

A Maine Boy.

It is said the natural inheritance of every boy born in the state of Maine is to make his mark in the world. Augustin Thompson came into his inheritance. He was born in Union, Maine, in 1837. His father was a good, sensible farmer, but "towed that Gus neverd amount to nothin', fer he was too crazy arter books. To read an' write an' cipher as fur as the Rule o' Three was



Augustin Thompson, M. D.

enough eddication. But Gus allers had a book 'side of his plate and would argy, argy over somethin', in the evening he'd stir up the back log and lay readin' half the night. Now what sort o' work could any man do on a farm carryin' on like that?"

The boy was a sturdy little fellow, however, and did manage to do considerable hard, physical labor, as well as to read. While he worked, he thought. Then came a time, when the old Maine farmers will remember, when what was termed the "potato rot" played havoc with that very necessary crop. Augustin studied the matter carefully and discovered that the trouble began in the tops and worked its way down to the potato. He tried clipping the top off when the potato had matured to a certain point, and found it worked very well. He made up his mind that he could, by care and study, overcome the difficulty, so asked his father if he could not have an acre of land to use as he pleased, agreeing to make up the lost time put on the hand by extra work on the main farm. His father agreed and paid no more attention to the acre.

This acre became the boy's capital. He not only raised potatoes, but cabbage, which he turned into sauer kraut, and sold by the keg, and other vegetables. When going in to town for his father, he took some of his own produce and found a market for it. Gradually his little store of money increased, until he had seventy-five dollars in five dollar gold pieces, which he wore in a belt around his waist and never talked about.

At this time the price of potatoes dropped so low that they seemed a drug on the farmers' hands. They had not been successful in preserving them until spring and they felt that the Fates had conspired against them. None were so loud in their lamentations as three of the very most prominent men in town. Why, they were worth as much as three thousand dollars apiece! A man who could get together that amount of money ought to be a leader, so they were given places of honor such as selectmen, etc., etc.

These three men were at the village store one evening discussing the potato calamity when Augustin Thompson drew near and began questioning them—why didn't they take the potatoes to Rockland and get what they could? Hm! They couldn't get ten cents a bushel for them, was the scornful rejoinder. Besides, everybody would be doing the same and the market would be flooded. Why not feed them to the pigs? Such a suggestion was not worth even a reply.

"Well, sell them to me and I'll make a bit on them."

"What in thunder!" exclaimed one; and "What would ye buy 'em with—wind?" cried the other.

"I have the money and I'll buy all you have. Is it a bargain?"

The men winked at each other and agreed it would be worth while to get the laugh on Gus. He was in deadly earnest and before he left the store had signed agreements which also gave him the right to go over their land with teams. He hired thirty or forty school children at ten cents a day to dig the potatoes, and took good naturedly the jibes of his mates and in fact of everybody who knew him.

When the boy's father heard what was going on he shook his head and looking at his son in despair said impressively: "Gus, I

allus thought you was a durned fool. Now I know it."

Nothing daunted, his hopeless offspring said, "Father, I believe I have found out some things you don't know, and I'm coming out all right. Will you let me have the cellar of the old empty house for store house, and the horse and ox-team for hauling the potatoes in? I'll pay you for them."

"Pay me? I suppose ye'll pay me when ye git rich in rotten taters!"

He did considerable scout work during which, with but a handful of men, he had many a lively skirmish. He received two bayonet thrusts and two bullets, and both for his own sake and that of his men he found his medical training of great value.

At the close of the war he finished his medical course, and carried on a very successful practice in Lowell, Massachusetts, for twenty years. This he resigned in 1884 to take charge of the Moxie Nerve Food Company.

He traveled extensively in connection with this business and had some amusing and interesting experiences. Nothing daunted him. If, through jealousy, intrigue or competition an attempt was made to thwart him, he would with a shrug, jolly laugh, bob up serenely (like McGinty) at some unexpected point.

He tells of an attempt on the part of the Cleveland druggists to prevent the introduction of Moxie into that city. On his arrival he learned that the State Druggists' Association was holding its convention and he obtained permission to address them. He told them of its "popularity in the east, of its beneficial influence on the appetite of the drunkard, that it was an excellent food for the nerves, rested one when tired, and was so harmless that an infant four months old could drink it with impunity." They would have none of it. They made their own drinks, sold no other, and would not handle Moxie.

"All right, my friends," said the doctor. "We will see. It is not for you to say what you will and will not sell. You sell what the people want. They want Moxie. I mean to make them want it, and if you don't sell it, I will put up stands on every corner and sell it myself."

He went forth, visited his Masonic Lodge and treated the crowd with Moxie. He addressed the W. C. T. U., cited cases where Moxie had taken away drunkards' thirst for whiskey, and asked the ladies to use their influence for it. He also presented them with cases of the drink. He interviewed the manager of the theatre and as a result there appeared in the newspapers and on the program: "Every one holding a fifty-cent seat will be entitled to a wine-glass of the famous eastern drink—Moxie." Four young ladies dressed in white carried the trays through the audience.

"And," concluded the doctor, "in two weeks' time the druggists were calling for Moxie and it was the drink of the town."

In his resistance of heavy taxation, collection of debts, etc., the doctor often figured in court and frequently acted as his own lawyer. If the judge asked him why he did not employ one, he would reply with a

vanity, where he studied for a year. Then the war broke out. He married and enlisted, leaving his bride of one month at home while he braved the horrors of the Civil War. He entered a private but twice on the field was recommended for promotion by Gen. Banks. He was under fire seventy-five times, among them the assault on Port Hudson, and was mustered out of the service as a captain, afterwards breveted lieutenant-colonel by act of Congress.

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aversion of physical suffering. The result of years of reflection is an apparatus (a cut of which we append herewith) by which he thinks he ought to be able to prolong life to the good old age of one hundred and fifty years, if he can take the person in time. He compounds the gases necessary to the human body, and by means of an electric current conveys them through the nervous system. It has been in working operation for something over a year, with results which he says are wonderfully satisfactory. Twelve or fourteen patients can be treated at one time. The machines are used so far in only three cities in the United States, Lowell, Worcester and Boston, and there is one also in Germany used by a Berlin University professor.

Dr. Thompson is a thorough Spiritist; proud of his belief and full of reasons for it. He has promised to relate to the B. readers some of his experiences in the spiritualistic field.

Perhaps the highest compliment we can pay him in closing is to say that he is a good man. M. C. B.

HOMESICK.

Over the seas and far away,
O swallow, do you remember at all,
The nest in the lichened garden wall,
Where you were born one day in spring,
Where the sun looked in through an ivy screen.

And the leaves of lilac were large and green?

Here's a maypole with its ring of towers,

And the Holy River goes softly down,
The sun is seeking his saffron bowers,
But my heart flies far to an abbey gray
Where the dead sleep sweet, and the living pray.

Here's yellow champak that Buddha loves,
And lotus shedding his odorous breath,
But the orange evening is lonely as death,
With no sound save the croon of the mourning doves;

In lovely Ireland this hour I know
How merrily homeward the mowers go;

The daisied grass with the dew is perled,
And the cattle stand where the shades are long.

The cuckoo's calling his summer song,
The angelus rings o'er a hawthorn world;
And eyes I know where the love-lights be,
Are growing misty with the thoughts of me.

O swallow, swallow, that land is far,
And a human body's a prisoned thing:

But you will fly away in the spring,
To our home where rises the evening star.
The blackbird's singing in some green brake,
And my heart is breaking for that song's sake.

—Katherine Tynan.

Mazoomdar's Retirement.

SUSIE C. CLARE.

There are many hearts who recall the visits made by this dark-skinned Oriental teacher to Boston as seasons of great refreshment and upliftment, dating therefrom perhaps a new growth, a deeper consecration, an impetus toward a higher spiritual life. Who can ever forget the pathos of his invocations, the eloquence of his discourse, the simple humility of his communion with the Highest, as of a child with a loving parent, who was not afar off, but very near and close to every human need? How finely attuned his own nature had become, how advanced his spiritual vibrations, how vital his realization of possible at-one-ment with the Over Soul! To those who thus gauged the beauty and devotion of this saintly life, little surprise can be felt at the unwelcome tidings of Mazoomdar's retirement from his work for the Brahmo Samaj and his seclusion for life in his mountain retreat, in the Himalayas.

Is not the story told in his own words: "The rich are so vain or selfish, the poor are so insolent and mean, the religious so exclusive, the skeptical so self-sufficient, that it is best to be away from them all. The society of man is full of vanity; the town is so inhospitable." Does this plaint not speak of a sensitive heart, wrong again and again by injustice and scorn, of an unselfish service which was rewarded by thrusts and stabs and cruel ingratitude, whence came the longing for peace, of surcease from toil and struggle? Is it any wonder, in this sore travail of his soul, that he forgot that only the martyrs are crowned, that labor is the only true worship, that "half the price pays nothing," that even as the fate of the suicide in the world of spirit is most unhappy, so there can be no keener regret in that land of light, than will arise from the record of a service to humanity, prematurely curtailed?

But it must be remembered that the Occidental mind can not judge the mystical, contemplative son of the Orient from a "pet yourself in his place" standpoint. It runs in the blood of his race to be an ascetic and a recluse. Mazoomdar could no longer stem the tide of inheritance; he has only succumbed to the strong psychological influence of his blood and his environment, of climatic tendencies and racial proclivities. His cousin and predecessor, Chunder Sen, who once came out so decidedly from his Brahminical

training to espouse and labor for the humanitarian principles of Christianity, later in life, likewise yielded to the overwhelming desire for seclusion from the world. He also retired to his "Lily cottage," and there, on an improvised throne, sat day after day, absorbed in the silence of devotion. He, like Mazoomdar, had earlier strongly opposed the custom of child marriages, yet both yielded to the law of the land when exceptional advantages were offered their own little daughters of fourteen.

But Mazoomdar's work and influence are not at an end. He has accomplished for truth and labor than

that will

estimate the

now go forth

the potent wings of prayer, to every

toiler in the wide, wide world? How many

burdens will grow lighter, how much of

temptation will lose its power to vanquish,

how forceful the impulse to loftier living, to

all grand achievement will proceed from that

silent dweller on the heights? Courage, fel-

low-workers, Mazoomdar's spiritual power is

still a factor in our midst, although he is

lost to the world. We must still know the

"crucifixion" (as he designated his work at

Calcutta), but the strong, buoyant energy of

this young Western world must express itself

in ceaseless service for humanity. Our hour

for withdrawal from constant activity has

not yet come.

Parewell, gentle soul! Let him, alone, who

lacks all human error, presume to criticize

thy course. May the peace which palaces

understanding richly crown thy solitude and

hallow thy meditations!

Like the delicate aroma of scattered rose

leaves, one recalls Mazoomdar's last public

service in Boston, in Dr. Hale's pulpit, when

his theme was the "mission of suffering,"

which, he declared, "seems a prime factor in

the economy of God in man's affairs. Sor-

row seeks every one, and if all the cries of

anguish that ascend from stricken hearts could

be heard, the heavens would ring, the earth

be rent in twain with its mighty swell. How

can it be borne? Endurance can only be

gained by submission and service; thence

comes strength to endure. All suffering is

blissfulness in disguise, as all the phenomena

of the external world is the manifestation of

universal law, though disguised law. So all

suffering and sorrow are so many masks or

veils, behind which the Infinite Justice hides

its countenance, and when, by his religious

life, we have penetrated one after another

of these veils, we stand in the presence of

the open vision, and become one with Him

in heart and will. The kingdom of God on

earth and in the heart is established, at

length."

In his invocation, there was a marked

absence of petition, of reminding the Infinite

of His various duties, or imploring the Great

Benevolence, who can do no more for us, for

a continuance of our many blessings. There

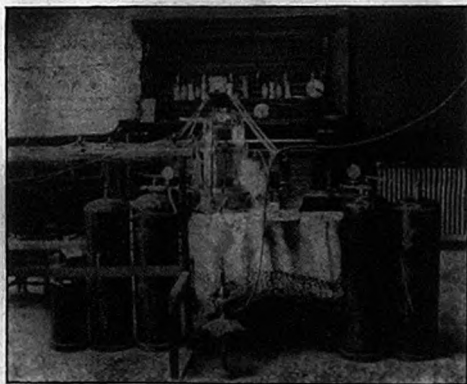
was ascription of heart-felt praise, of devout

trust and loyalty, but true prayer, as it

should ever be, was beyond the province of

his utterance. His spoken words were few

and fervent, closing with: "To Thee we offer



few days. Two of the town's boys sneered a bit on his return, asking if it did not make him dizzy to see so many houses.

"Tell you what I did see, boys. I saw people eating frogs' legs. They pay any price for them. You can get fifty dollars a barrel. I'll give you fifty dollars myself and make money at that."

The boys were delighted and went to work with a will. One had but to lend a listening ear on any still night to feel sure that thousands, yea millions of frogs were within easy reach. They worked two weeks like Trojans. In the bottom of their barrel they had salted down about two inches of legs. Then they realized that they had been sold.

Chemistry was a passion with this ambitious young man and he determined to become a physician, which would create a field for his favorite study. So he entered the Homeopathic Medical College of Pennsyl-

twinkle in his eye. "My case is too important. I don't want to lose it." He often declares that the law does not guard the civil rights of a citizen, because the charges of lawyers and court are so enormous that they are beyond the reach of any save a wealthy citizen.

Naturally gifted in repartee he prevented a case from dragging by darting a shaft of wit now and then that dissipated ill humor and won him friends in court. He always informed himself very thoroughly on any case in which he had an interest, and his familiarity with certain phases of the law caused the lawyers to laughingly ask him if he meant to hang out his shingle. "Oh, no! Oh, dear, no!" he exclaimed in affected alarm. "I've got to be fit to die some time."

