

# BANNER OF LIGHT.

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NO. 5

## THE DISAPPOINTED.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There are songs enough for the hero  
Who dwells on the heights of fame;  
I sing for the disappointed—  
For those who missed their aim.

I sing with a cheerful cadence  
For one who stands in the dark,  
And knows that his last, best arrow  
Has bounded back from the mark.

I sing for the breathless runner,  
The eager, anxious soul,  
Who falls with his strength exhausted,  
Almost in sight of the goal.

For the hearts that break in silence,  
With a sorrow all unknown,  
For those who need companions  
Yet walk their ways alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers  
Who share love's tender pain,  
I sing for the one whose passion  
Is given all in vain.

For those whose spirit comrades  
Have missed them on the way,  
I sing, with a heart overflowing,  
This minor strain today.

And I know the Solar system  
Must somehow keep in space  
A prize for that spent runner  
Who barely lost the race.

For the plan would be imperfect  
Unless it held some sphere  
That paid for the toll and talent  
And love that are wasted here.

## A Moss from the Old Manse.

SUSIE C. CLARK.

Perhaps the choicest spot among the many charming suburbs of Boston, the favorite Mecca of all tourists, is Concord—old Concord, as it is often called,—for it was here "by the rude bridge that arched the flood" that "first the embattled farmers stood, and fired the shot heard round the world."

The "flood" referred to is that most placid and serene Muscatucket river, of limited width and depth, whose current is so slight that it has often been declared to run both ways. A rustic wooden bridge still crosses it at this point, guarded by French's beautiful statue of "The Minute Man," a young farmer with one hand still resting on the handle of his plough which he thrusts from him, while taking an eager, hasty stride toward the fray. Close at hand, beneath a stone wall, are the graves of two British soldiers who fell here.

But the excitement of that April morn, so long ago, must have been the last ripple of agitation which this quiet little hamlet has ever known. For peace reigns now supreme and tangible. Some one has even suggested that "if a hen were to run rapidly across the street, the neighbors would all turn out, to witness the unwonted sight." And yet, Concord is not a dead place, its quietude is not stagnation, for it holds and breathes forth an atmosphere of peculiar quality, as if the new wine of inspiration was waiting to be quaffed, a peaceful calm that is replete with power, with rich and valued memories, which yields a grand benediction and upliftment. It would be impossible for an author to write a worthless book in Concord. The law of spiritual affinity forbids.

And what a galaxy of noble souls and great minds were clustered here, what wealth they bestowed upon the world, what treasured and sacred dust is now clustered within a very small circumference in that little cemetery of "Sleepy Hollow." The great-souled Emerson, the Plato of our time; that orphic sage, Bronson Alcott, and his two gifted daughters—Louise, the charming friend of all Little Men and Little Women, and her youngest sister, May, the artist, who died in distant Italy. Near them rests Hawthorne, and the gentle hermit of Walden Pond—Henry Thoreau—a most eccentric genius, whose writings are filled with the aroma of birch and pine, of mountain and forest and stream, which lend a fragrance of their own to his quaint philosophy. It was he who gave as his reason for not being lonely in his solitary hut by the lake, that our sun was a part of the Milky Way, where neighbors were presumably numerous.

Among the noted residents of Concord, there are sweet and abiding memories of Hawthorne, who occupied for a few years "The Old Manse," a house built long before our little quarrel with our friends and brothers from over the sea, erected by Emerson's grandfather, a minister who joined the Continental army as chaplain, and died in its service, of fever, his widow marrying into the old Dr. Hapley family whose descendants still own the property. It is a quaint and lofty gable-roofed structure, always guileless of paint, set far back from the street and hidden by large trees, while the many acres of green sward surrounding it run back to the river and border the old battle-ground. From its windows its inmates watched this first conflict for American independence.

The Manse is never open to visitors, but if it were, it would be a treat never to be forgotten, to be allowed to explore every nook and corner of the rambling structure, lined

and crammed with rare books as it is, in every part, representing the collections of many lives, to enter the huge closets built around the old-fashioned chimneys and large as bedrooms, to inspect the ancient chairs, to marvel over the furniture and wall paper, held in place on the low studded walls by tacks, instead of paste.

Two rooms are of especial interest, the dining room, and the chamber above it. One can readily imagine the grave party of Puritanical ministers who, in past decades, have assembled around this hospitable board, and occupied these very uncomfortable straight-backed chairs, but the room holds a suggestion of a cheerier picture, revealed by an inscription made by a diamond ring, and by a hand long since dust, on one of the very small window panes, overlooking a broad expanse of lawn and groups of trees. It records that "On this window seat stood Una Hawthorne, Jan. 22, 1845, when every tree was a chandelier, which glory sight pleased her very much, although but 10 months old." One can imagine the delight with which the young mother held her babe here to witness the brief reign of icicles.

The room above this was the one occupied by Hawthorne, and in which he wrote his "Mosses from an Old Manse," and where also Emerson wrote his "Nature." A treasured window pane here reveals still another picture of that pleasant family life, in earlier days. It is made evident thereby that Hawthorne and his wife, who were devoted lovers to the end of their marital union, stood once in the long ago, at this window facing the west, and overlooking the quiet river, watching the sunset, and she had said, noting how clearly the outline of the bare trees was revealed by the light behind them, "Each little twig leans clear against the sky." The poetry of the expression so pleased Hawthorne that he wrote them indelibly, in diamond dust, upon the pane, adding with a husband's pride, "Lines written by my wife," to which inscription she added in another hand, "and transcribed by my husband, Nathaniel Hawthorne, while watching the sunset, standing in the golden light," this sunset radiance glorifying his form doubtless to her loving gaze.

The window pane also bears another message, a line written earlier, which reads, "Man's accidents are God's purposes," a different sentiment from the more familiar adage, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," and a very suggestive text for thought. For there are no accidents in God's providence. Nothing happens outside the realm of Infinite Law, the law of cause and effect. That occult precept, "The hand that smites thee is thine own," is often hard of acceptance, but in the last analysis we shall find it very true. The soul knows its own record from the beginning; it is hidden from our mortal brains, from the most erudite intellect, which often regrets it were not consulted when God set His mighty laws upon their ceaseless course, but every man receives his full reward eventually, be it good or seeming ill. Our so-called accidents are often most beneficent. We get what we earn, invariably. Whatsoever a man soweth that does he also reap, and his mistakes which result in so-called evil fortune, are at length transmuted into glory. He who maketh even the wrath of men to praise Him, turns these accidents of ours into blessing, makes of them indeed wonderful purposes and opportunities for teaching us the letters of Wisdom's alphabet in the vast school of Life.

## An Evening of Conversation.

It is a curious fact that the art of conversation, by way of social entertainment, is not more highly appreciated among intelligent and cultivated people. The social gatherings are so largely those where people are read to, or played to, or sung to, or else they become spectacular in crowded parlors where the throng is so great that a rational word is impossible; but the fine art of conversation, which is the highest of all, is strangely ignored. The prevailing idea seems to be that people must be amused in some way, and the hostess provides a reading, or music, or an informal parlor lecture as the best offering she can give her guests. All these have their times and seasons, and are not to be unappreciated. Occasionally a parlor lecture or art talk is one to be grateful for, and to be taken into one's life as a germ of thought and of further study. The generous kindness of both the speaker, and the hostess who opens her home to invited guests is something to be most gratefully appreciated, and is, like most of the best things of life, something that could not be bought with a price, materially considered. For it is always true that,—

Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold.  
Bubbles we earn with a whole soul's tasking.

'Tis heaven alone that is given away.

'Tis only God may be had for the asking.

The truth in these lines is a typical one, and the best of life is always that which comes without money and without price. So the charm of music and of informal talks and

readings must always be felt, but when they become the only forms of entertainment it is time to question why conversation, the most intellectual and the finest of the arts, in its ideal possibilities, is so ignored among people who can bring to it gifts and fitness. The hostess who invites a few friends with a sense of selection and grouping as fine as that which blends the colors in a bouquet, and gives them the opportunity for a quiet evening of conversational exchange, offers an entertainment whose charm and delight can never be fully translated. It is a question if the hurried manner in which life is too frequently lived does not unfit one for thoughtful views and for the finer receptivity. We need the margin of repose, and no life is truly lived which does not consider this. The tendency to the spectacular and the gregarious is fatal to the better possibilities of intellectual life.

Lilian Whiting.

## OMNIPOTENCE.

Thou great eternal Infinite  
The great unbounded whole;  
Thy body is the universe,  
Thy spirit is its soul.  
If thou dost fill immensity,  
If thou art all in all,  
If thou wast here before I was,  
I am not here at all.  
How could I live outside of thee?  
Dost thou not care and all?  
There rarely is no place for me  
Outside of everywhere.  
If thou art God, then thou dost fill  
Immensity of space,  
And I am God, think as you will,  
Or else I have no place.  
And if I have no place at all,  
Or if I am not here,  
I surely cannot be damned here,  
For then I'd be somewhere.  
Then I must be a part of God,  
No matter if I'm small;  
And if I'm not a part of him,  
There's no such God at all.

A. Campbell.

## The Kernal of Christian Trinity.

To understand the following interpretation of the trine God principle given to me from the celestial realms whilst in the cabaret this morning, St. John, x., 30 and 31-33, or the whole chapter should be read before reading any more of this, if you do not know it by heart. I do not like to quote here, because it takes time and space, and since everybody has a Bible, you should not mind the trouble of looking up quotations to satisfy yourself.

If the Old Testament were written only for the Jews and its teachings were only meant for that race of the human family, then my interpretation of the Christian Trinity would be wrong. But since I have good reason to believe that in the dim past I was a Jew myself and in this my present earth life I was brought up in the Lutheran faith, like my parents, it is not logical to assume that the writings of the Old Testament were intended for the Jews only. Furthermore, it would be against the law of justice.

So when Jesus said, "Is it not written in your law, I said, 'Ye are gods'?" He did not mean to say that only Jews were gods, but the term "gods" in this quotation applies to all human beings, and not to the Jews alone.

So every newly born babe is a newly born God, a part of the Heavenly Father born into the flesh.

