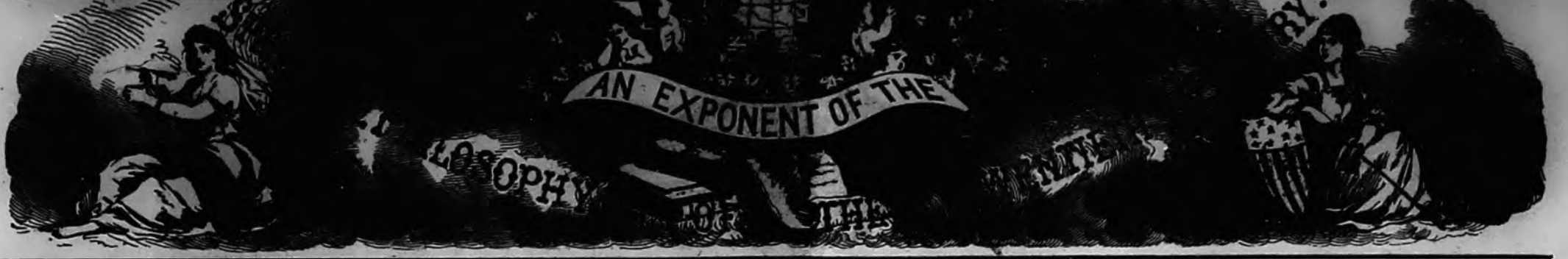


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NO. 9

THE STORY OF THE SPRING.

The Spring has been so many times—
We see its arms full of flowers,
We hear again the ancient rhymes,
And walk once more its Eden bowers!

It ever mystic gladness shows,
The miracle of life new-born;
Yet still the wonder on us grows—
How Nature can the dead adorn!

She touches earth, and lo! the grass;
Her sunshine beams, then comes the bird;
What can this word of life surpass,
When by the spirit it is heard?

It whispers: "Joy is for us here—
The soul and centre of the world;
It must be too in elsewhere,
As silken banners far unfurled!"

Ah! yes, beyond death's winter wild,
With any shadow it may bring,
We shall awake like little child,
And walk abroad in God's glad Spring!

William Brewster.

Easter.

SUSAN C. CLARK.

An Address Delivered Before the Lynn Spiritualists' Association, April 12, 1903, and Reproduced, (in part) by Request.

The Christian Church is celebrating its Easter festival. Once a year it remembers that Christ has arisen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept. Only the Spiritualist has reason to celebrate his Easter every day, since he alone receives constant demonstrated proof of arisen life. Nature also observes a perpetual resurrection. Nature, the bountiful mother, the faithful friend and inspirer is also the supreme Teacher, the Revealer, since Nature reveals God and Divine Law as humanity often fails to do.

What diversity of the creative thought is expressed in the natural world, what magnitude and majesty in the starlit night, taxing the conception of man to the uttermost, to imagine what galaxies of world and mighty suns lie beyond this vast universe which he tries to see, what wondrous forces play and flash and roll and rumble through you vaulted arch, forces which man, after so many centuries, has partially enchain. What brilliance of color heralds the advent and departure of that great light to whom it is given to rule the day, what soft dreamy effulgence illumines the path of our lunar satellite! With what beauty the earth is clothed, in radiant garment like Joseph's coat of many colors, each tint with a subtle meaning and message of its own to eyes that see clearly, what diversity and delicacy in the floral or the insect kingdom.

Indeed we are so accustomed to look to Nature for our illustrations of the lessons we would teach regarding the exhaustless bounty of the Mighty Giver, that it would seem we might do well today, in observing our Easter season, to leave the city walls and streets of stone, and go forth to listen to that Easter sermon which Nature is now preaching with eloquent tongue, on every hillside and field, or in the forest, where the life of new life is being pumped into millions of green veins, where buds are swelling by the pulsing, impelling force within, until every tree shall become an army with banners and "still green tribes from afar come trooping and over the uplands flock." Each little fern root stirs in its sodden grave, throbs with life, with the spirit of the hour and sends forth its curling fronds to unroll upward and backward, toward a beautiful resurrection. Each grass blade now lurking in the cloud, eagerly awaits its cue from the Divine Prompter, to come forth to beautiful action, to high service to other lives, to become one of the creative energies of the world. Not so very long ago, a few weeks only, and these pulsing meadows, these stirring lawns were buried deep beneath the white shroud which Nature weaves, the burial robes of the chilling frost and heavy snow. What hope was there then of the beauty, the promise of this joyous hour, this glad resurrection season?

