

# BANNER OF THE LIGHT.

MAY 14 1903  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

VOL. 93.

Banner of Light Publishing Co.,  
304 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1903.

\$2.00 Per Annum,  
Postage Free.

NO. 12

## EMERSON.

For sunshine of the soul we bless his name,  
The bright, clear, daily life he brings;  
This is the sweetness of his well-won fame,  
The beauty seen in all the things he sings;  
He keeps the gladness and the gracious glow,  
That Nature gives to happy star and flower;  
Splendor of soul he needs in love must show,  
And bless the bounty of the living hour!



Ralph Waldo Emerson.

He teaches life is life for all the wise,  
From out The Life it issues as a stream;  
Joy is its own in ever new surprise,  
And every gift awakens hope and dream:  
All faithless the depth of this great sea,  
The mighty sweep of it beyond our thought;  
Yet here as living souls our souls are free,  
To gain the good the highest ever sought!

The spirit is supreme in its desire,  
Nought should prevent its full unfolding plan;  
It will the mind with hope divine inspire,  
And energize the man to be a man:  
For this break bonds of custom, cult and creed,  
Hold common purpose with the Saint and Seer;  
Think freely, dare to do heroic deed,  
And make of life grand history while here!

So from his hermit home he spoke to man,  
So in the woods and fields new lore he found;  
And so refreshing wisdom dawned again,  
And all the earth became as holy ground:  
This is his gift to our New England life,  
He breathed it as the blessing of the May,  
And all the land with such glad hope is rife,  
So speaks remembering love on this dear day!

William Brunton.

## Facts Concerning Emerson.

Susie C. Clark.

In the Diary of William Emerson, the father of the Concord philosopher, on May 25, 1803, is recorded, "While I was out dining with Dr. Ripley today, my son Ralph Waldo was born."

How little did that father dream that one hundred years from this day, the world would unite to honor the natal anniversary of his infant son! He was born where Hovey's great store now stands, amid scattered mansions with their surrounding gardens, interspersed with vacant fields affording a wide view of the harbor and shipping. It is recorded a few years later, that this father required his boys, William and Ralph, aged respectively five and three, to recite a sentence of English grammar every morning before breakfast, and so dull was Ralph that Mr. Emerson, senior, wrote to a friend, a week before the boy's third birthday, that he seemed a backward scholar, for he could not read very well. This was doubtless a valiant effort of Nature to annul this forcing process of infant precocity, prevalent in those days. This father died in 1811, and the chief memory his most noted son held of this event was the stately pomp of the funeral as the Ancient and Honorable Artillery escorted the form of their late chaplain to the grave. After an interval, when Dr. Ripley invited Mrs. Emerson and her little family to the sheltering roof of the Old Manse in Concord, they again settled in Boston, the mother opening a boarding house on Beacon Hill, down which "aristocratic declivity" Ralph daily drove their Concord cow to pasture.

The writer plainly recalls the last time she ever saw the benign saint and sage, whom we strive today to honor, on the occasion of the morning sessions of that short-lived but most notable Concord School of Philosophy. The little chapel erected as a temple of Wisdom on the green hill slope in the orchard of Alcott's Wayside home, was a classic haunt of the Muses in those days, and afforded an exceptional trust of rare souls still embodied, who gathered here each morning, ere the dew was off the grass, for their daily feast and conference. The low platform held a galaxy of noble philosophers, including the Dean, A. Bronson Alcott, that ripe student and able interpreter of Plato, Dr. H. K. Jones, the scholarly Hegelian philosopher, Prof. Wm. T. Harris, Frank B. Sanborn, and other guests of a day, while at one side of the little platform, serene but silent, sat Emerson, listening attentively to the discourse of his friends, although his power of concentration was already waning. Sometimes he was deferentially appealed to for his opinion in some discussion, but rarely took active part there-

in. His presence alone was a benediction from Wisdom's heights and an inspiration.

His familiar face and figure hardly needs description, and yet a new generation already advances since his recent day, to whom an outline sketch would not seem superfluous. To quote from his son's delineation: "He was tall, six feet in his shoes, erect, neither very thin nor stout in frame, with rather narrow and unusually sloping shoulders and long neck, but very well poised head and a dignity of carriage. Eyes very blue, hair dark brown, complexion clear and always with good color; features pronounced but refined, and his face very much modeled as a sculptor would say. His voice in reading or speaking was agreeable, flexible and varied with power unexpected from a man of his slender chest. He enjoyed wit at his own expense and was much amused to hear that the audience that assembled to hear his lectures, in the course of 1856-57, represented the effect of Boston." He never failed to be completely overcome with laughter if any one recited the imitation of his poem, Brahma, beginning,—

"If the gray tom-cat thinks he sings,  
Or if the song think it be sung,  
He little knows who boot-jacks flings,  
How many bricks at him I've flung."

Of his great hardihood of mind and body he had need on his long lecturing trips, whose exposures seemed to do him no harm, as he usually returned in better health than when he started. Those of our workers in the spiritual field, who rebel at the discomforts of the itinerant system of disseminating their message of truth to the world, should take a lesson from this great man who from 1850, for twenty years, spent at least two months of each winter in most arduous travel from Maine to the far West, speaking almost every night but Sunday during that time. "Traveling now in the close and dusty cars of those days, now making a connection by a ten mile drive in an open sleigh on the bleak prairie, or in a thaw on wheels sunk to the hubs in glutinous mud, now in a crowded canal boat, sometimes staying at wretched taverns, or worse, in the deadly cold spare bedroom of a private house, now in fine hotels, sometimes dragging his trunk through the suffocating corridors of a burning inn, sometimes crossing the Mississippi in an open boat, partly on ice, partly in water, he went cheerfully and found much to admire and enjoy, ignoring all discomforts or making the best of them, thus grandly practicing his own philosophy to which he held so tenaciously, of getting the Good out of seeming Evil. "Evil is only Good in the making." "Heaven is here and now, or nowhere and never." His compensation for all this exacting toil was very small even in cities, in country towns almost nominal, and yet on lecturing he mainly depended for his livelihood, for his books brought him very little until the last years of his life. He labeled them as "a very poor paying stock."

His son relates that when the wave of excitement stirred up by the Rochester knockings, attributed to departed spirits, struck Concord, the communications of the spirits seemed hardly to justify their importunity. Emerson spoke of it irreverently as the "rat and mouse revelation," quoting the speech of Hotspur to his wife when she begs for his secret, promising not to reveal it:—

"For I well believe  
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,  
And thus far will I trust thee, gentle Kate."

With clearer vision he may in his arisen life comprehend the importance of those early and crude demonstrations more fully, and discover that he was himself grandly laying the foundation for a pure spiritual philosophy. He doubtless also will sense the vibrations of this wave of affectionate, grateful and intelligent tribute which all Spiritualists today, throughout the world, would wait for his fair abode in some fair Island of the Blest.

## Emerson.

Julia Ward Howe.

In remembering Mr. Emerson, we should analyze his works sufficiently to be able to distinguish the things in which he really was a leader and a teacher, from other traits peculiar to himself, and interesting as elements of his historic character, but not as features of the ideal which we are to follow. The heart of New England long revolted at his novelty of thought and expression. . . . There is something of the prophet in Mr. Emerson. The deep intuitions, the original and startling combinations, the sometimes whimsical beauty of his illustrations,—all these belong rather to the domain of poetry than to that of philosophy. The high level of thought upon which he lived and moved and the wonderful harmony of his sympathies are his great lesson to the world at large. Despite his rather defective sense of rhythm, his poems are divine matches of melody. I think that, in the popular affection, they may outlast his prose.

Emerson was a man of angelic nature, pure, exquisite, just, refined and human. All concede him the highest place in our literary heaven. First class in genius and in character, he was able to discern the face of the times. To him was entrusted not only the silver trump of prophecy, but also that sharp and two-edged sword of the Spirit with which the legendary archangel Michael overcomes the brute Satan. In the great victory of his day, the triumph of freedom over slavery, he has a record not to be outdone and never to be forgotten.

## Lessons from the Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

William Brunton.

I have had the greatest treat in reading again the story of the life of Emerson as told by his several biographers, and in poring over the pages of his books as a preparation for a worthy celebration in my heart of his centennial birthday. It has been a great uplift and illumination to my mind. I have been his companion for many weeks and listened eagerly and intently to his wisdom, as if I were a disciple of Socrates—and his memory had been brought to Concord. I have enjoyed his poetry as I could not when I read him many years ago. I have grown to the appreciation of his intellectual insight and moral force. And so he has grown upon me, and I cannot be too thankful for the sweetness and light which had effect of controlling and inspiring the moroseness of a Carlyle. For forty years by his correspondence and cheer he helped that Jeremiah or John the Baptist, to something of his own love of men and life. But he has helped us all more or less in the same way.

He helped me to trust the inspiration sent. We are taught to be cautious in our movements of decision, especially if they are the free and natural choices of the soul. "Be careful what you do!" is the injunction of old timidity. "Be true to yourself and the inward light!" is the word of the living God. And men and women ought to heed this to prove the world is God-governed and has access to the Father by the rights of its sonship.

He taught me the value of careful writing. There is the heaven-sent thought; there is the breathing of help from the other life. Dickens felt its force and suggestion. All writers who are observers of their own minds are sure of it. The poet is ever under this glad influence, and yet he is a co-worker with it, and is made into a mind by co-operating with the ideal of doing the best work that is possible to him. Inspiration must not be the passing of water through a dead pipe, it must be the gentle rain that calls on the flower to grow to loveliness. And so the poet works on his form of verse and the expression of his sentiments so as to give them classic grace and strength. We see the value of labor faithfully expended on the essays and poems of our Emerson. Strike out the superfluous, reduce your adjectives, give the word of your own heart, is what I hear him say to the writer.

He had a charming personality. He was one to bewitch with his presence. Thoreau was made the echo of him,—and Margaret Fuller fled from him so as to escape this absorbing control. Here is the crowning glory of many generations of gracious effort at pleasing. Nature gives the seed of this beauty in families and it is neglected and comes to nought, but in the Emersons it was kept in view by its dedication of its men to the ministry. The ministry had its drawbacks—but it had moral ideals, spiritual purposes, and these were its guiding and attaining coming to perfection in this man we so deeply admire.

Now this is the good side of heredity. It is the justice of time to those who are just and who strive for what is best and truest to them. There is an accumulation of energy in the mind, there is a continuance of every gain made. This is worth our thought, especially when we are thinking how fine it is to come into this world with such gifts as Emerson possessed—or that possessed him. We must pay the price for such gain by fidelity to the laws of life. There are some plants as the orchids and mistletoe that grow without roots in the ground, but they grow after all on the trees that are rooted there, and have food furnished them from this strength.

We acknowledge the force of heredity in the dog or the horse. The law is universal and we must take knowledge of the fact that good living counts as help in the lives of our children. In other words, the good we do is like the money we gain, it is for their use.

Emerson came from a long line of thinkers and scholars and was the flowering and ripe fruit of their seeking of good. This is a lesson for parents. It pays to help the race by having purpose and plan in living. It pays to renounce evil habits and to cleave to the good.

And the dark side of his heredity was the poor health he enjoyed. He had the sense

that it was a loss and a shame. It comes to children by the waste of vitality on the part of parents and from their false modes of living. It comes sometimes from what is esteemed to be good as the rigid, acrid thoughts of piety, that make life sour and unlovely, and so diminish its growth as trees are dwarfed in a cold climate. His ancestors of clergymen had ill-treated, by not well-treating, the body. It was pious to be pale and emaciated. Emerson had the mark of the lank form and pinched features of the piety of the past. He had deep blue eyes and rich brown hair, but weakness of frame, that is a curse, and calls for resolute culture to overcome. This is something the world must care for to give better housing to the spirits of genius, and to enable them to be more efficient.

Then in Emerson we see the benefit of doubt. When he came to man's estate and entered the ministry, there was a very respectable career open to him. Apparently he ought to have been glad to follow it. He could do good in the church, and especially in the Unitarian church that was alive with new thought then. Nay, there were things he did not believe and would not pretend to believe for any crown of ease or respectability. Integrity is the dearest treasure of all. Shams are shams and must be renounced. Forms that stand in the way of the sincerities, must be pushed on one side. And whatever any one else might be pleased to do, there could be no question what he must do for himself. The world began again with him, and so he affirmed the manhood of Ralph Waldo in no unmistakable terms. He did not believe in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and he said so. He could not administer it with the sacerdotal attachments of interpretation. You might call it a little matter, nay it was the trial of the gold composition of his nature, and it must not be alloyed with baseness of duplicity. He renounced his career of promising success rather than allow the weight of his name to be on the side of what to him was a lie. All praise to this resolution of the young man. This is the spirit of truth, and it was the making of him as a speaker to the world. Sincerity won where observance would have been his shame, if he had been oblivious to the significance of his opportunity, he would have gone down to oblivion. The old dogmas are perpetuated by lack of courage in pulpit and pew to face the new light and its consequences. We fear to expose frauds—and they have the force of our consent behind them. I learn the lesson of fidelity to conviction from the brave sincerity of Emerson in this trying time.

Then there is the lesson of following the Glean, seeing the good and the true and being intently devoted to it. Tennyson summed up his life in the poem of the Glean—it leads where the soul should go. It is divine in its guiding as it makes the man have golden dreams and celestial passions. It is the gift of all poet hearts. It is the blessing of all who will try to live in the uprightness of truth. He obeyed the injunction of his spirit to dream of moral perfection. He had high moral ideals, and these carried him into the regions of light and love.

We are slow to learn the value of this wisdom. We consider it saintly and all that, but not for the average man. But it is that he may rise above the average and come to his own where virtue is its own reward without any doubt or question whatever.

To have Emerson placid pleasure in the days and years; to have his understanding of truth; to know the deep things of life with him, demands that we abide by what is good in us from hour to hour. He lived in the circle of this peace he preached; he made it the way he walked; it was not an adornment of writing, it was a fact of experience or hope. That was the reason why he kept his diary of thoughts. He put on paper what he had actually gone through or that had really come to him, and so we have gems of truth. In one way, it was a failure of composition for lengthy discourse. It made a mosaic, and is not to be followed by the young writer without modification. It deserved more labor to join together and coalesce, and might have been done, but in him it passes for its power of nature study at first hand. We can have all this, if we will keep to the good given us and make it our delight to bring it into possession of its own.