If this interpretation is not right, then Christ told a lie in his teaching as recorded in St. John, x., 30-34-35. But we do not need to accept the saying of Christ at all to prove that we are gods. Common sense, logic and reason will prove it to any thinking man.

How? Let us see!

Man reasons according to his understanding. The religious man depends upon the vicarious atonement to be saved; the Atheist reckons only with the physical and is unconcerned as to the life beyond the grave. He says, that will take care of itself when we get there. The Materialist denies any life at all beyond the grave, and will not or cannot reason beyond the perception of his five human senses.

Now let us set all past teachings, customs, religions and heredity aside for a few minutes and watch the newly born babe for a while.

Has it reason? No! Mind? No! Consciousness? Yes!

It cannot reason, it will not "mind" the fire, but wants to grasp everything within reach. It will put its little fingers into the flame of a candle if allowed to do so and when it has burned its fingers, then it will "mind" the flame and will not put its fingers into it again. It commences to reason that the flame will create a hurtful sensation, it is conscious of the event it experienced when it put its fingers into the flame for the first time. So reason and mind develop through the events the baby experiences, but consciousness is born with the baby.

It becomes "naturally conscious" that it is born and tries its physical faculties by crying, by opening its eyes, by suckling the mother's breast, by grasping anything it touches with its little hands. It is conscious

of everything it perceives through its human senses. Therefore consciousness is a part of the new born baby. It is the "God spark" in man, it is the life power of the baby, the "real" father of the baby, whilst the physical father is only the instrument, the means by which God, the father incarnates in the physical body. In course of time this will develop into conscience. And this is what Christ meant when he said: "I and the Father are one."

That God spark embodied in man is ever one with the heavenly father (meaning by the term "Heavenly Father," the universal creative power or God). We call this God-spark in man "conscience," for the consciousness of the new born baby develops in time into two branches—the consciousness of the physical senses and the consciousness of the soul to know what is right and wrong. This conscience in man ever tells him what is right and what is wrong; it ever acts according to or under the predominating influence of the laws of universal justice, universal love and universal progression and thus proves its oneness with the source whence it came, God, the Father of all the Universe, the universal creative power, the Infinite Spirit of Love, Truth and Justice.

So the life power in the baby is a part of God the Father, it is the God-Father of the baby; it is the power in man which the Atheist and Materialist cannot account for, the power which makes us breathe, which makes our hearts beat, which stimulates our digestive organs into activity even at a time when we are absolutely unconscious of our life, during sleep.

This God-father within us takes away all pains from the sick, the worry from the worrying, the fear from the fearful, the anxiety from the anxious; it makes us forget our sorrows and gives us rest in heavenly bliss for the time we are asleep. Therefore Christ rightly termed this God spark, our life power, the "Heavenly Father," for it is Heaven with the suffering to sleep, it is Heaven to be relieved from all material trouble for a time.

But not only that. The mighty power of the Heavenly Father within us manifests yet in another way, it proves its miraculous (?) almighty power so forcibly during our sleep, that we feel its effect most beneficently when we awake, it builds up our physical body during sleep and we feel strengthened, refreshed and ready for another day's work when we awaken.

What explanation has the Materialist for this most beneficial manifestation?

He says it is nature and I fully agree with him that there is nothing whatever unnatural or supernatural about the powers of the Heavenly Father. It is only for the purpose to make Nature or the Heavenly Father better understood by the masses that I call Nature the Heavenly Father within us. Perhaps it would have been better if Christ had said: "Nature is in me and I am in Nature," instead of "The Father is in me and I am in him." Both terms have exactly the same meaning.

That much for "Our Father who art in Heaven," or the first God of the Christian Trinity, but now let us go a little further, and find out what is the second, God the Son or "the son of man."

Let us see what God the Father does when the baby is born.

The baby has no reason but is conscious of perception. Every event perceived by it or coming to its consciousness is a part of the baby's mind. The mind of the baby is being built up by its experiences. After the baby has burned its finger it will not put its finger into the flame again, it will "mind" the flame, the lamp, the stove and every cause which "reminds" it of a hurtful perception caused by bringing either of its five physical senses into a dangerously close proximity with said cause.

Thus the baby's mind is built up by consciousness, the life power, the spirit, the God father in the baby.

Hence the mind of man is the "son of God" in man, the totality of all events experienced since God the Father was born into the human body, since the birth of the baby.

If this God son preserves its virginity, or its virgin like pure and holy qualities which it receives from Nature or its God father; or as long as it is in harmony or "one with" the Father, it is indeed a pure and holy Godson like Christ was. Christ was not born by the Virgin Mary, the Mother of God, but the God son in Christ, his mind was built up in purity and holiness by the spirit within the man Jesus according to the laws of nature and thus he preserved his oneness with the Universal life power or the Heavenly Father. Thus the Virgin mind of Jesus indeed was God the holy son and every mind of every human being developed according to conscience, the God father in man, is just such a God son as the mind of Joshua, the son of Pea Pandora, the mythical Christ, was the son of God.

If we let our human senses predominate over our conscience, or if we develop conscience in the child by false teachings, by

putting wrong ideas into its mind, by the promises of a heaven or the fear of a hell, the mind becomes the child of the senses or the product of such false teaching. The God Father in man becomes separated from the God Father in Heaven, the Universal Life power. Man becomes the toy of the physical senses, he becomes degraded, separated from the Father. He has "fallen from heaven," is erring like the lost sheep, is at a loss what to do and must be saved.

Saved by the vicarious atonement of Christ? No! No! No! but be brought into at-onement again with the Heavenly Father.

The third God of the Christian Trinity, the Holy Ghost then steps in and "saves" that lost sheep, leads it back again to "Conscience," the Father within man; attunes the mind of man, the son, according to the dictates of conscience, the Father.

There is nothing more natural than God the Holy Ghost according to Apostle Paul, the founder of Christianity.

According to his teaching as revealed to us by spirit return through the mediumship of J. Clegg Wright, God the Holy Ghost stands for the Spirit of Nature or Motherlove.

Now how can that bring a degraded individual back to conscience?

The greatest phenomenon in Nature is the law of reproduction and the most powerful law of Nature is Motherlove.

What is more able to stir the carnal mind of man, the thoughts of the sensual man, the memory of the degraded, the prodigal son than the wonders of Nature and the memory of tender Motherlove? Don't we meet Motherlove everywhere in Nature? Don't we see the birds care for their young, the mother hen care for her chicks, the mother dog care for her pups, the cow care for the calf, the mare for the colt, the cat for the kittens, etc. What is more apt to lead the prodigal son back into the remembering of his mother, what is more apt to stir his memory and strengthen his conscience into reformation than the Spirit of Nature and Motherlove?

This is the Holy Ghost that sets the Materialist, the Atheist and the Religionist thinking.

This is the power nobody can reason out or explain. It is the power working ever in unison with conscience of man, leading the mind ever back again to conscience, the God-father in man. It is the Ghost which the most sensual materialist cannot ignore, the power manifested in the laws of nature, the unconquerable power of cause and effect which ever strives to restore harmony, which ever, like a loving mother, seeks to lead us back to conscience, that is to lead the son, the human mind, back to the father, the holy spirit in man, back into harmony with Nature.

Thus the Christian Trinity is logically proven to be right within us as taught by the Mythical Christ, the real son of the real man, known at his time as Joshua, son of rym Pandra, carpenter of Nazareth. He received the truths preached by him intuitively and inspirationally from the great master minds of the Heavenly spheres who ever work for the unfoldment and evolution of mankind; for the glorification of the Heavenly Father in all natural phenomena. Heaven means omnipresence, therefore the term Heavenly Father means the omnipresent power of the Universe. This earth is a star in the heavenly sphere of this solar system in nature and therefore every living being on earth must be in Heaven. We live in nature and everything perceived by us is natural, so is Spirit return. It is the Holy Ghost leading the son back to its father; leading those who live not in accordance with the laws of nature back to nature. It is Spiritual Naturalism.

This Trinity of God Father, Son and Holy Ghost in man expressing in Faith, Hope and Charity is the kernel of Christianity according to its founder, Apostle Paul.

C. Hagedorn, D. O., M. S.  
Buffalo, Aug. 22, 1902.

"Jesus was no agnostic. No dreary conviction that there might be a God, but that if there were, he were hopelessly hidden from mankind, unknowable forever—no such dreary negative conviction was possible for him. He knew the Father by the direct perception of a kindred life. Not perfectly! He himself is careful to tell us of the limitation of his knowledge. The prison of his incarnation, of his abiding in mortality enfolded him. But he knew God. He sent back adoration, trust, exuberant love in answer to the recognized care which was always pouring itself upon him. Now and then, in the calm, cool night between the hot and weary days, when he went apart upon the silent mountain top and prayed, he went to the God whom he knew, that he might know him more clearly. But the knowledge was a continual feast. He knew the Father, as nature knows nature, by direct perception."—St. Rev. Phillips Brooks, D. D.

"Overcome fear absolutely, and absolutely nothing but God remains."



the spiritual mind, occupied with the cor-  
spondences of life. Blessed Mrs. Jones. S  
lives the Christ life.



A little imitation is a good thing—when you have Christ and Mrs. Jones for a pattern. In imitating anything one must be careful to do it in detail. One must have a principle by which to work every little problem of detail. One must have a definite chalk line, and a will to toe it.

In order to have a harmonious mind and life—a "spiritual" mind and life—one must in all details toe the mark of harmony. One must sing his little solos where he can without ostentatiousness, without drowning out or discarding his neighbor; he must be glad to keep peaceful silence and let his neighbor sing her little solos in which he cannot join; and he must be ready above all things to chime in with his neighbor at every opportunity. This is the principle of harmony.

In order to develop the will and desire to live by the principle of harmony one must dwell often and long and lovingly with the truth that there is One great animating Soul working in and through us every one; that we are members one of another, each in his place, and each in his place unequalled, unique, impossible for another to improve upon. To realize that all people are God's singers, under his direct tuition, is to have faith in them. When a singer has faith in his neighbors and above all in his trainer, he hears a sigh of relief and bends his unburdened mind and heart to his own particular part.

