarkable to be true, but they are but the beginning of much greater things. I'd like to be a sort of a mother to her circle, and will if she will allow me. I was there that night when she tried to tell her caller about the books and unconsciously I affected her so that she could not do what she started to. She knew it was a spirit but didn't know it was I, and I make my apology now. I got so upset that I affected her before I realized it. I bring messages, from her guides and her friends, of encouragement and of promise of future strength. Thank you."

### The World We Live In.

The well known author, E. A. Brackett, who some few years ago issued an attractive work entitled "Materialized Apparitions," has recently brought out through Banner of Light Publishing Co. another volume called "The World We Live In." The value of a book is often enhanced if we know something of the writer, and as a good photograph reveals much to all who know something of physiognomy and physiognomy, the frontispiece portrait serves as a good introduction to the volume which it prefaces. Mr. Brackett is a thoughtful man well up in years, and one who has evidently taken life seriously; his head bears some resemblance to that of Alfred Tennyson, and his eyes are a penetrating, contemplative mental mood, and considerable love of introspective as well as of outwardly scientific study.

"Fear not the gloom, 'tis but a shroud,  
That veils the light, a passing cloud  
That trails and drifts and drops its rain;  
The parched earth drinks and laughs again,  
What is for thee accept, retain—  
'Tis thine, for thee all else is vain."

In the above words of song, the keynote of the author's philosophy is aptly stated. We are told that the book was written at the close of the author's 48th year, and that many of his experiments were made in company with Wm. H. Channing, inventor of the fire alarm. From the intensity of his nature, and the daring character of his thought, Mr. Brackett was led to carry experiments unusually far in many very forcible directions, and though the information gained is unquestionably valuable, we should not like to assume responsibility for advising others to practice hypnotism or mesmerism to such a degree as to require all the operator's exertions and presence of mind to restore his subjects to normal conditions. During those experiments, Mr. Brackett discovered the intimate relation between profound mesmeric sleep and death, and led to important disclosures concerning spirit-life. The author claims an immense antiquity for many modern theories including popular views of evolution, and combines therewith a considerable portion of mystic lore, which lays substantial claim to very great antiquity.

There is a strong religious vein pervading this more than readable volume, but it is of a broadly eclectic character, opposed to every narrow, sectarian limitation. In connection with many very forcible statements, closely bordering at times on denunciation of many popular beliefs and practices, we come across many highly valuable declarations, which are especially timely now that false views regarding necessary prerequisites for spiritual culture, have gained ascendancy among many honest people who have become infatuated with the creed of asceticism.

Mr. Brackett pertinently asks, "Do you for a moment suppose that the Creator intended by the Creator that there should be a conflict between the spirit and the body through which it expresses itself? Fortunately, our puny efforts to reform the world meet with no response. Nature's laws require neither judge nor jury. They execute themselves. There is nothing prosaic or commonplace in this world, unless through our lack of appreciation, we make it so. In the fulness and richness of our nature, in that receptivity of mind, which ought always to abide with us, we instinctively turn to the marvelous beauty of the world and the Divine Intelligence that everywhere pervades it. Freed from the baffling influences of intellectual disease, the inspiration of a true life comes to us as freely as the air we breathe."

The following taken in connection with the foregoing quotation, describes the author's view of the spiritual and material life, far more amply than simple commentary of ours could express it. "To be in close sympathy with nature; to see and realize her wonderful manifestations; to be at oneness with her marvelous beauties, is the highest possible attainment. Her laws are few and simple, but to their requirements, she demands unqualified allegiance, abating not one iota of her just claims. No matter how wise you think you are, you cannot evade her; in the end, she compels you to surrender. She stints nothing, scattering her favors everywhere with a beautiful hand, filling the earth with the glory of her presence."

This is surely a fine epitome of the highest "advanced" or "new thought" teaching, which is flooding contemporary literature and challenging the whole thinking world to pause and give it credence.