His fame is only the emphasis of this fact. The value of it is the encouragement of the workers of the hour. Men are pleased to proclaim their admiration of this new nobility of manhood. That is right and just. Let us not give it merely to our departed heroes. All such seeing of good in them, should help us to its discovery in the living. It should make the unrecognized honorable in our eyes. There are Emersons today standing for truth, that we scout. We do not see they are the successors to these hero hearts who dared and waited with God in the shadows for the acknowledgment of men in the after-while. It is the penalty that the adventurer pays for the discovery of new territory. He must settle upon it and wait for other souls to come and be his neighbors. But all such seeming loss of the days is recompensed in the years—as the fame of Emerson assures us.

In his lifetime, it made him subject to idle curiosity, and he had to waste much time on those who wish to stare at the literary lion—so fame in one's life labor does seem to be desirable. Do the work given, in the best way possible, and that will be a help to the next man. Strive for the excellent for that is permanent, and this as the crowning lesson of Emerson's life and of all lives that have his beautiful spirit of devotion to the truth.

## Emerson, the Writer.

Susie C. Clark.

Genius has been defined as applied energy and such definition would not ill befit the manner in which the matchless genius of the Concord sage was unfolded to the world. Flashes of Promethean fire doubtless descended upon him frequently, but his method of composition was laborious and painstaking. Throughout his life he kept a journal, and on the fly-leaf of his diary for 1837, he wrote:

"This book is my savings bank. I grow richer because I have somewhere to deposit my earnings, and fractions are worth more to me because corresponding fractions are waiting here that shall be made integers by their addition."

To this record, his son, Edward Waldo Emerson adds, "The thoughts thus received and garnered in his journals were later indexed, and a great part of them reappeared in his published works. They were religiously set down just as they came, in no order except chronological, but later they were grouped, enlarged or pruned, illustrated, worked into a lecture or discourse, and after having in this capacity undergone repeated testing and rearranging, were finally carefully sifted and more rigidly pruned and were printed as essays." But when the lectures were recast into essays, the final revision was severe; he cut out and condensed heroically. He wished every word to tell, and liked to strengthen his sentence by omitting adjectives and superlatives. He would say, "Your work gains for every 'very' you cancel. Don't italicize; you should so write that the italics show without being there. Beware of the word 'intense' and 'exquisite'; to very few people would the occasion for the word 'intense' come in a lifetime. Use the strong Saxon word instead of the pedantic Latinized one." Such were his counsels to young writers. In letter, writing he would say, "any expressions may be abbreviated rather than those of respect and kindness; never write 'yours affly.'"

Nature was always his teacher, his companion and inspiration. Strangers have often made pilgrimages to Concord to see his study, but the silent aisles of the woods were his best study, during the years of his greatest spiritual action, and the so-called "study" was rather his library and writing room. He liked to walk alone at night for the inspiration he ever found in the stars, and his diary records: "I have scarce a day-dream on which the breath of the pines has not blown." And again he writes: "I think sometimes that my lack of musical ear is made good to me through my eyes; that which others hear, I see. All the soothing, plaintive, brisk or romantic moods which corresponding melodies waken in them, I find in the carpet of the wood, in the margin of the pond, in the shade of the hemlock grove, or in the infinite variety and rapid dance of the treetops as I hurry along." Often as he walked, he would recite fragments of ballads, old and new. When in the car on his way to the city he would say his words reproached him for his desertion as he passed them by.

While the result of his immortal work is more and more appreciated and realized by the world, his method and theory of composition can be summed up, if younger writers seek such profitable example, in his indefatigable industry, unceasing constancy to hard work. As he again asked of his journal: "Can you sail a ship through the Narrows by minding the helm when you happen to think of it, or accomplish anything good or powerful in this manner? That you think one can write at odd minutes only shows what your knowledge of writing is. To every reproach I receive I know but one answer, namely, to go again to my own work. But, it is said, you neglect your relations. Yes, too true; then I will work the harder. But you have no genius. Yes, then I will work the harder. But you have no virtues. Yes, then I will work the harder. But you have detached yourself and acquired the aversion of all decent people; you must regain some position and relation. Yes, I will work the harder."

What potent lesson—and example is this to the dilettante methods of present devotion to literature or art. Eternal ardor alone suffices to win the heights. "My son, give me thy heart" is ever the voice of the Muse who beckons towards any noble achievement. Only the faithful attain; only the poised receive truest inspiration. Of Emerson's poems, a different method of composition may be noted, and was admitted in a remark he once

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## THROUGH THE LAW OF DESIRE.

LOUISE VESCHLIUS SHELTON.

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## CHAPTER IV.

Helena's continued presence grew to be a disturbing element in the quiet home. Her restlessness drove all possibility of concentration from the minds of the two tireless students. Despite all Joseph had said against leaving his beloved land, Helena had made up her mind that come what may, she would not return without them. Joseph's refusal to even consider the matter only prompted her to further effort. He did not know that opposition to Helena's wishes only made her more fully determined to win her point. Time was not considered by her. But she yielded gracefully for the moment, and bade brother and sister goodbye and sped away to Paris to renew her wardrobe, and live a few weeks in that delightful city. But only a month elapsed before pendulum-like, she swung back to Ulm.

"Amina," said Helena a few days after her arrival as they sat looking at the gowns she had purchased for herself and Amina, "don't you think it a trifle selfish on your part not to urge Joseph to leave Ulm? I so need his help. He would be of great service, more than I can tell. Both of you should come. Win his consent and return with me. Don't you know that it is all very well to love God and be a musician like Joseph, but what does he know of real life? If you both could but see my great, busy world you would like it. The only reason why you are not attracted to it is because you know nothing about it."

Helena's arm encircled her sister, and she looked into the deep brown eyes of the gentle girl. What should she do? Amina's eyes were asking. Joseph was opposed to the change, and surely he must know what was best? What should she do? She would like to see this New World and Helena's home and know somewhat of the life that luxury gave. Perhaps Joseph was wrong?

"I do not believe that anything that I might say would prevail with brother," Amina replied. "I should dearly love to go to America. But we are not like other people. The rapid life which so surrounds you could never interest us. Besides I know that Joseph would find it impossible to continue his musical career and keep up with the running of affairs such as you describe. His hours for study and composition could not be encroached upon, for his is not the nature for other than his art. Indeed, I have to see personally to the details of rehearsal, the scores, the orders for music, and leave him entirely free for his work. The routine of his life is severe. It is his own doing, however, and if you should sever him from all these familiar surroundings and lines of thought, I would not answer for the consequences."

Helena was not satisfied. "Amina," she said slowly, "you must know that Joseph's welfare is as dear to me as yourself. We know that he is not in robust health, and an ocean voyage might be beneficial. If the physician ordered it surely you would not oppose it?"

"Why should I oppose anything the physician might recommend for the good of our brother? You have touched upon the one subject I have not dared to mention: Joseph's health."

Amina's voice broke, but she continued bravely. "No one knows him as I do, and my heart has bled in silence to see his once robust form gradually shrink, and that ethereal expression stamp itself on his countenance. Oh!

I know it all, I have not been blind," and she crushed the palms of her hands together. "I know his great capacity for suffering. I will only say in passing, Helena, that this change has taken place since his beloved Ailse passed away. They loved each other, and since he lost her there has been no word of complaint from him, only I know; I can read his eyes, and words are not necessary to understand what he has suffered. On the night of your arrival, while at the rehearsal, he had a shock, and has not been really well since."

"Why, then, do you hesitate another moment to suggest to Joseph that he should take a vacation and go with me? You would both profit by it, for a change of occupation is as necessary to Joseph for a season as a change of air. You need to be gone but a few weeks or months at the latest."

Amina sat in thoughtful silence turning over in her mind all Helena had been saying. Perhaps Joseph was morbid in imagining that a trip to America would end in disaster. It really seemed absurd after all, and she finally said:

"I will consult with our doctor and see what he says, for he has known Joseph all his life and has had him under his care for some weeks."

"I wish you would do so," said Helena, rising and adjusting her hat prior to going for a drive, "I am sure that he will agree with me for he is a man of sense."

She laughed lightly as she shut the door and ordered the coachman to stop at the doctor's. When she left his house half an hour later, she held her head a little higher than usual, and there was perhaps the suggestion of triumph in her step.

After an interview with the doctor later in the day, Amina's scruples were finally overcome, and she was thoroughly convinced that she should urge Joseph to take this sea voyage that Helena so generously offered them.

"Joseph," she concluded, after a long conversation with him before retiring, "let us go if only for a few months."

"Amina," replied he, "we have not counted the cost of this journey. Sooner or later we will have to pay, and dearly, too, for Helena's pleasure. This is not for us. I do not need the journey. I am speaking in plain words. If we leave this quiet life to plunge into Helena's world of excitement we can never return and find it the same, our inspiration will have fled."

"But we will be absent only one season," urged Amina, "and we need not live in a gilded cage and be like other people, the awfully dull, hopeless other people. We can still be in our element, leaving others to chase after butterflies; we need not do so."

She paused while Joseph ran his hand through his hair with a startled look, as if a glimpse into futurity had made him quail. A long silence ensued, until finally Joseph rose to his full height, as if to breathe more deeply, and slowly said:

"If we go, it will be at a sacrifice. I see what Helena wishes, but rather than seem selfish we will go and learn the ways of the stranger and see if it 'pays,' as Helena says. You and I, however, mean it in a different sense!"

## CHAPTER V.

Helena was overjoyed at Joseph's ultimate decision; they would both go, and in time he would assume all responsibility of her affairs while Amina would be with her to share her home.

Joseph's rehearsals with his devoted band grew dearer to him as they drew to a close, and when he finally told them that he would soon leave Ulm, their protestations of love, mingled with heart-felt grief, made it doubly difficult for Joseph to break the last tie that bound him to the old home. The night at last arrived when Joseph

and his devoted followers gave their final rendition of a carefully selected program. Never had the orchestra played so well, and as Joseph heard the cheers of approval from his friends who crowded the hall, and heard them crying lustily "Auf Wiedersehen Kapellmeister!" his eyes were moist with tears and he could only bow and lift his baton for one more number. It was the "Lorelei," and the echo of the song was heard on the midnight air long after Joseph had retired for rest.

Only a few days later the last adieux were said, the train was at their side and the Fatherland soon faded in the distance as the fast advancing wheels bore them to Southampton, where lay the great ship like some evil genius waiting to take them to a new country.

For days Joseph and Amina, who were poor sailors, sat unnoticed in a corner of the great saloon of the steamer, whose vaulted dome and pipe organ standing in the gallery overlooked the table below, around which the hundreds of travelers came and went. Many strange sights, all familiar to Helena, had met their eyes since leaving Ulm, but they seemed no compensation to Joseph for what he had given up. He listened for the great bells of the Cathedral with the answering echoes from the distant hills.

It was the violin lying in Joseph's stateroom, however, that revealed his secret to his fellow-passengers, and when the usual concert was arranged, Joseph was asked to assist. The numbers rendered by professional and amateur talent were enjoyed by brother and sister, until finally Joseph arose to play. The audience received him politely, waiting to be bored, no doubt, by some poor fiddler. But at the first touch of his magnetic bow the attention of everyone was riveted upon him. The face of Joseph was transfigured, and soon oblivious of his surroundings he stood caressing the violin with an added tenderness, as a lover his heart's idol after a long absence.

Together Amina and Joseph played on and on. Running through the number was an undertone of broken hopes, and for the hour, they were living under the spell of one of his own creations.

When the bow swept to its last beat, that hitherto shadowless audience awoke to life, and a great wave of applause rolled through the saloon. The magic tones still vibrated in the souls of his auditors, and they would not be content, until hastily resuming his instrument Joseph again became the dignified artist. The hour in a measure bridged the life which they had left behind them to that which they were moving forward to. The feeling of isolation which had enveloped them fell for a moment.

The days passed rapidly by, and as they neared the American shores brother and sister looked forward with more eagerness than they would have believed possible upon leaving Ulm, to the events of the new life awaiting them. The long delay at the Custom House where their luggage was unceremoniously tossed about was a novel experience to the strangers, and it needed but the drive through the streets of the great city of New York to convince the new comers that this was indeed a new land and race. Everybody was hurrying as if their very existence depended upon speed. The rapid strides of the women arrested the attention of Joseph and Amina. One and all seemed to them to be in a hurry. After threading miles of streets amidst the din of gong of cable car on the surface roads, and the roaring, rushing trains overhead, the carriage finally stopped at the house of Helena Bauer.

The house faced Central Park, and looked like many others ranging along its side. The door was opened by a waiting servant and a world of household splendor was

revealed to Joseph and Amina. On the walls of the drawing room hung paintings from the brush of modern masters of the fjords of Norway, with their stupendous waterfalls and beautifully tinted snow-capped heights. Venetian scenes and woodland paths soothed the eye while the summer breeze gently played with the delicate lace curtains. The grand piano was lost in an alcove which served as a background to gold and tapestried furniture; shaded and draped in softest tones of silken hangings, the interior of this abode seemed like a new paradise to the brother and sister. Helena's home was indeed complete. The two wanderers were interested in their surroundings, especially Amina, for she had never even dreamed of living in such a home.

With as little delay as possible, Helena introduced Joseph to the waiting legion of dependents in the several industries in which Mr. Bauer had been interested, and placed the control of her finances in his hands. He gradually assumed all responsibility of Helena's affairs, and as he had foreseen, his music was necessarily put aside.

"I will resume it later," he said, "Helena needs my undivided attention for the present," and so with Amina by his side, he took up his life anew.

He had conquered in the artistic world, and now he must be tried in the industrial world. Tender, humanity-loving, never speaking of himself, but thinking only of his duty to others, this pure life worked on, leaning, however, more and more upon Amina for human sympathy and affection. When the day's duties were ended, she played for him and encouraged him in his new life. They still found time to exchange the many confidences, but in trying to keep pace with Helena's active life, Amina was in a constant whirl of excitement.

Mr. Bauer had built a country house on the Hudson, at a point where the surrounding hills threw deep, black shadows hundreds of feet below into the stream flowing at their base, and there amid the poetry in nature that awakened to the whispering of the mists dwelling along the banks of the river, Helena entertained her friends.