Having built up an enormous business in Moxie, he turned it over to his two sons, and once more bent his energies toward the

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that true string. Accept the place the divine Providence has found for you; the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so and soothed themselves, child-like, to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predestinating in all their being.— Emerson.

We live as we think. Our mental bodies and physical development grow according to our thoughts. Assume always that you may grow perfect, even as God is perfect, and you will get a correct understanding of how to develop a very high type of manhood or womanhood, both physically, mentally and spiritually.— Dr.

THOU GREAT FIRST CAUSE.

Mysterious Self that all uphold,
Directs the earth, the bud unfolds—
Heard in each age and every time,
In sage's word and poet's rhyme,
In thundering Sinai's sudden roar,
Or old St. Peter's golden door,
In pictured scrolls of Mexico
And many a ruin of long ago.

All things Thou dost permeate,
Throughout the church, throughout the state,
And always hast Thou been the same,
Mysterious Force without a name,
Whether Jehovah, Zeus or Jove,
In Hebrew heaven or sacred grove,
Thou always hast appealed to men,
Creation's mighty Sovereign.

Every thought and word and deed,
Every root and branch and seed,
Lovely pink, and frosted pine,
Drooping elm and cumbine,
Join their voices in thy praise,
"Sounding through eternal days,"
That oft the listening ear doth greet,
In time with spheric music sweet.

In Dadona's rustling leaves,
Or Rilla's poetic sheaves,
In the "canons" of the sovereign Rome,
Or in St. Peter's gilded dome,
We see how man for Thee has sought,
How earnest priests Thy laws have taught;
But Thou of all things art a part,
Of Nature's beauty and of Art.

Bangor, Me. Mark A. Barnise.

Universal Religion.

ITS DISTINCTIVE MESSAGE TO HUMANITY

Lecture by W. J. Colville, delivered at Etta and Clinton Camps.

"Religion is one, but its parts are many." Is one of many magnificent sayings for which we are indebted to Max Muller, the great German scholar, whose illustrious career at Oxford as distinguished professor at one of the most celebrated universities in the world has caused whatever he has written to receive attention at the hand of scholars everywhere.

All who have read "Chips from a German Workshop" must have gained some sort of insight into the kind of man who was the only unordained preacher who ever occupied the pulpit of Westminster Abbey.

Dean Stanley, in his address to the traditions of the Abbey, invited Max Muller to speak within its walls, on what may truly be termed "Universal Religion," and a glorious address he gave upon a subject which was not then so familiar to churchgoers as it is at present.

Her James Freeman Clarke of Boston, by the publication of his great standard work, "Ten Great Religions," probably did more than any other man, with the possible exception of William Alger, to introduce the religious public to those many points of agreement—which far outnumber those of difference—between all great religious systems which are, at root, sincere attempts to correctly read the riddle of existence, no matter how overlain with error all of them may be in the guise in which they now appear among men.

It is necessary to clearly define the word religion over and over again in many quarters because of the strange misinterpretations to which it is perpetually subjected. Religion from religion, means to bind together, to reunite, reconcile, and to bring into many others of closely kindred import can easily be added.

There are practically two essential elements in Universal Religion. First, effort on the part of man to discover his source; second, an unquestionable determination to discover, if possible, the goal whither we are tending.

The above may be looked upon as those leading aspects of religion which are apt to lead up to formulated theology which many modern thinkers seem to desire to totally discard, therefore the Free Religions Movement, the Ethical Culture Society, and similar undogmatic associations, sprang into prominence during the nineteenth century as extreme Protestant examples.

It is certainly a hopeful sign of intellectual progress when men determine to exercise reason in religious matters, as well as in all other concerns, but there is usually a danger of going just as much too far in a reactionary direction as we have formerly gone in that from which we ingloriously react. The essentially human or philanthropic elements of Universal Religion are also two, according to the definition of pure and undefiled religion contained in the epistle of James, a declaration of extraordinary comprehensiveness.

One of these elements is the active practice of what is commonly called charity; the other amounts to nothing less than a life of spotless purity. It may well be asked whether it be not more than any of us can attain unto, to keep ourselves unspotted from the world while engaged in earning a livelihood in its midst; and the only answer which commands itself to ordinary reason is, that the apostle who counsels so high an estate, is only holding before us a transcendently beautiful ideal, but one which is so extremely lofty that we cannot hope in this present life to attain fully unto it.

Even so, the definition be correct, we may well consider the immense advantage accruing to us from the constant practice of aspiration toward a goal, which, though immediately inaccessible, is certain to be eventually attained if we do but steadily reach out for it.

Religions are divided by scholarly writers into two classes: First, the Ethic, which are indigenous to the climes in which they were born; second, the Ethical or Missionary, which have a tendency to spread over the entire earth and are so adaptable by nature that they can without changing any of their essential features adopt the customs of the countries into which they are introduced.

Though no single system of religion thought and practice can fairly claim to be perfectly universal, it may truthfully be said that the so-called Missionary systems more nearly approach universal religion than those which seem rigidly confined to certain districts of the earth.

Judaism, Christianity, Buddhism and Mohammedanism are four leading examples of missionary systems, though Judaism is sometimes regarded as far less missionary than the remaining three, but that is because the Jew often attaches immense importance to Race as well as Creed, and even in some cases seeks birth and faith, at least such is the case among the extremely racial in Israel. Judaism is universal where it takes its inspiration from the prophets, who rarely, if

ever, belonged to the priestly tribe of Levi, but it is ethnic where it is levitical and lays inordinate stress upon ceremonial.

Christianity, which has a reputation for being the missionary religion par excellence, exhibits no less than Judaism sectional as well as cosmopolitan phases.

After dissection of development and change, it is no easy task even for highly accomplished scholars like Max Muller, to determine exactly how many modern doctrines are accretions, and how many are portions of the original Christian teachings which prevailed at Antioch, where the term originated.

It is not difficult, however, even for the average reader who is not a special student to discriminate with sufficient clearness between Ethical and Sacerdotal elements in the Christian creeds, for these are quite as distinctly separable as in the case of Judaism.

Rudolf Steiner, another of the great missionary religions, is often called a religion of despair, but there is no warrant for this designating the system, if Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" be taken as a correct setting forth of its essential tenets, because, as in the instance of the two systems already discussed, we can find in it the same elements of philanthropy within the shell of its curious external garb, and philanthropy is always the essence of un-fettered religion.

Mohammedanism is not more difficult than the other three to classify, if we are willing to analyze its claims impartially, though it must be confessed that it is not so amenable to all respects so pleasing a figure to contemplate as Moses, Christ or Buddha. Still there is much to be said in Mahomet's favor and those who are closely acquainted with modern Arabs and Egyptians, most of whom are close followers of the religion of the prophet of Mecca, will not be inclined to any of those something to criticize, alike in their religious faith and ceremonial and in their daily mode of life.

The so-called Ethic religions, of which Brahminism and Confucianism afford the strongest examples, are properly classed as philosophies which appeal to the intellect to collect more than to the common heart of universally distributed mankind, and concerning Brahminism it is well to remember that Sir Monier Williams found in it all the essentials of modern Christian Science. Annie Besant has been in it in preference to any other cult extant, because she declares it embodies scientific exposition of the problems of religion, to be discovered nowhere else.

Universal Religion must contain the truly excellent elements or ingredients scattered through all varying cults, as all fractions are contained within the integer. The universal religionist should be able to explain the One Holy Catholic church as no one else can possibly explain it.

A church that is truly universal must be scientific enough to satisfy the eager demand of the intellect, and it must be emotional enough to meet the needs of the human heart, which ever yearns for love and sympathy. It is not too much to hope that this present twentieth century will evolve a church universal on far broader lines than such a spiritual structure could possibly have been known to in the days of the Middle Ages.

Technical Spiritualists have largely failed in carrying out their possible mission, because of the hostility with which some so-called "scientific" Spiritualists regard all that is called religion by other Spiritualists who are not as rule, as all are to science.

Dr. Rablitt, Dr. Buchanan and other able writers on scientific and religious questions, who have proved themselves uncompromisingly devoted to spiritual philosophy, have wisely assigned to emotion an honored place on the side of science, making the two as near as bride and bridegroom. We cannot divorce heart from head, or reason from feeling, without doing gross violence to our dual nature; and because these ruthless attempts are constantly being made, the advent of scientific religion is constantly delayed.

The harsh iconoclasm of the scientific religionist can be accounted for, but not finally justified, as his actions are only the result of short-sighted protest against abuses which need to be removed, and which can be thoroughly eradicated only by cautiously discarding the entire system of religious superstitions. Parasitic growths must be removed; but he is not an intelligent orchardist who fails to discern the tree itself, worthy of preservation, beneath the noxious growths which he is righteously seeking to destroy.

Superstitions which degenerate into dogma must be mercilessly dealt with, but sentiments which can be easily diverted into benign channels should at least be treated with respect.

Pure religion bears fruit in philanthropy and morality; corrupted religion leads to cruel fanaticism and blossoms in various forms of immorality.

Agnosticism satisfies nobody, for it is at best a compromise, and all compromises are unthinkable as final solutions of knotty problems.

Materialism is being completely disproved by every fresh discovery of science, it is therefore utterly untenable.

Spiritualism needs broadening, heightening and deepening, before it can lay hold upon the great masses of mankind, who are in quest of a religion which will satisfactorily minister to intellect and affection.

All modern systems which claim personal leaders, and ask of their devotees complete submission to the dictates of a central authority, fail to capture the scientific intellect though they often appeal very strongly to the emotions of those who are ignorant of the noble mental pilgrimage in quest of the Holy Grail, which they have sought in vain while earnestly listening to the claims of long-established hierarchies.

Such books as Marie Corelli's "Master Christ," and her later work, "The Temptation of Power," plainly evince the pressing need for a statement of religion, broad, deep and high enough to meet the demands of the hungering multitudes who can never again bend their necks to the yoke of priestly despotism.

Universal Religion must be pliant, adaptable, flexible in form of statement, so as to adapt itself readily to the varied requirements of all sorts and conditions of children, women and men; but it must not be indefinite or hazy in any of its main propositions. The great stumbling blocks of today are to be found in the ridiculous claims of arrogant religious hierarchies on the one hand, and the pitiful agnosticism of reputed liberal religious teachers on the other.

Martineau's "Rest of Authority in Religion" is a splendid work, because it refers to Emerson always with respect, and as his own witness and shows clearly that though every Bible were to vanish and every ecclesiastical system disappear, the thought of God and of the soul's immortality would well up spontaneously in human life.

Universal Religion is earnestly demanded by an ever-growing and highly influential portion of all communities, it is not generally easy to organize a fellowship in which its claims will be fully recognized, and the chief obstacle in this direction is none other than our old enemy prejudice.

Pre-judgment, passing judgment upon an uninvestigated matter, bars the door and looks it tightly against the entrance of the Spirit of Truth, who stands outside and knocks.

There could be no progress in what are called physical sciences if this insane attitude were taken toward new discoveries.

The rapid inconsequent substitute for a thinker who, like the proverbial "bad penny," turns up everywhere, is the greatest foe to progress, wherever he or she has voice in the management of a religious congregation.

These unthoughtful people are in two camps: the rigidly conservative and the ultra-radical. Those in the first division are so fossilized that they resent growth as though it were injury; those in the second division are always telling what they do not believe and are constantly expressing their vacuity by laughing to scorn all that transcends the narrow limits of their contracted vision.

The first set should be left in peace as members of a very conservative society which can run in its own narrow rut contentedly, and undisturbed may make no rumpus. The second set do not apparently need religion, and it should not be forced upon them; their place is not among those who are conscious of reverent aspirations, any more than a man or woman who approaches nothing higher in music than common ditties should be taken into membership in a Choral Union where rehearsals of Wagner's "Parsifal" are already in progress.

Children can be reached everywhere by Universal Religion, and it is with the young that all great movements must make their most vital progress. The rising generation can supply be approached, and it is wonderful to note how readily the youngest child in a kindergarten often absorbs instruction which older people find it very hard to grasp. In like manner children are often very receptive of religious truths because they have not the impediment of predigested theories nor are they afraid of originality.

Nothing can be more humanizing and harmonizing than a study of the world's great religious leaders and systems, provided the course of study carried on honestly and without the slightest bigotry or undue partiality.

We can easily study the lives and compositions of great musicians; we can do the same with celebrated painters and also to a large extent with famous authors and equally with religious leaders.

Now let us take the great religions of the world and their literature firmly in hand to see what contribution each has to make to the cause of Universal Religion.

Honored with antiquity, Brahminism rises into view, presenting us with its ancient Vedas, which are the closest scrutiny of the most erudite scholar. Having searched its records and traced its history, we shall find that that venerable candidate for friendly consideration embodies the wisdom of ages, which we can dig out much as we make excavations and draw treasure from the soil, which contains it, mixed with much alloy, and must be separated.

Buddhism will confront us in Ceylon, as Brahminism meets us in India, and when we have pierced the kernel of Buddhism we shall have found its kernel to be pure philanthropy as we have discovered in Brahminism the essential concept to be aspiration for oneness with all that is divine.

Yoga, a familiar Sanscrit word, only means union; a Yogi is one who has attained to the highest union with the universal life, and though methods of Yoga Practice are many, and some of them ill-adapted to American or European life, the essential features of the system as set forth by Pantanjali and other accessible authors can be mastered by us with profit, though we must closely discriminate between the good and the bad, and bring to light and the heterogeneous mass of doctrinal and ceremonial statement in which we have found it imbedded.

Parselmism may present fewer difficulties to the metaphysically inclined than any other Oriental system, because it is a religion which deals much with duality as related to time, and though it is absolutely monistic in its teachings concerning eternity and infinity.

Confucianism we shall find moral only, therefore we can consider that system on ethical grounds exclusively.