Mr. Brackett is an ardent, uncompromising Spiritualist of a sturdy Western type, and the sort of Spiritualism he advocates is unquestionably both rational and ethical in the fullest sense. On pages 80 and 81 he says: "The splendor of man is not in bending his energies to some little speciality, thereby dwarfing his other faculties, nor in the dramatic display of his artificial acquirements, which will disappear with the decay of his physical environment, nor in the fear or dread of anything, but in the outflow of his affections, to which all things respond, in the fulness and rounding out of an individual life. Spiritualism walks hand and hand with the beauty and simplicity of the true Christ."

By far the most remarkable portion of the volume is entitled "The Unknown." This chapter contains one of the most thrilling accounts of a strange psychic adventure we have yet read, and as it is not the rightful office of the reviewer to satisfy, but simply to have the appetite of prospective readers, we shall only take the responsibility of saying, that lovers of the marvelous, as well as all who are seeking the philosophy of the higher moral and deeply spiritual type, will be well repaid for a study as well as simple perusal of "The World We Live In," which is substantially bound in dark green cloth, gilt lettered, and makes a handsome gift book. The author's mysticism marks the concluding chapter which is titled "I Am All In All!"

(words enclosed in a triangle.) This is prefaced by the following lines:

"Think not that when the waning light  
Of evening fades and blinds thy sight  
That all is wrong, or ought impure;  
The white light only shall endure."  
W. J. Colville.

### Question and Answer Department.

W. J. COLVILLE.

Question by DeLoss Wood, Danielson, Conn.

One high authority states that embodied spirits can see what is occurring in a seance room on the opposite side of the globe to which they are located. Another equally high authority states, that first in order for a disembodied spirit to become cognizant of our physical presence they must first penetrate our magnetic aura. Until they do this, even though they stand by our side, they can neither hear nor see us. Which is right? A. J. Davis is authority for one of the above.

Answer: There is in reality, no discrepancy between the two seemingly diverse statements to which our questioner refers, as they are reconcilable directly the following views of both sides of the case are taken.

It is quite possible that your spirit friends can see what you are doing anywhere, provided your affections, thoughts and interests are closely in accord with theirs. Spiritual vision is in no way limited geographically. In the spiritual world space is practically annihilated, as spiritual beings dwell in spaced states rather than in stated spaces, and though this saying seems to perplex some people when they first heard it, a little reflection upon general psychic experience seems to quickly confirm it.

We are in no way near to anyone spiritually by reasoning of physical proximity, this is one of our intensest inmost feelings; neither are we separated in the least from those we truly love by any barrier of outward distance. Spiritual entities are not "located" anywhere, save to the extent that their condition, which is due to their affections, locates them. It is certainly presumable that in such a case as that to which our questioner refers, there are people in the seance room with whom the spirits in question are in rapport; if this assumption be correct, no difficulty whatever can present itself to the mind of anyone who has had satisfactory evidence of spiritual telegraphy or of long distance clairvoyance, which is very closely associated with it.

The statement that a spirit must penetrate our magnetic aura in order to become acquainted with our physical surroundings is equally correct, but our aura is psychical as well as physical, and the objects of the material world are only ultimate expressions of psychic concepts. Without pretending to indorse what may be justly termed metaphysical extravaganzas, and without any desire to advocate a bewildering and altogether mystical idealism, we do feel that intelligent people can all accept a rational-idealistic view of the material world, which simply affirms that mental plans precede material buildings, and that every object has a subjective side.

Your friend who is in sufficient sympathy with you to become your successful partner in a telegraphic experiment, does not see in Australia the material robe you are wearing in America, but receives a mental impression from your mental concept of that garment. If you visualize strongly and accurately, you make a mental picture of a subjective object sufficiently vivid to be distinctly recognized by your distant friend. In this way your spirit friends see every object in your room psychically, though it is not the material side of any object which they behold. Many a spirit friend of yours may stand by your side and see nothing of the material things surrounding you, because you are not thinking of them, or because you take no interest in them, but should your interest be aroused in any object, your spirit friend could then, through you, behold it.

There are many subtle points in every spiritual revelation which escape us at first, but which become plain as we look into all the bearings of a statement. This whole question is a very large and highly interesting one, and we shall be glad if this suggested answer calls out more similar inquiries.