While Amina was drinking in a breath of freedom in the new land during her visits up the Hudson, Joseph found but little time for more than a few flying trips to the country house, for the industries which brought such great financial returns to Helena, required vigilance and experience, and that meant Joseph's undivided attention.

Nothing was said of returning to Ulm; if Helena had it in mind, she never mentioned it even by chance. Ulm seemed more distant each day.

It was on a hot, sultry summer's afternoon, while visiting the country house, that Joseph fancied the cool shades of the primeval forest standing a short distance from the house. He was in a hungry mood for the solitudes of nature, and as he lost himself in its gloom he drank in deep draughts of fresh air, and began to feel freed from the care of the business world which he had left down in the hot, seething city. His old spirit of content asserted itself, and he gave himself up to contemplation of the beautiful in nature. He thought of how he had wasted his time in the world of things, leaving the world of creation far back in the almost dim past of a year ago, and he made a vow that it should not be so a year hence. His hands had not touched the keys of any instrument for months, for the joy that was once his at the sound of it was fled with the parting days. But now lost in the depths of nature he hummed an almost forgotten melody, when suddenly a bell tolled in the ivy-covered belfry of the village church. It struck on his sensitive ear like the distant echo of the bell in the old Cathedral of Ulm.

(To be continued.)

## Mediums and Fraud.

E. A. BRACKETT.

## CHAPTER IV.

"Courage," she said, as with the oar she pushed our frail bark from the shore. Below, we heard the rush and roar of waves that dashed and flung their spray and drenched with mist the morning air.

The murky clouds rolled overhead in weird forms they shift and spread and fled us with a nameless dread. The doubts and fears that led astray, These soulless things are everywhere.

Who evil thinks shall evil know, The poison through his veins will flow. To what he feeds on he will grow, And his whole life shall writhe and play With fancied fraud his daily fare.

Unchecked by wind and wave we steer Between these fiends of doubt and fear, At our approach they disappear, As shrinks the night before the day, They are the victims of despair.

The clouds no longer shift and play, Beneath the noonday's blinding ray; With earnest hope we thread our way, Whatever may call we may not stay, Who knows this life must feel its care.

All things must change, We hear no more The angry waters lash the shore, We have no need of sail or oar, The setting sun, with lessening ray, No longer blinds us with its glare.

Still floats our bark upon the tide, The one dear friend still by my side, Whatever else may shift or glide, Love holds within its gentle sway, All things for which we hope or care.

Emerson, when asked to define an aristocrat, said it was a democrat gone to seed. This definition might be applied, with a good deal of force, to a class of self-constituted leaders in spiritualistic thought, who, having lost the freshness and vigor of their early impressions, are drifting about in an atmosphere of their own self-conceit, claiming that they have risen above phenomena, talking glibly of their pretended knowledge of spirit life and its philosophy, looking with more or less contempt on the only source of evidence through which Spiritualism has been or can be sustained, forgetting that if spirit phenomena are rightly approached, their expression is unlimited. Charging fraud upon mediums and asserting that a very large proportion of communications received through them are wilful deception, they are exceedingly anxious to save us from being duped by these vagaries. If there is anything to justify the suspicion of hypocrisy, it is to be found in those who claim to have more interest in our welfare than we have ourselves. For one, I prefer to be duped occasionally rather than submit to such dictation.

I am aware that there are a few, a very few, who, under semi-mesmeric influence, are playing tricks, but I deny that they, in any way, represent the great body of Spiritualists or mediums and it is a blunder for any one who has any respect for Spiritualism, to drag up these things, creating a distrust in the minds of many.

Did I not know from long and patient investigation, that the most of these charges were false, I should, from a feeling of self-respect, abandon all further investigation. From first to last, whenever it has been pos-

sible for me to investigate, I have personally interviewed both sides and can truthfully say that in all my long association with the world, I have never found a more contemptible set of unmitigated liars than these raiders and abusers of mediums.

From whatever source the charges of fraud may come, and especially if from members of the Society for Psychical Research, where it is claimed that a scientific investigation is being made, they should be accompanied by a detailed statement of facts so that any one could, from the evidence, decide which were the fraudulent parties.

I have interviewed editors and reporters who admitted that they did not care a farthing as to the truth or falsity of what they published, their sole object being to sell their papers. I had a sharp controversy with one editor who told me that he knew how to run his paper and that I could not help myself. This reply cost him five hundred dollars besides lawyers' fees and a published acknowledgment that the article he had printed was false. If all mediums and their friends would pursue a similar course, charges of fraud would be confined principally to those who, through mistaken zeal or pure cussedness, take pleasure in circulating such reports under the impression that they are purifying Spiritualism.

I object to the cook who gathers up the husks, parings and refuse of the kitchen and puts them on my table as a healthy and appetizing diet.

Those who are or have been familiar with these manifestations during the last fifty years, must be aware that they have sensibly declined. Especially is this true in New England. We do not have to go far to find the cause of this decline. It is due to the lack of harmony, to an atmosphere of distrust created by those who claim to be its friends. In their blundering efforts to remove what they supposed to be weeds, they have torn up the wheat and have, to a large extent, destroyed that hospitality toward these manifestations so necessary to their existence.

The law of compensation is everywhere imperative. Give and take are essential to life. The rhythmic flow of life is necessary to progress. You cannot disturb the pulsation of your material body and live.

So long as mediums were subject only to attacks from the secular press, or from persons who really knew nothing of the matter, they stood up bravely against all slander. But when a class, claiming to be Spiritualists, shouted fraud, repeating the worst statements of the secular press, a different atmosphere was created. If one-half the charges had been true, Spiritualism would have been hopelessly doomed.

On the other hand, many persons, not understanding what they were dealing with, blindly accepted everything that came to them as spirit manifestations, and extended the same credulity to their self-constituted leaders, believing that they were in direct communication with the spirit world.

It is said that Christ, on a certain occasion, could not perform miracles "because of their unbelief." All true Spiritualists understand this and know that on the perfect blending and oneness with the controlling Intelligence, depends his success with the manifestations. Under harmonious conditions the suspicion of fraud can have no place. All that is of value must come through these manifestations, for any communication with the spirit world must be clothed with enough material for our senses to grasp it, and their character must be the only test, not the character of the medium nor applied test conditions.

Distrust is a disturber of social relations. If you insist on searching your friends when they visit you, to find whether they have

stolen your valuables, how long will that friendship last?

I have known some who professed to be Spiritualists who were only slightly varnished over, the least scratch revealed the old paint. They were ready on the least alarm to retreat under cover and, like Peter, ready to deny the Master.

There seems to be a constant tendency among lecturers, writers and spiritualistic journals to get as far away from the simple truths of Spiritualism as possible, making complex that which in itself is the very essence of simplicity.

It was publicly stated, not long since, that a zealous Spiritualist had thrown out his drag-net, raking in the refuse of crude mediumship, together with the scum of the secular press, expecting thereby to improve mediums. Even if he succeeds in relieving us of some imperfections, he has not taken the first step toward reform. He has commenced at the wrong end, for, if we believe his statement, we are surrounded by a host of unseen rascals who are playing the Devil with mediums; gloating over their unsuspecting victims.

We pity those who feel that it is their duty to contend with these imaginary things, for in the long run they become a part of what they are dealing with. Familiarity with crime breeds crime. We grow to what we feed on. No one is better for dragging before him the refuse of life, nor do we reform those who have fallen into ruts by constantly reminding them of their imperfections. We do not so much correct our faults as escape them through that growth which springs from within. No man ever reached Heaven through fear of Hell.

Everything in this world leads to one end, the refinement of matter. The more refined, the clearer we can express our true character. The farther we are removed from crudity, the more perfect our vision. Our position in this life cannot be measured by external appearances. We may fall below the estimate of others, but never, by any possibility below what we really are. What we are and not what others think of us, determines our true relation to spirit life. The higher may penetrate the lower, but the lower cannot advance beyond its own expression.

Anyone familiar with spiritual manifestations knows that they cannot be controlled by our actions. Any attempt to interfere or dictate must end in failure. The demand for physical tests, so often made by those who are ignorant of the true conditions, is absurd. The manifestations should be their own excuse for being, should be evidence in themselves. The man who cannot find in them that which the medium cannot simulate, has but little perception. It is its simplicity that has led so many to overlook its true character. I have always endeavored to take everything at its best, have fought for a clean, commonsense Spiritualism, so simple that a child could understand it.

If you are satisfied that your friend from the other life reaches you through the affections—the only healthy avenue through which they can return, do not ask silly questions, dragging them down into your material atmosphere. What they may voluntarily give you is open to your consideration and you will accept or reject it according to your experience in life.

Beside that priceless boon, the fact that you are in direct communion with your departed friends, all else is of little value. Theories and speculations have no part in that pure light, flowing through this communion, which alone can lead to a harmonious blending of our inner and outer lives. In our true relations with pure Spiritualism, we should always antagonize all unhealthy things with the same force that we would repel attacks

on our dearest friends. I have little respect for those mistaken individuals who rake up the inharmonies of life under the pretense of reforming the world. When will they learn that progress comes, not through disturbance, but through the genial and invigorating rays of God's sunlight.

There should be no more credence given to the semi-mesmeric statements from those who claim to be spiritually inspired, than from any other source. What appeals to our intuitions, our reason, and common sense, is all there is for us. We may strive to harmonize our true nature and give free expression to individuality, for this belongs to us. There is no sudden change. Everything comes through experience, through the slow growth of material life. We are what we are and cannot be anything else.

Aspirations may for a time lead beyond present conditions, resulting, perhaps, in apparent failure and bitter disappointment, yet over and beyond all failures lies the Divine Life, the God that is within, struggling for expression.

## Christian Science.

Rev. F. A. Wiggin, pastor of the Boston Spiritual Temple, continued his subject "Some Fallacies of Christian Science," last Sunday morning. There was a large and representative audience present. Mr. Wiggin said in part:

"We wish to briefly analyze two primary postulates of Christian Science, first: That 'Mother Eddy' is the author of this system of disease and sin saving, and second: That the scientific proof of Christian Science is that it heals."

"In 1848, Phineas Parkhurst Quimby, of Maine, began the practice of mesmerism, and traveled with one Lucius Burkmann, giving remarkable exhibitions for about twelve years, during which time Mr. Quimby became ill and was pronounced by the regular physicians as incurable. Mr. Quimby received through his mesmeric subject while in a state of clairvoyance such information as led to his complete and almost immediate restoration to health. It was at this point that Mr. Quimby began to heal the sick and with unusual success, and not long before, through courtesy, he was called 'Doctor.' He gave up all association with mesmerism and developed a new and original theory of disease and its cure. 'Dr. Quimby' devised a system of treating the sick and a science of life," says Mr. Julius A. Dresser, in a pamphlet written by him in 1887, "and after the truth was discovered Dr. Quimby found his new views all portrayed and illustrated in Christ's teachings." As his discovery was to him a science which harmonized with Christ's teachings, it was the most natural thing in the world to call it 'Christ's Science' and this was, remember, in 1886, and it should be borne in mind that 'Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures' dropped like manna from heaven for the first time in 1875, and, as Mrs. Eddy tells us, was pronounced by critics as 'wholly original.'"

"Dr. Quimby, when asked if his practice belonged to any known science, answered: 'No; it belongs to a wisdom that is above man as man. It was taught eighteen hundred years ago, but has never had a place in the heart of man since, but is in the world, and the world knows it not.'"

"It was in 1862 that a woman who, after being helped up the steps, knocked at the door of Dr. Quimby's office, whose object for seeking entrance was to be cured by him of her malady, and this woman was Mary Baker Patterson, now Mary Baker Glover Patterson Eddy."

"In a letter written by herself, November 7, 1862, Mrs. Eddy declares that she was

cured by Dr. Quimby. It cannot be claimed that Dr. Quimby ever intended to write a book or build up a system of theology or healing under the name of Christian Science, but it is fact that Mrs. Eddy has even borrowed the name of 'Christian Science' from Dr. Quimby, for in February, 1863, Dr. Quimby wrote an article entitled 'Aristocracy and Democracy' and therein says: 'The religion of Christ is shown in the progress of Christian Science, while the religion of society decays in proportion as liberal principles are developed.' In 1865 the 'Portland Advertiser' says of Dr. Quimby: 'By a method entirely novel, Dr. P. P. Quimby has been slowly developing what he calls the 'Science of Health,' and in 1875, ten years later, Mrs. Eddy publishes 'Science and Health.' Of course there is such a wide difference between the term 'Science of Health' and the term 'Science and Health' that by no possibility could the latter have been suggested by the former! Mrs. Eddy says: 'We made our first experiments in mental healing about 1853, when we were convinced that mind had a science which, if understood, would heal all diseases.'"

"When in 1862 Mrs. Eddy visited Dr. Quimby in Portland, Maine, and claims to have been cured of her malady under his treatment, she says: 'I can see dimly at first, and as 'trees walking,' the great principle which underlies Dr. Quimby's faith and works, and just in proportion to my individual apprehension of truth is my recovery. Dr. Quimby rolls away the stone from the sepulchre of error, and health is the resurrection.' And in 1866 Mrs. Eddy says: 'I discovered the science of metaphysical healing and named it Christian Science. God has been graciously fitting me during many years for the reception of the final revelation of the absolute principle of scientific mind-healing.'"

"In 'Science and Health' Mrs. Eddy says: 'The Christian Scientist needs my work on "Science and Health" for his text-book and so do all his students. It was the first published book containing a statement of Christian Science. It registered this revealed truth uncontaminated with human hypotheses; other works which have borrowed from this book, without giving it credit, have adulterated the science,' and Mrs. Eddy makes her critic in 1875 say of Science and Health that it was 'wholly original.'"

"At all hazards, the name given to Christian Science, together with the name of its canonized scriptures called 'Science and Health' were lifted bodily from the writings of Dr. Quimby, while the system set forth in Science and Health, seems to be about the same as Dr. Quimby's, only suffering in some degree by virtue of Mrs. Eddy's adulterations and admixtures. The philosophy of Christian Science, in its last analysis, is clearly revealed as being borrowed from the teachings of Jesus Christ, Emmanuel Kant, Spinoza, Hobbes, and P. P. Quimby, except such rubbish as has been brought forth by Mrs. Eddy from that school of philosophy, which had been tucked away for centuries in the moldy manuscripts of an effete past."