And now, turning to Christianity and Mohammedanism, we need closely to discriminate between husk and kernel, just as precisely as when we are in furthest India, and because of early training having afforded Western students a certain distinct bias in their minds, we shall need to be on our guard still more resolutely against making injudicious comparisons and drawing unfair lines between them.

Universal Religion cannot appear until the best has been extracted from all sectional systems, and each of those systems must be frankly recommended as one out of several means for the education of the human race toward a universal concept.

Whoever feels thoroughly at home and completely satisfied in any church, temple, parable, synagogue, or mosque, must be encouraged to feel that the universal religionist respects and honors him and sees good in his profession, but should any bigot seek to enslave the emancipated thinker and force him to submit to the narrowing influence of an old-world creed, the universal religionist must promptly repulse him, and if he will not recede, let his watch-cry, "There is good in all systems, but the whole truth can be confined in none."

Universal Religion cannot exist where sympathy is absent or where creed or color lines are drawn. Whoever is truly illumined sees distinctly that no solitary race has been committed all the oracles of heaven.

Swedenborg foresaw a New Jerusalem, but only a few of his professed followers can grasp the deeper spirit of his philosophy or see below the surface of his visions.

Andrew Jackson Davis beheld the rising of a new religious day, but the Poughkeepsie Seer has had few to follow him into the depths of universal realization, to which "Nature's Divine Revelations" long since pointed the way.

Occultists, Spiritualists, Theosophists, and all inquirers into what may be termed Neo-Metaphysics, are on the right track till they become exclusive, then they get side-tracked and wander from the onward path.

Universal Religion must be in advance of all sectional systems, because it must show the fundamental unity underlying all; and it must also demonstrate, in the persons of its inspired exponents, how truly in accord are many different doctrines, which until they are fairly sifted and traced to their roots in human aspiration, appear diametrically opposed. For the truly high-minded, deep-minded and broad-minded, the work before the Universal Religionist cannot prove other than delightfully congenial, and profitable in the extreme, seeing that it is a work of continual reaching into the problems of the universe.

OAST.

A violet once in a garden grew
At the foot of a sunflower bold,
And he fell in love with her eyes of blue,
She with his crown of gold.

But he never could stoop to tell his love,
Though again and again he tried;
And her voice could not reach to the heights above—
Thus they yearned for each other and died.

Let thy spirit burn with a steady light,
Thou shalt not know when another shall
Take the sacred fire from thee—Trinities and Sanctities.

Saved by a Panther.

A New Zealand Episode.

W. J. COLVILLE.

During an eventful residence in a lonely section of New Zealand, I was often exposed to dangers and privations comparatively unknown to the civilized districts. It was during the summer of 1894 that my work as an electrical engineer carried me frequently along the lonely road between the city of Christchurch and the romantic seaport of Lyttelton, where ships arrive from all parts of the world.

I well remember one very dark night close to Christmascide, which is our midsummer. I was travelling along my accustomed route about eleven o'clock when I encountered a pair of ruffians evidently intent on plunder. I had no great amount of money with me, but this evening I carried a jeweller's safe, and I was far from my intention to surrender even the smallest fraction of my possessions without a struggle. But one against two is not an even combat, especially when the attacked individual is unarmed and his opponents are provided with loaded muskets.

My first thought was to escape, but I could not escape from the many perils with which I have been frequently surrounded in the course of an eventful and, I may add, tragic career; but escape has always been my portion, and invariably through the instrumentality of some four-footed creature.

At last my hour had come, and that I, Felix Cinnamon, was at length beyond the reach of any rescuing paw. The two desperadoes (for such they certainly were) indulged in the usual cry of "Hands up!" But my hands remained down, and, though the breath of the two brutes was on my cheek, and their pistols shone faintly in the sickle light of the weak, uncertain moon, which seemed striving ineffectually to pierce the dense clouds that overhung the barren moor, I felt no sense of fear. "Even if I am shot," thought I, "I am not a malefactor," and, as my past career seemed to float before my mental vision in a vivid succession of kaleidoscopic tableaux, I heard myself ejaculate spontaneously in a calm, clear voice, "What next, I wonder?" These words came through my lips as easily and distinctly as if I were conversing with a friend, and in no danger whatever from my mock assailants. My sensations in that intensely critical moment I can never fathom. I was serenely self-composed and strangely non-resistant. I would neither yield nor fight, but I stood as one physically paralyzed, though my brain was intensely active.

Suddenly, as I pronounced the talismanic words that sounded in my ears as the truest commonplace, a terrific yell sounded over the moor and I beheld two gleaming eyes shining like stars at midnight; and before I had time to think both my assailants were prostrated on the earth, uttering frantic shrieks of pain and terror. A large black panther, closely resembling an enormous cat, had fastened its savage claws into the shoulders of both my assailants. The animal had sprung upon them from behind the moment I had uttered my spontaneous cry, which seemed to have issued from my lips quite mechanically and unreasonably. Though the furious beast was close beside me I felt no danger from its presence; on the contrary, I experienced a delightful sensation of mingled triumph, confidence, and rest. The panther was my friend and rescuer—that I could feel; but why the terrific animal should work so desperately and effectively in my service I could not imagine.

I continued to stand as one petrified; I was motionless but not cold, still able to think intensely but incapable of the slightest physical movement. I only watch my animal friend and behold his absolute victory over my relentless persecutors. Both men were stretched bleeding on the earth, their garments torn, their flesh mangled, and the panther was now sitting astride them looking me full in the face with a strange, scornful expression on its countenance, but evidently with no intention of molesting me. On the contrary, I almost thought I could detect a cynical smile on the face of my strange protector, which was after all only a very large pussy undomesticated.

Standing thus, thinking clearly and observing intently with a quickened faculty of perception, I had a quickened memory of the past returned to me. Why was I named Felix? My father had been long a cattle rancher before he met my mother, whom he found alone and desolate and in sore distress in Queensland, for she had been deserted by all her family and was left to starve in those awful days in Australia when greed for gold overwhelmed every finer feeling and perverted men ordinarily possessed of wholesome feelings into fiends of avarice. My mother was an ardent lover of animals. In her native England she had been an early girlhood been a prominent worker in humane societies, and many were the poor animals she had rescued from suffering and lovingly tended in their hours of pain. My father fell in love on sight with this beautiful woman, and married her immediately they had both reached the shores of Australia. My mother was full of happiness, but there was an uncanny element in my mother's nature—at least from the viewpoint of my intensely practical father, who, though a tender-hearted and sincerely religious man, had a rooted objection, inspired religiously by all that bordered on the unusual or the magical.

My mother's companion for many years was a magnificent female panther, which lived with her in the Australian bush while my father was often compelled to be away several miles from their humble home attending to his duties in the gold-mining industry. Whenever my father returned the panther disappeared, but within five minutes of his departure on another journey, no matter how long he had remained at home, the panther returned and kept my mother company—and on one occasion she brought a kitten with her. I was born during the panther episode, and one of my earliest recollections was the sight of my dear mother accompanied by a huge black cat, with which she was evidently on terms of intimate friendship.

Before I was old enough to reason clearly we removed to New Zealand, and prior to our departure I beheld my mother weeping bitterly as she bade farewell to her faithful four-footed comrade. In New Zealand our life was far less lonely than it had been in Australia, and as my father was nearly always at home, my mother's loneliness was somewhat alleviated. My mother expressed no unusual fondness for animals beyond evincing great attachment to all the neighborhood's cats, which seemed drawn to her as needles to a magnet.

My dear mother bade farewell to earth when I was but a boy of twelve years, twenty-three at the time of my wild adventure, and with her dying lips pressed close to mine she said: "Felix, my darling child, your name is your talisman; but wear this token always about your person." Having seen me attach the locket she gave me to the inside of my jacket, she smiled serenely and handed me a letter, saying, "Your dear father will read this to you in due season." Then she expired. We buried her remains in the beautiful country we had learned to love devotedly, and many strange stories were soon told concerning a panther that visited her body's resting-place.

These tales my father utterly discredited as there were no traces of depredation in the

neighborhood, (ill one morning he and I went together to place a fresh wreath on the grave mound erected in my mother's honor. There we discovered distinct traces of a large animal's four feet, but not a spear of grass had been molested nor had a flower been harmed. Soon after this my father joined the great unseen majority, and I was left an orphan in the charge of kind and loving relatives. I idolized my singularly attractive mother and to whom my father had greatly endeared himself by continual probity and extreme generosity.

As I stood on the lonely moor watching the blazing eyes of the majestic panther that was still keeping guard over my mother's bones, I was reminded of the time when I was a child, and I was by this time utterly subdued and apparently soundly sleeping. I discovered that the beautiful but ferocious animal was not the only friend to whom I was indebted for my seemingly miraculous deliverance. A handsome young man of impressive bearing suddenly stepped out from behind a clump of trees, and, addressing the panther, said to the vigilant but recumbent animal: "Now, Castor, you have done your duty; let the miscreants recover." The young man then turned gracefully to me and said: "These two fellows were the only fellows in this solitude, and then he led off to lead a nobler life than they have ever dreamed of leading previously; but you, my good sir, must make my acquaintance as well as Castor's, for both myself and my four-footed attendant have had reason to be grateful to your dear mother, and without your timely aid we both should have long ago perished. As you have probably already learned, New Zealand contains a number of young men and women who have been brought up with the animals of the forest, and these know how faithful and compassionate even a panther can be. If kindly treated, they will be left to starve in infancy, and your mother's favorite panther quickly adopted me. One day she led me to your mother, who soon provided me with a good human nurse and cared for my every want as only a devoted mother could.

"But I know you are being devoured with curiosity concerning the panther that has just rendered so signal a service to the community of these parts, as well as to you and to me personally, by vanquishing two dangerous reprobates who have long been the terror of this neighborhood. Australasia has always highly gloried in the fact that it has never through a judicious combination of firmness and gentleness have succeeded in bringing bears into subjection till the brain family has furnished delightful entertainment for theatre-goers in all the Australasian cities; but the panther, it is usually supposed, is far more difficult to tame. My own experience has been that all animals can be subdued by love, and I am by instinct an animal lover. When I was a tiny child I rescued many a dog and many a cat from cruel treatment and starvation, and long before I wore trousers I was an assistant in the taming of one of the largest zoological gardens in Europe.

"This panther, to which you owe such deep gratitude, was brought up partly by me, but chiefly by its own mother, who was your mother's special pet and the safeguard of her home and person during the long years of enforced absence. You will no doubt wonder why you were so strangely quiet and transfixed with your eyes riveted to the earth while the panther was getting in some of its finest work. I can enlighten you on that matter only by revealing the part peculiarly played in the rescue of my panther and I am extremely sympathetic; the animal's keen scent has never been beclouded, and when he knows there is need for his ferocity he can be as ferocious as the fiercest of his tribe, but usually he is quite docile, and with him he is as faithful and affectionate as a noble dog.

"I am in a measure clairvoyant; at any rate I have a singularly keen perception of impending danger to my fellow-beings, and it is often my happy province to avert it. When I was resting peacefully, my tent here among the mountains, I felt that there was instant need to arouse my four-footed companion to protect a traveler who was being waylaid. I at once proceeded to awaken my panther, which had been sleeping soundly, or so I thought, just outside my tent a few minutes earlier; but I found the animal becoming restless and snoring ominously. I distinctly saw you in the haze of this midnight and realized the predicament you were in. I know something of hypnotism and still more of practical psychology, which includes the practice of simple mental suggestion; so I said to you, 'Stand up, and fight for a friend who will fight the battle for you.' These words I addressed to your subconsciousness, while your rescuer was bounding to the spot where the ruffians were attacking you.

"My father's instinct has been developed through years of special training till it is now quite supernormal, and I am convinced he detected in you the same quality which was his mother's dearest friend and to whom he was presented by that mother when he was a mere kitten. I have always known of you, though I and my panther have wandered in many lands and over many seas. We have exhibited together in some of the great capitals of Europe, but we always love to return to our sequestered shelter in this beautiful New Zealand, which all travelers are wont to designate 'the Paradise of the Pacific.'

"I will now, if you are willing, introduce you to our home; but first I wish to assure you that the two wicked men who threatened to rob and possibly murder you have not been killed but only thoroughly scared, and what is more, they are even at this moment awaiting in a state of stupefaction the arrival of messengers from a good reformatory, who will take them in chains and treat by all possible means at present known to science to convert them to industry and sobriety."

While my new-found friend had been speaking I had been strangely conscious of some mystic tie between us; so that, when, on entering his humble but comfortable cabin in the woods, I saw a large oil painting of my mother, with a fine panther at her feet, covering one whole side of the wall, I was scarcely astonished. "Ah," said he, when I implored him for fuller information, "a real kindness, which truly blesses a recipient, but never really forgotten. Animals are grateful and so are men, but there is much mistaken kindness in the world and we reap heartbreaking ingratitude therefrom; at least such has been my experience, and such is the teaching of the fraternity to which I belong. Now, come and see your rescuer."

Outside the cabin, in the thicket of the wood, reclined the great black cat to which, humanly speaking, I owed my life at that instant. My new friend stroked the animal, patted and caressed it, and then introduced the great sleek creature to me just as I introduced a favorite dog to my mother. He said it may have been that my imagination heightened by the nerve-straining experience I had so lately undergone, but it surely seemed to me that the panther smiled lovingly and compassionately and looked straight into my eyes, as if, had he been the possessor of a human tongue, he would have said, "Thank you, and I love you for your mother's sake, and am glad to have been privileged to serve you."

To whatever my faculties may be attributed, I know that the adventure of that dark night in New Zealand will never wipe my memory, and now that several years have passed their eventful course, and I am the occupant of what the world is pleased to denominate

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Editorial Notes.

CHILD LABOR

Says Elbert Hubbard:—"I know the sweat shops of Hester Street, New York. I am familiar with the vice, depravity and degradation of the Whitechapel district; I have visited the Ghetto of Venice; I know the lot of the coal miner in Pennsylvania, and I know somewhat of Siberian atrocities; but for misery, woe and hopeless suffering, I have never seen anything to equal the cotton mill slavery of South Carolina!"