Every true musician knows the joy of expressing his soul in a beautiful song. But when he comes to that little bit of harmony where another sweet voice blends and swells with his there is a joy and fullness and depth that is never reached by one singer alone.

In the harmonies of life the soul who insists always upon being allowed to sing the leading part never knows the depth of pure joy which comes to him who sacrifices just enough of himself to enable another to sing with him. At its highest perfection this sweet harmony is the ideal wedded life. In that the duets would be long and many and sweet, with just enough of solo to make the duets sweeter. But all about us on every side, and with every soul we touch there are possibilities of sweet little duets, which we can see and use if we look for the harmonies instead of the discords.—The Nautlius (September).

#### For Over Sixty Years

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

#### Notes from Maine.

Madison Camp, Maine, closed its sessions with immense audiences on Sunday, September 14. W. J. Colville lectured at 10.15 a. m. and Rev. F. A. Wiggin at 2 p. m., when seating capacity was painfully inadequate to accommodate the multitudes. At 7.30 p. m. W. J. Colville conducted the farewell meeting. Numerous interesting questions were ably answered and a fine impromptu poem concluded the exercises. Mr. Maxham sang beautifully at the three sessions. Weather was all that could be desired, and taking everything into account it is safe to say that this ended the most prosperous season Lakewood has ever seen.

The Ladies' Aid-Society sold out every article on Saturday evening, at good prices, and numerous new subscriptions were taken for Banner of Light.

On Monday, September 15, W. J. Colville gave two lectures in Skowhegan which were very largely attended; that of the evening, in Madison Hall, was particularly so, as many prominent townsmen plied the lecturer with what they considered difficult and probing questions. The impromptu poems which ended both meetings were received with much applause.

On Tuesday, September 16, W. J. Colville delivered the first of three lectures at North Edgecomb, Me., by invitation of Mrs. T. C. Amory.

On Sunday, September 21, he spoke for the Spiritualist Society at Haverhill at 2 and 7 p. m.

#### Increase Your Capacity For Hard Brain Work.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate supplies just the material that is most wasted by brain work and nervous exertion—the Phosphates.

#### Proctor Fund.

We, the undersigned, believing that the right of healing is inalienable, and should not be restricted by vexatious limitations, hereby subscribe the sums set opposite our names for the purpose of taking the case of Alexander Proctor of Springfield, magnetic healer, to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts:—

John Q. A. Whittemore.....\$10.00  
H. C. Dorn, New Jersey.....1.00  
Mr. Dexter, Boston......50  
Mr. Peabody, Foxboro......50  
Mrs. Curran, Lowell......1.00  
Collection at Onset.....12.27  
Mr. John M. Smith, Southbridge.....1.00  
Mrs. Lamphier, Foxboro......1.00  
Mass. State Association.....50.00  
Prov. and Ladies' Aid Societies, H. L.....10.00

As the case of Alex. Proctor is a legitimate one and is to come up in the Supreme Court in October, we would ask all lovers of justice to send in their mite, to assist in defraying the expenses of the Court. This will be a test case and every doctor or magnetic healer should respond to this call to assist their brother. All contributions may be sent to Carrie L. Hatch, 74 Sydney St., Dorchester, Mass., secretary of Massachusetts State Association; they will be acknowledged in the Banner of Light.

Carrie L. Hatch.

#### 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 a new one, which we think are improvements over the former ones, representing her as she appears in her social life and parish work. The Banner of Light Publishing Company has the exclusive sale of Mrs. Soule's photographs, and has placed them, for the accommodation of their patrons, at the same low price as the former ones, twenty-five cents each.

Travel on with cheer!

There is, and always will be, today!

The last turn is ever the best!

Life's chances can never be lost—they may be postponed.

#### A JUVENILE OPINION.

Since Ma's got Christian Science  
Us kids is dead in luck,  
No hot old mustard plasters  
Upon our chests are stuck.  
She never puts no sugar  
Upon the stove to boil  
Nor does up our children  
With that old castor oil;  
She just says, "Look here, children!  
No need for you to squall.  
You think your stomach's aching?  
There's no such thing at all!"

Since Ma's got Christian Science,  
She doesn't use a whip  
To punish us,  
But simply takes punctions in her lip  
And thinks, and thinks right hard at us  
Until she near goes blind;  
And then she says she's whipped us  
By whipping-in her mind.  
That is the "absent treatment."  
But any one can see,  
That it doesn't make connection  
With such a boy as me.

But Pa—now he is different.  
When he's at home he'll say:  
"You children best be careful  
And not be bad today."  
And you just bet we are careful  
"Cause Pa, he says that he  
Will give us twelve or fifteen  
Hot from the willow tree.  
And as for "absent treatment,"  
Why, he says with a wink,  
"I'll tend to all the switching,  
Ma can stand by and think."

—Baltimore American.

#### Sixth Annual Meeting of the Texas National Association of Spiritualists.

September 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1902. S. E. 55, the sixth annual meeting of the Texas National Association of Spiritualists was held in the Spiritualist Temple, Galveston, Texas. Of the thirteen chartered societies, eight were represented by seventeen delegates. The convention was formed and committees appointed Friday, Sept. 5, and the reports of the officers for the year were read. Pres. John W. Ring urged a continuance of the missionary work which had been done during the year by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Kates, Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley and Mrs. Laura B. Payne, saying that to encourage the already chartered societies that are not strong enough to keep a regular speaker by the visits of able missionaries is the proper thing to do, and that on these tours of the state other societies can be formed. Secretary Mrs. Nettie M. Wood likewise dwelt upon the importance of nature in the very short time Spiritualism will be so organized that National Missionaries will go all over the United States under the auspices of the different State Associations with much less expense than now, when for want of organization they are compelled to travel hundreds of miles to reach the field in which they desire to work. The finances for the year were: receipts, \$504.31, of which \$359.15 was collected by missionary work. Of this amount \$321.15 has been spent in missionary work over the state; the balance after all expenses, including an indebtedness which has hung over the association for some years, are paid a balance of \$23.05.

Friday night a city official gave the address of welcome, which was responded to by Mrs. Laura B. Payne. Saturday the revision of the Constitution and By-laws occupied some time; regarding missionaries and ministers the Constitution now reads: "We recognize mediumship as the channel of inspiration, progress and power of Spiritualism and as furnishing evidence of the truth of the nature of the being. Results, mediums need protection, encouragement and assistance in the exercise of their gifts. The Board of Trustees may grant Missionary Certificates to such persons as they deem worthy to represent this Association by teaching the principles of Spiritualism, and attested by the president of the same, accompanied by a fee of five dollars (\$5.00) and approved by a majority vote of some annual meeting, shall receive a 'Certificate of Ordination to the Office of Minister of the Gospel of Spiritualism,' stamped by our official seal and signed by the president. This certificate shall be our permission to preach, to perform the marriage ceremony, to conduct funerals, to discharge all other functions of the clergy and receive all the privileges usually accorded to the clergy. Each person holding a Missionary Certificate shall report at least every three months to the secretary. Each person holding Certificate of Ordination shall give written report of official duties performed during the year to the secretary at least thirty days prior to each annual meeting. Failure to comply with above prescribed duty or for any other cause that is adjudged sufficient by a majority of the official Board, after due consideration, shall forfeit his certificate of Ordination."

The Committee on Resolutions reported: "Whereas, Modern Spiritualism is the recognition of universal principles operative in Nature, immortality a fact in Nature and spirit communion the avenue through which continuity of life is demonstrated, we submit the following resolutions on the foregoing topics uppermost in progressive thought: "Resolved, 1st, That Spiritualism teaches that there is a spiritual world of varying grades in co-relation with this world which is as tangible and real to those living in that world as the earth is to us." "2d, That Spiritualism teaches that the event called Death is not disastrous nor a penalty for sin, but an event as natural as birth and calculated to let us into a world of unlimited possibilities."

"3d, That there is a higher system of ethics than has yet been recognized by State or Church; that when we look at carefully after those who bask our children's bread and wash and iron their clothes as we do on the system of ethics we teach them, the oncoming generation will rise to a higher standard of health, morality and intellectual attainments than the world has as yet seen."

"4th, That as Temperance consists in a moderate use of things beneficial and total abstinence from everything injurious, physical, mental and moral, it is essential to our well-being we declare that intoxicating liquors, opiates, tobacco and all unnecessary stimulants should be avoided. That we are opposed to any law or laws in our Constitution, National or State, recognizing any system of faith under the guise of religion."

"5th, That all wars at this stage of human progress are brutal and morally injurious to the welfare of society, and that all international disputes should be settled by boards of arbitration, thus ushering in the era of universal peace on earth, good will to men."

"6th, That capital punishment is a relic of barbarism wholly inimical to modern ideas concerning crime, causes and their cure. We favor abolition of the death penalty."

"7th, That compulsory vaccination is not only unwise, unconstitutional, and unamerican, but dangerous to health, causing ec-

zema, erysipelas, cancer, tumors, syphilis, and often death."

"8th, That we view with gratification the awakening interest in the higher inspiration and guidance of the spiritual world which under the name of Altruism has taken such thorough hold upon numbers of the workers in our Cause and we feel that continual attention directed toward the working forces of Altruism is deserved, looking to the amelioration of suffering everywhere. We urge special meetings devoted to this purpose among our societies and the proceeds thereof be given to the poor."

"Resolved, That we hereby extend the thanks of the Texas State National Association of Spiritualists to the Galveston News and Tribune for their courteous reports of our meetings; to Mr. Chas. Stedding and Mr. J. D. Prosser for the palms and ferns which so beautifully decorated the Temple during our meetings."

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, John W. Ring, Galveston; vice-president, W. Lenox Fox, Dallas; treasurer, Wade M. Smith, Austin; secretary, Thos. Schirmer, Galveston; trustees, Dr. J. P. McCarty, Comanche, Geo. A. Wilson, Houston, J. B. Jennings, Hillsboro, Mrs. C. W. Watkins, Dallas, Mrs. J. C. Sherman, San Antonio. The president and secretary were elected in Galveston, the headquarters for the year will be the Spiritualist Temple, Galveston, Texas.