"As to the second postulate, 'that the scientific proof of Christian Science is that it heals,' we will say that Christian Science is a means which has been employed and by which many think at least that they have been healed, but to affirm that anyone was ever healed by it, is quite another proposition. Mrs. Eddy says that people have been healed who have employed Christian Science, therefore the truth of Christian Science is demonstrated. It would be as logical to say that an engine left in the care of a boy for an hour, had performed faithfully all the functions of an engine, therefore the boy is an engineer. If the scientific proof of Christian Science is demonstrated in cases where it heals, what shall be said of it in the hundreds of cases where it has failed to heal? It



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is an open question, since some cases of disease have not yielded to Christian Science treatment, whether or not those people who consider themselves cured by it, would not have regained their health if they had not received the treatment. Evidently Mother Eddy has some doubt as to the universal efficacy of her mystically attenuated compounds, in that recently she has issued a bill to her followers limiting its application to such cases as are easy to reach, barring out all diseases of a contagious nature. In this she demonstrates that her old age has softened her feelings toward human suffering, and that years have not left her altogether insensible to the importance of individual rights. In Science and Health, scarcely anything is left of the philosophy of true mental healing, but the worst mutilations, together with Mother Eddy's monumental egotism and a large bundle of self-contradictions. Whoever starts out by robbing the grave of its ideas and claiming them as original, will invariably from such material, erect none other than a faulty structure.

"We cannot conclude without calling your attention to the most glaring, unchristian, phase connected with Christian Science, which is known outside of the flock of the elect, to have existence. History fails to record the names of the individuals who have been persecuted and even put to death in the name of religion, under the Jesuitical motto: 'Do evil that good may come.' None but a blind devotee to ignorance and inspired by that quality of spirit which prompted John Calvin in the 16th century to his diabolical cruelty, could find any justification in doing evil that good might come. Good cannot result from doing evil, neither can the devil be cast out by the prince of the devils. I have been strongly urged not to say a word, unless in favor, concerning Christian Science, and by some, too, who are well acquainted with this whole system, from this power of dispensing curative notions to the projecting of what is known to the pharmacy of Christian Science as 'malicious magnetism.' My reply to all my loving, cautious friends is that I have but a small bounty of respect for the healing agencies of Christian Science's remedies, no respect whatever for their religious teachings as a whole and I entertain an utter contempt for their 'malicious magnetism.' I always reason that a man whose cause is just has God on his side, and 'God and One' are always a majority. This malicious magnetism must be born of 'mortal mind,' which the Scientists declare is 'nothing,' but to them is a great power nevertheless. Sickness is declared by Christian Scientists to be an unreality, yet it is affirmed by Mother Eddy that sickness leads first to Christ and then to God, as expressed in Christian Science. If this 'nothing' has such power in leading Christian Scientists, malicious magnetism might, also being 'nothing,' have the effect of demoralizing the life of any sheep who jumps the wall of Christian Science in pursuit of greener pastures. But to all outside, common sense not having been lost, no fear of their malicious magnetism need be entertained. I submit that if the foundation of Christian Science were all otherwise solid and firmly set upon facts direct from the throne of omnipotent wisdom, that this one diabolical feature would be sufficient to cause its downfall and utter ruin.

"From the earliest dawn of history men have fashioned for themselves various gods, and humanity has bowed down and worshipped every form of man and beast and of inanimate things from sticks to the firm which these made. Man has prostrated himself before such disgusting objects of worship that we are led to believe that Christian Scientists are perhaps a reincarnation of some of those ancient mental cave-dwellers who tremble before their own shadow.

"From the earliest ecclesiastical mind-trader to the latest potentate in this line 'Mother Eddy,' all have claimed their commission to mislead, enslave and blind the brain of humanity as coming from God. They have all, without an exception, pressed their authority against man's reason. Not one of them have ever urged the necessity of thinking, but with tact, if with not more expressed orders commanded men to obey under threat of excommunication from society here, and expulsion from heaven hereafter.

"This modern institution, Christian Science, with its mushroom growth destined to early doom, is not different from many of the gigantic monuments of ignorance in the past. They had their holy-of-holies, no has

Christian Science; the holy-of-holies in the past was kept sacred from the touch or approach of the vulgar by a veil, which at Christ's crucifixion was rent in sunder. This modern elder duck, gold plated holy-of-holies is protected from vulgar pollution by a ribbon, and is another though very different Gethsemane before which true nobility pleads for human liberty. The Christ principle is here, finding perverters of its truth. This principle is in our midst and will yet bury elder duck, gold plated plumbing and polished headstall in the rubbish pile of past blasphemies.

"Malicious magnetism was never necessary to demonstrate a truth, and any malicious magnetism or force is infamous.

"In conclusion I would not have you think that I am taking Christian Science too seriously, or that I condone a joke which is too practical. I do not entertain a belief that anything which I might say would lead dyes-in-the-wool Christian Scientists from the error of their ways. But, if what I may have had to say during the past three Sunday mornings from this platform shall be the means of keeping any from being caught within the meshes of Mother Eddy's spiderweb, then shall I be sure when my appointed time to leave the world has come, that I have done something for the liberties of my brother man and sister woman."

Next Sunday morning, at 10.45, Mr. Wiggin will speak upon the subject "Spiritual Involution and Evolution."

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### Missionary Work.

We held twenty-eight meetings during the month of April, commencing at St. Louis, Mo., with a meeting for ladies held by Mrs. Kates. At Kirksville, Mo., we held meetings in the Osteopathic School and had large attendance of students and the public. Dr. A. T. Still, the founder, is an earnest Spiritualist.

We next visited Hayesville, Ottumwa Grinnell, Des Moines, Algona and Northwood, Iowa. Good working societies exist at Ottumwa and Des Moines, where the Cause is making progress. The other places visited will soon organize.

Public interest is manifest and every locality needs a medium and speaker. To have located workers should engage our attention and co-operation. We need more self-sacrifice and energy by every Spiritualist, in order to create a better system of propaganda.

The Iowa State Association occupies a promising field of labor. Districts or circuits can be created that will moderately pay the speaker who shall assume the labor. John D. Vail, president of the Iowa State Association, Marshalltown, will assist any and all workers who will agree to labor in a circuit. Most any section will support a circuit, and our speakers who are idle, can each create and hold this method, and thus unite our people in active co-operation. Localities need a leader and a speaker can best assume the detail work and hold the societies together in practical effort.

We go into Minnesota for most of May, with the Sundays given to St. Paul and Minneapolis, where good work is being done. Our time is nearly all engaged until 1904, when we will accept call for service by the month. Address us 600 Pennsylvania Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C.

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Man is weak and negative and wholly colorless as long as he is not self-reliant, independent and interdependent; independence is in a great measure due to the extent that we feel and know that we are interdependent. —Ex.

## Christian Science Text-book.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Mr. B. A. George, in a recent article in your paper, complains because of the amount of matter contained in the Christian Science text-book. The attitude of some critics resembles one of that class who are determined to find fault at all hazards, and if there is no reasonable excuse for so doing, persist in making one. If the hundreds of thousands who are studying Science and Health are satisfied with it, the gentleman ought not to complain, inasmuch as he is neither solicited nor expected to study the book against his will.

One who is familiar with the Christian Science text-book naturally asks: If Mrs. Eddy borrowed her ideas from other authors, what did she do with them, for they do not appear anywhere in her writings? Whatever else may be said of Christian Science, it is certainly a very original interpretation of the Bible. The statement which our good friend ridicules: "As a man thinketh in his heart so he is," is Scriptural. The quotation: "Thou art a piece of God; thou hast in thee something that is a portion of Him," is not even akin to Christian Science, but is pantheism, pure and simple.

Christian Science does not teach that man is a part of God, but that he is the product or offspring of the divine Mind.

The Scriptures contain statements which, when properly understood, are in exact accord with the teachings of this Science; but outside of the Bible there is nothing in existence which contains an exact statement of this Science except in the writings of those who have borrowed from Mrs. Eddy or have written according to her teachings.

If the teachings of Emerson, Whitman, Plato, Socrates, Seneca, et cetera, were identical with what Mrs. Eddy has discovered and presented to the world, why have they not been able to do for mankind what Christian Science has accomplished? Why have the teachings of these men not been more practical, if they are the same that are given in the Christian Science text-book?

That personal contact with a patient was not an essential element in healing the sick on the part of Jesus is indicated by the fact that he healed those with whom he was not in contact—those who were absent from him.

We do not deny that apparent results are produced through magnetic influence. The question is as to the advisability of resorting to such an influence when a purer and more spiritual means is at hand. It is natural that the people of Jesus' time should seek material contact, not understanding the unseen spiritual power, and it may be that, for some reason, he touched many with his hand and lifted them up, but that this was an essential element in curing the sick is refuted in the mere fact that he healed many who were absent from him and with whom he had no physical contact whatever.

Our critic asks, "Which is the Christian or the intelligent reader to accept, the method and practice of the Master, or Mrs. Eddy's condemnation of the method?" To which practice of the Master does the gentleman refer, to the laying on of hands or his healing without the laying on of hands? Why does he assume that the laying on of hands in a literal sense was a necessity when in many instances, as recorded in the Scriptures, Jesus healed without this material practice? What right has our critic to assume that the laying on of hands was more scientific and more intelligent than healing without this practice? The experiences of Christian Scientists are convincing to them that the less physical contact and the less human will are employed in healing, the better the results. God, Spirit, Divine Mind is the only healer in Christian Science.

Alfred Farlow.

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### Dr. Lane.

Having been restored to health from serious physical ailments by Dr. Lane, I have no hesitancy in recommending him as an eminent healer, educated, refined and honest. I have clairvoyantly witnessed his spirit physicians and oriental healers restoring the patients during treatments.

I had a lady friend with fine medical powers, refined, intelligent, spiritual, to whom the fraudulent, the coarse and malicious were repellent; she knew nothing of the coming of such spirits; they assumed the role of her loved ones and nearly paralyzed her left side and destroyed her mind before she realized the cause. By taking my advice she was restored to health and relieved of the injurious influences by Dr. Lane.

I am happy to say I have seen the beautiful and advanced spirits and have some as guardians over my own footsteps, and I love them, and know their more than earthly love for me and that is why I am interested in those who suffer and are not protected from designing spirits and know of no one to whom they can go for relief. I know Dr. Lane can relieve them and restore them entirely if they follow his directions. I have seen it done and have been made well myself, and while he is a busy man already, I desire the suffering to know of him.

Barton Stewart.

### Never Neglect Constipation.

It means too much misery and piling up of disease for all parts of the body. Death often starts with constipation. The clogging of the bowels forces poisons through the intestines into the blood. All sorts of diseases commence that way. Most common complaints are dyspepsia, indigestion, catarrh of the stomach, liver complaint, kidney trouble, headaches, etc. The bowels must be relieved, but not with cathartics or purgatives. They weaken and aggravate the disease. Use Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine instead. It is a tonic laxative of the highest order. It builds up and adds new strength and vigor. It assists the bowels to move themselves naturally and healthfully without medicine. One small dose a day will cure any case, and remove the cause of the trouble. It is not a patent nostrum. The list of ingredients goes with every package with explanation of their action. It is not simply a temporary relief, it is a permanent cure. Try it. A free sample bottle for the asking. Vernal Remedy Co., 120 Seneca Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

For sale by all leading druggists.

### Clinton Camp, Iowa.

The M. V. S. A. camp meeting at Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Ia., will open August 2 and close August 30. All signs are pointing to a successful meeting. With such talent as H. D. Barrett, Moses Hull, Mrs. Helen Russegger, Miss Harlow, Prof. W. F. Peck, W. J. Colville, Mrs. Josie K. Folsom, Mrs. George G. Conley, J. H. Altman, and others, it is safe to say a spiritual feast is in store for those fortunate enough to attend camp this season. Varied and convincing phenomena are promised also. The announcements are in the hands of the printer, and will in all probability be ready for distribution before the week ends.

Upon application I learn from the railroad officials that they cannot definitely determine upon transportation rates until nearer the

close of the present month. Watch the June Spiritualist papers for rates.  
Mollie B. Anderson,  
M. V. S. A. Secretary.

### THE TWO PREACHERS.

A harsh-voiced man, with lordly mien,  
Strode through the waiting crowd;  
With scorpion-whip he lashed the world,  
In sermons long and loud;  
And smiles went round when arrows hit  
Some victim with a vim;  
While women met, through all the week,  
In groups discussing him.

A sweet-voiced man, with pleasant eyes,  
Walked slowly up the aisle,  
And then all upturned faces wore  
The sunshine of a smile;  
All heads were bowed with him in prayer,  
All hearts throbbled with his own;  
He lifted souls so high in air,  
They talked with God alone!

William Goldsmith Brown,  
Stevens Point, Wis.

### Briefs.

The regular weekly meeting of the "Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society" was held Thursday, April 30, afternoon and evening. The usual good supper was served at 6.30 p. m. with well filled tables. The evening exercises were contributed to by the following: Mrs. Dix, remarks and an inspirational poem; Miss Orissa J. Smith, a fine recitation; Mrs. M. E. Shirley, interesting remarks and an inspirational poem; Mr. Sprague made several profitable suggestions; Mrs. Julia Davis, appropriate remarks; a temperance recitation, Mrs. F. Curtis; timely hints and suggestions from Dr. Fowler and others. The small hall adjoining was given to whist players.

The Golden Rule Society, Prospect Hall, 40 Prospect St., Cambridgeport, Sunday, April 26, meetings were well attended. The permanent speaker and medium, Annie Banks Scott, opened the afternoon circle by reading a poem written by Lizzie Doten, followed by an invocation. Mediums taking part during the day were Mr. Marston of Brighton, Mrs. Hall of Cambridge, Miss Minnie Ladner, Mrs. Colin, Mrs. McLean, Miss Ida Wells, Mr. T. A. Scott. Annie Banks Scott gave many excellent communications from spirit. J. Fowler, sec.

Tonson, May 3, the Boston Spiritual Lyceum had its closing session of the season. There was a good audience. Memorial services were held in honor of our arisen ones. Reading, Merrill Bill; recitation, Nellie Bonney and her little sister; vocal selection, E. Warren Hatch; music, Hatch Bros.; remarks, Mrs. Bonney; remarks and tests, Madam Hilliard and Mrs. Dr. Caird of Lynn; readings, Mr. Alonzo Danforth; remarks, E. B. Packard. The Lyceum will go in a body to Lynn Sunday May 17 from the Narrow Gauge R. R. at 11 a. m. Our Lyceum will reopen on the first Sunday in October. Further particulars will be announced later. E. B. Packard, clerk.