But there is only one life, in Nature or man, in plant or soil, and its expression as ontwrought on every plane, reproduces a similar experience. We, embodied souls, have doubtless had our snow storms and tempests, we have felt the blighting frosts crinkling to our very hearts, and I trust we have all tasted the peaceable fruit of the glad after time, have felt within us the new birth, the springing up of a new, rich growth that never could have been ours but for that grave in which former false ideals and ambitions were buried forever.

The world also, the historic world of man, has had its Gethsemane, as well as its triumphs, with plaudits and palms, followed by its Good Fridays and Crucifixions. But from the tomb of every Dark Age in history has arisen a Renaissance, a season of re-birth of art and chivalry, a nobler ideal, as intellect triumphed over brute force, and gave promise of a still more spiritual unfoldment and expression in the New Age upon which we have entered. For the fifth cycle has waned,

the dawn of the sixth dispensation is upon us. May it prove indeed a glorious Easter to this dense planet, the grandest resurrection we have ever known.

How many errors have been outgrown, how many shackles broken, what heavy burdens have been laid aside. Old theology with its terrors, its narrow restrictions, its ignoble ideals of a heaven as a goal, where in a pitiful, aimless prison, a chosen few are shut in and cannot get out, and all the nice congenial people, the advanced minds, the reformers and saviors of the race are excluded; this emanated ghost of pretended truth has nearly dematerialized, our children will find small trace of it. Theology no longer masquerades as religion, the intelligent mind refuses to feed on the husk of theory and belief, but demands truth which can be proven. Science and religion join hands in a holy partnership. As Science means knowledge, and religion (from religare, to rebind) properly indicates the binding back again of the soul to its Source in conscious union (conscious implying a knowing within), it follows that each man must have a religion of his own according to the differing degrees of this vital re-union. For the soul is always one with the Over Soul; the soul is of God, has not come out from God, to pursue a separate independent existence of its own. Hence true religion is the awaking to realize this vital at-one-ment, and can never become merely a system of man-made creed, or articles of belief and faith.

Another human fetter, worse than old theology and dogma, is wearing very thin for all the race, is wholly broken and laid aside by many emancipated souls, the belief in the necessity of sickness and disease. What a beneficent resurrection is this! The promise of the Apocalypse realized—"Neither shall there be any more pain." It was a long night before this morning dawned, a darkness and misery prolonged, fostered and catered to by professional zeal and solicitude in the cause of physical science, though materia medica through all this dark age has remained an experiment and never has become a science. Nothing is a science which hits one and does not hit another, or hits him most unfavorably, even to his taking off from this mundane sphere of existence.

But what benighted ignorance has held the world so long in the belief of physical causation, in the mastery of the body over every situation and feature of life's expression. Usefulness fettered, humanitarian impulse checked because this senseless tool of clay rebels under such demand upon its energies. Even throats give out when used by our most saintly teachers for voicing the words of divine truth. Brains succumb under the inspiration of the spirit. Ministers of a gospel supposed to "save to the uttermost," have to be sent to Europe, or elsewhere, to recuperate, because Omnipotence is not strong enough to meet their puny demands, or their intelligent connection with its un-failing supply is imperfect. What an anomaly is this! Was there not need of a resurrection from this grave where life's fairest possibilities were entombed? Blessed be every angel hand, embodied or disembodied, that has ever helped to roll away this heavy stone from the sepulchre of human advancement, and thus makes of every day an Easter festival.

Our nation has known one anti-slavery crusade which enlisted the labor and co-operation, the tears and stripes of some of the noblest souls which any land has ever known, in the cause of human freedom or the suppression of chattel slavery. But how much more pitiful the serfdom when the victim is self-enslaved, forges his own fetters needlessly by false belief and fear, dragging the free born spirit down to the level of the dust. Is there not need of another anti-slavery crusade, fellow gladiators in the arena of Truth? Are we not all eager to engage in it? Who lacks the beneficent purpose, the fervor of duty to withhold his strong aid and masterful support? The emancipation proclamation has been already published to the world in our gospel of spirit. It needs interpreters, demonstrators of its worth and potency, exemplifiers by word and deed.