Saturday night the Progressive Lyceum of Galveston presented the musical cantata by Mr. John W. Ring, "Minister of the Gospel of Spiritualism." Rev. Tenney is a man of seventy-seven years of age and has been a minister in the Methodist and Congregational churches for over fifty years. "I considered," he said, "that I have grown into Spiritualism as a child grows to manhood, and I am filled with vigor and strength when I think of the wondrous, yet natural revelation, which has come to me now." He was attended to the rostrum by little Helen Brock and Maxie Olitz, two wee ones clad in pure white and in contrast to the aged candidate was a touching sight which reminded one of the prophecy, "A little child shall lead them."

At 8.15 p. m. the auditorium of the Temple was filled with people for the lecture of Mrs. Laura B. Payne, "The World's Cry Heard by Spiritualism." The following is a synopsis: "To every age, to every clime and to all peoples comes the answer to each urgent demand. It is the law of life and we see it manifest everywhere, that out of the great morass of nature is furnished the answer to every cry, the supply for every need. This is true in every phase of existence from the worm that crawls at our feet to the highest intelligence, from the ant hill with its busy, industrious community to the most exalted planes of thought and spiritual elevation. Glancing along down the past ages we find that out of the aspiration of the soul and the desire to know something of the life unseen, have arisen those creeds upon which the religions of the world have been based, and every religion has been peculiarly fitted to the age in which it flourished and to the intellectual and spiritual condition of the people of that time. In the very nature of things it could not be otherwise, for man can no more formulate a creed or create for himself a God beyond his mental capacity than he can construct a boat or ship or his mental capacity to construct. The reason man formerly navigated the streams with a log raft was because he did not know of a better means, nor did his necessities demand better at that time. The reason why he first used the log raft for transportation instead of the railroad train was because he knew how to make a cart and did not know how to make a railroad train. At that time the cart answered his needs as to transportation better than would the train. Thus it is with everything concerning human progress and that which religion that I wish particularly to speak tonight."

"Some urge that Spiritualism is not a religion. It is not in the sense that its adherents must be bound by creeds and dogmas or that they shall worship some personal deity, but in the sense that it meets the requirements of mankind at the present; morally and spiritually it may be termed a religion. In my opinion it is the religion which corresponds to this wonderful age in which it was born and to man's present intellectual and spiritual development. As in the religious of the past, mankind sought and found that which satisfied his soul; so today a questioning, critical world, no longer contented with faith alone, looks to Spiritualism for a demonstration of its claims of the church that the soul of man exists after death, that the church of Spiritualism is in a sense a religion, and never in history has any religion or any teaching filled a greater demand, answering in so many ways the world's cry as does Spiritualism. 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BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

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TERMS CASH.—Orders for books, to be sent by Express must be accompanied by full payment in advance. The balance, if any, must be paid C. O. D. Orders for books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. Fractional parts of a dollar can be paid by check or money order.

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Attention is paid to anonymous communications. Names and addresses of writers is indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return unsolicited articles.

Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles in question.

**Banner of Light.**  
BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1902.  
ENTERED EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON AT 4 O'CLOCK FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.  
Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.

**PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE**  
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**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS,**  
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**THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,**  
and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

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Per Year.....\$2.00  
Six Months.....1.00  
Three Months......50  
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**BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.**  
Harriet D. Barrett.....President.  
Frederic G. Tuttle.....Treas. and Bus. Mgr.  
Harriet D. Barrett.....Editor-in-Chief.  
Marguerite C. Barrett.....Assistant Editor.

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25 cents per Apage Line.  
DISCOUNTS.  
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No extra charge for color or double columns.  
Width of column 9-10 inches.  
If advertisements be renewed at continued rates must be sent at least one week in advance of the date whereon they are to appear.

**Editorial Notes.**  
CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY  
Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, has at last succeeded in securing the opening of the Congressional Library on Sundays. He had hard work to obtain an appropriation for this worthy purpose from Congress, but carried his point at last, and now the great building is to be opened on Sundays from 2 to 10 p. m. When he asked for volunteers for the extra Sunday labor among the employees of the Library, more than three times the number required at once offered themselves for the positions. They wanted the extra compensation for the work, and were desirous, no doubt, of also proving their freedom from bigotry and denominational prejudice. Am glad the Library is to be opened to the public, even for the short time named. It never should have been closed, on Sunday or any other day, for Sundays offer the workmen their only opportunity to avail themselves of the privileges of the Library. To close it was an insult to labor, and an unjust discrimination against the working people of America. I congratulate Librarian Putnam upon his victory, and the people upon the restoration of their rights.

**UNWOMANLY.**  
That young woman in Georgia who stood upon the scaffold to see the murderer of her father hanged, and then cut down the body with her own hand, does not represent the real womanhood of the South. It was but natural that she should resent the wanton murder of her father, but that resentment did not warrant her in making such a degrading spectacle of herself as she has done in connection with this execution. She even secured a piece of the rope as a relic of the gruesome event, and has made herself unpleasantly notorious in consequence of her unseemly conduct. No woman of refined sensibilities would place herself in any such questionable position, even though the slayer of her father were a negro. Capital punishment is responsible for this demoralizing influence on the part of womanhood. If it were not in vogue, the morbid desire of persons with perverted minds for the gruesome and horrible things in life would not find gratification. Let all murderers be sent to prison at hard labor for life, without the possibility of pardon, and all such spectacles will hereafter be an utter impossibility. For the sake of true womanhood, I am glad this Georgian widow does not represent her sex.

**BE TRUTHFUL.**  
Some sensational writers have caused dispatches to be sent from Europe that reflect

severely upon the ruler of Russia and his subordinate officers. Russian government is faulty enough in the eyes of the world without resorting to falsehood to make it more so. The idea that fathers should be subjected to the knout because their wives gave birth to female rather than to male children, is not only unreasonable, but it is also grotesquely absurd. I am pleased to know that it has been branded as an unmitigated falsehood thus early in the game. Russia is autocratic, hence is opposed to Republicanism in every way, yet American Republicans should not forget that Russia was almost their only European friend in the dark days of the Civil War, and that it was her fleet, stationed off the Atlantic coast, that prevented France and England from making common cause with the Southern Confederacy. It should also be remembered that Imperial Russia freed her slaves before Republican America was able to free hers. Let us give credit where credit is due, and not attempt to injure, by repeating falsehoods, the friend who proved herself such in the time of need.

**THE NEGRO.**  
The Boston Globe has been doing some excellent work of late in the way of educating the citizens of New England upon the negro question. It has published in a single issue accounts of crimes committed solely by negroes in and about Boston, in one day only. These crimes range from petty larceny to rape, and constitute nearly all of the day's criminal record in the section named. Such revelations are most wholesome in character, for they prove the irresponsibility of the negro in every section in which he may be located. Our Northern States are supposed to have within their borders only negroes of the higher classes, hence the white people of the North were swift to condemn the alleged unkindness meted out to negroes in the South. Now they are beginning to perceive their mistake. The negro as a negro is the same everywhere. He does not know what gratitude is, nor is he capable of recognizing the fact of good treatment when it is accorded him. He has been pampered, apologized for, and defended, regardless of his crimes, for so long that he now feels as if he should be specially exempted from the consequences of whatever ill he may say or do. The Southern people are not afraid to hold the negro to a strict account for his evil deeds; perhaps they are too severe at times—but this very severity may be due to the extreme leniency with which the Northern people deal with the black criminal. With the rapid increase of crime on the part of the colored people of the North, there may come in a wholesome reaction, that will lead judges and juries to deal with them justly, instead of ruling in their favor regardless of their guilt, as they do today.

**JUSTICE.**  
I am not writing as the enemy of the negro, but as a lover of and believer in equal and exact justice for all men. The people of the North, in several States, have resorted to lynching in order to punish negro criminals. Lynching is no longer sectional, and our Northern people are now face to face with the very conditions that their Southern brethren have had to endure for so many years. No rational being wants the negro or any other criminal lynched, but every decent man does want life and virtue protected. Herefore the courts of the North have persisted in apologizing for the crimes of negroes, and have inclined to punish white men for the very things of which the negro was acquitted when on trial. When Boston, with a smaller negro population as a total than has a single ward in Baltimore, reports ninety-five or more per cent. of her daily criminal acts as having been committed by negroes, it is time that the fallacy of the superiority of the colored man of the North, over his brother at the South vanished into thin air. It has largely disappeared in many sections of the North, and with a few more such wholesome object-lessons as the Boston Globe has just given, there is hope that even New England will at last awake to the real danger of the negro question, and deal with it in a fair, unprejudiced manner. Let us hope that such may be the case.

**ALEXANDER H. SHEPHERD**  
Alexander R. Shepherd, the last Governor of the District of Columbia under its territorial form of Government, has passed to the higher life. Modern Washington owes all of its beauty, its splendid architecture, public parks, etc., to Gov. Shepherd. He was greatly misunderstood in life, and was bitterly assailed by numerous enemies for his lavish expenditure of public money. Yet he did just what any far-seeing statesman ought to have done under like circumstances. Washington was little better than a mudhole when Gov. Shepherd took the city in hand. Under his lead the city was made attractive to the eye and in every respect worthy of the name of the Capital of a great nation. Gov. Shepherd was the subject of a Congressional investigation, but no proof of dishonesty was brought out against him. He lost his entire private fortune during his term of office, and began again at the foot of the ladder of life. His estate is now estimated at over six millions of dollars in value. This is the result of a quarter of a century of hard work, in a foreign land, to which he exiled himself at the time his trouble came upon him. It is now proposed to erect a monument to his memory, and some of the people at the head of this movement were among his inveterate foes at the time he lifted Washington out of the mud and gave the nation a Capital worthy of the name. He will be honored in death as he never was in life, yet it is a pity that he could not have lived to receive in person the honors that were due him as a man and conscientious official, while he dwelt in the body. I hope the monument will be erected, and trust that the residents of Washington will honor themselves by contributing generously to the fund that is being raised for the purpose named.