Fitchburg, Mass., May 3. The First Spiritualist Society had very large and appreciative audiences to hear the most gifted speaker and test medium Mrs. Emma B. Smith of Lawrence. The addresses were on lines of advanced thought and well presented, supplemented by many correct spirit messages. Miss Howe, pianist, pleasingly rendered several selections. Dr. C. L. Fox, president.

Manchester, N. H.—The society has just closed the season's work. Fine speakers have lectured here and the work has been successful. In April we had the following: Sarah A. Byrnes, Annie L. Jones, Nellie F. Burbeck, Effie I. Webster. All of these speakers had good houses and fine spirit messages were given. May 3, Edgar W. Emerson of this city spoke twice. He had a crowded house in the evening and a fine audience in the morning. Morning subject, "Future of Spiritualism," evening subject, "The Spirit World, Where Is It and What Is It?" Both subjects were handled very ably and Sunbeam gave some accurate spirit messages. Election of officers: President, F. C. Fearon, 382 Lake Ave.; first vice-president, Albert Hall, 26 Nashua St.; second vice-president, David Thayer, 160 Bridge St.; secretary, Albina L. Warren, 82 A St.; treasurer, John N. Peavey, 82 A St.; collector, Chester Snow, 470 Spruce St.; trustees, C. B. Bidwell, Flora M. Francis, Emily C. Noyes. If speakers wish to make engagements for 1903 and 1904, write to secretary, Albina L. Warren, 82 A St., Manchester, N. H.

Hartford, Conn.—There was a very good attendance at the meeting Sunday evening, April 10, to hear Mr. C. E. Brainerd give an interesting lecture on "Spiritualism." He showed among other things, that there is more of Divine Love in man at the present time than there ever was before. The finite man cannot understand the infinite which is the God of Love. The Spiritualist Convention will be held here May 17. Speakers, Mr. J. C. F. Grumbine of Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes of Dorchester, Mass.; test medium, Mrs. May S. Pepper of Providence, R. I.; Robert B. Ratcliffe, secretary of the First Church of Christ Spiritual Society.

The Church of the Fraternity of Soul Communion held regular services in the Aurora Grate Cathedral, Bedford Ave. and Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Prof. Decker opened the services with an organ recital; following a selection by the Verdi Quartet, Rev. I. M. Courlis, pastor of the church, offered a prayer. Mrs. M. Lease, the renowned speaker, was called upon to address the congregation. Her talk was uplifting. The pastor gave a Bible lesson. The services concluded with a séance by the pastor. An unusually large number was reached and the work seemed more wonderful than ever. Under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary, connected with the church, a progressive encephalitis will be given on Tuesday evening, May 19, at the residence of Mrs. Johnston, 1083 Bedford Ave., Miss Emma Resch, cor.

Greenfield Progressive Spiritualists' Society. The largest audience of the season welcomed Mr. Albert P. Blinn of Boston who was the speaker Sunday evening, May 3. This was his second engagement with the society, his first being for the memorial service of Dr. Charles H. Harding; and Mr. Blinn was at his best. His lecture was a splendid demonstration of inspirational power, being exceedingly instructive as well as interesting, and all expressed the wish that we might secure him again in the near future. Special music was rendered by Mrs. C. H. Stouckeb accompanied by Miss Walcott, and Miss Lida Webster preceded the lecture with a poem. Renewed interest is being taken in the work by our old members, new ones are joining the society, our audiences are increasing at every meeting and our prospects for a successful year's work were never brighter. Frances E. Moody, sec.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society met in Appleton Hall, 9 Appleton St., Boston, Friday, May 8. The business meeting was held in the afternoon with the president, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Allie, presiding. Supper was served at 6.30 p. m. to a goodly number, and in the evening a reception was given to "Pat," the inimitable control of Mrs. E. A. Lincoln. The reception opened with a song by Mrs. Mattie C. Mason, who also presided, as Mrs. Allie was suffering with a severe cold. Mrs. Ida P. Whitlock, the first speaker, addressed the society on the ideal of Spiritualism than is generally entertained by the average Spiritualist. She was followed by Albert P.

## THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND NEVER SUSPECT IT.



An interesting letter to our readers from Mrs. E. Austin of New York City.

New York City, Nov. 9th, 1902.  
A little over a year ago I was taken with severe pains in my kidneys and bladder. They continued to give me trouble for over two months and I suffered untold misery. I became weak, emaciated and very much run down. I had great difficulty in retaining my urine, and was obliged to pass water very often night and day. After I had used a sample bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, which you so kindly sent me on request, I experienced great relief. I immediately bought of my druggist two large bottles and continued taking it regularly. I am pleased to say that Swamp-Root cured me entirely. I can now stand on my feet all day without having any bad symptoms whatever. You are at liberty to use this testimonial letter if you wish. Gratefully yours,

Mrs. E. Austin.  
350 West 10th St.

The mild and prompt effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Recommended and taken by physicians, used in hospitals and endorsed by people of prominence everywhere. To prove what Swamp-Root will do for you a sample bottle will be sent absolutely free, by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root and its wonderful cures. Address: Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and be sure to mention reading this generous offer in the Banner of Light.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

Blinn, who referred to the rapid advance of spiritualistic thought among all classes and used as an illustration the publication and effect of that most spiritually instructive novel, "The Gentleman from Everywhere," which is being so universally read and commended by the religious and secular press. Mrs. Nellie S. Noyes spoke upon the broadening spheres of woman's work and helpfulness, and was succeeded by "Pat" who gave several communications from the spirit side of life and interspersed them with droll or pungent remarks that were always pertinent and appropriate. Altogether this was one of the most successful meetings held this season. Next Friday is Mediums' Day. Public circle in the afternoon at four o'clock, supper per at 6.30 and the evening will be devoted to the phenomena, several of our best mediums having promised to take part. On Friday evening, May 22, Mrs. Effie I. Webster of Lynn will occupy the platform and Friday, May 23, Memorial Services will be held afternoon and evening, this being the closing meeting of this society, which will not meet again until the first Friday in October. Esther H. Blinn, sec.

The Golden Rule Society of Spiritualists, Prospect Hall, 40 Prospect St., Cambridge, held two very interesting meetings Sunday, May 3. Mediums and speakers taking part in the afternoon were Mr. Marston of Brighton, Mrs. Buck Hall, Mrs. Thombes, Miss Ladner, Mrs. Whittemore and Mrs. Annie Banks Scott. Mrs. L. E. Hall opened the evening meeting with an invocation followed by Mr. Hill who delivered an able address. The mediums seemed unusually inspired. Miss L. Sears comforted many with communications from their loved ones. Mrs. Hall gave excellent tests. Annie Banks Scott, permanent speaker and medium, under control of Snowdrop, brought many spirits to the waiting ones, all of which were recognized. Mrs. Scott is surely doing a great work for humanity and the spirit world. M. V. J., sec.

On Sunday, May 3, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, of Troy, N. Y., vice-president of the New York State Spiritualist Association, addressed the meetings of the New York Spiritual and Ethical Society, 67 West 125th St. morning and evening. Mrs. Reynolds is doing grand missionary work for the Cause; her discourses sparkle with intelligence, and her pathos make many eyes moisten. These meetings were well attended, particularly in the evening, when we had a crowded house. Mrs. Reynolds, as well as all other able and honest workers in this great field of spiritual illumination, has our best wishes for success; we feel that the harvest will be great and greater from now on. J. A. Robinson, 1283 Union Ave., N. Y. City, for the Spiritual and Ethical Society of N. Y.

Regular meetings of the First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society of Springfield, Mass., have been held in McKinney Block, 535 1/2 Main St., through April. Mrs. Lida K. Hart presiding. Mrs. Katie M. Ham of Haverhill occupied our platform the first three Sundays giving many demonstrations of her psychic ability; her sincerity and earnestness draw the attention of the people and the audiences increased steadily during her ministrations. We look forward to her engagement with us next season with pleasure and bespeak for her a very successful future. She closed her engagement with a benefit séance for which we extend to her a hearty vote of thanks. It was voted to close our regular meetings for the season keeping up the interest by holding a circle for the demonstration of psychic phenomena each Sunday at 3.30 p. m. until further notice. We are meeting with good success and find we have quite a number of good mediums in our midst; as a rule we do not appreciate home talent as we should. We have arranged for the annual picnic to Riverside Grove the first week in June; will announce exact date later. All interested are invited to join with us. We have the Banner of Light for sale at the hall and at my office. M. E. Proctor, cor. sec., 128 Union St., Springfield, Mass.

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











## Message Department.

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

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

### To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seances held April 23, 1908, S. E. 16.

### Invocation.

Like a flood of glorious sunlight may the truth shine down upon us this hour; like a breeze from off the mountain top may the truth sweep into our lives and carry with it all that is pure, unclean, all that is untrue, and may we be made strong and vigorous by the inflowing of sunshine and be so strengthened that the influence of our lives shall be a help and a strength to others. We realize this day the importance of speaking the clear message; of being earnest in our purpose, of being sincere in every effort, in every struggle toward the light, and realizing this we would reach with strong hand for the hand of a stronger friend and be blessed and steadied, and so go forward as never before. Into the hearts of the mourning ones, into the lives of the despondent ones, into the midst of circles of distress and despair, we would send our message, the glad tidings that death is but an incident in the career of life, and life ever unfolds and perfects into newer and brighter conditions bringing with it peace and sweetness and beauty of expression. Oh bless our effort, spirit of light and love and tenderness, and may it find full fruition in the hearts of those who need. May those dear souls who are seeking to find their own help by this hour, be sweetened by our presence, and may our faith be the staff that shall light them to the place to which they would go. Amen.

### MESSAGES.

#### Edward Harris, Wolfboro, N. H.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a gentleman a little above medium height. He is about sixty-three years old, has blue-gray eyes, gray hair and he is very firm and decisive in his manner of speaking. He says: "This is a new experience for me. I have never tried to return to my friends before, but I found I must make the effort at this time because there is great need. My name is Edward Harris; I am from Wolfboro, N. H. I wish this truth of Spiritualism could go down into the life of one who is very near and dear to me, for I am sure might be able to give strength and help many times, and sustenance perhaps if only the heart was attuned to receive. I have found Ella and Mary; they are anxious to come and do send love and a word of their devotion. I should like this to go to Ellen. Thank you."

#### George Heustis, Columbus, Ohio.

There is here now the spirit of a man who informs me his name is George Heustis and he lived in Columbus, Ohio. He says: "Don't bother very much about telling them what I look like, for I was not very much on beauty. I am afraid if there had been prizes awarded for good looking men, I never would have gotten anywhere, but I was persistent and so I managed to take a place among my friends that I feel has been in a way vacant since I came over here to the spirit. I would like my wife Julia to know I am alive; it was not very much of a shock to me when I came; I did not realize I was dead for some time and when I did I found I was not dead at all. That may seem like a paradox but it is about the truth of the matter. I wish I could make Julia feel I am interested in the method of her living. It is so different from what she did when I was here that sometimes she wonders what I would say and so I do say this. Anything that pleases her helps me to be better satisfied with my conditions over here. I found Johnny and Walter and they are as happy as can be and are only waiting for her to come to them when they will show her how sturdy and strong they have become."

#### Mrs. Samuel Cressey, Lynn, Mass.

I see the spirit of a woman about fifty years old. She has very dark hair which is waved down over her forehead; it is almost in ecstasies. Her face is round and full, her eyes are black; she has a strong, earnest expression. She says: "I suppose I was more or less mediumistic because I found immediately on my coming to the spirit that it was an easy matter for me to impress my personality on other people. I never realized I had any particular power before I came over here but I was very busy and had so much to attend to I didn't stop to think about any specific power which I might have. I do strange how one slips into the spiritual life without any more friction. I have often thought of that when I have seen mothers and fathers and dear friends coming over here and just stepping into the spiritual existence with apparently no friction at all and I have wondered at it and have found it is a sort of an attribute of the spiritual life to be better adjusted to the condition, to somehow understand the law better than when one is in the body, and I think it is the release of the immediate demands upon one's personality and a recollection of what one has been through. It is like being born into earth life with the knowledge of what came before and nobody ever lives long enough in the body who doesn't wish that he might have had as much knowledge when born as he had after he had had experience, and spirit birth is like that. I didn't mean to give a dissertation on spiritual life, but at the same time perhaps my words may help somebody, and I shall feel my effort is not lost. My name is Mrs. Samuel Cressey. I lived in Lynn and was more or less interested in the work and effort toward better conditions for my friends, but as I said about Spiritualism, I didn't have much time outside of my family life to devote to these things. I would like to send a message to George. I want him to know it is possible, to give me an opportunity to come to him. I have things of importance to say to him. It looks to me as if I might be able to direct him about his affairs and I could assure him that when I passed away I did not

lose my identity nor my interest. I feel relieved at the conditions that have been forced upon him but I am sure the cloud will be lifted and brighter things come soon. Of course I send my love, and my mother who was so dear to us both speaks with the same tenderness that was hers when she was in the body and says: 'Tell them all I am happy and content.'"

#### Annie Curran, South Boston, Mass.

Here is the spirit of a girl about sixteen years old who is rather fair. Her hair is light brown, her eyes blue, and her cheeks very pale; she is quite a fragile looking child. She says: "Well if I do look fragile I was not very sickly and it was very sudden when I came here to the spirit. My name is Annie Curran; I lived in South Boston; I was a Catholic and I don't know as you are particular about having me come. Sometimes I have thought if you Spiritualists were at all set against people who were opposed to you you wouldn't let me come, but I have been told I could give this message. It is so hard to say just what I want to say, but I have felt for a long time that I must tell my mother she ought not to fret so. She cries and frets and is so disturbed it bothers me a great deal, and I am sure it doesn't do her any good. I want to tell Johnny too that I will help him. He needs strength from somebody and I can give it to him. I pray all the time for everybody that was near to me and I want them to understand if there is anything I can do, I will do it. I thank you very much for letting me come."