What a potent teacher is example! Can one soul grow and not advance every other soul within its sphere? Can one mind hold pure, strong, dominant thoughts and not raise the standard of every other thinker within the radius of its active vibrations? Can the violet blossom when the morning dews rest like diamonds on its brow and fall to sweeten the world with its delicate, unobtrusive, yet characteristic fragrance? "How far a little candle sheds its beams!" We cannot live our lives alone; we lift others by our advance, and we cannot pursue an ignoble existence, a dissipation of Life's possibilities, which is a living death, and not be both a suicide and a murderer. Then what a responsibility life becomes! "A sacred burden is the life ye bear," this arisen, illumined, triumphant life which we feel quivering, thrilling within us this Easter day, as likewise every day and every hour.

What is Life—the more and more abundant life which He came to reveal whose spiritual birthday, whose return to the realm of spirit, the world celebrates, today, this life which is more than respiration and consequent pulsation and circulation, this life which has wings, which soars in its realization far above every manifestation of mere existence, because the quenchless fire of Infinite Life is the Flame from whence this vital spark is kindled. Spirit is the only Life, the Divine Breath, and it is possible to live, the life which is spirit, now and here. We are a race of spirits now. We never can become such any more than we are at the present moment. We do not become spirits at the gateway of the tomb. That which men call death is merely getting rid of the thick overcoat which fetters freest movement and locomotion, a releasing of intelligence from sensuous limitation, a sloughing off of the cocoon, retaining only that form of finer vibration, of more ethereal quality, which has been also worn hitherto, all through the earthly pilgrimage, as well as the one more crudely tangible to sight and touch, which is so gladly laid aside.

What an insignificant thing, of what trifling importance is the change which is misnamed Death, that glad resurrection into newness of life, which the world regards with fear and dread, even with terror. It is God's most beneficent gift to man. As the poet sings:

"Why shrink from Death? In ancient days, we know,
The slave was raised, to freedom by a blow;
Man's prison-house, not man, the hand of Death lays low."

The brevity of life is to some its greatest charm, although there are some of our modern apostles and teachers who are striving to gain, and preach as desirable, an immortality in the flesh (even when such exponents possess nearly three hundred pounds of flesh), holding that in this way the last enemy can be destroyed. How much better with Paul to die daily, to rise constantly on the stepping stones of our dead selves to higher realizations of life and love and duty, until there will be little of us left to die, when Easter morning dawns to us.

To die daily—to put off the old man with his deeds of unenlightened ignorance, his thoughts of error, of weakness and impotency, to exchange old mistakes and faulty beliefs for certainties of Truth, to remove old barriers of separation between our loving hearts and any other child of God, to transform harsh, critical judgments into that charity which never faileth, which is invariably kind, though it suffer long, which easily forgiveth to the seventy times seven all injuries, however undeserved, all sting of injustice which is so especially hard for the sensitive soul to bear. O how much there is still to outgrow, how much to bury in the tomb of oblivion!

But while such ideal living as this might make more endurable an immortality in the flesh, for we are undeniably immortal beings now, it is also true that such pure, exalted life would inevitably sublimate the clay until the walls of this fleshly tabernacle must fall apart, could no longer encase or enchain the expanding spirit, which would then speed away to its own realm—the world of spirit. The law of spiritual affinity is unerring. The spirit has to stoop to vitalize this form of dust, it condescends to inspire the clay, but it could not perform this office without that blessed economy of Nature which brings recurrent night to the world, with its mimic death—the baptism of sleep, so like its twin-brother death, except in permanence. For in slumber, the free born, freedom-loving spirit escapes its fetters and slips away into the infinite sea of Spirit, to gain in its own realm, the refreshment and nourishment without which continued existence on the dry land of earth could not be prolonged, any more than a fish could long survive on the material plane.

With what reluctance on some of the radiant mornings in the fair realm of spirit, when the hour arrives for our re-awakening on earth, must we turn away from those scenes of light and beauty for this tinsel masquerade, from that glorious freedom for renewed bondage in the flesh, to exchange an abiding reality for this fleeting shadow, those higher lessons for these earthly primers of short, disconnected words which we blindly ponder over and try laboriously to spell out mere syllables of Truth. How gladly we shall welcome that last morning (how often the soul must wish it could be today) when graduation will be complete and we need return to this mundane school no more. How we shall laugh then at our childish fear of death that has brought us this blessed privilege, this glorious emancipation.