**"SWITZERLAND OF AMERICA."**  
The prospect of the White Mountains in New Hampshire being stripped of their splen-

dor forests is arousing earnest protests from the thousands of tourists who annually visit this "Switzerland of America." These protests have even taken form and public meetings are being held for the purpose of devising ways and means by which these mammoth forests may be preserved as they now stand. It is to be hoped that these meetings will result in accomplishing the desired end, but lumbermen are seldom given to sentiment, and corporations always care more for dollars than they do for the beauties of Nature or the souls of men. Either the State or National Government should take possession of these lands at once, and make them a public park, for all coming time. Unless this is done at a very early day, the mountains will be robbed of their chief attraction, and left in barren desolation for perhaps a full generation. The destruction of the forests means more to New Hampshire people than they now seem to realize. It may cost them the enormous profits they now enjoy from their summer guests. Were this fact to be made known to the people, even the money-lording landlords and farmers might be induced to do their part toward preserving the doomed forest giants.

**PRINCESS ROSPIGLIOSI**  
The refusal of the Vatican to allow one of the nuns to attend Princess Rospiogliosi at the time of her confinement has given rise to complications that may cause trouble in the Catholic Church throughout the world. The Princess is an American woman, formerly Miss Reed of Washington, D. C. She was a Catholic, but married Lieut. Parkhurst of Bangor, Maine, who was a Protestant. She did not ask for a papal dispensation, but was married by the civil authorities, thus conforming to the laws of the United States, but ignoring those of her church, as that organization does not recognize any marriages as legal save those that are blessed by some official of the Church. Mr. and Mrs. Parkhurst lived unhappily together, and after two years of trouble they sought the divorce court and were freed from their marital woes. A few years later Mrs. Parkhurst met Prince Rospiogliosi, a wealthy Italian nobleman of high rank. There was a case of love at first sight, and their marriage was celebrated a short time afterwards. Just how a Catholic priest was found who would marry a divorced subject of the Church to a divorced woman, does not appear, but it was done, and the Prince and Princess have lived most happily together ever since. The birth of their child has caused a renewal of hostilities, and the end is not yet. The Princess is now endeavoring to prove to the Pope that she was never legally married to Parkhurst, as the ceremony was performed by a civil magistrate, and hopes by so doing to obtain recognition of her second marriage with the Prince. Comment on this case is unnecessary, for any Church that has the power to force its subjects to such straits as the Princess is now resorting to—the impeachment of her own honor—is certainly a menace to the liberty and happiness of all its adherents, and is worthy only of the honest, indignant disapprobation of all intelligent people.

**THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.**  
It is to be hoped that the Spiritualists of New England are doing their duty in the matter of entertaining the National Convention in Boston, Oct. 21-24. It is our duty to furnish our visitors with a hall for their Convention, free of all expense to them. The Convention has come to us, thus saving those in New England who attend it from large outlays in railroad and hotel expenses. In view of this fact, the Spiritualists of the Eastern States, especially those in New England, should contribute liberally to the fund for hall rent and decorations. A dollar from every interested Spiritualist will accomplish the desired result. No Spiritualist is too poor to contribute this sum, for he who can afford to attend a Convention a thousand miles from Boston will spend fifty times that amount in carfare alone. A dollar each from two hundred persons will pay for the hall and its decorations. That amount should at once be forthcoming. Send in your dollars to J. B. Hatch, Jr., 74 Sydney St., Boston, Mass., and tell him they are for the hall fund. The time is growing short, and prompt action is necessary. New England Spiritualists should take pride in setting an example for their brethren everywhere in the matter of entertaining the National Convention. By promptly filling the hall fund, they will establish a precedent for all cities in which future Conventions are held. Let us act at once in this matter and prove our devotion to the cause of organization by our works.

**SPIRIT COMMUNION**  
Some one asks how he can best enter into communion with his arisen loved ones. There are various methods by which this result can be obtained. If he desires communication only with his departed friends, he can obtain the same from almost any physical or mental medium by becoming in rapport with him. If he seeks communion with the departed, he will have to resort to other methods than these named. He can best commune with them by going into the Silence, where, under the magic spell of harmony, he can become receptive to the thought waves of love they send him in return for his aspirations for knowledge of them. Where is this Silence to be found? Sometimes in the caves of Nature's hills, oftentimes in the chambers of one's home, frequently in the quiet of an office after the labor of the day is over. But it can be found where all is hush and excitement, where the din of traffic and of transportation is greatest. Let the seeker for spiritual illumination make himself positive to all outward things, and he can at will become unconscious of the noise and confusion around him, and will enter at once upon the communion he is seeking with his exalted friends. There is a wide difference between communion and communication with our departed loved ones. The former means a mere message while the latter gives soul-illumination through peace and love. Seek the latter as soon as the former has been proved to be true, and you will find in Spiritualism unending joy.

**PREPARE TO LIVE.**  
"I am in constant fear that I am not fit to die, and wonder how I can make myself so," is an expression frequently heard even among Spiritualists. This is not what men and women are living for. No one should fit himself to die; it should rather be his aim to fit himself to live a truly noble and useful life while in the body. No person can die. Every living thing must live on forever. Physical forms decay, but the soul endures eternally. If man lives well, and does well on earth, his future life is perfectly safe and sure. He will gravitate to his own place in any event, and will only reap as he has sown. By fitting himself to live wisely and well as a mortal, he grows his consciousness into a larger and nobler expression of his Soul-Self, and adds, as well, to the sum total of his Soul's possessions. Let men and women prepare to live, and their futures will be replete with happiness that words cannot describe.

**Our Forces.**  
SUSIE C. CLARK  
The constructive and also the destructive power of thought is a subject which, from a Mental Science standpoint, has been worn perhaps a little threadbare, until it seems almost hackneyed and wearisome. Yet what more potent force has man to command, what more facile creative energy, what better tonic than is furnished by strong, intelligent habits of thinking? For thought is not a mere temporary agitation of mental vibrations. It is not an idle breath, like a gossamer bit of thistle-down, to float away and be forgotten; it is a tangible, many-colored substance, and every thought sent out is indeed a dynamic force. The expression "thoughts are force" is far more acceptable than the prevalent formula "thoughts are things." For thoughts never could become things did they not carry force sufficient for their materialization into form. Like differing chemical elements, they are capable of forming new substances by combination. They can build up, or disintegrate the component, material atoms of our bodies. Then look to your thoughts, all who desire longevity, since the possession of health and strength lies within the scope of their power.

As we spirits have to carry this body of flesh about with us, wherewith to wield and master material objects and agencies in a material world, we desire that it should fill only its appointed place, that of a serviceable tool, to be used and laid down at the call of need, and should not allow it to remind us of any unnecessary claim upon our attention. Even this freedom from the entanglements of matter, the weight and sensation of the flesh, is the result of strong, enlightened thought. Then is it a force to be scorned or ignored? The benighted, unilluminated thought in which many mortals habitually indulge, cannot sustain and invigorate the spirit, any more than stale, mouldy bread could nourish the body. That early, stalwart apostle of the gospel of new thought, Prentice Mulford, among his practical suggestions, affirmed that if we rise habitually every morning, repeating to ourselves in a bright, cheery tone: "Youth, health and vigor," we never shall be ill, or grow old, that is, to know the infirmities sometimes incident to advanced years; our mental fibre will be so impregnated with this conception that it will be constantly renewed, we "shall mount up with wings like eagles, shall run and not weary, walk and not faint." The same regime is also most helpful if we have any besetting weakness. If we are very timorous and fearful, if a halting indecision besets our usefulness, or if we are prone to impatience, vexation, even anger, repeat daily on arising, in the presence of our higher self, steadfastly and firmly: "Courage, decision, serenity, or good temper," and we can thus build ourselves to any ideal to which we nobly aspire. Then what a valuable force is systematic thinking! And how neglectful we are of it, or of its practical application, almost culpably so, since we have our everlasting life to get, as well as to maintain a healthy corporeal competence, here and now.

We are also to a degree our brother's keeper. Imagine every one of us from this battery of the mind, darting out thoughts like electric javelins in every direction, both heat lightning and forked lightning, with power to kill or cure. Some one is liable to be hit thereby, unless our electric force is of that nature to illumine, to cast a radiance abroad, or as electricity serves today, to carry others' burdens. Yet valuable as is this mental force, it is not necessary to keep the mill of thought grinding constantly, to become slaves of its restless activity; it is not wise for this force of thought to ride us hard, when it should be used, guided and restrained by us. The ability at times to silence thought, to still its ceaseless, often jangling vibrations and lapse into reverie, a dreamy, drifting repose, is one of the broadest avenues to power. Then cultivate this possibility; practice repose. As Mulford has said, "Paste up this word repose in your brain. Plant the thought there that it may take root and grow. Sixty seconds of reverie mean sixty seconds of rest and renewed life to mind and body, and gives a new force when the time of action comes." In silence, the spirit is more consciously related with the Divine Energy. This perfect control of mental action is a conquest that leads to a still mightier force which is ours to use and exercise, even the consciousness of spirit. To realize and grasp spiritual potencies is to climb back up the slope by which we have descended from our divine Source into this earthly embodiment. The spirit projects itself outward into expression on the mundane plane, it infuses the clay shell with life, with the possibility of free motion and power of action; it breathes forcefully upon the brain, endows it with its own intelligence and with many wondrous functions, and then the man thus made forgets the source of his existence and all his power, and continues to externalize more and more, becomes absorbed in the world and its interests, in complete forgetfulness sometimes that he is a spirit. Is not this a force beyond all mental ac-

tion which we all need, the power of withdrawal from the material plane, to use it freely, master it but not be mastered by it, submerging our entire consciousness therein? Masoudar has said, "Man is not always a spirit. Sometimes he is a block of stone, sometimes he is an animal, sometimes a thinking mind, and only when he cultivates the spiritual instinct by which he sees God, does he become a spirit." It is right, legitimate, necessary that we do express ourselves in our external, mundane duties with our whole heart, but rest should follow action, as night follows day, as harvest succeeds to seed-time. The spirit must occasionally get its breath, or starve and suffocate, as it often does if perpetually imprisoned on the dry land of earth, immersed in material consciousness. We mortals want to be immortals consciously, part of the time, we must learn to withdraw at will, frequently, into the silent recesses of our inner being and become vitally conscious there, to alternate the seething activity of thought with seasons of repose, with a soulful silence which responds to no human vibrations.