### Magazine Notes.

The Revue Spirite, Allan Kardec's monumental French publication, now in its forty-fifth year has always stood for purity and frankness in the ranks of Spiritualism, has in its December issue an appeal to the Parisians to put the editor of the Revue in communication with all mediums for public work, that the record of their phases and the quality of their seances may be known at the office of the magazine, to facilitate the work of scientific investigators and make plainer the way of the searcher for heart food.

The Revue promises its protection to the mediums while assuring them that it is to "taste" the quality of their wares" rather than to seek fraud that representatives of the editorial staff will attend seances. A similar work was at one time done by the Banner, but investigators of physical mediumship having lessened, it is not continued. The attitude of the people of the French capital at this time toward Spiritualism may warrant the establishing of such a bureau.

The January number of Review of Reviews is a meagre number of this ever good publication.

Three timely articles relating to Venezuela and the Powers; The American Ox and His Pasture; The Rural Free Delivery Service; Thomas Brackett Reed; The Treasury and the Money Market; Two articles on the late Herr Krupp and his work and a sketch of the life of that famous cartoonist, Thomas Nast, are the leading articles, together with the usual number of reviews and excerpts from other publications the world over certainly entitle the Review to its name of "The busy man's magazine." We extract the following from the article on The British Education Bill, by W. T. Stead:

"For the information of American readers, who may not unnaturally be somewhat confused by the din of party strife, I will attempt to set forth the salient facts which underlie this fierce contention of parties and of churches."

"First, let me state what is common ground, and is taken for granted by the disputants on both sides. The education of the English is not up to the mark. It is deficient in quantity. It is capable of great improvement in quality, and will be hopelessly distanced by their competitors, notably by the Germans and Americans."

"For this admitted evil both parties and both sections of the Christian Church—the free churches and the establishment—must share the blame. Nearly sixty years ago the first attempt to found a national system of education in England was thwarted by the Nonconformists. Thirty years later the Nonconformists recanted, but the Church of England, which had founded a great number of so-called voluntary or denominational schools, opposed vehemently the universal establishment of a uniform national system of elementary education. . . . The church is immensely more wealthy than Nonconformity, and it enjoys a monopoly of state endowments. It is free to employ the voluntary subscriptions in maintaining schools which the Nonconformists require for the maintenance of their religious worship. In

the House of Commons the Churchmen outnumber the Nonconformists by about ten to one. In the House of Lords it is doubtful whether there is a single Nonconformist peer. In both houses the Roman Catholics, although a much smaller minority in the country, greatly outnumber the representatives of the Free churches."

"The avowed object of the Anglican clergy is to control the whole education of the children whom the compulsory attendance law forces into their schools. They make no secret of the fact that what they are fighting for is not merely to have the right to give religious instruction in the time set apart for it at the opening of the school, but to saturate the whole of the secular teaching with what they call the Anglican atmosphere. This Anglican atmosphere they know they can secure by keeping the appointment of the teachers in their own hands and by retaining the right to dismiss them on religious grounds without appeal. . . . No one objects to any religious body creating its own atmosphere in any school which it maintains at its own cost. But the whole spirit of modern Liberalism revolts against the formula 'the Catholic child taught in the Catholic school at the expense of the non-Catholic ratepayer.'"

In the closing paragraph Mr. Stead thus summarizes the case as it exists in England today: "Underneath all the parliamentary discussion there is a very deep and serious feeling in the hearts of the laity, even of the Church itself. That the time has come when what is regarded as the Romanizing tendency of the Anglican clergy should be checked. There is a much stronger anti-Catholic sentiment in England than appears on the surface. The proposed sacrifice of the next generation of English children to the priestcraft of Anglican clericalism is resented, and bitterly resented, even among Churchmen. What will be the result of forging the bill through at all costs no one at present can foresee."