This fearful arraignment was called forth from the pen of the fearless editor of the "Tribune" after he had made a personal visit to the mills in the state named where he had seen the little toddlers of five or six years of age at their daily work. In the days of slavery, the blacks were well cared for physically that they might be able to do more and better labor. Now, under the iniquitous system of child slavery, no attention whatever is paid to their physical well being. They are forced to the utmost capacity of their strength. They become mere machines, as they tell on from day to day. Memory becomes a blank, and to kindness they are total strangers. Education is unknown. Night schools have been started for these children, but they are so tired from their twelve or fourteen hours' labor, that they are absolutely unable to study. Besides this they are so dazed from the whirl and hum of machinery that they cannot even think. So they toll on in hopeless, helpless misery from day to day until death mercifully releases them from their servitude.

FIVE STATES INVOLVED.

South Carolina is not alone in this awful crime against innocent children. Four other states have joined her in this ungodly warfare against these helpless mites in humanity's army. The factories in which they are employed are largely owned by New England capital. In fact, many mills have been moved from New England to the South because of the fewer restrictions upon labor in the latter section. Several municipalities in New England have been abandoned because of the removal of their factories to the South. New England's pay roll of six thousand dollars per week can be offset in the South for the same work by four thousand dollars, a clear saving of two thousand dollars per week to the mill owners. Saved to them to their disburse, for it is at the cost of child-life and freedom in the five great states involved. Fifty thousand children today are in the bondage to which the writer of these lines refers. What is to be done about it?

Spiritualists, have you one word to utter upon this important subject? Are you so imbued with the doctrine of the "sanctity of vested rights" that you dare not speak in behalf of these suffering children? If you do speak, dare you vote to set those children free? In the language of the day it is up to you to act, and the people of the world are waiting for a sign from you. Are you humanitarians in fact, or only partisans without convictions of your own? Come, brethren, speak! Act! LET US SET THE CHILDREN FREE!!

CHURCH NEGLECT.

In connection with the foregoing paragraphs comes the thought of duty of the Christian church in the present case. Up to the present writing, the church has been absolutely silent with respect to the question under discussion. In fact, some preachers have actually declared that it is better for the five and six year old tots to be at work in the mill than to be running idly about the streets. Fathers and mothers, how would you like to have your darlings put into the factories in your residence cities to toil from six a. m. to seven p. m.? If you think it would be an outrage for your offspring to be thus treated, why is it not also outrageous for the children of others to be thus treated? The church is silent on the question. Its influence, has been bought. The owners of the Southern mills have offered to give a lot for a church and another for a parsonage to any denomination, and will double the amount raised by such denomination for the erection of a church edifice! Within a mile of one of the largest mills in South Carolina, Mr. Hubbard found seven churches either ready for use or in process of erection! Capital has bought the pulpits, and the preachers that fill them. The church is against the children. It is neglecting its opportunity. In this negligence of the church is the humanitarian's chance to do his noble work! Spiritualists, are you ready to make your religion the humanitarian leader we so sadly need? Dare you say one word on this subject? If so, speak out!

THE N. S. A.

It may be well to refer this important matter to the National Spiritualist Convention, soon to assemble in Boston. It is a vital issue, and must be dealt with honestly, in an open, honorable manner. The time usually wasted in lauding the achievements of Spiritualism can be profitably devoted to a consideration of this vital issue, and others akin to it. The debate over the proposition to send fraternal delegates to other religious and reformatory bodies always consumes much valuable time. That time can be utilized in dealing with principles vital to the best interests of Spiritualism, of which the subject under discussion is certainly foremost. The N. S. A. Convention will have to consider other important questions also. The Lyceum movement should receive careful attention, and steps be taken that will at least put us abreast with our English cousins over the sea, whose success in Lyceum work is almost phenomenal. The questions of ordination, marriage, local societies, settlement of speakers, and kindred topics, to say nothing of missionary work and the best methods of carrying on the same, must all be discussed and settled. In view of the vital principles involved in the work of the convention, it behooves every Spiritualist who really loves his religion to attend the National Convention in Boston, Oct. 21-24, as a working delegate, to do his full duty in the case.

PERSECUTION.

The case of Alexander Proctor of Springfield, Mass., is an instance in which is revealed the power of the Medical Trust in his home city and state. He did not hold himself out as a physician, but merely sought to do good to his fellow men as he was prompted to do by his angel helpers. He was arrested, tried and convicted of the high crime of alleviating human suffering. He has appealed to a higher court, hoping thereby to prove the present medical law to be unconstitutional. Funds are required to meet the expenses in the case. Appeals for donations have appeared in recent issues of the Banner. The State Association of Spiritualists is taking the lead in Mr. Proctor's defense, and has donated liberally to meet the costs of court in the case. If the medical law can be shown to be unconstitutional, the ruling of the court to that effect will be worth much to every lover of liberty in the Commonwealth. The writer hopes every believer in justice and freedom will contribute generously to this special fund. Every dollar will be receipted for and expended for the purposes for which its donor designed it. Join the State Association and help it in its good work.

SLIGHTLY THEOLOGICAL.

I chanced to meet a young Episcopalian theological student not long ago, and he at once entered upon a discussion of the question of religion. In a very frank and sincere manner the young man stated his position theologically and repeated with a fair degree of accuracy the opinions of his sapient instructors. I inquired if he would permit me to ask him a few questions concerning his faith, referring particularly to his idea of God. "Certainly you may," he replied, "provided you do not attempt to argue with me!" I agreed not to press any argument home to him, but respectfully requested him to give me his concept of God. "I believe God is an Infinite Being in control of the world, and feel that He is shaped and formed in all His parts like a man, in fact, looks in His Infinite Person just as a Supreme Man could look!" "Why," I said, "you believe in an anthropomorphic God, don't you?" "What is that?" He innocently questioned. "It is a God such as you have just defined to me—an enlarged edition of a man who is supposed to be the Creator and Ruler of the Universe," I answered. "Yes, sir, I believe just that, for that is what my teachers tell me and the Bible says the same thing," replied the youth. "but I don't want to argue the matter, for to me it is a beautiful thing to be able to believe in and recognize the mystery of the Godhead!" "Why don't you want to engage in an argument?" I asked him. "Well, sir," he replied, "my instructors have

warned me not to engage in such things, lest I become confounded in my faith, for reason alone is a very dangerous thing!"

QUITE SUGGESTIVE

I thought the young man's words to be quite suggestive of the fact that his teachers recognized the inherent weakness of Episcopalian theology, and indicative of the further fact that they wished to keep a firm hold of their "lambs" until they became staid and weather-beaten sheep, who could withstand any kind of an argumentative storm without quailing, or worry of any sort. But the naive statement of this youth, whose ingenuousness proved him to be an earnest, honest boy, conscientiously endeavoring to do that which is right, puts theology in its real light before all whose eyes shall see these words. It was a confession of weakness, a plain acknowledgment of the unsoundness of its tenets, an avowal of its knowledge of its own errors. Yet a body of men can be found who, for the sake of high salaries, social position, and the homage paid professional religiousists, are ready and willing to teach young men to stultify reason, to stifle conscience, and to ignore the revelations of science. Is it any wonder that knaves and hypocrites abound in this country of ours when they are made such in the sectarian schools of this nation? Is it not high time that a band of earnest men came to the front with courage to advocate the sacred rights of reason and conscience, and to denounce sham, hypocrisy, and falsehood? Many of the crimes of today and the bulk of society falsehoods are due to just such instructions as are being given to the young man to whom the writer is referring. Spiritualists should take heed of all such object lessons, and never for one moment relax their vigilance in the defense of mental liberty, nor cease to demand the emancipation of their fellowmen from all forms of slavery.

PARENTAL DUTY

This young man told the writer that he was the only child of his parents, and that his father was a confirmed invalid. "In fact," said he, "I never expect to see him alive again, for he can live but a short time." "How could you bring yourself to leave him when he is so ill?" was the writer's question. He drew himself up and replied with flashing face, "My duty to my God comes first; it is greater than any duty I owe my earthly parents!" From the tender way in which he spoke of his parents, I could see that he loved them both very much, yet his theology had hardened his heart, and steeled his soul to turn away from the love of father and mother to render what he termed faithful, humble service to his Heavenly Father. What sort of a religion is this that steals away the love of a child for his parents? Is not that religion which teaches respect for and honest service to father and mother on earth, more in keeping with honor, better adapted to the needs of the human soul, and far more likely to produce good men and good women, than is the heartless creed of this young man's church? Love and respect for one's parents and the faithful discharge of every duty to them never injured any boy or girl on the face of the earth. In fact, it fitted them both for active life, and made them better for having rendered it. Any religion that would sanction the forsaking of an invalid father for its sake, or for the sake of an anthropomorphic God, is unworthy of the name, and deserves only the contempt of honest men. This applies to all forms of religious faith, and not to the Episcopalian hierarchy alone. There may be instances where parents and children seek to control the consciences of their loved ones, in which case an independent course is always justifiable. Yet even a wide difference in religious views never justifies parents or children in forsaking the sick and afflicted in their time of need.

GOOD IN ALL RELIGIONS.

There is good in every system of religion now extant. Were it not for the modicum of truth to be found in each of the partialist faiths, no one of them could long exist. Men grasp the one truth embodied in their faith, or expressed in their creed, then gratuitously assume that the entire system is of the same character. They shut their eyes to all of the errors of their church and creeds, then condemn in bitterness of spirit those who have outgrown the narrowness that hedges them in. For the liberal forms of faith, they have only the severest and bitterest condemnation. They form hasty judgments upon all questions, and are fiercest in their denunciation of those forms of faith concerning which they are wholly ignorant. Notwithstanding this spirit of narrowness on the part of many of their opponents, it is the duty of all Spiritualists to meet them in kindness and to seek for the good there is in the faiths of even their bitterest opponents. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," is no idle phrase. It means the overcoming of evil with good, and has within it the power to do away with bigotry. Wherever the Christian church has preserved the literature of the world, let it be given due credit. Whenever it has exerted a salutary influence over wild and wayward human beings, it is but right to say so. Whenever it has helped to establish a needed reform, tell the truth about it. Spiritualists can do far more for the world by going straightforward doing good to all mankind, than ever would be possible by abusing the churches and the members thereof. Let them seek for the good in all forms of faith, and they will find themselves fully occupied with the task of mentally digesting the great truths they have discovered, and will have no time to devote to the abuse or condemnation of others. The art of minding one's own business is divine.

MEAT-EATING.

"Why don't you say something in favor of vegetarianism in the Banner of Light?" asked an old schoolmate a few days since. "Because I am not yet a vegetarian in belief or practice," was the reply. An editorial in one of the great dailies of the land in favor of meat-eating, published only last week, brought the subject again to mind. The writer of that article argued that God had long been at work to transform the rocks of the earth into meats and vegetables for the use of

man. The forces of nature disintegrated the rocks, the worms then chewed them up, the winds and the rains caused the seeds of vegetation to grow, and then the animals were given the instinct to eat of these products that they might produce solid substance for man, thus enabling him to obtain in a single

cause for a long time to come, and as they are the fight persons in the right places, they deserve a unanimous re-election. The same is true of I. C. I. Hyams, the other resident Trustee in Washington. All of the members of the present Board have rendered efficient service, and are deserving of full credit for



N. S. A. Headquarters and "The Annex."

piece of meat that which God had been preparing for him through scores of ages. The writer assumed to be on intimate terms with God in every paragraph of his interesting article, which closed with the peculiar declaration that man must continue to eat meat until God through man should develop a substitute thereof that would contain the elements that are found in meat. In the opinions of thousands of people, good substitutes have already been found. Non-meat eating men have been found to be able to endure greater hardships than can those who depend upon animal flesh. They maintain a more even weight, and are not subject to such frequent attacks of illness as are their carnivorous brethren. Other facts equally forceful in argument are also on record. But a thinking man has only to ask himself a few questions in order to settle this matter forever in his own mind. Is not all life immortal? If immortal, is it not sacred? If sacred, what right have I to destroy in any form in which intelligence is manifested? In responding to these queries, man stands convicted that he has no right to kill any living creature. Meat eating then becomes an impossibility.

WHY SO?

Because he who kills any living thing is guilty of bloodshed. But may he not eat that which is slain by others? If he does he is not a partaker of the evil wrought by others? May he not kill the poisonous insects and reptiles that frequently endanger his life? Certainly, self protection is the law of life, but in killing these harmful creatures he is not taking life to live upon flesh, but is taking life to save his own. But are not these noxious creatures living things? If so, is it not wrong to kill them? If slain in wantonness for the sake of sport or enjoyment, yes. If killed in self-defense, no. It is the survival of intelligence over brute force, and means that the fittest must conquer. But with the recognition of the sanctity of life will be developed the ability on the part of intelligence a means of subduing and conquering all wild beasts and harmful insects without resorting to slaughter. In fact, when man really becomes civilized, his mental life will be so pure and clean that there will be no foul emanations from his consciousness to take embodiment as noxious insects and poisonous reptiles to work harm to his fellowmen. Aside from these points the question of meat-eating is now resolved into one of domestic economy. Under the present exorbitant prices, thousands of people cannot afford to buy it, hence are going without it. Many of these people are finding themselves in better health, happier in mind, and more energetic than they were when they ate meat. Few of these will return to meat-eating even though prices fall to a reasonable figure. Meat is not necessary to health, nor to physical endurance, nor to muscular development. It is rather a detriment to all three, hence can and will ultimately be avoided by all civilized beings. Dr. Kellogg, the Adventist preacher, has been the world's instructor in regard to the matter of a natural diet. His name will live in history as the founder of rational dietetic reform.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The Tenth Annual Convention of the Spiritualists of America is soon to assemble in Boston, Berkeley Hall, from Oct. 21 to 24, inclusive, will be the centre of the psychic thought of the nation. Grave questions of vital importance to Spiritualism will be discussed and settled at that convention. It is not unlikely that many important changes will be made in the machinery of the N. S. A. It is proposed to enlarge the membership of the Board of Trustees by the addition of two persons, making eleven trustees instead of nine as at present constituted. Rumors of changes in the personnel of the board are now rife, and it is highly probable that several new members will take the places of those now on the board. Certain influences are at work to change the entire board with the exception of three of its present members. This is an important matter, and every delegate should give it his careful attention ere he casts his vote upon it. To the mind of the writer, no change should be made in the offices of Secretary and Treasurer. Mrs. Longley and Mr. Mayer are both needed by our

their unselfish labors. These words are not written for the sake of drawing invidious comparisons, but have been spoken of the three above named because of their intimate acquaintance with the work of the N. S. A., and their great ability to deal with all issues that may arise in an impartial manner. The questions of missionary work, ordination, marriages, mass meetings, State organizations, etc., will also be discussed. The importance of all these issues should inspire the members of every local society to be fully represented on the floor of the Boston Convention.