Ah, what will life be then, the arisen life? Life in the spirit world? What can it be like? Do you ever think of it? Can we imagine the freedom of it, the release from this cloud, from all limitation, from all weariness under effort, all separation from loved ones, that clutches so at our heart strings, often crippling our usefulness and paralyzing our energies? Then to find the longed for re-unions so much more blessed than we could ask or think, to gain the

clear vision which shall be ours when the dust of this plane has been brushed from our eyes, to reach the fulfillment of dim prophecies of power, the unfoldment of latent gifts which have so yearned here for expression, with the possibilities of progression that open before us, in boundless vistas, hitherto unconceived, on and on, past all vision of poet or philosopher, endless, eternal.

All this awaits us, is ours already in anticipation, can be ours in a measure today, in realization. For there is but one world, which is so bright and glorious it must cast a shadow, but we can emerge from the shadow and consciously live in the real world, the world of spirit, now. Then by realizing ourselves to be spirits, we can lift our consciousness into the realm of spirit to such degree, that the weight and sensation of the body appeals to us very slightly, the ground which we tread is scarcely noticed, we live henceforth under the sway of spiritual laws of freedom and upliftment; the old false potencies of fatigue, of pain, colds or contagion which should not afflict spirits such as we are, are no longer related to our plane. We are not enough in touch with them to be affected by them.

Then let us make our Easter season a practical resurrection. These recurring anniversaries of the Christian church, Christmas and Easter should serve to remind us, first, of the possibility of the birth of the Christ-spirit in our own hearts, for wherever unselfish abnegation is active for human needs, the relief of human suffering, and upliftment of human souls, there the Christ spirit is again incarnate, and every loving, trusting heart can become a manger for the birth of incarnate Truth. And this present festival should teach us and the world, not alone that there is no death—Life, Spirit knows it not—but the use we are to make of our crucifixions. For all must wear the cross before the purity of the ascension robe is won. Calvary is for everyone as well as for the Master who led the way, a stepping stone to the upper spheres of conscious, emancipated being. The crown of thorns may now be heavy and cruel upon our brows, but it will be replaced by the halo that marks a perfect consecration and at-one-ment with the Great Spirit of all Life, Love and Wisdom.

Nature's radiant, pictorial, resurrection season upon which she is just entering, would not have been possible but for her winter sleep, but for the rich mold which last autumn her dying robes prepared where-with to enrich this new expression of life, of beauty and of harvest. Then welcome every day the death of thy old self with its imperfect deeds, which will likewise enrich thy higher spiritual growth, watch for the death of its old thoughts, its old narrow conceptions and ideals. Let them die, and build upon their dying embers a new life, an immortal life now, an expression of freedom and victory, radiant with the Light of the Spirit—supernal—ineffable.

"The old, old fashion—death.
O thank God all who see it for that
Older fashion yet of immortality."

The Castle Dweller.

HENRY ALLEN HANCOX.

Sometime, somewhere, I have heard of a selfish voluptuary who dwelt in affluence upon a lofty cliff overlooking the rock-ribbed shore of a tempestuous ocean where frequent wrecks occur.

Safely ensconced in an easy chair before an open grate fire with all the luxurious comforts that ease could suggest and wealth gratify, surrounded by hirelings who ministered to his every want, he would give himself up to the contemplation of his vast possessions and the selfish enjoyment of his voluptuous surroundings.

One wintry night a storm raged around this solitary castle with unabated fury and the wind with demoniacal fingers shook the shutters and shrieked and moaned down the chimney like some lost soul roaming the rayless dungeons of the damned; but the recluse, surrounded with all the environments of wealth gazed at his pictured walls and admired his collection of literature and art as he mentally ejaculated: "I am safe."

Without the tempest grew apace. All the unbridled furies of old Boreas were unleashed and swept the desolate waste of the foam-covered ocean, and hurled the mountainous waves in impotent rage upon the rock-girdled shore. The breakers below the castle thundered with a savage roar resounding above the screaming blast as they proclaimed their message of death and destruction to the helpless mariner, and the tocsin of alarm was upborne to the ears of the lonely dweller on the cliff, but the castle walls were strong and he was safe.