#### Ada Douglas, Williamsport.

Here is a woman about thirty-five or thirty-six years old. She is short, very dark and a little bit of a thing, just seems to be a little bunch of nerves. She laughs and says: "Well I guess that is about right too. I never attempted to do anything yet that I didn't get so nervous I just about spoiled it. I am Ada Douglas. I married Charlie Douglas. I don't know how to go to work to give my evidence. Seems something like a start and yet it is a funny way that I am asked to speak about myself. My father is over here. My mother is alive and I used to live in Williamsport. I have tried a good many times to make some manifestations around the house. I have done it too. Sometimes they have thought I was there and sometimes they thought it was from natural causes, but don't you think for a minute I am going to stop. I am going to keep at it until I make them understand it is something besides natural causes that produce noises around them. I went to see Uncle Joe; I made some manifestations there but he was not any more ready to receive them than the rest. I don't feel very much interest in this spirit life. I care more about getting near to you folks and I shall work and work and work until I have made the impression I want to. I know about the new house and I know about Ed and I could tell a good many things if I had a chance and I shall do a good many things whether I have a chance or not. I do it because I want you to know and so get waked up before you come over here, to the fact that spirits are full of power and strength. Thank you."

#### William Harper, Peabody, Mass.

I see the spirit of a man about forty years old. He has black hair, blue eyes, is rather tall and thin, and very earnest in his expression. He says: "It is very painful to be in a place where you want to speak and yet to find yourself unable to do so and it is with great joy I come this morning able to say a word of comfort and understanding. My name is William Harper and I come from Peabody, Mass. There are a few Spiritualists there, not very many, but I find that the most of my people are ready to receive if they only had a definite message given to them. I made up my mind I would say to Ernest that if he would give me the least chance to speak to him I would do so, and with that on my mind, I kept in his presence until one day I was able to speak so loudly he heard me. It frightened him and never since has he tried to make any effort to get a message from the spirit and my particular work today is to insist that he go on with the unfolding of his mediumship. It is too bad to have him stop when the flower is about ready to unfold. I am quite interested in the whole mediumistic movement because I believe it is a power to revolutionize the whole world and I want to be able to do my part toward bringing about this happy condition. I have Clara and Bertha with me and they are very anxious to tell George they have been with him in the boat. Thank you."

#### Andrew Cummings, Fall River.

Now a man steps up to me and says: "Well, here's a man from Fall River and his name is Andrew Cummings." The man who speaks is not the man whose name I have given. He seems to be leading this Andrew Cummings to me and as I look at him he is a pale, sickly looking man, as though he had no particular strength or energy. He is thin, and suffers, not only physically but mentally, and seems to have come out from a long confinement like a term of imprisonment and to have passed into the spirit life from just that condition, and that is why his friend is leading him, more because he went out with such a sense of shame and guilt that it did not seem as if he could lift his head to speak to his own people, but all at once as he does lift his face to mine there is a look about such inexpressible anguish as though he felt all the pain that is bound to come from wasted energy and years, and he says: "If I could only ask them to forgive me for all the pain I have caused them I would be content. They did not know how badly I felt and I did not know it meant so much to them until I came over here. Oh, my God! It is awful to go out into a new condition of life with silence all around and be unable to speak the penitent word. I am afraid I am bitter and my obstinacy brought more trouble than I ever had any idea of and I am so glad to have this chance to say just a word. I shall be relieved I know and able to take a step toward the light. I can't see that I have sinned against God half so much as I have sinned against my family and so it is to them I come first and ask forgiveness for the pain and the sorrow I have brought them. I hope by a steady effort and a will to come to a place where I may be of help to them. If you have never done anything in this circle before that was worth your effort, you may be sure this time you have helped to save a soul from pain and despair and I am so grateful to you that I do not know how to express my thanks."

#### Mrs. Sylvester Deane, Provincetown, Mass.

I see the spirit of a woman about sixty-five or seventy years old. Her hair is snowy white, her face is round and she has rather a full form, but she isn't very tall. She is as quick as a bird, moves rapidly from one condition to another and is just as blithe and sweet as she can be. She says: "That is a pretty good send-off you have given me, little spirit, and I hope I may be able always to be what you say I am. My name is Deane. I was the wife of Sylvester Deane and he is with me and we both used to live in Provincetown, Mass. It is a very happy thing for us to be able to speak. We were quite interested in Spiritualism. I think we knew very little about it, but our interest was real and intense. We had a child Nellie and we

found her here when we came. Her father came first and I after and it was such a comfort to me to find them together when I got here. We would like to send this to Frank; we want him to feel we are all very near him and while there doesn't seem to be any special need of our persistent effort, still the very fact that we love him and come near enough to him to speak to him may give him a new courage and help. I thank you very much, and please accept my acknowledgment for this courtesy you have shown me."

#### George Lawrence, Boston.

A spirit comes here beside me now and says he is a Poston man. He has been in the spirit quite a while, but he has had so active a life and been able to be of service so many years that he doesn't seem to be a looking man, a little above medium height and strong physically. His eyes are dark blue with dark lashes and he has dark hair. He seems to be one of those strong, forcible, energetic men. Whatever he undertook to do he would do and he has a very clear, strong voice. He says: "I have been striving to make better conditions for those I left and I see my thought is about to be realized. I wish I could bring a more evident plan for the future than I now have but I am helped by those in the spirit who are with me. Sara and Allie are both with me. Thank you."

#### The Man of Tomorrow.

A Study in Spirit Return.

CHARLES DAWBARN.

### CHAPTER III.

After death, what next? The old Spiritualist shakes his head, and says that question has been answered, and the problem solved by spirit return of the last half century. The Eastern mystic claims that centuries of experience have made him wise, so that he KNOWS that the "human form divine" is but to be just as divine after death as before. Neither seem to the writer to have taken into account the natural fact that form is always the product of conditions. If conditions change, either form will change, or, like early prehistoric forms, it will cease to exist.

We are now face to face with a fact that will startle the student of form. We notice that man's form of today, that is before death, is the result of conditions acting upon a myriad other forms, which, when all blending and acting together, constitute what is called "the human form divine." Therefore if that form is to survive death as form, ever form within that form will have to be the same. This is a logical statement of a natural fact. So my brother and sister humans, when you are insisting upon your own immortality as yours by divine fiat, you are equally insisting upon the immortality of myriads of other forms, which, blended together, constitute man the mortal, at least so far as his form is concerned.

With all due respect to the theologian, salvation has to include salvation of the microbe as much as the man. In fact, the man as we know him, could not be saved if the microbe be left behind, for his form is built up of microbes and atoms that are each entities. Leave them behind and Homo returns to the state of matter. Ego may remain, but ego is as to his shape, compelled as it will be by his new surroundings. It is therefore startling to discover that he could not retain his old shape—his old form divine—unless myriads of microbes are going to do the same. His five senses of today are founded upon atoms and molecules. He is just a huge conglomeration of other molecular forms, which must all pass through death unchanged, if man is to remain man "over there."

As a matter of fact we know that a tremendous change has taken place, for the old physical form, with its mortal senses of sight, hearing, smell, taste and touch has been left behind. That means that unless necessities demand just the same form "over there" he would have, for instance, no nose, no ears and no eyes as we know them. The sensitive in earth form sees without optic nerve and eyeball. He hears without any ear drum, which ear drum is most emphatically shaped and limited by the necessities of earth life. Odors impress themselves on his brain that have no inlet through nasal organ. In other words, the mortal organ is only for mortal service, and not needed for the higher or inner life. So when the student has imagined himself outside earth life, as we suggested, he must also realize by his imagination that he will not be needing the organs through which his five senses of earth life have done their work. If he finds himself with new senses, it will be because he has new organs with new shapes. Even if at first he carry with him some of the old organs and senses, they would soon disappear by the law of use, which holds to form only that which is needed. When unused the form disappears. So our very first step is startling, for it implies a totally new "form divine," as the old organs will not be needed, at least in their old shapes, which were only earth necessities.

Spirit return offers no help to our research, for, of course, Ego, when he comes back, can only appeal to our mortal senses and experiences. The other day a returning spirit was described for identification as having very red hair, pock marked face, and a nose pointing to the north star. It was declared to be a magnificent test, but pock marked angels with turn up noses and red hair are unspeakable. Yet change them into an imagined perfection of spirit form and the lady in question has lost her identity. Remember those special features by which that lady was known were all left behind in the casket, and their microbes and atoms found occupation elsewhere.

Death is evidently one of Nature's critical points, at which she forsakes her old past, and plunges headlong into a new future. As temperature solid ice becomes liquid water. Again further on the water vanishes, and steam appears. In its turn steam merges at a critical point into gaseous vapor, beyond which the mortal cannot follow such evidences of indestructibility. Each critical point marked a change of form, which involved the breaking up of old molecular combinations and the aggregations of others to take their place. If, then, death be recognized as one of Nature's critical points it will be, he it is, manhood or man. The old form was the product of conditions which we crudely call "the survival of the fittest," and the new form, born amidst totally different conditions, cannot repeat the old shape.

We cannot segregate man from all other life, and claim a different law as governing his form. He is just an animal all through and through. Every bone, muscle, nerve and organ is shaped to a previous pattern in some older form, afterwards improved by time and experience into a human organism, where intelligence becomes more powerful than matter. He has at last evolved intelligence to a point where impatient of the present form limitation, it is reaching out for greater sensitiveness than the old organs can supply. He is now gradually adding or perfecting senses almost latent in lower forms, though dogs, horses and birds have repeatedly

manifested clairvoyance, and clairvoyance is a sight that needs neither retina nor optic nerve.

We have exactly the same proof of animal immortality that we have of that of man. That is to say, animals are seen by sensitive spirit visitors to earth life. But to be so seen the appearance must first be reduced to our vibratory powers of comprehension, and limited to our mortal sense. We thus perceive that we really know no more of the shape of animal form beyond death than we do of that of man.

The unalterable fact now remains and faces us that form cannot be the same beyond death, because conditions have changed. What would be the use of fang and poison sack to cobra or rattle snake if there be no poison in air or soil over there? The sweet songster we call a mosquito could not put his six magnificent surgical instruments to profitable use where malaria and yellow fever are unknown to Spirit Boards of Health. And the dear little microbe, without whom the modern physician would cease to afflict the public, will have a changed form, unadapted to propagation of cholera or plague. All organs for slaying and torturing will have to disappear, if the new life be really a step away from the brute. Man's friend, the dog, could not get mad if he wanted to "over there," for the microbe of hydrophobia will undoubtedly have become a useful member of society in his new and changed form after death. Everything from microbe to planet has an aura; that is to say, its form really now outstretches our limited senses, and the aura of our planet is undoubtedly today giving foothold to these new forms in process of adaptation to new conditions.

The change that comes to man himself, amidst his new surroundings, must be still more startling. We are reading almost week by week geographical and social essays and tales that make our mouths water with delightful anticipation of the future awaiting us. But, alas! such novelists take a hop, skip and a jump over the death scene, and quietly remark that "all is about the same 'over there,' only a little improved." They ignore the all important fact that death is one of Nature's critical points, at which all molecular combinations must assume new shape amid new conditions. To them ice is ice, all through the temperature degrees of water, and beyond into steam and hydrogen gas. But Nature laughs as she listens to the tale told in the name of spirit return. She changes form at every critical point, and death is emphatically one of her important steps onward and upward.

The good old fashioned believer will ask us to stop for a moment, just here, and answer a question of deep import. He will tell us that spirit forms have been photographed under conditions precluding fraud, as in the published experiments of Sir William Crookes with spirit Katie King, and her mortal medium Florence Cook. The enquirer will demand, and has the right to demand, how such forms could be photographed if they have no existence "over there."

The genuineness of spirit photography, at least in some instances, has been attested, and accepted as proved in Courts of Law. That is to say, it is under natural law, and by no means, as the presence of certain sensitive peculiarly organized, faces of dead forms have appeared on photographic plates, some few of which have been recognized by those well acquainted with the mortal. The student will here notice a most important fact that throws light into this shadow.

Although the sensitive has been absolutely freed from legal suspicion by strict scientific precautions, yet it has been found again and again that the spirit face and form has been an exact duplicate of some existing portrait or photograph. This has been attested many times, and the fact published in the columns of LIGHT, the well known English Spiritualist paper. This is absolute proof to the student that the forms and faces so pictured are not flashed from existing spirit life, but mere copies of molecular arrangements by which the mortal was identified as a person in earth life. This important fact carries us logically much further, for if these spirit photographs are in these instances but replica of existing portraits, then the similar photographs, attested as genuine but not copies of any portrait by a mortal artist, must, all the same, be reproduced by memory of the mortal form, at least in cases where they have been accepted as identified. And in the myriad of unrecognized faces and forms, apparently genuine, we have to face the same startling fact. Though so called "spirit photographs," they are really evolved from earth life, although they may be the genuine work of invisible operators. In other words, spirit photographs are never portraits of the spirit, but always of the mortal.

This must be so. We may not know by what process a figure is thought onto a photographic plate, any more than we know how the genuine written message is flashed onto slate or paper, but the point we are making is that all such "spirit return," being from a life entirely outside our mortal senses, can only represent itself dwarfed by our limitations. Therefore we are not getting facts of spirit life, but facts of mortal life, reflected as from a mirror by scientists of the invisible, of whose shapes and forms we thus remain in total ignorance.

San Leandro, Cal.

(To be continued.)

### Reincarnation.

The doctrine of Reincarnation has lived as a vital doctrine in all ages. The test of its truth is that it never ages, never decays. The thoughtful thinkers and greatest intellects at all times, without a moment's cessation, try to disprove it, but still it persists and always will, because you cannot destroy truth.

All Masters know the truth of this beautiful evolutionary system whereby the eternal soul is continuously casting off cruder bodies for fresher and more refined bodies.

Reincarnation, like all blessed truths, rolls life of many of its terrors, especially death; through its study we come to know that death is only a birth into the Angelic Spheres; that we remain there for a while and get spiritual strength, refreshment, knowledge and wisdom, and then come back to earth for another experience and another service for the good of the Whole.

Browning said:

"I count life just a staff  
To try the soul's strength on."

Many of the world's greatest poets had positive knowledge about Reincarnation, as their works are full of it. Emerson said:

"The rushing metamorphosis  
Dissolving all that fixture is,  
Melts things that be to things that seem,  
And solid nature to a dream."