Then we shall not have to make laborious effort to think rightly, to use our mental force intelligently, because that part of us which is divine, the true spiritual self, breathes itself free naturally. The divinity within is an ever-growing, expanding, increasing power when it is not eclipsed by the dominant consciousness of the flesh. We should never forget for one moment that we are spirits, not bodies or brains, cultured minds merely, but spirits, one with the Great Spirit, therefore one with perfection, potentially. The pathway of progression is a devious, endless road since the finite never can become the infinite, although it aspires thereto, but let us see to it that our feet keep in the path and are not diverted into unseemly byways. Let us heartily use and cultivate every force which we possess to bring out, unfold and express each divine possibility which is ours by birthright, to the end that we may gain the deepest, grandest realization of our at-one-ment with all Purity and Power.

Grandeur of character is born in those who live the most soulful lives. Such a nature will express the greatest force of thought, the soundest, healthiest body, the strongest, finest principle, which is in itself a manifestation of Divine Justice, of immutable Truth. Let us ever be true to the Godhood within, always live our highest convictions. Let the inner fire which burns alike in every heart, though smoldering in some almost to ashes, be enkindled to a strong, glowing flame that will bring the illumination we all earnestly seek, and shed a warm, rich radiance abroad upon all humanity.

The Hindrance of Prejudice.

WILLIAM BRUNTON

"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"—John 1: 46.

Here is an instance where a prejudice was a hindrance. It was a foregone conclusion that it was not possible that a prophet had appeared in that little place with its despised name, Philip was persuaded in his own mind that the great blessing of the ages had come from there, and it was hard to be met with such summary dismissal of what he knew. But Nathaniel has his inquiry answered to his own satisfaction that there the true light had its dawning. It was a proverb in Israel, was this saying—it was the expression of unhelpfulness in regard to this particular place. And yet, a stranger would have found it rather hard to account for it. The location was lovely, it was where to the north stood the hills of strength; to the south was the great plain, to the west was the mighty sea, to the east its own beautiful lake of Galilee. Its population was varied. There were many Gentiles within its gates, and it was this prejudice against foreigners that had given it disrespect in the eyes of the Jews, and therefore nothing religious could be expected from it.

Prejudice, then, hinders us from seeing. We all know it, except in the case where we err in this matter—and then we are as blind as those we blame. We cannot see any good in a place or a person. To one who tries to interest us to the contrary, we turn an utterly deaf ear, and refuse to be persuaded. Of course such stupidity as to the value of facts has to be backed up by immense self-conceit that is infallible in its judgment.

Now, no prejudice grows out of nothing. There is some ground for it, and there is the danger of it, for "A lie that is half of a truth is ever the blackest of lies." And where envy, or ignorance, or uncharitableness manufacture a prejudice strong as cast iron out of the spider-webs of the brain you may be sure that this question will close all argument. But there is nothing to brag of in a prejudice all the same. We see prejudice hinders the recognition of lovely things close at hand. That Jesus lived in Nazareth has given beauty to all its belongings. He has cast a halo of glory over whatever it was and is. But the spirit of love would have seen this blessedness at any time, for it is the spirit of love that finds it now.

Is it not so in relation to the place in which we live? Is it not possible to look 'round and discover some good about us that we had not looked for? Before good things can be produced we must have the goodness of thought which fosters them and bids them appear. Lack of faith in possibilities is like putting a stone over a seed. The seed is all right, and it might grow, but we put a stone over it, and it is a gravestone and on it is written, "You shall lie there forever, but there is no chance for you, for I, King Prejudice, do not want you to grow." And quite often it does not for such is the gentle art of killing given to prejudice. Sometimes, however, the good comes even out of Nazareth!

"It is by control of (governing) himself that man is great. Man's most important task is to remain master of himself."—Cousin.







## MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.

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

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

### To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seances held August 23, 1902, S. E. M.

### Invocation.

Oh, infinite spirit of love and tenderness, we reach out to thee for strength. With ever increasing desire, with an attitude of faith, we stand in the presence of those who have struggled through the conditions of misunderstanding and who are now on the loftiest heights, pure, sweet, tried and true, and we would that something of their life may glorify ours, something of their understanding may make plain the way for us. We would not falter or shrink but simply go on and on with ears attuned for the lesson, with eyes open to see the truth and always with the heart pure and clean waiting for the indwelling of the infinite spirit. Bless us, oh spirit divine, in our effort to help the unfortunate, to ease the aching heart, to speak the word of truth that shall ring down through the darkened chambers of life and bring joy and gladness because it is the truth. Bless us in our daily walks of life; may we be truly grand even in the little conditions. May we be truly brave even in the midst of distress and may this desire of our hearts be a prayer which shall find response in the lives and the influence of those who are wiser and better than we. Amen.

### MESSAGES.

#### Nellie Grover, Jackson, Minn.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a woman about twenty-two years old. She seems to be more of a girl than a woman because her face is very girlish and so is her form and her manner. She is rather light, has brown hair, blue eyes, and very delicate looking skin and hands. She says, with a little tremble in her voice, "I want to come very much but I hardly know what to do to give a successful message. My name is Nellie Grover and I come from quite a way off from here, Jackson, Minn. I have a father and mother there and they are very anxious about me. They have no idea that it is possible for the spirit to return but they are grieving and wondering just what has become of me. My father's name is Henry and my mother's is Sarah. You stand here and tell me every day I am with them and am striving to prove that I am there but I don't know how to attract their attention or what to say that will be the strongest evidence. I am not buried very far from where I lived and my mother has often been to the place this last summer and has done a good deal about it. I don't want her to feel that I am there. Sometimes when she comes in just at dark after she has been there and she sits down in the chair and cries because she cannot find me, I just put my arms about her and say over and over again that I can see her, but she doesn't hear me. I used to hate to take care of the lamps and she never works over them now that she does not think about it and sometimes I feel like laughing to think of the things that she thinks when she is doing it. It isn't anything that she shouldn't have made me do even though I didn't like it, and she must not have any regrets because she insisted upon my doing that part of my work. Give them my love."

#### John Williams, Huntersville, Pa.

The next spirit that comes to me is a man, about six feet tall, very large, broad shoulders, big form, has deep blue eyes, and brown hair that is quite heavy and bushy, and a strong voice; when he steps into the room there is no doubt about who it is. He says, "Here I am; my name is John Williams; I am from Huntersville, Pa. Well, isn't this a funny thing? You stand here and tell about yourself after you are supposed to be dead. I would have laughed myself sick if anybody had told me that my brother who died before I did could come back and talk to me and yet he and I come today and we have made it up between us that we would send a message and if I got to you all right we would go on sending some more. I want to send mine to Laura, I want her, if she gets it, to sit right down and see if I can't come close to her. I go there but I can't seem to get close enough to her for her to hear a word I say. I banged the door two or three times but she thought it was the wind and then George and I laughed to see how little she knew of who was in the room. I found little Jack over here; I know that Laura would be glad to know that we were together or rather that we are together. I am glad she did not decide to do what she was asked to. She will know what I mean—that family affair. It is much better as it is. She keeps her independence and things are moving on all right. Be a good girl and don't forget me; try to see if I can't come and tell you how sorry I am I had to come away. Much obliged to you folks."

#### Charlie Seaton, Fitchburg, Mass.

A man about forty years old, short, quick, active, with very fair skin and blue eyes, comes to me now. His hair is rather a dark brown and he has a dark mustache and a very nervous, excitable way. He says, "Please hurry as fast as you can for I find myself suffering great pain. I did not realize that when I attempted to return I would have this old pain that was mine before I came away. My name is Charlie Seaton, and I am a Fitchburg man. I find it very difficult to say what I want to, but can I send this message along to Emma and also may I say to Al who has done so much for my people since I came away, that I am glad, more than I can express, that he has been so kind? I hope I have been as good to him as he has been to me. It was a great shock to me when I found I could not get well. I had so many things to do. It seemed to me I could not be spared, but when Death calls, no man seems to be able to refuse. I have

my mother over here; she does everything possible to make me happy, but I do want to be with my friends. Thank you very much for helping me."

#### Emily Golden, Saco, Me.

Right after him, comes a woman hurrying along as fast as she can and she seems so anxious to speak that I will tell you what she has to say first and then I will tell you about her afterward. She says, "Oh, please hurry and let me give my message. I am Emily Golden; I am from Saco, Maine; I have so many friends there and I want to tell them that I have hurried away just this time to tell you a little bit about them and am going back as fast as I can. There is a good deal of sickness in the home that I have left and it looks to those who are about as though my sister would follow me, but she won't. She will live and she will live because love in the spirit is able to help her. I give this to help them hoping they will see and understand, and that through their thankfulness that she is spared they will make an effort to connect with us. Julia is with me and she says, 'Tell them to hurry as fast as they can and give us a chance to talk because there are so many things we need to say.' We were at the other night, but we weren't able to say what we wanted to, but we hope we said enough to make them interested to go on. This woman is very fair indeed. Her hair is almost blonde; her eyes are blue and her face is long and thin and she seems quick, nervous to a degree; she worked herself into the spirit, not with any special thing, but with a few principles. Everything she did she worked very hard over."

#### Jeanie Bradley, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

There comes a spirit of a woman about thirty-five years old. She is plump and round with dark hair, dark eyes and a smile that is as sweet as a child's. She says, "My name is Jeanie Bradley; I am from Jamaica Plain. I know a little about this Spiritualism, but in such a kind of a way that I don't think I could seem to help me very much over here. I thought if I could comply with your conditions and send a word to those I have left, perhaps they would make an effort to see if I couldn't say more. There are a great many things that I can't say through the paper. I feel almost as though I were publishing my love or expressing publicly the thing that is nearest my heart, but if you will kindly say to Ada and to Frank that I have been with them and have tried to help them in their plans, that will help me a good deal and they will know what it is I mean. I am glad Frank made the change; it seems to be much better for him, but tell him not to think he must have all success at once. He will grow to it and the first six months may be a little unsteady, but after that I think things will be all right."