The night was cold and starless. Suddenly a large vessel loaded with human freight, dismantled and rudderless, swept rapidly shoreward in the vortex of the storm, and the shrieks of the helpless crew and doomed passengers ascended above the din of the blast and the tumult of the agitated sea, to

the ears of the isolated inhabitant in his lofty retreat. He shivered and drew his raiment closer about him; he stirred the embers and drew his cushioned chair closer to the fire; surely he was safe.

With none to rescue, all night long the frozen forms dropped one by one from the icy wreck below into the hungry maw of the cruel sea:

"Mad are the shrieks and wild-voiced are the prayers,
Born from those white lips but no help is nigh—"

All night long the busy waves tost the lifeless bodies amid weeds and wreckage upon the inhospitable shore. Above them, within his castle walls, the recluse slept on his dreamless pillow "unawakened and warm," for he was safe.

Morning came, and the great sun swept back the curtain of night. The storm had expended its wild fury. The billows of the troubled sea had sobbed themselves to rest and now only whispered a soft requiem to the uncollected dead. As during the terrors of night and storm there was no hand outstretched to succor the living who sank with babbling groan and stifled prayer beneath the seething waters; so there was now no hand to curtain the "lustrous windows of the soul," and perform the last sad rites to the unburied dead disgorged by the cruel sea; for what cared the selfish castle-dweller on the cliff? he was safe.

But was he safe? The laws of compensation and retribution are immutable. Providence sometimes travels a circuitous path in adjusting accounts. In the subtle chemistry of nature disease is engendered by decomposition; so there, the poisonous effluvia arising from the unburied dead turned loose the insidious foe, and it penetrated the castle walls, and the phantom of Pestilence stalked through the ancestral halls and laid his chill hand upon the selfish wretch. His frightened manials fled, and deserted and helpless, death, who is no respecter of person, claimed the inhuman brute whose castle became his mausoleum.

In the providence of an all-wise God he who lives for self alone must pay the penalty of his selfishness. He who cuts himself loose from his fellow man who does not recognize the universal ties that bind him to, and the interdependence of the human family, who will not assume his obligations to others as a sacred trust, will sooner or later, discover that even the law of self-preservation reaches beyond the narrow limits of pure selfishness. As the trees of the forest by their proximity and interlacement of vine and bough contribute a reciprocal support, and successfully resist the destructive force of the storm, so the social structure rests upon the foundation of co-operation and mutual self sacrifice; upon the subordination of self for the universal good:—

Whether unmarked and unknown lies the grave
Where your mortal ashes shall some day sleep;
Whether 'neath the foam of old oceans wave,
Far out on the wastes of the stormy deep;
Whether 'neath a northern, or southern sky,
All that the earth can claim shall some day lie;

It matters not to thee—nor land, nor sea,
Nor when, nor where, in time or place you die;
Or leaves or flowers the aging years lay
Deep on your final resting place that day;
You need not ask that when the fight is won
And Death claims the victory of the fray,
You have that rest that comes from work well done,
Nor mortal lips shall dare to say thee nay.

It is well that your eulogy shall be,
Not the formal words spoken for the dead;
But the gratitude of humanity
For acts, and gifts, and words you have said
To uplift the world to a higher plane,
And teach mankind life is not lived in vain—
That worth endureth not in sculptured stone
But blossoms in the grateful heart alone—
Tributes of unborn millions who may say
The world is better since he passed our way;
The world is brighter since he lived and died;
The poor and lowly bless his name today,
Nor need no words on stately shaft to tell
Posterity he did his earth work well.

THOUGHT.

Thought in the mind bath made us. What we are
By thought was wrought and built. If a man's mind
Hath evil thoughts, pain comes on him as comes
The wheel the ox behind.

All that we are is what we have thought and willed;
Our thoughts shape us and frame. If one endure
In purity of thought, joy follows him
As his own shadow—sure.
—Sir Edwin Arnold.

A SERMON TO MYSELF.

God doth give us life and health,
Strength and power and love of being;
All our ills are born of evil,
Evil thoughts and evil living.
If we would be free from suffering,
We must use the power God gives us
To deny the wrong conditions
Any room to act upon us.
Then the angels may refresh us
With the joy of life in-flowing
From the Source of all existence.
Then shall we be shunning evil
As a sin against our Maker.