THEODORE J. MAYER.

The above reference to the N. S. A. brings to mind the fact that its large hearted, philanthropic Treasurer, Theodore J. Mayer, has again come to the front, offering to give the Spiritualists of America fifteen thousand dollars' worth of property, provided they will raise the same sum in cash to be put into the treasury of the N. S. A., for the general good of the Cause. The prime object in this movement is to provide a place for our aged and indigent mediums and speakers, and an income for their support. Here is one man pitted against thousands of men and women. He will give as much as all of them are asked to give taken together. Surely the Spiritualists of this land will meet him half way. It ought not to take ten days to raise the entire fifteen thousand dollars in cash. Before Oct. 24, three fifteen thousand dollar bonds should be in the hands of the N. S. A. as an offset to Mr. Mayer's gift. He does not receive nor does he wish to receive one dollar for what he gives. Every cent goes into the treasury of the N. S. A. to be used for the good of Spiritualism in supporting our helpless, worn out workers, and in building up our movement throughout the land. In these days of general prosperity, every Spiritualist in America should be quickened to activity by this offer of Treasurer Mayer. Every lover of our Cause can afford to give one dollar or more for the sake of the movement to which Mr. Mayer offers to give fifteen thousand dollars. One dollar each from every Spiritualist will place the N. S. A. in a position to do the work for Spiritualism for which it was organized by the angels ten years ago. Let the responses to Mr. Mayer's offer be prompt and generous. Now is the time to prove your devotion to Spiritualism. Send in your ones, twos, fives, tens, twenties, fifties and hundreds to this most worthy purpose.

BOSTON.

I sing of thee, O Mecca of the mind.
With all my nature's deep, intense delight;
To look on thee is e'er refreshing sight,
As in fond faces we new beauties find:
Among thy streets, like minstrels old I wind,
By Common, Garden, State-House, day or night.
And all the scenes are pictures sweet and bright,
That memory can never leave behind!
Afar—the longing comes thyself to see,
To meet my friends and enter in their thought;
It seems as glad as London used to be
When Shakespeare's fellows thither riches brought;
For Channing, Parker, and a host beside,
Have given thee pre-eminence and pride!
—William Brunton.

All reforms must fall that are not builded upon love. All the "agitation" in the world can never bring better social and economic conditions. The law must be the law of love; the only union the union of mankind in a common brotherhood. No reform can be wrought by setting man against man.—Viola Richardson.

Health, vigor, youth, cheerfulness, a sunny disposition—which always means a long and happy life—are always due to pure and high thought. All the agreeable sensations come through agreeable thoughts—pure thoughts. Disease is not known to the pure and high-thinking. An unclean mind means an unclean body, a body impure and ill at ease.—Ex.

Music was a thing of the soul, a rose-lipped shell that murmured of the eternal sea, a strange bird singing the songs of another shore.—J. F. Holland.

In cloth, 244 pages, \$1.00.
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 cents; ten copies, to one address, \$1.00.
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 ations are shown, and also the reasons and influences
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Message Department.

REMARKS GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. M. M. SOULE.

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

These circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

In the cause of Truth, 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 September 11, 1902, S. E. 23.

Invocables.

With earnestness of purpose, with loyalty of spirit, we come into this little circle this morning and ask that whatever we have to offer, whatever can be of use, our strength, our influence, may be freely used and given out for the good of the world. We desire that the light of truth may shine into the darkened conditions of life. With perfect faith and love, we seek to understand that we may impart a new joy to all. Not only to spirits disembodied, but those walking about in the shadow of a great loss, we send our influence of help, and hope that those who so tenderly love them, who yearn so for them, may be enabled to speak a word of comfort and of cheer. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Henry E. Farrington, Oswego, N. Y.

I see the spirit this morning of a man about forty-five years old. He is rather tall, muscular looking, with a strong face, and very active manner. His eyes are deep blue and his hair is very dark brown, almost black. He has a dark mustache, and a very clear, emphatic way of speaking. The first thing he says to me is, "My name is Henry E. Farrington; I lived in Oswego, N. Y. I was a man of business and had no time to investigate anything along this line, but I hope that I am clear-headed enough and strong-hearted enough when I have found a truth to stand by it and to express it whenever it is possible. I have a wife alive to you, people, whose name is Carrie, and I have told her that I am strong in my new life, and it does me the greatest amount of good to be able to be near her and to help her when she, perhaps, isn't conscious of it. Arthur is coming out all right; it needs a good deal of patience, but it will be accomplished. She will know what I mean. I thank you very much for what you have done in helping to make conditions better for me, and I expect through your help to come very close into life and bring my evidence and my power to you. Of course, I send my deepest love and my gratitude, and express my satisfaction to those people who are helping me to send my message. Goodbye."

Frances Kingman, San Francisco, Cal.

I see a woman about thirty-five years old. Her skin is quite fair, but she has dark hair that is combed very prettily. She is very delicate and dainty in her manner, and everything about her expresses that kind of a spirit. She says to me, "Will you kindly send this message to my friends to my name is Frances Kingman; they always called me Franky. I was married, and my husband is in the body. I want so much to have him understand that I do know what is going on and I am very near him. His name is Charlie. We used to live in San Francisco. I have seen Arthur, Belle, and I know that it is almost impossible for them to understand that I can see them. They are so closely connected with strict church life that it is hard for them to get a peep into any other kind of thought, but I shall keep at it, Charlie, dear, until I am able to make them see me, and then they can go on with their investigations, perhaps. I want to send my dearest love to Bertie, and tell him, please, that his mama sees him and is able to help him. I have seen you looking over my books, and am glad that you have been able to do so. Don't be discouraged, but feel that your love is strong enough to break through any condition and get to you. Goodbye."

Dan Morse, Brookline, Mass.

A spirit now stands before me of a man about sixty years old. He is short, stout and has a very red face; his hair is quite white, his eyes are blue and his manner is very emphatic, almost choleric. He seems indignant to think he can't say all he wants to, and almost impatient with everybody in the circle because he is unable to express himself clearly. His name is Dan Morse. He says: "I am a Brookline man; I never yet had my authority questioned, and when I am asked about myself, I wonder why it is that I can't tell everything as I want to. Most of my people are over here, but I have left a fullman that I desire to send this message to. I want him to pay attention to what I say. There must be a change in the business conditions. It is important. If there isn't one made very soon there will be a good deal of trouble, and it is because I have seen this need that I have made a great effort to get into the world. I have found that James is far from well, and it looks as though there would be a breaking of his conditions, and this change I speak of must be made before that comes, so the sooner the better. Aunt May comes with me, and says: 'Blow you, Phil. I will help you all I can, and while I don't pray for you in quite the same way that I used to, I pray more understandingly and with better prospect of an answer to my prayers being granted.' Thank you."

Charles Ripley, Brookfield, Mass.

A man comes and says: "My name is Charles Ripley; I am from Brookfield, Mass. I never took much stock in this sort of performance. I thought at it and even now when I come back there is a little bit of the feeling of the ridiculous in my attempt to communicate, but because I want to get to Little I will put aside all my prejudice and just tell in line with you people and let you guide me and show what I can do. I have been able to make some noises about the house in the way of raps, and on one or two occasions have been able to close doors, but

I don't find very much satisfaction in that sort of business, because it only scares them and brings no real satisfaction to any of us. Mother said if I would come here she thought I could perhaps get a word to the family that might interest them enough so they would go on in their investigations. I haven't any long talk to give about myself. I was neither very bad nor very good; I was neither very rich nor very poor, and the only remarkable about me in any way, so the least said about me perhaps the better, only I am still interested in my family and in what- ever comes to them. I wish Agnes would take something for her cold. Thank you."

William Brown, Alexandria, Ohio.

The next spirit is a man of about fifty years old. He is awfully jolly, with a round face, blue eyes, gray hair, and a gray beard, which is cut rather short. He is laughing; he took life as easy as possible, and made everything as bright as he could. He says: "I have been a very strange man to you people that an old duffer like me would come here with a bunch of roses, but the reason I have for bringing them is, they were given to me by one I love after I had left the body. I want that one to know I was conscious of the gift, and roses will ever be the sweetest flower in the world to me. I had a way of making light of everything, so the real feeling of my heart was often times disguised, and I stand here today and express my depth of feeling, because I think I was often wrong in not doing it before. My name is William Brown; I lived in Alexandria, Ohio."

Ellie Barnes, Vezie.

A little boy comes, about ten years old, full of life and energy. He has a red head, brown eyes, dark hair and a red head, red complexion. He seems to have been real well, as though he would be the last in the world that you would expect to be taken sick and go to the spirit. He says to me: "My name is Ellie Barnes; my mother's name is Julia and father is Joe; we are all used to live in Vezie. It isn't a big place, and it is easy for me to get there, because I was not suffering so much as they thought. And I did see my little sister just as I said I did before I came over here. Tell my mama I am building a house for her over here. I always told her I would when I got big enough, and now I am, and when she gets over here she will see what I mean. I don't go anywhere near anything that she wanted me to keep away from. I feel like to feel as if she were talking to me all the time. I am glad about the bees. A hundred kisses and a bushel of love."

Rose Clark, Stonington, Conn.

A lady steps up to me now, very nervous and much agitated. She says: "Oh, I want to get to my little Gladys. It seems so hard for a mother over here in the spirit to see her child needing her and not be able to get to it. My name is Rose Clark, and I want to get to my little Gladys. If only I could take her in my arms and hold her tight, I would feel better, but to see how she needs me and to be unable to say one word, is almost unbearable. I suppose I will get used to it after a while, and will find some way to use an influence to help her, but just now she is so little, so scared, so lonely. If there is nobody in the world who can care for her as I could if I had stayed. We lived in Stonington, Conn.; my husband is still alive, and he, I know, would be so glad to get word from me, but he doesn't know how to go to work and get it. Tell him to start in on some investigation and I will surely be with him. I am glad he kept the ring. That is better. His doubt about it at first troubled me, but now that it is all over and settled, I am glad of it. I wish, Frank, dear, you would tell May I can see her, too, and if she will do just as she is doing now, it will be helpful to all. Oh, dear, I don't like to stay here without you, but would rather be back, and I wish I had taken better care of myself, but it isn't much to fret over it. About all I can do is to strive to make you understand that I am near. Thank you."

Ellen Wheeler, Halifax, N. S.

A woman comes to me as straight and stiff as though she were on the witness stand. She stands in front of me and says: "My name is Ellen Wheeler; age, forty-six; place of residence, Halifax, N. S. I want to reach George. If you will tell George for me that I don't feel any more separated from him than I would if death had not come, that every interest of his is in my heart, and I will help him. We had such a hard time to get along, so many people to interfere with us and so many losses that at first it was quite a relief to me to be over here, and be free from it all, but as I began to grow stronger and to see clearly, I was not so free, and I should have relief, and I wished so much that I could have stayed and borne my share of the burden. I never knew how good you were until I came over here. You did not talk much to me, and it made it hard, but I can read your heart now. I wish you would leave that place and start into something new for yourself. You will never get ahead where you are. You have too many people pulling you back. I will do anything I can to help you, but I don't want you to fret over me and to think you are doing me a harm. God bless you, and may I be able through His help to be of some service to you."

Jim Bennett, Stamford, Vt.

The last spirit that comes to me is a man who says first: "My name is Jim Bennett, and I was killed by falling out of a barn. I was always rather careless in my climbing about, and I suppose it was just one of the times that I trusted to luck too much, and the first thing I knew I didn't know anything. I lay there quite a while before Eliza got to me, and I knew when she got the neighbors. It was an accident; there is no use in trying to make it anything else, and I wish I had been more careful. A good many accidents are about the same as suicides when they are caused by such carelessness as mine. I have found Andrew. He was the first fellow I met, and it was too funny to hear him talk about what we would do in the house. I thought I was having a bad dream, and dreaming about all the dead folks I had known about, and it took me such a long time to understand that I was not dead and yet I was. See all that comes from having a wrong idea of what death is like, and there wasn't anybody in our family who had any idea that I was anything but a broken-backed man. They never thought for a minute that I was waving around there and could see what was going on. The farm needs my attention, and I wish I could come back and attend to it, but I think perhaps before another spring the conditions will change, so I won't feel quite so much responsibility about things. If I could get a little closer to you, I think I would be able to help. It seems to me that I could give some good advice. I belonged in Stamford, Vt."

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

SOUL TO BODY.

So we must part my body, you and I, We've spent so many pleasant years together. This body work to lose your company Who clove to me so close, whatever the weather. From Winter unto Winter, wet or dry; But you have reached the limit of your tether. And must journey on my way alone. And leave you quietly beneath a stone.