#### Lucy Vinal, Boston.

I see a spirit of a girl about eighteen years old, just as graceful and easy as a flower. She might have been back a hundred thousand times because she hasn't the slightest bit of hesitation or doubt as to the possibility of her coming. She says, "No, indeed, I have no doubt. My name is Lucy Vinal and I am familiar with all this stuff with me. In this condition round about I have been in the spirit a long time. I have often returned and have always tried to teach my friends the importance of keeping in touch with those gone on into the spirit. It seems to me they need us more than we need them and I can't see any use in just shutting the door on instant aid. I have been so busy with settling down to believe that we have suddenly dropped out of existence. I have my father with me; he came over after I did and he is just the same joyful, good-natured man, full of life and spirits that he used to be when in the body. He says, 'Give my love to my Boston friends and tell them that it isn't any use having got away from me. I can tell a story or smoke my pipe or have a good time today just as much as when I left them. I don't think about the pain I suffered. I only think about the joy I had before I was called to the sick bed. I met my old friend Floyd the other day and he said it was funny that we could not make my impression on some of the old hard-headed Baptists we used to know when we were in the body, and then of course we had our jokes about the hard-headed Baptists. I wish some sort of a spiritual earthquake would occur to give us a chance to stir up the members and see what we could do. I am very much obliged that you have let us both in to say our little say.'"

#### Fred Burgess, Concord, Mass.

Now I see the spirit of a boy about fifteen years old. He is wet, as though he were drowned. His hair is very dark and his clothes and his hair and he steps over to me and laughs even through this torrent of water that is pouring from him and says, "I thought I would make a picture of myself that looked exactly as I did after I went away. I am laughing because I am glad that that was not me and that I was able to get away from here and have a bit of pain and did not feel a bit sorry to go. I could not seem to do a thing but just go right down to the bottom. The boat tipped over, nobody could save it. My name is Fred Burgess and I am a Concord, Mass. boy. Eddie was saved and of course he is glad that he could save people all around and I knew I would be drowned, but had no sort of a sensation of pain or fear, only I felt so badly to think there was nothing that I could hold on to, seemed so funny to not have anything to take hold of with your hands, and that I suppose is the reason I went down so suddenly, because I felt so helpless. I was so sure of my love for my mother and to Grace, and oh, I could tell you of a lot of people that I just feel like telling that I know all about them. I have seen so many people; I seem to be able to go into houses, walk round and up and down the streets and go into stores just the same as I did when I was here; then sometimes I am so far away from them, but wherever I am I can see them. If I am away over here with my aunt Maggie I can look back and see my friends just the same and it is an awfully funny thing, seems almost like being up in a balloon and looking at your friends and knowing what they are doing and not seeing them very plainly. I would not mind if I could have a glass of soda just now, but I suppose that I could not drink it if you gave it to me. When I see the boys standing round and having a good time. I just wish they would give me a glass or offer me one and I think I could get some good out of it. Aunt Maggie says that it is all nonsense, that I don't need it and it is only because I see somebody else having it and that that is the way with lots of people, they don't need things but see other people doing and having things and they think they want them and I guess that is the way. I wish they would use up the money they are doing. I don't see any good in keeping it. They can't ever give it to me and I wish they would just use it and have some fun with it."

#### Charlotte Hunnewell, Paterson, N. J.

A spirit of an old lady past sixty years comes to me now. Her hair is as white as snow, her eyes are as black as jet and she looks as strong and well, although she has all

these years over her, as many a woman at twenty. She is very vigorous in her speech and says, "God bless me, how can you talk about me in that way when it seems to me I have been dead these twenty years? I knew I had a consciousness of what was going on, but I did not suppose that you could see me so plainly. I hope my hair is not white now and I hope I don't show the sign of years. My name is Charlotte Hunnewell. I am none of the rich Hunnewells that ever lived about Boston knows because I did not live this way. I came from Paterson, N. J., and when I came into these conditions I found that Hunnewell was a very familiar name. I desire particularly to send word to my boy Tom. I want him to know that I don't at all approve of the transactions that have been going on. Nothing but that would bring me back. He got along all right and so did I when he was all right, but when I saw him getting into trouble then my mother heart began to ache and I concluded I'd try to get a message to him. His father told me to stand still, 'God bless me, how can you talk about God's plans, but I concluded that if there was any way to get back that, that must be a part of God's plan. Now tell Thomas for me that the sooner he gets out of that business and gets into conditions new, the better it will be for there is no possibility of his getting anything out of what he has in mind now. I don't want to drop it to begin with as to go dillydallying. Of course he knows I would not make this effort to come unless I loved him and so I don't need to send my love, but if you will tell him that his old mother has a desire to help and will do all she can to change the influences, I am sure it will give him something like peace.'"

#### Dr. George Harris.

The last spirit that comes to me is a man who says first, "My name is Dr. George Harris. He is about medium height, rather slender and wears spectacles. His hair is dark and he is a very scholarly, sober sort of a man and seems to be more anxious to understand something about this and just how it is being done than he does to find out about the spirit. He says, 'When a man finds himself suddenly separated from all that is desired, from all interest that he has built up for himself, he begins to question as to whether this sudden change is for the best. I had seen many people die and had taken it all as a part of life and had never questioned but when it was perfectly right but when I came to die myself and came over into this country and found people going on with active life with hardly any difference that I could discover in their methods and manner of living, it was quite a puzzle to me to find out why the world is so much in darkness over this matter. I suppose nothing would have awakened me to the end of the world like this religion of Spiritualism which I found when I came over. I left a little girl. She was the light of my life and it seems to me that I cannot find any existence where I have happiness except when I am near her. I haven't been here very long, but she has been so many times I have yearned to have her see me that I have felt a great sense of misery. Her name is Mildred, and if perchance some time she can come into communication with me, it will be the happiest moment of my life. Heaven can hold nothing sweeter or dearer than a mother's love with her little girl, and speaking about heaven, I guess that the great Master was right when he said 'The kingdom of heaven is within you.' For I find nothing like a holy city or like a special place prepared for the righteous. We are all mixed up together just the same as we were in earth life, only we are each other better. I suppose we must know the pure in heart without any special effort to discover them. I can't tell you how pleased I am to have you give me this opportunity. It certainly is a great pleasure to many a soul like me and all I can say is that I thank you from the bottom of my heart.'"

#### The Coming of Elisabeth.

JESSIE S. PETTIT FLINT.

Dedicated to the Cause of Truth.

### CHAPTER VI.

A week has passed since the conference of father and son, and outwardly there have been no changes in the store, except to add two assistants to the force already on hand. One, a man, and the other, a woman, had been sent to perform except to fetch and carry for Miss Pratt; the other, a floor walker, who was everywhere and anywhere and always making his appearance when least expected. At least this was the opinion of some of the clerks, but as the world of the clerks was very polite, and made himself quite agreeable to the lady employees of the firm, it was generally conceded that he was a pleasant addition to their number. Little did they suspect that he had eyes in the back of his head, as the saying goes, so little did he appear to mind the same thing as he was able to attend to. But if truth be told, it was very little that escaped his searching eye and he, in conjunction with the new messenger and Mr. Archibald, had ferreted out the mystery of waste in the store of Crown & Co. It was the last of the month of July, and the summer work was nearly over; only now and then a belated order came in. Now was the time to make changes. Susan sat in her office, putting the finishing touches to a most lovely creation of lace and flowers, when she was startled by the entrance of Mr. Crown, Jr.

"Beg pardon, but father wishes to speak with you for a few moments and I thought as I was in this part of the house, I would stop and tell you instead of sending. No, finish that pretty thing first. It is almost done, isn't it? He said you had better come to his private office."

Young Crown found enough to talk about till Susan put her work in shape, took off her apron and arose to obey the order. He accompanied her to his father's office, opened and closed the door for her, and then returned to his desk.

"A-hem! Miss Pratt. Good morning, good morning. Please be seated. A-hem! We have been able to discover the origin of the waste, and we are very grateful to you for your assistance in the matter, a-hem! To show our appreciation, we raise your salary to fifteen dollars per week, beginning the first of August. A-hem! Not at all, not at all. It is our pleasure, you earn it and deserve it. It is a pleasure that we can afford to raise it. A-hem! Now a little difficulty arises in your department that makes some changes imperative. Miss Dow will continue to work with us today and some of the girls in the work room will also be excused. It is about your vacation that troubles us. We always expect to give our head designer two weeks in mid-summer and this unfortunate affair has made it impossible to do so. You are so short of time. Pardon me, but where did you wish to spend your vacation? Only an hour's ride from the city. Quite so; quite so. Now I have a plan. How would it do for you to take the Saturday afternoon train to New York, and spend every week-day of the fall season if you like. A half a day Saturday and a half a day Monday. Surely then we should get along all right with the

store. No, you need not wait for the evening train. You shall have Saturday afternoon. But today if you will be so kind, please stay by us. A-hem! I regret very much, very much, the necessity of a-hem! you know the difficulty, a-hem! But—well—Miss Pratt, I think that is all today, and thank you, thank you. Before you go, let me give you the usual weekly amount, and let me say that never have I taken such pleasure in adding a little souvenir to this amount as I have this day. A-hem! A vacation plum. Accept it as such from Crown & Co., and now," opening the door for her, "good morning, good morning."

Susan went to her office but did not have an opportunity of peeping at the vacation plum as customers were waiting for her so she slipped the envelope in her pocket. There was no unusual stir in the store that day and Susan never knew how it happened or who were the ones discharged, except those in her own department. Miss Dow evidently did not suspect anything as she was making plans for the coming week. And Susan's heart was heavy within her as she thought of the bitter disappointment which must come to them. But after all, it was not just that they should take things to which they had no right. Before leaving the store that night she opened the envelope and found to her surprise, that it contained a check for twenty dollars for her weekly wages. Surely, surely there must be some mistake. It was altogether too much, for even a big vacation plum and, as she passed through the store, she stopped before Mr. Crown, Sr., and asked if she could speak with him a moment.