Sometimes into our poor bodies
Chronic ailments have crept softly;
Then perhaps our only freedom
Is to seek our souls' release
From this dreary, lifeless prison.
Go out into the glad sunshine;
Lie there where it will envelop
You entirely with its burning.
Till you wonder if the angels
Long can stand that heat celestial
From the sun of heaven descending.
While you're thinking of the angels,
Grasp a ray of heavenly sunshine

Through your prison window-grating.
Keep it safely in your spirit,
Treasure it with tender care;
For the rainy days are coming.
When you find a gloomy corner
In your life or any other,
Let this sunshine out, inflaming
All the place with gladness brightening.
Then within your prisoned spirit
Where the little beam was treasured,
Lo, you'll find it still, but troubled;
And from out the grating window
Streams a faint light, growing brighter.

Will you dwell in darkness corners
Doubting, dreading, fearing, fretting,
When the sunshine of Jehovah
Waits to fill with life divine
All your being? 'Tis not always
That the clouds shut out this sunlight,
Though ye tell with loving sadness
That the sky is dark above you.
You have built your beings barriers,
And your discontented spirit
Dwells within a self-made prison.
Call it not your aching body
Has confined the soul, unwilling,
For the body can prevent not
'Tis the mind enslaves the spirit.
But the body suffers doubly
That the soul is held in bondage.

Then heard all the heavenly sunshine
That your steadfast soul can gather;
Let it fill the dreary chambers
With its brightness and its gladness;
Let it stream through grating windows
Till the bars fall out, unnoticed;
Till the walls of iron are melted
With its warmth; until they crumble
Of themselves. Where is your prison?
Where the darkness of the dungeon?
Lo—even the clouds have vanished;
All is light and all is freedom;
Life for spirit and for body—
Now abounds in every atom.

Elmie Inez Faxon.

Sept. 25, 1902.

Mediums and Fraud.

E. A. BRACKETT.

CHAPTER III.

Clairvoyance.

The twilight steals o'er hill and dale,
The evening shadows drift and trail
And softly blows the summer breeze
That murmurs through the leafy trees.

Where slowly creeps the coming night
That trembles with the lunar light,
With listening ear, in anxious mood,
Beneath the spreading boughs I stood

And to my inner sense there came
A low, sweet voice that breathed my name.
Around, above, from everywhere,
The whispered words float on the air.

Alone? Ah, not alone. I know
And see the forms that curve and flow
Around me like the mist that glides
And drifts along the mountain sides.

Not these the phantoms of the night,
The dreams that shift and cheat our sight,
They are dear friends that round us rise
And greet us with their loving eyes.

Much has been written and published in
regard to Spiritualism, to which the outside
world is indifferent and which Spiritualists
accept, or lack the courage to reject.

If, through my investigations, I have
reached conclusions somewhat at variance
with others, I see no reason for withholding
them because some one has expressed a dif-
ferent opinion.

If, in order to make myself understood, I
have been obliged to use names, it was not
and could not be with any personal feeling,
for in all such cases the parties have pub-
licly stated that they were either clairvoy-
antly or spiritually controlled "giving out
the best their guides could furnish." They
cannot, therefore, be held personally respon-
sible for any statement I have called in
question.

Of all the different phases of mesmeric
phenomena, clairvoyance appears to be the
least understood. It is something very dis-
tinct from spirit control, where the returning
spirit takes possession of the organism of
the medium and, by its personality, proves
its identity. Evidence is not wanting to
show that it is due to a semi-mesmeric con-
dition in which the spirit of the mesmeric
subject is only partly detached from the body.

Many years ago, I had as a visitor in my
home, a noted medium in whom I was more
than usually interested, as I had heard of
some wonderful things that had come
through her mediumship. She seemed inter-
ested in me and gave me excellent advice,
incidentally remarking that I had a letter in
my pocket which I had better not send as it
would lead to a misunderstanding. No one
but myself knew anything about this letter
and I found, when it was too late, that it
would have been better had I heeded her
advice.

I noticed that during these communica-
tions, there was no change of voice or man-
ner. At the close of one I said, "You did
not give me your name. Who are you?"

She hesitated a moment and then said, "I
am the medium."

I asked, "How can that be? The medium
is here before me, apparently insensible to
all outward influences."

She still insisted that she was the medium,
so far detached from her body that she was
in what we call the spirit world. "I do not
see your physical body, yet I see you,—see
what is outside of your ordinary senses."