They say that you are altogether bad, (Forgive me, 'tis not my experience), And thank me very much to be sad. At leaving you, a cloud, a prison, whence I feel quite free should be very glad. Perhaps I may be a few days hence; But now, methinks, 'twere graceless not to spend A tear or two on my departing friend.

Now our long partnership is near completed, And so I look back upon its history; I greatly fear I have not always treated You with the honesty you showed to me. And I must own that you have oft defeated Unworthy schemes by your sincerity. And by a blush, or stammering tongue, have tried To make me think again before I lied.

'Tis true you're not so handsome as you were. But that's not your fault and is partly mine. You might have lasted longer with more care. And still looked something like your first young man. And even now, with all your wear and tear, 'Tis pitiful to think I must resign You to the friendless grave, the patient prey Of all the hungry legions of decay.

But you must stay, dear body, and I go. And so I was so proud of you; You made me mother's glory over you. When first she saw you, wonderful and new. And now, with all your faults, 'twere hard to find A slave more willing, or a friend more true. Ay—even they who say the worst about you Can scarcely tell what I shall do without you. —Cosmo Monkhouse.

The Coming of Elisabeth.

JESSIE S. PETTIT FLINT.

Dedicated to the Cause of Truth.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was Christmas week and Christmas time in the city of my dreams, a city full of Christmas. The shop windows were ablaze each trying with the other to outdo all former efforts, in fact to outdo themselves entirely. All trades hung their wares in the most conspicuous places, always the best side out, and bunches of greens, the old time holly leading, gave evidence. The crisp cold without, made the brightness and warmth within, even more alluring. The sense of smell as well as of sight was reminding one of Christmas. Stop at the baker's or the confectioner's, you do not have to step into the cold to get the odor of things. The smell of the Christmas cakes, the spiced plum pudding, ready for heating and the table, comes through the door to you, every time it is opened, and it is constantly being opened and shut. It all smells like Christmas, and it all looks like Christmas.

Every sense tells you that it is Christmas time and happy is he who holds a full purse, and possesses a generous heart, for it is blessed, twice blessed to give, even more than to receive. The store of Crown & Co. was ready for the share of the Christmas trade. Every thing was a holiday aspect. The waxen ladies were arrayed in their best, and the waxen heads on the table had their soft shining tresses dressed more carefully than ever, while their hats and bonnets were beyond doubt the loveliest that could be found. For did not Susan design them, and was she not even now putting some finishing touches to a bit of the work? Oh, the glory and bustle of that week! No rest for any at the store of Crown & Co., on duty early, and up late. No dimness at the mansion this week, and no visit home no time for anything but to serve the Christmas patrons that came and went in a continuous throng. Well it is that Susan had prepared a box to send home before this rush came, and it was ready to go on the morning train of the great day, when the Every one of the dear ones had been remembered and well remembered; neither had Susan forgotten those near at hand, Uncle and Aunt and Ruth, nor had any of these forgotten her. When one has much, much is given, and Susan had received a great deal of love, and she could be found in the eyes of Aunt and Uncle. Her salary had been raised to twenty-five dollars a week. "The limit, my dear Miss Pratt, the limit," as Archibald Crown, Sr., informed her, at the time of the raise. But it did not raise her in rank to him. Nothing could do that. She was already so high in Ruth's estimation, that a greater height was impossible. Dear, loving Ruth, faithful, true, kind—but for all that, she could not reach the core of Susan's life. The Soul's secret could not be fastened by mortal cords.

Two days before Christmas, Aunt, Uncle and Ruth attended a lecture in the evening, and Susan came home at least an hour before they returned. She did not come home alone and neither did her escort leave her at the door, but entered and remained for some half hour or more. During that short conference, pledges were exchanged, and vows taken. But of these it is sacrilegious to speak. It is like entering into the holy of holies in a girl's life. Of these vows our Susan will not speak, and neither will he, who pledged himself with her. The only visible sign you will ever see will be the ring upon her hand. A plain, slender gold band upon the third finger of the left hand, that is all. Her lips are sealed as to the giver, or its significance, let who will ask. Her daily life, outwardly, goes on the same, but who shall speak of the inner life, the soul life of that same Susan? The elevation of mind was such, she felt herself to be not the same, and yet her little world about her noticed not. Noticed nothing but the visible sign, the ring and the gleam of Christmas giving, saw noticed that, or if they did, they did not question.

The great day came at last, the great day of the year. The day in which one should feel, above all other days, the peace on earth, good will toward men. The chiming of the bells rang at the morning light, and the sleigh bells took up the refrain a little later in the day and carried the song far into the night. Coming and going, passing and repassing, bright faces, rich furs, with the constant outcry of "Merry Christmas to you! Merry Christmas!" "It is too bad, too bad," said Archibald Crown, Sr., to his employees that Christmas morning, "to ask you to remain indoors and at the store on such a day as this, and—ahem!—we much appreciate your kindness in remaining. We must have a big holiday, all of us, a few at a time to make up for this. Ahem! And now kindly let us present to you, in the name of the firm, ahem! a

trifle, as a Christmas greeting." And thereupon, Mr. Crown, Sr., distributed amongst clerks, workers, messengers, porters, to each person, not a one was forgotten, a neat little packet, tied with narrow ribbons. And each recipient returned the hearty "Merry Christmas" with a like "Merry Christmas, and many of them to you, sir."

When Susan entered her office, she noticed a package lying upon the table, and the package was addressed to herself. Within was an elegantly bound book of selected poems, and as she turned the leaves a card was discovered, with the name Archibald Crown, Jr., neatly engraved thereon. Madam had not forgotten her, either, as a final little later in the day, Mr. Crown, Sr., came to the office to wish her another "Merry Christmas," and to ask if they could not have a Sunday dinner, since Christmas was to be denied them. Madam would come, and the dinner would be at 2.30, on that day. It was their custom, so as to allow the servants an outing on Sunday evening. Would she and Miss Ruth honor them? It was Miss Ruth and Miss Susan now, to both father and son, and Madam followed in their lead.

Ruth brought a most delicious lunch to Susan that day—a Christmas lunch—and served it with her own hands, and would stand by while Susan ate. Susan never used the lunch basket that day. Her lunch should be fresh and served by herself. "Dear old Sue, it wouldn't be much of a Christmas time to me without you. And I couldn't sit down to dinner and think of you eating a bite here all alone." It was all a merry, merry day to those that love and have in plenty. But how to those that hate or are in poverty? Christmas was not made for them. Ruth said never a word to Susan about the poor. Young Crown, but when Susan came home that night and was seated by the fire with the family circle, she put the volume in her hands. Susan knew, instantly, who the giver was, for the bindings of the two books were the same, the selections were different. Susan arose without a word and went to the hall table, and returning, brought her gifts with her. She in turn put her volume of poems in Ruth's hand. Then the storm broke. "Oh, you dear, dear old Sue! I just couldn't enjoy mine till I was sure you had one, too. I can't just leave it! And so kind and thoughtful!" And she almost smothered Susan with hugs and kisses.

"Timp!" said Uncle. "Lovely!" punctuated Aunt. What a blow to the good worthies in their match-making! They had been sure all along, that it was almost as good as settled, that Ruth was the choice. Such an elegant gift book proved it. To think that Susan had one equally fine! Then Aunt noticed for the first time the slender gold band that encircled Susan's finger, and hopes for Ruth's future prospects fell down below zero immediately. She dared not question. There was something about Susan that forbade. Much as she would have liked to have known she dared not speak. But that night Aunt and Uncle talked long and earnestly, ways and means were discussed, possibilities and impossibilities were all mentioned, till it came to something like this: Before sleep found its way to rest their weary heads and troubled minds.

Ruth's bright eyes had seen the ring before, but she, too, did not dare to question, and neither could she mention to any one, what she thought. But she could not speak to Susan herself about it. The ring did not trouble her. Susan would never wear it if it were not right. If it were right, that was all there was about it. She could and should rejoice with Susan in all and every good that came to her. But now these books, both so much like Aunt and Archibald, were so nice today, just the same as usual, just as if nothing had happened. Had anything happened? She did not know, she could not tell, and perhaps the best way was to continue in the same old way till she was satisfied that something had happened. But if not, he who put the ring on Susan's hand? And Ruth lay awake that night, too. Susan was the only one that slept well in that household Christmas night. The sleep of the just and the innocent. Pure and sweet in mind and heart, tired in body, the God of Sleep wooed her in his arms, and crowned her with sweet rest. (To be continued.)

Mrs. Rowena R. Kennedy Wiley.

Mrs. Rowena R. Kennedy Wiley, wife of Warren W. Wiley, passed to the higher life Aug. 12, 1902, from her home at Landgrove, Vt., after a lingering illness. Born in Bridgewater, Vt., April 5, 1849, she attended the common schools, and was a student of the G. M. P. A. at So. Woodstock. Her early life was characterized by her devotion to her studies, and her essays and poems evinced a mind looking beyond the narrow limits of this life. Whatever she undertook she carried forward with an inspired zeal, and thus, in early youth, she held high rank among the teachers of the state. Possessing more than an ordinary ability to govern a school and being endowed with that quality of mind and character which always commands respect, she taught successfully for ten years. In music she was gifted in an eminent degree, being especially proficient in the art of piano playing, which was her ideal music, and always keeping well informed in the methods of the day, she was admirably fitted to teach others in the harmony she so dearly loved, which she continued to do until her last illness.

She was from childhood noted for her hopefulness, modesty, truthfulness and sincerity. In December, 1876, she married Warren W. Wiley of Landgrove, Vt., where she has since resided. She received the appointment of postmaster in 1877, and held the office continuously until her death. She also served as town superintendent of schools for eight years, until obliged to resign on account of her health. She has been librarian more than six years, also actively engaged in humane work. She was a faithful wife, and a conscientious mother, and in every duty, whether pertaining to public or home life, and her pleasant face and gentle smile will be greatly missed by all her associates, but most in her own home and the home of her childhood.

All was done to alleviate her suffering that loving hearts and willing hands could do. She leaves a devoted husband, who tenderly and unremittently cared for her through the long months; fond parents, two dear sisters, and one who was an inmate of her home in Portland, and in the last few days of her painful suffering and extreme feebleness, helped care for her as for a mother. To these her loss is irreparable. A touching incident of her last day upon earth was the arrival of a large box of flowers (sweet peas) from "Mother" and their delightful fragrance was the last perfume to be inhaled. The box was closed over her loved form the hands still clasped a bouquet of those same beautiful flowers.

Of her life, free from ostentation, it can well be said, "She looked well to the ways of her household, and kept them in the bread of idleness." Ever thoughtful for others, her intellect remained unimpaired to the last hour, and when the summons came, just at the setting of the sun, she passed away, quietly, to her home, "Just over there." The funeral took place Aug. 14, from her late residence, and was largely attended. The spontaneous expressions of affection were manifest in the profusion of flowers, gifts

from the gardens of friends and neighbors. Thoughts of comfort were voiced by Rev. A. J. Carroll of Londonderry, Vt. The interment on Friday afternoon, was at Bridge-water, by the side of a little sister "some day before."—The Londonderry (Vt.) Sifter.

Dr. A. W. Fuller.

At his home, in Uxbridge, Mass., on Sept. 27, after suffering with a very painful disease for two months, the veteran magnetic healer named above doffed his garment of "corruption" and donned his robe of "incorruption," and became a member of the world of spirits. He had reached the ripe age of 77 years, over forty of which he had spent in alleviating and curing "the ills that flesh is heir to," in which beneficent work he was remarkably successful, as hundreds in Worcester and vicinity in all the region round about his recent home, whom he healed, will gratefully testify. He was an upright, conscientious, genial man, whom even the enemies of his faith respected, and all who knew him will "name him but to praise." He was an intelligent, steadfast Spiritualist, always accrediting his wonderful healing gift to its true source, and generously exercising it for humanity's more than for money's sake.

For several years he attended the Onset camp meeting, and many frequenters there will miss the genial smile and venerable presence. His kind and faithful companions, whom he held near to him in their comfortable home, enjoyed with him a knowledge of the glorious truths of Spiritualism, which, with his unswerving presence to intensify them, will now be his solace and support, day by day, till she goes to meet him where she can "feel the touch of a vanished hand, and hear the sound of a voice that is still."

The funeral services were held at the home, where a most excellent male quartet aided the writer, who officiated as speaker, in banishing the usual gloom of such occasions by their sweet and appropriate music. The impromptu and inspired words of the speaker were of a nature to "rob the grave of its terrors, and death of its sting," for the former holds but a worn-out, discarded garment of no more use, while the latter is the usher of the emancipated spirit—the real man—the joy and freedom from all the ills that pertain to mortality. The audience gave rapt attention to words evidently from intelligence that knew by experience what was affirmed, and tears of joy, rather than of sorrow were the only ones that flowed. Dean Clarke.

Passed to Spirit Life.

Mrs. Mary Johnson Ellis passed to the higher life Aug. 19, 1902, 74 years of age. She was born in Southport, N. H., and came to Quincy, Mass., when she was sixteen years of age. She was the widow of the late Hecsa B. Ellis of Quincy. Mrs. Ellis was a woman of sterling character, kind and sympathetic in a manner that made her most hospitable. Her memory is enshrined in the hearts of all who knew her and her noble, womanly character has left a widespread influence. She has been a Spiritualist for many years and derived great comfort and benefit from her religious beliefs. She left three daughters, Mary and Lillie. Ellis, Mrs. Arthur C. Pettet, several grandchildren and other relatives, among which was Mrs. M. A. Bonney, the well known lecturer. Although our dear friend has entered the broader life and the loved ones who have preceded her, her memory will be a sustaining power to those who now assume the duties formerly resting upon her. Appropriate services were held on Friday, Aug. 22, at 2.30 at her late residence on Gay St., Quincy, conducted by Rev. E. C. Butler of Quincy and Mrs. Carrie F. Loring of East Braintree. Music was furnished by Mr. A. W. Turner of Boston. Numerous beautiful floral tributes were the silent token of affection from many friends.