Evolution and Reincarnation are one doctrine. Man eternally strives and hopes and must have countless forms on countless planes to reach infinite perfection. "Evolution gains its dynamic force through an all-pervading spirit of hopeful endeavor, or, in other words, an ideal which is always an impelling forward attraction."

"And striving to be man, the worm  
Mounts through all the spires of form."

Dig deeply and profoundly into the ancient doctrine of Reincarnation and the modern scientific evolutionary doctrine, and open your mind to truth about the oneness of Life and Being and its eternal and progressive expression from the pure and simple to the complex, to more complex, and to the complex, to pure and simple—the grand, eternal evolution and evolution of all souls.

Reincarnation in no way opposes religion, philosophy or science; but helps to make them all far more comprehensive.

Reincarnation helps us recognize and realize the glory of God in all things, all beings; we then know God as the All Good, the All in All and through All.

Every form in the universe is the expression or manifestation of God in some degree of evolution; every being is God walking on some one point of the Eternal Path of Life—the Progressive Path. In a while each and all souls, by the divine and beautiful law of Reincarnation, incarnate in etheric matter and are then angels. Most men in this planet's present stage or degree of evolution incarnate here in gross matter—each time a little finer matter. In a while, as they reach infinite perfection they reincarnate in higher and better developed planets or in the Angel Worlds.

When we come to fully realize all the truth in connection with Reincarnation, the whole universe is practically known and is our field of action. Then, "the infinite boundaries of space—hitherto called empty—are filled with God; and if with God, then with Love, Life, Intelligence, Wisdom, Benevolence, Poetry, Beauty, Cohesion, Energy and Truth. The Father gives all—Himself—to His children. All spirits are embraced in Spirit. Matter is resolved into an appearance. All things cease to have separateness, for nothing exists but Being."

Realizing the truths of Reincarnation will fill our minds and our hearts with fervent, universal love for all and make us eternally peaceful, blissful, forceful and helpful. Moreover, it opens the mind to the great God and not a petty and tyrannical Creator with whimsical human attributes.—The Blissful Prophet—Magazine of Mysteries.

### Psychic Research and Gospel Miracles.

By Rev. Eduard Macomb Duff, M. D., and Thomas Gilchrist Allen, M. D.

This book is tenderly and reverentially dedicated to all honest doubters, especially those who are disturbed by materialism, and as the authors are as anxious for legitimate proof, as any one, they assume nothing as proved in advance. Their purpose is to make plain the gospel veracity and the Nazarene's inerrancy as a spiritual teacher.

The first part is a short review of the historical argument for the historic existence of Jesus of Nazareth and the authenticity of the New Testament. Was Jesus of Nazareth a mythical character? They quote Josephus who wrote his "Antiquities" about the year 70 A. D. He speaks twice of the Christ; then Tacitus the historian (100 A. D.), who says that he lived in Judea, in the reign of Tiberius (14-37 A. D.) and that he was executed by Pontius Pilate, procurator of Judea. Also the letters of pro-consul Pliny the younger to emperor Trajan, 110 A. D. These Jewish and pagan accounts of the existence of Christ prove also that he must have taught his disciples that He was and was to be their ever living, ever present Lord, through whom they were to be united in one fellowship. Can any thing be gleaned from outside sources as to the moral character which is claimed for Christ in the New Testament? The letters of Pliny to Trajan speak of the lives of the Christians as being of exalted righteousness, and it could not be so, if their founder had been a man of a vicious, immoral character.

These proofs gathered from outside sources help to prove the veracity of the New Testament. Having proved that Christ was no myth, the authors turn to the Gospels for internal evidence, and they say: "The Gospels rank as peerless masterpieces of literary art, as they portray a character who stands unequalled in history." (2) The writers were not learned men, idolatry as the Sanhedrin called them. (3) They tell their story with simplicity and directness. (4) They tell it succinctly and circumstantially, i. e., they minutely describe when, where and how Jesus said this or did that. The conclusion must be that if uneducated men can tell such a story so simply, so directly and so briefly, yet with minute regard to circumstances, and in the story invent a character towering above any character which the greatest fiction writer ever dreamed of, they have worked the standing miracle of the ages. A miracle as great as any of the gospel miracles whose possibility is denied. For the external evidence, the fathers of the church of the first and the beginning of the 2nd century, Clement of Rome, Polycarp, Ignatius, Irenaeus, Justin Martyr are quoted to prove that the New Testament was known by all Christians as the work of the apostles.

Part 2 is a collection of the data at hand for the Gospel's new verification which the superphysical phenomena of today make possible. They show how the materialists through their dictum "miracles, i. e., superphysical phenomena, do not happen," beg the question between theism and atheism by assuming the truth of materialism and refusing to candidly investigate the modern superphysical phenomena. The true scientists, who have been consecrated to the high calling of the pursuit of truth, he deprecates his office when he scorns the investigation of any purported fact, no matter if such fact, duly proved, may jar upon the hypothesis under which he has been working. Hypotheses are made for truth, and not truth for hypotheses. Fifty years ago the claims of superphysical phenomena might have justified a scornful reception at the hands of scientists. However, the noise of these phenomena has become so great that prominent scientists in the interest of truth took upon themselves to look into those superstitious claims to expose and explode them, thus to end the matter. Judge Edmonds of the supreme court of New York, Alfred R. Wallace coadjutor of Darwin, Prof. C. D. Morgan, Sir William Crookes, F. R. S. of England, Prof. Zoller of Berlin and Camille Flammarion of France and others joined in the cause of exposure; but every effort heeded to a certain point had to acknowledge candidly that he had seen occurrences which material conditions could not explain.

The authors have several chapters on the phenomena, which they classify thus: (1) Subliminal memory or cryptomnesia. Subliminal refers to that part of the intelligence whose activity is below the normal or waking intelligence. The term cryptomnesia, "hidden memory," was coined by Prof. E. Flournoy of Geneva University, Switzerland. (2) Subliminal intuition. (3) Telepathy, which is divided into eight different phases. (4) Independent clairvoyance. (5) Telekinesis or the moving of heavy objects without physical contact, and that is divided by Sir Crookes into fourteen phases. (6) Psycho-chemicalization or the production by psychic agency of chemical changes in matter. All these phenomena have been witnessed many times by scientists and by members of the Society of Psychical Research, S. P. R. We next have a chapter of the experiences of the authors, so they speak that which they do know. They had seances with Slade in 1889, with the







## Children's Book.

## DAVY'S POCKET.

The pocket was full, but never a string,  
Nor marble nor ball nor any such thing;  
Nor knife nor pencil could I see  
As he climbed on my lap and showed it to me.

With his little hand he began to pour  
Pile after pile of his hoarded store  
On his clean white apron, and then divide  
In halves this drift of a nameless tide.

"Eat some, Aunt! It's good," he said,  
Lifting a crumb which was not bread,  
And crunching it with his row of pearls,—  
"Eat some, Aunt, it's good for girls."

Never a feast like this was spread,  
Since the old king Nebuchadnezzar fed  
On the summer fields that tempting lie  
Under the sun of the Syrian sky.

There were humps of camels, and ponies'  
Trunks of elephants, horns of steers,  
Tails of ostriches, feet of ducks,  
And wings of the fowl that crows and clucks.

Clinging among these birds and beasts,  
On which young Davy eagerly feasts,  
Were wilted leaves, and I said, "You eat  
Your dinner of greens and dainty meat."

"It's just sheep's sorrel," he answered me;  
"And my animals are all broke, you see;  
It isn't greens, and it isn't meat."  
Take some, Aunt, it's good to eat."

Never a pocket held before,  
You will quite agree, such abundant store;  
All the zones had come to say  
How the world for a child keeps holiday.

—J. L. P., in April Wide Awake.

## Dollybug's Kittens.

"Well, my little folks, what shall it be this time, Dollybugs or Petieboy?"

"Both."  
"Why, you dear little kiddies, do you think that is quite fair? Didn't I tell you more Petieboy stories last time than I did about Dollybugs? And do you think that is treating the ladies quite right?"

"Well, then, Uncle John, tell more about Dollybugs, but put some Petieboy into it, too. Won't that be right?"

"You little Miss Judex. How impartial you are. When the women get to be judges, if you have grown up by that time and I am a governor, I will appoint you judge."

"Why, are judges always fair?"  
"Now, you are getting off the question. I think I had better change the subject. So how would you like to hear about the five little kittens that Dollybugs found the other day in the hay loft of the old barn at her home?"

"Oh, goody, goody! Tell us about them! Did she name them just as she did the piglets?"

"My little lady, you are getting too much in a hurry. You are going to be a judge, you know, and judges never hurry. They are always very dignified and slow."

"When Dollybugs found these kittens, they were not much larger than mice. They couldn't walk, nor open their eyes. They crawled over each other and their mama and mewed the most squeaky, little pitiful mews, as if they had already suffered most of the cat tortures of this life. Like a great many grown folks, they complained over trifling ills because all they had suffered was just to be a little bit hungry and that isn't much; for little kits like little children are always hungry any way."

"Dollybugs was delighted and hopped up and down and clapped her hands. Then she stooped down and caressed each little kitty and picked each one up and cuddled it. She found one was as black as it could be; one was striped just like a tiger; the others were mottled and white. Of course she had to tell Petieboy of her discovery and then ran to the house to get mama to come out and see too."

"The next thing was to get them down into a better place. She thought the old cat mama had not used good judgment in finding a home for her family. So Petieboy and Dollybugs made a nice bed of bran which they found in the barn. They fixed this new dwelling for the Tabby family in a quiet corner of the grain room next to the grain chest, where it was all dark and quiet."

"Then they thought it was time to name the kittens. So as the kittens' mama had no name but Tabby they said the last name of the family must be Tabby. Now for the first name of each little Tabby. First, the black one of course was Sambo. Sambo Tabby you know. Then as Mrs. Tabby came to the barn from the sawmill, they called another Sawmill Tabby and as she came through the meadow, another was Meadow Tabby; after the other barn cat they named another Dewey Tabby and the tiger they called Tiger Tabby. And so they were all named. Funny names for kittens weren't they?—Sambo, Sawmill, Meadow, Dewey and Tiger. But the names seemed to Dollybugs to be all right and she couldn't see that any of the kittens made any very loud objections; so those names stood."

"In the afternoon Dollybugs went to visit her new pets and behold only two were there. She was very much alarmed. She didn't know what had happened until Mother Tabby came along and explained it all to her. She didn't say anything by way of explanation because it is against the rules for Mother Tabbies to talk, you know. She just did things and did them in such a way that Dollybugs understood just as well as she would if Mother Tabby had broken cat-rules and told her. She just took each little Tabby by the back of the neck with her mouth and trotted up the ladder to the hay loft and put every little tot of a Tabby cat back into the place which she had selected herself. That was as much as to say to Dollybugs:

"This doesn't hurt my children. It is the way all kittens have to be carried before they can run on their own little legs and I guess I know, better than any little Dollybug can know, where is the proper place for my little kittens to grow up in. I will select my own home if you please."

"Then Dollybugs knew that Mother Tabby intended to take her own way with her own family. But Mother Tabby has not changed their names yet. So Dollybugs thinks that Mrs. Tabby approves of her selection of names if she doesn't like her selection of a home."

"I must tell you before I forget it, that Dollybugs' Sambo, the black dolly, who had vaccination and measles and whooping cough all at once, is almost well. He has got all over the vaccination and the measles and has only a little mite of a bit of whooping cough. She thinks in a few days he will be well enough to go to the barn and see his namesake, Sambo Tabby. She hopes the two Sambos will like each other ever so much. Their skin is the same color and just as soon as Sambo Tabby is old enough to open his eyes, she says 'perhaps their eyes will look alike.'"

"Now goodnight, Toddlekins. Perhaps some other time I will tell you how Petieboy and Dollybugs get along in school."

Uncle John.



Two severe cases of Ovarian Trouble and two terrible operations avoided. Mrs. Emmons and Mrs. Coleman each tell how they were saved by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am so pleased with the results obtained from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I feel it a duty and a privilege to write you about it."

"I suffered for more than five years with ovarian troubles, causing an unpleasant discharge, a great weakness, and at times a faintness would come over me which no amount of medicine, diet, or exercise seemed to correct. Your Vegetable Compound found the weak spot, however, within a few weeks—and saved me from an operation—all my troubles had disappeared, and I found myself once more healthy and well. Words fail to describe the real, true, grateful feeling that is in my heart, and I want to tell every sick and suffering sister. Don't dally with medicines you know nothing about, but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and take my word for it, you will be a different woman in a short time."—Mrs. LAURA EMMONS, Walkerville, Ont.

## Another Case of Ovarian Trouble Cured Without an Operation.



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For several years I was troubled with ovarian trouble and a painful and inflamed condition, which kept me in bed part of the time. I did so dread a surgical operation. I tried different remedies hoping to get better, but nothing seemed to bring relief until a friend who had been cured of ovarian trouble, through the use of your compound, induced me to try it. I took it faithfully for three months, and at the end of that time was glad to find that I was a well woman. Health is nature's best gift to woman, and if you lose it and can have it restored through Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I feel that all suffering women should know of this."—Mrs. LAURA BELLE COLEMAN, Commercial Hotel, Nashville, Tenn.

It is well to remember such letters as above when some druggist tries to get you to buy something which he says is "just as good." That is impossible, as no other medicine has such a record of cures as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; accept no other and you will be glad.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about your sickness you do not understand. She will treat you with kindness and her advice is free. No woman ever regretted writing her and she has helped thousands. Address Lynn, Mass.

**\$5000** FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.  
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

## The Christian Advocate and Spiritualism.

If the so-called "Christian" papers are expected to give truthful representations of Spiritualism, or to be even fair and honest, the expectation will be disappointing. The ordinary courtesies of refined society are not observed in their treatment of this subject and misrepresentation and slanderous falsehoods are stock in trade with those who appear to think that those who differ from them have no rights they are bound to respect.

The Christian Advocate is intensely Christian, and hence narrow, bigoted, uncivil, and arrogant. Its editor, Rev. Dr. Buckley, hates all reforms and Spiritualism more than any other. His late editorial surpasses his ordinary efforts and his vindictiveness is so apparent that his friends must feel chagrined at his descending to cheap pettifoggery of a police slyster.