### DINING WITH THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR.

Quite punctually at 8.30 they notified us, and we proceeded down the long corridor, W. in black breeches and stockings (no order, as he hadn't the Legion d'Honneur, and couldn't wear a foreign order). I in white brocade velvet and diamonds. We found the party assembled, the Mohrenheims; Lord and Lady Kimberley; Nigra, Italian Ambassador; Lady Churchill (who was in waiting); Lord Kenmore (Lord Chamberlain) and Lord Dalhousie (Lord in waiting) and one or two other men. We moved up to a door just opposite the dining room, and about 9 the Queen came with the Duchess of Edinburgh and Princess Beatrice. She shook hands with me and Madame Mohrenheim; bowed very graciously to all the others, and passed at once into the dining room alone. Mohrenheim followed with the Duchess of Edinburgh, Nigra with Princess Beatrice; W. with Madame Mohrenheim; and Kimberley took me. The table was handsome, covered with gold and silver plate, quantities of servants in red livery, plain black, and two Highlanders in costume behind the Queen's chair.

The conversation was not very animated. The Queen herself spoke little, and the English not at all—so low that one couldn't understand them—however, my Ambassador couldn't stand that long, so he began talking most cheerfully to the Duchess of Edinburgh about Moscow, Kerch, and antiquities of various kinds, and as the Duchess is clever and inclined to talk, that corner became more lively. I can't say as much for our end. I think most Englishmen are naturally shy, and the presence of Royalty (the Queen above all) paralyzes them. From the English Court and Society in the Eighties," by Mary King Waddington, in the January Scribner's.

### Transitions.

Rachel H. Conard entered the realm of souls, on the morning of Dec. 20, 1902, from the home of her daughter, Mrs. George W. Fulmer, of Camden, N. J. Mrs. Conard had been rapidly failing since leaving her summer home here, about the first of November, and when attacked by pneumonia, was unable to resist its ravages.

At the funeral services from her late home in Camden, on the third day of the New Year, comforting words were spoken by Captain F. J. Keffer, C. Fanny Allyn, Mr. Wheeler, and Mrs. Sarah Benner, the latter, representing the Woman's Progressive Union, an auxiliary of The First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, Pa. Mrs. Conard had long been a member of both of these societies.

Last fall she celebrated the ninetieth anniversary of her birth, and following is a little account of it, which appeared in the "Langhorne Standard"—our local paper:

The most notable event here recently, was the celebrating of the ninetieth anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Rachel K. Conard, on Wednesday, September 3, at the summer home, on Parkland Heights, of her daughter, Mrs. George W. Fulmer. The guests, as announced to the assembled guests, that she was just nineteen, and this was the spirit of youth she maintained throughout the afternoon. With her face all aglow with the radiant light of everlasting youth and happiness, she stood in the midst of her children and friends, for more than one hour, under influence of her spirit guides; and in a voice strengthened for the occasion, gave many interesting experiences of her life.

She came into this world a frail, delicate child—all who saw her said she could not live—"Today," she said, "I am ninety years old, and it is the happiest birthday I ever had; and her face and manner bore testimony to the reality of her joy; a joy that came from the realization that soon she would lay aside the worn out body, and enter into her inheritance. She told us how from the age of three years she had been a medium, and at five had given to her family convincing proof of the truth of spirit communion.

A notable fact in the life of Mrs. Conard is this: As a child, she never studied her lessons from the books given her, like other children with whom she associated, yet when it came her turn to recite she always knew her lesson, and stood at the head of her class.

As a life-long Spiritualist and medium, Mrs. Conard has, in the privacy of the home circle, had many evidences of the continued existence of her many loved ones who have entered the higher life.

On this, her ninetieth anniversary, little George Gaul, Jr., aged two years and two months, contributed in a sweet voice several songs.

Before departing, the guests were served with lemonade, ice cream, and several kinds of cake. The large birthday cake was decorated with the following dates: 1812 and 1902.

Elizabeth M. Fish.

"Floral Heights," Parkland, Eden, Pa. Passed to higher life from his home in Onondaga, N. Y., Dec. 26, 1902, Dr. B. B. Williams, aged 76. He was an old time Spiritualist and medium. He gave many wonderful evidences of spirit return and diagnosed diseases successfully. He was a practicing physician in the city of Fitchburg and throughout Worcester Co. for over thirty years; he also from time to time practiced throughout Cape Cod. He will be remembered for his benevolence and his kindly ever ready aid to the poor and the falling sick, and for about three weeks was confined to the house, but even then he diagnosed diseases, and with assistance prepared the remedies until two days before the great change came to him. On the morning of the