"Sweet rest at last. At last the hands are folded Upon a pulseless breast, And a soul tired of earth's great burden, Hath found sweet rest."

Carrie F. Loring.

Emma Mandeville, the only daughter of Charles and Sarah Mandeville, aged eighty-eight, died at the house of her parents, 93 Main street, Halloway, N. J., September 15th. She had been vaccinated, and a decision was immediately afterwards made that the vaccination she had been healthy and robust, and no other cause for death can be truthfully assigned.

The Path of Eternal Light.

This is the beginning of the real Spiritual or Soul Age. Men are nearer to God now than ever before. God is not a failure, no matter how much some of the alleged religious may claim. Light, Knowledge and Wisdom, by the grace of the great and loving God, are now passing into the world through a million channels. Compare the present day with the day of Caesar, or Jesus, or Cromwell. Cruel, dark days! Go back only one hundred years in this country and behold ignorance, bigotry, intolerance and fanaticism rampant, and tell me that we do not progress.

There is not a pessimist or preacher who hangs much on the degeneracy of the present time who would live back in the early part of this century. When we calmly learn from history, science, art, religion, philosophy and observation, that the present time is the most beautiful and orderly progress we see in this world at every hand.

Oh, no! God has not failed with this beautiful plan of ours. No man is a failure, or is lost; he is only sleeping. "God is love," and is the loving Father of All. Broaden and enlarge your mind and soul and heart and let in the full blaze of Truth which plainly says: God never fails! Ultimately all souls must reach the same goal. Can the omnipotent Father of Love and Mercy fail to gather and clasp all His children to His bosom one of these days?

Let us listen to Truth and Sense and Reason and be free from all bias and prejudice and realize we are Eternal Souls, at one with the One Great Soul of this universe, and that our greatest sins are our fears, our doubts, our bigotry and our intolerance. When we can do that, we will enter the Path of Eternal Light, Truth and Bliss.—The Balaful Prophet in Magazine of Mysteries.

More store of money is not wealth, but rather the proof of poverty and need of bread. Like men themselves is the bright gold they gather. It may be living, or it may be dead.

It may be filled with love and life and vigor. To guide the weaker, and to cheer the way; It may be corpse like in its weight and rigor, Bending the bearer to his native clay.

There is no comfort but in outward showing. In all the servile homage paid to dress: Better to be poor, and not need of bread. Our little store has not been gained by loss. —John Boyle O'Reilly.

LIFE'S MYSTERY.

MART J. WOODWARD WATERHOUSE.

I tried to follow it, the mystery;
My life that must be lived singly, alone.
This gift of God without the asking, thrown
Upon the earth would as a seed be sown
Down rooted in the soil, and when full grown
In other worlds to blossom and to fruit;
When, in the silence of my soul's pursuit
Feeling for God, He met me there alone.
Just as a child that's crying in the dark
Hears a familiar voice and knows 'tis life,
The Father, and is hushed; so, like a spark
From the High Altar of God's love to me
Revealed itself, this mystery of life,
And God and peace dominion held of strife.

National Spiritualists' Association.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY.

To the Officers and Members of the N. S. A.:
The Editors of the Spiritualist Press, and
to the Spiritualists of the United States
and Canada.

Esteemed Co-workers and Friends:—

It gives me pleasure to once again submit my annual report to you, as Secretary of the National Spiritualist Association, and to assure you that the work of our officers has been arduous, conscientious and for the most part highly successful for the Cause of Spiritualism. In this connection, I am happy to say, that no one—individually, or as a body of workers—has attempted anything for personal aggrandizement, but that all have labored faithfully for the good of humanity and for the Cause we represent.

Since my last annual report, the N. S. A. has chartered twenty-eight societies, one of which was the National Lyceum, the remainder being local organizations. Most of these were organized by our Missionary E. W. Sprague. Brother Sprague also organized several new societies in the State of Ohio, which he induced to join their State organization. At the present writing, applications for charter are in this office from State Association of Oregon, and from the Morris Pratt College, which are to be acted upon by the N. S. A. Board at its meeting prior to Convention.

While on the subject of charters it may be in order to report that up to the present time, the N. S. A. has during its years of existence—issued three hundred and three charters. From statistics taken from our books, I find that of this number, ninety-three societies have either suspended their meetings or withdrawn from the National. Fifteen societies have joined their State associations, and eighty-three societies are in the best of standing with the N. S. A.—the latter, however, does not include the sixteen state associations, all of which are in good standing with the N. S. A. The remainder of the 333 societies that have been chartered, not mentioned here, are in a doubtful state. We have not heard from them of late, but expect them to wheel into line very soon. Of the seventeen state associations that have been chartered by the N. S. A., but one—Indiana—has allowed its membership to lapse. The outlook for the future in regard to charters seems promising, and in many localities where the former societies disbanded, new ones with zealous workers have been established, that show intention to keep up the work for Spiritualism.

At the last annual Convention, the work for the year was largely relegated to the N. S. A. Board, and the report of President and Secretary will show that it has all been faithfully carried out to the best judgment and according to the wisdom of our honored officers. In this connection, we report that our capable and valued veteran, Lyman C. Howe, was appointed Historian at large, for the purpose of collecting, arranging and compiling data and facts connected with the history of Spiritualism—its early workers and manifestations, etc.—and the sum of two hundred dollars was appropriated to him from the N. S. A. treasury to begin and carry on the work. As the public and our members well know, the important matter of establishing and opening a Home for our indigent and worthy mediums, was brought to the attention of the Board by our untiring helper, Treasurer, T. M. Mayer, and by the offer of Dr. A. B. Spinyer of Reed City, Mich., to care for our sick and destitute at an exceedingly low price, also to donate a piece of land to aid in the work, and to that end, the Board created a Mediums' Home and Relief Fund, appropriating the sum of \$500.00 to the same; two generous men added seven hundred and fifty dollars each, and a piece of property was purchased at Reed City, as the nucleus of a Mediums' Home. However, as much more money was needed to make the Home a reality of success, a call was made for contributions of fifteen hundred more. About five hundred was thus gained, but not sufficient to warrant the Board in going on with the work of opening a Home. As it became apparent that many of our mediums were suffering for the necessities of life, the Executive Committee decided—with the sanction of the full Board—to select a few of the most needy cases and pay twelve dollars per month towards the support of each. Two aged and helpless mediums in Massachusetts and two others in Michigan were thus chosen, who have received their monthly payment regularly and who are still our beneficiaries. One of these was the renowned Dr. Henry Slade, but of late he has become such a confirmed invalid, requiring constant attendance, he has been removed to the Reed City Sanatorium, and under the special nursing and watchfulness, his expense to the N. S. A. is increased. The other three mediums are refined and helpless ladies, one totally blind, one nearly so, and one more than seventy years of age. Any person who has helped towards the Mediums' Home, or any member of the spiritual press, or of our chartered societies, who wishes the names of these ladies can have them privately. In deference to the sensitiveness of these beneficiaries, we do not publish them. In addition to these cases, that of one beloved and valued co-worker in the field of Spiritualism, must be mentioned Mrs. Carrie Fuller Weatherford,

who remained at her post of duty for humanity till the very last. Stricken with a mortal malady, and with two young daughters to support, she was obliged to give up the work and to seek for strength at other hands. Learning of her distress, the N. S. A. Board decided to defray the expense of her care and nursing at the Reed City Sanatorium, where she remained a number of weeks. Later, she preferred to go to her little home where she could pass to the Heavenly Life among those she tenderly loved. We were willing to honor her wish. Dr. Spinyer sent a special nurse home with her, but in a few days the spirit of our tried and trusted sister passed to the Beyond. Only her two little ones, with no means but their own efforts by which to pay funeral expenses were left, and in consideration of the case, the grand work of Mrs. Weatherford, and that it was not charity, but a simple recognition of the life and labor of a faithful instrument of the spirit-world, the Board voted to discharge the funeral bills. This is the good work the N. S. A. is doing for humanity.

In the matter of will contests the N. S. A. has been prominent—that of Wm. Case of Lafayette, Ind., which was pending, a year ago, has been settled in favor of the defendants, and although the N. S. A. paid about a thousand dollars in its defense, Hon. Levi Mock of Ellettsburg, Ind., serving as our counsel, it expects to realize a sum of money from the will to cover all costs, and the triumph secured for Spiritualism is by no means to be despised. The case of Horace Butterfield of Kansas, was lost to us. The N. S. A. had to pay a heavy bill, but the case had to be carried through to the end, and the result was unpromising from the first. The will case defended by the First Association of Philadelphia—that of Mr. McElroy—called for aid from the N. S. A., which was freely granted to the sum of two hundred dollars, with the promise of more if needed. Other will cases are pending in the N. S. A. and we are trying to determine the rights of Spiritualists to leave their property to whom they choose. In all these matters the Executive Committee has labored with conscientious fidelity to the Cause, and for the best interests of humanity. New literature in the shape of spiritual tracts by Geo. W. Kates and others of our spiritual workers have been published and freely distributed. The number of these, with leaflets before printed, make up a fine assortment of spiritual literature for the reading of the investigator and student; we circulate them without cost to anyone. The N. S. A., even paying the postage, and printing and postage bills are large for this one branch of our work alone.

During the year, your secretary has written about twelve hundred letters in connection with the work of the N. S. A., many to individuals, as well as to our chartered societies. The N. S. A. has sent out circular letters to each chartered auxiliary. Frequent articles have also been sent to the various spiritual papers, all of which have been honored with publication, and we have here to extend again our sincere thanks and appreciation to the editors of our spiritual press for their kind and helpful cooperation. The N. S. A. and its officers. At the last convention the secretary was requested to ask the chartered societies to not only fill out the blank report sent to them for annual statement, but also to write out a brief account of their doings, prospects, and possessions as societies, to be sent with delegate reports to the convention of 1902. This request was embodied in a circular letter mailed to each of our societies August 1st, but up to date very few of them have heeded the request, as the usual reports alone are coming in. The Ways and Means Committee, at last convention suggested that subscription cards for collecting money be at once issued and given to delegates and others to take to their homes and circulate, the same to be returned to Secretary with collections, during the year. These cards were printed and numbered, many of them handed out to delegates and others. Many delegates refused, however, to take them—up to date, but one card has returned with money, that was filled by the exertions of Mr. M. A. J. Skjoldal, of Washington, D. C., in a few weeks and netted forty-five dollars and fifteen cents. The Secretary has written for the return of the cards still out, but with no pecuniary response.

Because of many duties and humanitarian projects in hand, the N. S. A. Board concluded that it could not stand sponsor for the many colleges and universities, such as The Morris Pratt College, but being in hearty sympathy with such movement for the education of our people, the Board unanimously voted to create an educational fund, and to make an appropriation to the same. From this fund the N. S. A. has donated the sum of three hundred dollars to the Morris Pratt College, with its expression of goodwill and fraternal fellowship in its good work.

Our missionaries have done a grand work for the Cause the past year. Not only have President Barrett and Mrs. Sprague been retained in the field, and made a grand record of their labors, but Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Kates were also engaged exclusively as missionaries for the N. S. A. for the year, and these worthy workers have accomplished heroic labors. Our missionaries will report the year's doings for themselves, and your Secretary only mentions them because they are worthy of your commendation and regard.

The N. S. A. library has received donations of books from a number of generous authors and friends, and it is in good condition, having between six and seven hundred of spiritual books, and has made a grand loan to those who come to our free reading room to read, or to take the books out on loan. This library is doing a grand instructive work, and merits the aid and sympathy of all Spiritualists. It is in good condition and a credit to our Cause. To all the donated works to this association, most grateful thanks are rendered; and to Mrs. Carrie Twing, for the gift of twenty-five copies of her famous book, "Lisbeth," to be sold in aid of the N. S. A. Our grateful thanks are also due to the past President, and others to the present President of the Woman's Suffrage League, held in Washington, D. C., in February. I do not know how my associate was received by that League, but as Secretary I am sorry to report that I visited the meeting of the League, bearing my credentials, and was most coldly received, no mention whatever being made in the meeting of the presence of the Fraternal Delegate from the N. S. A. As Secretary of the N. S. A., I also sent official fraternal greetings of the past President, and others to the present President of the Woman's Suffrage League, with absolutely no response or notice from the same. Your Secretary feels that the N. S. A. and the Cause of Spiritualism were affronted by this discourtesy on the part of the Woman's Association, and would most earnestly decline to be subjected to such affront any more.

During the year, many mediums in different States of the Union, have been subjected to arrest and unjust persecution for the practice of their mediumship. Mediums in California and the State of New York have especially suffered in this connection, and the State Associations of these two great States have been loyal and helpful to them in a great degree. A medium's law has been passed in the District of Columbia. Congress has determined that our mediums must pay a license of twenty-five dollars a year to

be allowed to practice their calling. As professions and business are taxed here, this act could not be prevented, but as the sum mentioned is merely a nominal one compared to that formerly exacted, we bear no complaints against it from our mediums. But the difficulty comes in the fact that the power of deciding who shall be denied their applications is vested in police authority, and some of our mediums are denied the right to pay license or practice. We are attending to the matter, and it cannot be adjusted and our mediums recognized, a test case of the same will be made in the courts. In Massachusetts, the mediums are constantly pressing their stringent rules and regulations. Recently one of the best of our magnetic healers has been misused. A test case is to be made before the Supreme Court, and the Mass. State Spiritualist Association is at the front of the work, backed by the N. S. A. If it should transpire that the aid of the latter is required.