"And it shall be made if it shall be made fifty, my dear Miss Pratt, if you say another word about it."

"Thank you, but I will not detain you long enough to be seated. It was this, Mr. Crown. I have the envelope from your pocket. I am sure there must be a mistake, the plum is so large."

"No mistake, not at all, not at all. Crown & Co. do not make mistakes of that kind."

"But it is a twenty dollar bill," she murmured, eyes laid with astonishment.

"And it shall be made if it shall be made fifty, my dear Miss Pratt, if you say another word about it."

Susan choked and her eyes filled with tears. She could not control her voice to speak, to thank him, but the big heart of Archibald Crown, Sr., was throbbing in sympathy with the girl and he kind words so she stepped impulsively held out her hand in lieu of words. He grasped it cordially and said,

"A-hem! Now Miss Pratt, now you must run home like a good little girl, or you will be late for your dinner."

Archibald, Jr., watched her leave the store. To him the matter grew dull and common as soon as she had gone. The brilliant colors had vanished. The indoor life became like some of the point of being intolerable. Archibald Crown, Sr., studied his son's face as he slowly made his way to his desk.

"Patience, boy, patience," he said in a low voice. "Home was not built in a day."

The young man, colored, and dropped his eyes. So soon had this come to him and his father knew. But Susan, how was it with her? Not a thought, not a suspicion of a thought of the young man's feelings toward herself had entered her mind. She entered the store for her father and son the same lively gratitude, the same kindly wishes and had the desire to please both equally well. Not simply because they were her employers but because she believed them to be good men and she respected and liked good people. They had been courteous and kind and no woman can be insensible to kind words. As she thought of this kindness and of the vacation plum, she had hard work to keep the filling eyes from overflowing, but those tears must go back, those tears of joy, and not be wasted in the public thoroughfare. The stony pavement would bring no responsive harvest. Those tears she would share with father and Ruth should have good bite of the plum. Ruth should go home with her for a Sunday, and Ruth should have for once, at least, some money. "All her very own, to do with as she liked." Life was so beautiful today. The world was so beautiful. The two close friends did walk beside each other, and their hearts were full of joy. Those two dear faithful ladies—how kind and patient they had been with her always—forgiving and charitable to her doubts and failures! As for her work in the store, there never would have been any work for her, had it not been for them. They taught her, showed her every day, made her better, helped her to do better, really, it was due to them, this success. She could have knelt right there in the street, and offered thanks to them. Her feeling had grown to be almost one of worship, for these two faithful friends. But Madam L— placed her hand upon Susan's arm, and thus she spoke.

"Dear child, we are but souls like you. You simply have the extra cloak of physical matter, which we have discarded, that is all. You will be the same girl when you discard your cloak, as you are now, but outwardly, the world sees but the cloak. Some cloaks are light and delicate and are sensible to the penetration of the soul within. Others are dark and dense and may be likened unto a prison-house; for the beautiful soul encased within its walls, cannot send its tones vibrating through such matter. Fortunately for those who are able to vibrate matter at a high tension. It is given to such, the power that comes of knowledge; and remember always, that each soul and every soul, will at last, through trial and suffering reach the point of penetration through matter. Give, and it shall be done unto you. And even shall it be done unto you."

With a halo of light surrounding her, Susan entered the unsheltered brick. She entered with the intention of sharing her joy and her good fortune with her inmates. Each gave according to his nature, but—the elevation was gone. It was a very low, very low, very low. "Yes, your man will be real pleased that you are really going to amount to something at last, so will your pa," said Aunt Harris. Uncle Harris began calculating how much Susan could save and how much it would amount at the end of a year. But could not at first be brought to see the half of Susan's plan but when Susan's lips began to tremble from the disappointment of her home coming, she relented. She began immediately to make plans as to the spending of that money, bringing laughter again to Susan's eyes and face. Aunt and Uncle Harris sat grimly by and threatened to upset all this joy by an occasional hint as to wastefulness, saving, and such kindred topics. But all days do end, and this one, so blended in with smiles and tears, fears and hopes, went the way of years gone by—beautiful days, sad days. They are all alike to me now, those days of the past, for I live in the present and the future shall never be. The present is, and the present only.

(To be continued.)

### Life is too short to waste.

In critic peep and cynic bark,  
Quarrel and reprimand;  
If man would but be sensible to the fact,  
Up! mind thine own aim!

—Emerson.

An "easy time," with Error as guide, leads to a very "hard time," a "hard time," with Truth as a guide, leads to bliss.—L. A. M.

You may retain youth and health by your thoughts, or you may grow ugly by your thoughts.

## Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Sometimes persons write to ask me if I am "The Bird." These are mostly aged women who will never forget the sympathy, love and admiration with which, when young mothers, they read Fanny Forester's "My Bird." This dainty and perfect poem begins with the lines,

"Ere last year's moon had left the sky,  
A birdling sought my Indian nest,  
And folded, oh! so lovingly,  
Her tiny wings upon my breast."

To such friends of inquiry I reply that I am not that bird, that my mother was Mrs. Boardman Judson, and that Emily Chubbuck, better known in 1845 by her nom de plume, Fanny Forester, became the third wife of my father, and the mother of the sweet babe, whose advent was marked by the exquisite poem mentioned above.

The little Emily was brought to America by her mother a few years after the death of our father, and became motherless in 1854, nearly nine years after my mother's death was laid in the lonely lone St. Helena, on whose rocky shores beat the surges of the Atlantic.

Years before Emily Chubbuck met my widowed father, she had been pupil and teacher, had established with her three sisters, later married the celebrated Dr. Eliphalet Nott, President of Union College in Troy, N. Y. The niece of Miss Sheldon, Anna Maria Anable, became the cherished friend of Emily Chubbuck, and was well known to the admirers of Fanny Forester's writings as "Cousin Nell."

This friendship grew stronger with the lapse of years, and when the third Mrs. Judson passed on to sing her wildwood notes in the bowers of Paradise, her little "bird" was not left quite motherless, for Miss Anable, who had established with her three sisters a delightful boarding-school for girls in Philadelphia, took the little daughter of her best friend to her own home, adopted her as her own child, and gave her every possible means of education and culture, including a trip to Europe.

Previous to my little sister's adoption by Miss Anable, I had been placed by my mother in Miss Anable's school, and had two happy years in the society and under the tuition of these four cultured women. After that I entered upon my thirty-four years of teaching, which occupied me, with but few interruptions, until 1880.

After my little sister Emmie had grown up, she became the wife of a Baptist minister, Rev. Thomas A. T. Hanna, accompanying him of course in the changing pastorates to which American clergymen are subjected, and became the mother of nine children, eight of whom still live on earth, the youngest being now nearly grown up.

No mother could have been more devoted than was Miss Anable to her adopted child during all these years. Held by the cares of her Seminary, she yet by constant letters, loving sympathy, wise counsel, and myriad attentions, aided and inspired the growth of the child of her cherished friend. And her devotion was amply met by the ever increasing love and appreciation of my sister, once the bird-like babe, now the mother of a large family of loving children, and crowned by the admiring love of her devoted husband.

The years have passed on since boarding-school days. Anabelle Miss Hattie, and sweet Miss Mary, who became Mrs. Professor Darcy of Montreal, passed on to the bright beyond; and Miss Anable and Miss Fanny, admonished by failing strength, passed their school into the hands of their nieces, and retired to private life.

But they did not sit down with folded hands, resting on the laurels they had won by the careful education of so many hundred girls, now the centres of happy homes in all parts of America. Added leisure allowed them to give more time to the works of instruction and philanthropy, and they engaged their attention while still busy with school-work.

Miss Anable was for some twenty years the leader of the Bible Readers of Philadelphia. This is an association of women who visit their less favored sisters in their homes, ascertain what their needs are, and cheer them, aid them with counsel and cheer them with sympathy, and read them comforting words when it is desirable to do so.

"A brother is born for adversity," is one of the proverbs quoted by Solomon among those current in his day. By substituting "sister" for "brother," we meet our needs in words some of the good work done by these self-sacrificing women who reported their doings to Miss Anable and regarded her as their head. The work she did in this and other directions was quiet, but it was thorough and lasting.

When speaking for a month for the First Association in Philadelphia, I think in 1895, Miss Anable sent one of my nieces for me to take dinner with her between the services, and I gladly went, to see once more this loved teacher of my youthful days.

The same charming spiritfulness and the same tender sympathy that cheered and comforted homesick girls in the old days were as apparent as ever, but alas! the weakness of age was advancing on her, and the dear eyes were becoming dim with cataracts. But it was a great pleasure to see Miss Anable, again, and as we talked of heaven and its coming reunions and joys, our hearts drew more closely together than ever before. The next time I see her, it will be in the spirit world, for some two years after, I learned that she, too, had passed through the thin veil.

All these scenes and events of the past have come back to me with great vividness within a few days, as I have just returned from a short visit at my sister's home in Connecticut. They were happy days, and their memory will always be cherished.

Of course we talked much of dear Miss Anable, and I begged her to tell me all she could about the last days of one so beloved and good.

In the last visit but one that she made to her adopted mother, Miss Anable, who was very feeble, told her in one of their quiet talks something like this:

"I shall just breathe, and breathe, and by and by I shall breathe out and not come back again. It will be all over, and I shall be there."

My sister was summoned a day or two before her death. Though in poor health herself, she gladly took the long journey, and is ever grateful to have been with her, and to have given the departing one the comfort of her presence and her loving quietude. Towards the last, she lay very alert, and where she unconsciously expressed failure, and the physician had said that when she breathed her last she would raise her hands to her heart.

My sister deferred to those near in blood or friendship to the departing one, who were close to her. She wanted to see dear her sister, who she could look directly at her, and she resolved that she would see every step of the transition of one she loved so much.

Miss Anable had been lying perfectly still, with her eyes closed. Suddenly she opened them wide. They were very blue and very bright. They looked upward, as if she saw something, and an expression of absolute content spread over her face. One hand came gently to her heart. Then the other







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