So disgusting is the character of this editorial, that it awakened the resentment of a minister who stands high in the opinion of a western conference, and my attention was called earnestly by him to the necessity of an answer. He said, in a note accompanying the clipping: "I doubt Dr. Buckley's publishing an answer, but such a hateful article ought to be answered in an important paper. Dr. Buckley certainly knows he has penned things that are not true. All men are dupes who do not see things as he does. Some years ago when Joseph Cook was appointed to examine and report on Spiritualism, of the slate test, he reported: 'The pencil moved without contact.' No reply was made until after Cook's death, when the editor of the Western Christian Advocate had the littleness and unkindness to say 'Cook was hypnotized!' Cook was there—the editor several hundred miles away. So it goes!"

Perhaps it is because the church has so wonderfully absorbed spiritual doctrines, and ministers find that they draw best when they speak on living issues, that Dr. Buckley is so filled with hatred. Here are some choice pickings:

"Spiritualism from time to time throws its moss-covered tentacles around minds weak by nature or made so by grief or age. Nothing has ever yet been done by professional spiritual mediums that could not be explained by natural principles, or detected as jugglery, or classified under other things of the same nature that can be paralleled by the use of natural laws. The trance of honest mediums, whether spontaneous or the result of mental conditions artificially induced, is a phenomena that can be explained as well as anything can

be that has to do with the brain and nervous system. It is curious that old men are liable to be entrapped by female mediums, but some by male mediums, though the latter succeed best with wealthy old women, or with the class of women of any age in 'society' or among the illiterate."

Who are the "minds weak by nature," the "old men" and "wealthy old women," caught by the "moss-covered tentacles" of Spiritualism? Of the thousands of names which might be mentioned of those eminent in science, statesmanship, literature, and art, write Wallace, Varley, Crookes, James, Hyslop, Alexander, Emperor of Russia, Queen Victoria, Abraham Lincoln, Tennyson, Robert Chambers, Rev. Heber Newton, Rev. M. J. Savage, Bishop Watson, and if these are not sufficient go on and fill columns with names equally well known.

In the beginning of Methodism, John Wesley and his family were subject to spiritual visitations and manifestations far more extraordinary than those of the Fox family. Had not superstition prevailed the great spiritual advent would then have been made, and not restrained and converted into Methodism. In Wesley's life as first published, is a full account of those events, but the next edition had all this portion suppressed. Why? Was it true, or did the followers of Wesley find out that he was either a deceiver or a dupe? Was he one of the "weak by nature"? He believed in the manifestations and if living on the earth today, would be an uncompromising Spiritualist. Methodism started with Spiritualism.

As for mediums entrapping "old men" or "wealthy old women," allow me to refer to the entrapping of these classes by gospel ministers, and enticing them when near to death, to make wills giving their property to the church, and disinheriting their children. This has become such a crying evil that many states have enacted laws setting aside any bequest whereby property is given to the church, if the will is executed less than a year before the death of the testator. This charge of ministers using their influence over the sick and dying is thus evidenced by law. The charge against mediums is quite unsupported.

Can trance be explained? Can the phenomena of Spiritualism be explained by Dr. Buckley? Then whatever explanation he adopts applies with the same force to the leading manifestations of the Bible. The Book of Revelations was professedly received by trance. Paul was entranced, Moses and Elias were materialized to three of the disciples. A hand materialized and wrote on the walls of the banqueting hall of Babylon. Angels (spirits) repeatedly appeared as mes-

sengers. What shall we believe, Dr. Buckley? Give your explanation of the phenomena of Spiritualism, be it humping, devil, or "unknown laws of mind," and your argument sweeps every vestige of these from the Bible. We cannot pass this paragraph, conspicuous for its unsupported audacity: "When infidels are converted to Spiritualism the presumption is that they did not believe in their infidelity. When professed Christians turn to Spiritualism as a means of establishing a belief in future life, the presumption is that Christianity had not a very deep hold on them, or else their minds have weakened under circumstances mentioned above."

In a life-long experience, we never heard of any one "converted to Christianity by Spiritualism." Perhaps Christianity did not have a "deep hold upon them,"—we presume it did not have the hold it has on such men as Dr. Buckley, for then they would not listen to the effort made to convert them, and would misrepresent and ridicule. The Christianity of John Pierpont, Theodore Parker, Samuel Watson, Savage or Newton may be as deep as that of the editor of the Christian Advocate and we know it made them more tolerant and Christ-like.

Of course Dr. Funk's test from the spirit of Beecher receives a sneer: "If Henry Ward Beecher is in no better business than attempting to prove immortality by revealing the place of a widow's mite—a small copper coin—that had been in his possession at one time, he is not worthy of attention."

It is presumable that Beecher knew what would be the most telling test of his identity and he so well succeeded that he confounded Dr. Funk, and called out editorials from Maine to the Gulf. Cannot this editor see that it is not the "small copper coin" that is in evidence, but the individuality behind the communication? Beecher as a spirit would be Beecher, and identified himself as such. As a parallel take the communication of "the Lord,"—that is of Jehovah, the Great God of the universe—to Moses about the ark of the covenant, telling him of the kind of wood to use in making it; the rings in the corners; the poles to carry it, etc. We ask, is the communication such as we would expect from the high source claimed? If God did really communicate, why did he not give Moses something more than the way to make a box to be carried suspended by poles on the shoulders of sweating priests as they journeyed over the desert?

There is nothing new in the following, for it has been reiterated many times:—

"In all the literary and professedly revealed stuff, that has been attributed to spirits, there is nothing that has contributed to the progress of science, to the forecasting of important or wide reaching future events, to the unmistakable unearthing of plots of deep significance, or the revelation of hidden crime." If this objection holds good to Spiritualism, it is equally so to Christianity. What has ever been contributed to science; to "forecasting" the future, or unearthing of plots or "hidden crimes" by the hundred thousand ministers of the gospel in the United States? If their claims be true, why do they not at once inform the police of the whereabouts of all criminals? Or better by their gifts of prophecy, give timely warning that crime may be prevented? Why has not the Bible given the world the telephone, telegraph, trolley car, and the X-rays centuries ago?

"Oh," they cry, "don't you know the Bible and religion are not to reveal science?" Yes I know and I also know that the Bible commences with, and Christianity is founded on an account of the creation of the universe, which has been declared infallible, superseding all science, and has given rise to the scheme of Christian salvation, the fall of man, necessitating the tremendous assumption of a sacrificed God, and continuous warfare waged against the powers of the devil by the priesthood. Yes I know there is no science in it; that the story of Genesis is a story of the childhood of man. But the devotees believe, or pretend to believe, that they have the infallible guide and the only means of solving the problem of life and death. Why not at once convince the unbelieving world of the truth of their high claims? Will the editor of the Advocate, or any minister, point to the least discovery, the slightest attempt at prophecy, a criminal brought to justice, a crime prevented?

Yet we by no means admit that Spiritualism has brought nothing new, or plead the delinquency of the Christian religion as an excuse. Anyone who even passing, looks over the field of view, will at once discern that it has created a new science of spirit, and that the old psychology is made obsolete. It has introduced law into the domain of spirit, and the mental realm. It has utilized the manifestations of all ages and races. It has reduced the outlying domain of mystery, miracle, the supernatural, occult and hitherto fortuitous, to law. It has made the realm of spirit a realm of science. It has demonstrated immortality. It has promulgated a rule for the conduct of life a step superior to the golden rule,—Do all for others! And its work of negation, of destroying superstition, of eradicating harmful dogmas and beliefs; the clearing of the ground of brambles and poisonous weeds, planted by ignorance and nourished by bigotry and credulity, has been no less remarkable in its world-wide results. Dr. Buckley's decision will admirably apply to Christianity:—

"Common sense judges by the consequences of a claim, or belief, and mentally or orally says to the humping or fanatic, 'You seem to prove your point, but I don't believe it.'"

Only we omit the "seem," for the contention of these ministers does not seem to common sense, or impartial judgment, to be proven. They do not even make that claim, but say, "Oh don't go on reasoning. It is a mystery of godliness and you can't find it out."

Spiritualism has not come to furnish a police force; a night and day watch to assist the Sherlock Holmes in their miserable work. As for telling the future, the ministers when they found that they could not meet this requirement, blundered into the right defence, that such forecasting was undesirable. As giving one person advantage over another, it is essentially opposed to moral rectitude. Suppose an operator on the Board of Trade or Stock Exchange, is informed of the future price of grain or stocks by spirit agency, and thereby enabled to ruin many others, where is the good? It should be understood that Spiritualism has come to Spiritualize, and not as purveyor of the gut-

We find near the close of a passage with which we agree, and it is pleasant to find such a gem amidst the flood of tommy-rot: "Those who love delusion can always find it. The wise never believe anything supernatural or preternatural so long as they can show that similar things can be done by natural means, or can conceive a rational way by which things could be done, though they may not have the skill to do it."

Never anything said more true! Spiritualists hold to the scientific method of not going to higher sources for explanation, when ordinary causes will apply. It is because the lesser have been found inadequate, and that one cause utilizes and explains all the so-called supernatural manifestations of the present and past ages, it has been received. Because Evil Spirits, Electricity, Hypnotism, and countless other explanations have failed, their spiritual origin has been accepted. There are many who "love delusion." If there were not the Christian Advocate would lose its subscription list, and the churches would be more lonesome places than they are now. On the other hand there are a great many who love the truth and are ready to make sacrifice for its sake.

"If the editor of the Advocate will pause for a moment, he will perceive that his method may be applied to Christianity with even more effectiveness than to Spiritualism. Why resort to the superior claim that God's hand wrote on the walls of the temple of Babylon, when it may be readily explained by the cunning of Daniel?"

Why believe in the appearance of Moses and Elias, when they were seen by only three disciples, chosen perhaps, because they would tell any story suggested, or were readily hypnotized? Why believe the story of the resurrection, when the guard told exactly how the body was removed?

We are asking belief in the existence after death of the mortal body and the return to us of the spirits immortal, while the Christian world contend for the incarnation of the Supreme God, his birth by natural means, his growth to manhood, his crucifixion, death, and resurrection or entering into the mortal body, and ascension into heaven. And while every part of this scheme may be readily explained by most common causes, it applies, without a moment's hesitation, the tremendous dogma of direct interference of the highest supreme cause!

If we apply causes at hand to all phenomena, and refer to spirit agency only such as resist all other theories, we may rely on the residuum and feel that our feet rest on the firm foundation of attested facts.

We close the case by requesting Dr. Buckley to apply this method to his own religion, and honestly report results. Spiritualism furnishes the unknown term in the equation the world has been through all the ages searching for, and thus allows of its solution.

Hudson Tuttle,  
Editor-at-Large N. S. Asso.  
Washington, D. C.

## A Chance to Make Money.

I have berries, grapes and peaches a year old, fresh as when picked. I used the California Cold Process. Do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing; can put up a bushel in 10 minutes. Last year I sold directions to over 120 families in one week; anyone will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such and feel confident anyone can make one or two hundred dollars round home in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and full directions to any of your readers for nineteen (19) 2-cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc. Francis Casey, St. Louis, Mo.

## The Sounding Board of the Soul.

If I were a woman and wished to be admired—and all good women wish to be admired—I would do three things:

Wear easy, comfortable shoes with flat heels.

Discard corsets, so as to secure a Venus de Milo breathing capacity.

Cultivate a mild, gentle and sympathetic voice.

Especially would I cultivate my voice.

And the way to secure a mild, gentle and sympathetic voice is to be mild, gentle and sympathetic.

The voice is the index of the mind.

Children do not pay much attention to your words—they judge of your intents by your voice. Your voice reassures. "My sleep know my voice."

We judge each other more by voice than language, for voice colors speech, and if your voice does not corroborate your words, assurance will not follow.

We are won or repelled by the voice.

The way to best cultivate the voice is not to think about it.

Actions become regal only when they are unconscious; and the voice that convulses, that holds us captive, that leads and lures us on, is used by its owner unconsciously.

Fix your mind on the thought, and the voice will follow. If you fear you will not be understood, you are losing the thought—it is slipping away from you—and you are thinking of the voice. Then your voice rises to a screech, subsides into a purr, or bellows like the vagrant winds. Anxiety and intent are shown, and your case is lost.

If you fear you will not be understood, you probably will not. If the voice is allowed to come naturally, easily, gently, it will take on every tint and emotion of the mind.

And so to get back to the place of beginning, the advice is this: The way to cultivate the voice is not to cultivate it. The voice is the sounding board of the soul. God made it right. If your soul is filled with truth, your voice will vibrate with love, echo with sympathy, and fill your hearers with the desire to do to be and to become.

Your desire will become theirs.

By their voices ye shall know them.

Peace—be still! Feel that, and then say it, and your voice shall be a word of command that even the elements will obey.—Elbert Hubbard in May Philistine.

## Paint Legislation.

There has recently been a great deal of suspicious agitation in several of the State Legislatures looking towards legislation in favor of pure white lead. In no case has it been found that the chief advocates of such legislation are directly concerned with the results. This fact justifies the suspicion that some interest whose business needs this support is behind the agitation. The intention of these measures is to render the sale of ready-mixed and combination paints difficult or impossible, and the reason given for supporting them is that they will protect the public from fraud. Its real effect, if adopted, will be to make the consumer use and pay for straight lead, whether he wants it or not.

Now, strangely enough, at this very moment there is before the French Chamber of Deputies, a "project of law," as they call it in France, which will entirely prohibit the use of any lead paints or even linseed oil containing lead driers, on the interior of structures, and giving the executive the power of extending the prohibition to exterior paints.

The French law—for its adoption is practically assured—is the last step in a series of investigations by the Government authorities, extending over nearly a century, and is taken on the broad ground of public health. Lead in any form has been pronounced dangerous to workmen and inhabitants, and the technical authorities have found in zinc a perfectly satisfactory substitute—hence the proposed national law.

To an outsider it looks as if paternal legislation of this sort had better be let alone, but if we are to be hedged about with minute restrictions, we would fare better with the French kind, which protects the health of the people, than with the domestic kind which benefits the pockets of a few favored manufacturers.

Stanton Dudley.

"Live for something, have a purpose,  
And that purpose keep in view;  
Drifting like a helpless vessel,  
Thou canst ne'er to life be true.  
Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,  
If some star had been their guide,  
Might have long been riding safely,  
But they drifted with the tide."