The National Spiritualist Lyceum Association was turned over to the N. S. A. at the last convention, together with the small amount of funds in its possession. During the year we have been unable to do work in this direction. The N. S. A. Board could not see the way clear to pay missionaries for Lyceum work alone, nor could it find opportunity for advancing the much needed work of the schools, aside from its regular labors. Fourteen Lyceums were chartered with the N. S. A. at the time it was accepted by the N. S. A. None have been added since. A donation of \$25 from its auxiliary has been received—from the St. Louis, Mo., Lyceum. The regular dues of the chartered Lyceums to the National Lyceum is \$2 per annum; our recommendation of the former Secretary of that body, Mrs. Mattie Hull, no dues have been asked of those Lyceums this year. Your Secretary has written each chartered Lyceum requesting it to send a report to the next convention, and to the N. S. A. Board, and to report on the Lyceum work. So much of apathy exists on this question that your Secretary recommends the disbanding of the National Lyceum at convention of 1902, unless at that time new impetus, new enthusiasm, and plenty of financial aid is given—not per cent of the dues.

As is its custom, the board of the N. S. A. granted fifty dollars to your Secretary for clerk hire during the year. Of that sum a little over ten dollars remains for the N. S. A. The faithful and willing service of Miss Agnes Wink, who has been our Secretary, has worked to go without a larger expenditure for outside aid, and without a greater tax on your Secretary, who for a good part of the winter and through the spring was in a state of ill health bordering on invalidism. Owing to her physical condition, the board generally, and your Secretary, for two months' vacation, but she is happy to report that less than one month of that time has been taken, and that the work and affairs of the office have been attended to up to date.

In conclusion, allow me to extend my most sincere thanks to President Barrett for his untiring labors and consideration to our Treasurer, Mayer for his never ceasing help and encouragement, fraught with many words and deeds of kindness, to all the members of the board for their sympathy and aid in all our work, and to Miss A. O. Wink and Mr. C. P. Longley for their practical assistance in carrying out the work of the N. S. A. to all of these much credit is due for the present prosperous condition of headquarters and work, and to the editors of our papers the loyal respect and gratitude of the N. S. A. The work of this organization is growing, and we are now in the midst of a new era of effort and of sympathy, to all of these much credit is due for the present prosperous condition of headquarters and work, and to the editors of our papers the loyal respect and gratitude of the N. S. A. The work of this organization is growing, and we are now in the midst of a new era of effort and of sympathy, to all of these much credit is due for the present prosperous condition of headquarters and work, and to the editors of our papers the loyal respect and gratitude of the N. S. A.

Mary T. Longley, Sec'y N. S. A.
600 Penna-Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C.

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

One of the harmful results of the teachings of the old theology is the attitude of the human mind to spirits. Many of us are taught in childhood that there are on the other side of life only God, Satan, angels, devils, and human beings who are saved or lost; that the origin of these angels and devils differs widely from that of human beings. We were taught that these angels and devils were created millions of ages before man was placed in this world, and had therefore a power for good or evil that was practically unlimited. My own impression was that angels were occupied in casting their crowns at the feet of God away up in heaven that they could do nothing for us here, but that Satan and his devils were let loose on the earth, were constantly near, and ever on the watch to induce us to do something that would bring us to the brink of hell, and dwell with them in the regions of woe forever.

The Bible makes the positive statement that "the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." The tigers in Burma were bad enough, but it was only in the jungles that they prowled about, and even in the jungles people could be safe from them by going at nightfall up into their high houses, and pulling up the ladders after them, while we in the towns were quite safe with our windows secured by wooden shutters. But there was no security from these terrible devils. They could come without ladders into the jungle houses, and even in my own bed, close to mother's sleeping-room, with every window in the house barred, they could enter and be ready to lead me into sin. I would wake in the night and cry myself to sleep, and I would tell me they would come and pray for me, and tell me to fear God and trust in God, and then no devil could do me any harm. I was never taught that the good people who had died could come on earth to bless us. Oh! no; they were far too busy with the angels up in heaven, casting their crowns at the feet of the Savior's feet.

These notions regarding angels and evil spirits pervade the Old Testament. The New Testament is more human. Jesus was so closely in touch with a heavenly father that the Jews of the ancient Jews, and we find in these latter books of the Bible that even human beings who had died, as Moses and Elijah, could come back to the earth and talk with Jesus in the hearing of three of the disciples, while on the birthright of this to Jesus, and even the bright angels sent to the shepherds that there was no peace and good will to the children of men.

These occurrences were comforting, had they been accepted in their full significance. But "ye ministers of ye olden time" were so steeped in the terrors of the law as revealed to the Old Testament, and so wrongly blind to the human love revealed in the New, that New England teaching was to the effect that God was to be feared, that Jesus had all he could do to placate him, that the angels were fully occupied in heaven, that dead people could not be resurrected, and that the world was full of evil spirits, and that it was a very close matter with every man, woman and child whether he would find entrance into heaven or not.

This very morning, I met a good and hu-

manly up town, and though it was raining hard, we had a short chat on the sidewalk. She said to me that the world was completely given over to hardness of heart and a reprobate spirit. I told her I did not think so at all, but that it seemed to me to be gradually improving—here and there a set-back, but gaining as a whole. Of course we did not agree. We never do. She said, "Don't you think the Savior is coming by and by, in the clouds of heaven, in great power and glory?"

It might be so, but that I thought he was in the world today; that he loved mankind so much while in the flesh that I thought he was often here in spirit, trying to make people happier and better.

My friend thought on the contrary that Jesus has gone to heaven to stay there, and that he will remain there until he comes in the clouds to be a swift witness against the ungodly.

This lady is an Episcopalian, and not specially bigoted. I meet such constantly, and some of my friends here, Sweden in particular, feel it their duty to give me words in season (and out, too), beseeching me to seek refuge in Christ before it is too late. I tell them I love Jesus just as much as they do. But that does not do, they think. I must be washed in his blood, know that I am, and then confess it to the world.

Many Spiritualists think that no one believed in the old theology, and that the church has out-grown it. My observation and experience are very different. I find many steeped in the oldest and bluest kind, among my relatives, my friends, and my acquaintances. And some of them think it their bounden duty to give me the benefit of it.

The word devil is synonymous with evil spirit. But it is more. An evil spirit can become less evil, and even good, in time. But a devil loves evil for its own sake, and will remain evil forever. Therefore, there are no devils at all. The existence of such beings would conflict with the omnipotence and the final triumph of the good. To say that any spirit will remain wicked forever is to say that Satan is omnipotent, instead of God. The theologian, so-called, who cannot see this, is wholly blind in one eye, and cannot see very well of the other.

There is no permanently evil spirit going about, to try to ruin us. But there are many spirits that may be called evil, though their badness is of many grades and will in time give place to good in each individual.

When we first come into Spiritualism, we are very much afraid of evil spirits, because the remains of our early teachings make us think that they are devils. They are no better and no worse than persons we daily meet in earth life. We need not fear them. The only thing we need dread is lest we should sink into the level of the other.

When I first came into conscious contact with one of these undeveloped, mischievous, or unkind spirits, I was exceedingly alarmed. Many have fled from Spiritualism on account of such experiences. Now when I come in contact with such a disincarnate spirit, in a way to control, or to force I at once realize that I have neglected to take those psychic safeguards which make it perfectly impossible for such a one to annoy me in the slightest.

I had been taking care of one very dear to me for three days and had come to the third night of watching. His sufferings were great, and it required almost constant attention to do things to lessen his pain, and to give him the alleviating powders that had been prescribed by the physician—powders which were evidently conquering the disease. When I was in the room of effort and of sympathy, and finding that the sufferer was at last quite easy, I lay down on a lounge in the next room. While asleep, a spirit came and closely wrapped up my head and chest with a "comforter," intending to suffocate me. I struggled hard, and freed myself. As I lay awake, I called to the spirit, and asked her not to do so. I did not know at all who she was. Of course she had psychographed me, and made me feel in my spirit body that she was suffocating me.

In former times, such an experience would have terrified me. Now it did not alarm me in the least, though it was, of course, very unpleasant. I at once realized that in my anxiety over the sufferings of my patient, I had laid down to sleep without first harmonizing myself with the higher angels, in the name of the infinite parent, while committing myself to the care of all good, according to the methods that are familiar to the readers of my books.

Having attended again to the dear patient, I looked up, rested consciously in the love of the infinite, asked good spirits to come and aid both him and me, and lay down again. I fell asleep at once, and when I woke the day was dawning, and I found that he and I had been sleeping peacefully and refreshingly for three and a half hours.

We need not fear even the most undeveloped disincarnate spirits, if we be first in harmony and close touch with the spirit of all good, and with his ministering angels. Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.
Arlington, N. J.

Book Review.

"Dominion and Power," a study in Spiritual Science, by Charles Brodie Patterson, is a book which affords the searcher after Truth much food for reflection, and also elucidates many problems which affect the lives of those who are reaching out for the sublime faith taught in the Bible, and elevate them above the commonplaces of life. For through the proper understanding of Nature's laws, undesirable conditions must give way to those which will make life happier, thus enthroning joy, contentment, and harmony, whose reign maketh all hearts glad.

Those who have become tired of the various phases of life on the physical plane, will find that this book deals with spiritual problems in a way that is practical, healthful, and productive of the greatest good. There is nothing visionary about Mr. Patterson's ideas. We find a substantial substructure upon which to build. As the height of the building depends upon the breadth of the base, we must see that the foundation is perfect; and this only can be accomplished through the reaching in of spiritual power. As every individual colors his reading by his own personality, and only that which appeals to his consciousness appears true to him, it is only the person who speaks from within whose language carries the true meaning, because from within comes all real knowledge. Such an one is qualified to utter his opinions, for they are not of himself, but of the Father that dwelleth in him, as Jesus said.

The book contains twenty-two chapters all on vital subjects which are replete with wisdom and power. One chapter which we would particularly recommend is the one on "Breath," because the science of breathing is so little understood by the vast majority of people, and it is so essential to the health of the individual. The author has dealt clearly and scientifically with the subject of breathing, and has advocated a diaphragmatic breathing, arguing that the diaphragm is the true centre of breath, this being proved by all mental and physical action. Also another idea (which we do not find in any of the Oriental treatises we have read), is that the outgoing breath is the all-important con-

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Consideration. If we exhale correctly we shall unconsciously inhale as we should. Then, combining spirituality with this physical action we are told that "contagion and disease lurk in the evil thought and bated breath, while the contagion of health is found in the right thought and the controlled breath. Let each thought be reinforced by true feeling and it will go out as a messenger of good and become a living thing in some other mind. With control of thought and mastery of breath there could never be such a thing as a nervous disease."

In our final summing up of "Dominion and Power," we find that the author strikes the keynote, when he dwells on the necessity of letting personality fade away, that we may recognize our true attitude toward all beings. Thus we realize our Oneness with God. That through our faith in Him all things needful for our advancement will come.

With Love, Faith and Hope, and three enduring soul qualities in the student, come power to transmute all undesirable conditions into those of perfect harmony and peace.

We heartily recommend this book to all readers. Its lofty moral tone is inspiring and makes one feel the better for having read it, while its spiritual teaching is eminently valuable to all truth-seekers.

Fanny B. Morrison.

A Chance to Make Money.

I have sixteen varieties of flavoring creams which I make myself. Last week I sold 229 jars at 25 cents a jar. They are used to flavor all kinds of cakes, candies, desserts, etc. One jar will go as far as a quart of the liquid extract. One to eight flavors sold at most every house. There is a phenomenal demand for them. The whole year round. I will mail a full list of the samples of my most popular flavors and the formula for making them for 33 cents in stamps. I feel confident that any of your readers can make a few hundred dollars around home in a short time. Address Mrs. Martha Baird, Dept. 78; 107 Reatty St., Pittsburg, Pa.

A Distinguished Man's Tribute.

T. A. Bland, M. D.:
My Dear Doctor:—I have read and re-read your book, "In the World Celestial." It is a beautiful book, and beautiful, written in a beautiful style, and full of high thoughts and noble aspirations. While I do not find myself prepared, by my past education, to accept all its teachings, yet I believe that it will do good, and only good, to those who read it; and if they can trust in the sublime faith taught in it, it will surely make their lives better and happier, and will illumine their pathway to the World Celestial. I congratulate you on being able to write such a book, couched in such beautiful language, and I sincerely hope it may have a large and successful best class of readers. Yours fraternally,
A. C. Cowperthwait.

The writer of this letter is the president of the Homeopathic Post-Graduate Medical College of Chicago, and the leading professor of the same. He is a famous medical man, and the most eminent practitioner of that school in the entire west. He has won all the honors that the literary, as well as the medical, colleges have to confer on distinguished scholars. Add to this the fact that he is a prominent official in the leading Baptist church in the city of Chicago, and one can understand the high compliment he pays Dr. Bland's book.

Now is the Time to go Hunting in the Maine Woods.

The hunting season has set in and the sportsman who desires to follow in the chase during the next month or so will no doubt shape his course towards the Maine woods. Leaving the Union Station, Boston & Maine Railroad, he can reach any section of the pine tree forests. He can journey to the Bangor region, or farther north to Moosehead or Katahdin; he can strike into Washington County, or away to the forest lands of New Brunswick and Newfoundland. He can traverse a country completely run with deer from the southern boundary of Maine to the Canadian line.

In the Washington County, the Aroostook, Dead River and northern portions of Maine, moose enough to satisfy the most eager huntsman can be found. Penetrating into New Brunswick and the thick jungles of New Brunswick, vast herds of moose and caribou will be found roaming about.

If you are contemplating a trip into the Maine woods or sections further on, send a two-cent stamp to the General Passenger Department, Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston, for their descriptive book "Fishing and Hunting." It contains the game territory in full and also contains a map of the game region of Maine.

Notice to Lyceums.

Conductors of Lyceums intending to have representatives at the N. S. A. Convention will please notify the undersigned what children are to take part, as the program has to be made in advance; also the number intending to be present. All Lyceums are requested to have a delegation. Lyceum session will be Wednesday evening, Oct. 22, 7.30 sharp. J. B. Hatch, Jr.

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