I said, "Are you always certain that what
you see and hear is correct? A few minutes
since, you told me that you saw two of my
friends, who had left this world, standing
beside me. Was that true?"

"Yes, and no. I did not see them as you
see, but sensed their presence and through
your magnetism traced their relations to you.
I do not question nor reason about what
I see and hear. I do see and converse with
those who once dwelt on earth, and what I

cannot see myself I often obtain from them.
I did not see the letter in your pocket and
yet I knew it was there and what it con-
tained."

I said, "I have many friends in this life
who are sensitive; can I communicate with
them through you?"

"Not always. It depends upon whether
I can reach them."

I have tried this method of communication
several times without success. It has been
much more effective when tried with my
mesmeric subjects.

I said to the medium, "Then, according to
your statement, you are in no sense a re-
turning spirit."

She replied, "As you understand it I am
not. My body is held in control by my
guides and I go a little way to it, return-
ing whenever they request me to do so. The
farther I go from my body, the clearer every-
thing seems and the stronger the temptation
not to return. I often plead with my guides
to let me go."

I gave this explanation as it was given to
me. If it is correct, and subsequent investi-
gations have strongly impressed me that it is,
it will be seen that there is a marked dif-
ference between clairvoyance and direct
spirit control. The clairvoyant is seldom
more than a reporter, describing what is seen
and heard.

The best illustration of this phenomena is
found in the message department of the
Banner of Light, where it is not claimed that
the medium is controlled by the spirits as it
describes.

In its lowest phase, clairvoyance deals al-
most entirely with mundane affairs. Busi-
ness men sometimes consult these mediums
and many spiritualistic writers ridicule them
for seeking advice from ignorant spirits who
know nothing about financial affairs. Busi-
ness men are too shrewd to continue such
practice unless they derive some advantage
from it. The mistake made is that they are
not dealing with spirits, but with individuals
whose perceptions are abnormally developed.

The difference between a successful and an
unsuccessful man lies in the strength or
weakness of the perceptive faculties.

I have known several distinguished busi-
ness men who were saved from financial
ruin by consulting these mediums. Possibly
there may be many failures to offset this. I
am not expressing an opinion one way or
the other. It may safely be left to take care
of itself. Those who denounce it claiming
that it is a degradation to Spiritualism, do
not understand the true state of the matter.

Even so interesting a writer as Mr. Sav-
age, who prides himself on his scientific in-
vestigations, loses no opportunity to condemn
clairvoyant mediums who claim to give in-
formation on business affairs, saying that it
places them on the same level with the
cheapest kind of fortune tellers. And yet in
his last book he gives, with apparent ap-
proval, a very interesting account of a young
German whose father died, leaving his busi-
ness so entangled that his son was unable to
straighten it out. He went to a medium and
what purported to be his father came to him
giving information necessary to enable him
to settle the business.

Mr. Savage is so accustomed to stand on
both sides of the fence in regard to spirit
phenomena, that it may not be out of place
in this instance to ask which side he is on.
In the first place he utters his condemnation
of these mediums, and then gives us an ob-
ject lesson far more effective than any op-
inion he could possibly express.

It is surprising how much there is that
passes for spirit control which is due almost
entirely to clairvoyance. Many, possessing a
limited amount of clairvoyant perception,
think they are spiritually controlled, nor can
they be convinced that they are not divinely
inspired.

In the search after evidence of spirit con-
trol, it is important to understand mesmerism
in all its different phases. It is lack of
knowledge or discrimination in regard to
these manifestations, that has led to more
confusion and mistakes than all the supposed
fraudulent mediums could possibly create.
There is scarcely a writer on spiritual ph-
enomena who does not mislead his readers by
such mistakes.

Mr. Savage in his interesting little book,
just published, cites many cases of phenom-
ena, leaving his readers to draw the conclu-
sion that they may be due to spirit control,
while the most of them are only clairvoyant
manifestations.

I do not wish to be understood as in the
least underrating the wonderful phenomena
of clairvoyance. In its highest form it holds
a close relation to spirit life, but is a second-
ary manifestation describing only what is
seen and heard. In its lower form, while still
wonderful, it is mundane, with no valid claim
beyond this world. Through it we do not
reach our departed friends by direct control,
but through a third party, a reporter more
or less subject to mental and physical delusions
emanating from the partially enfranchised
spirit of the medium. Even in trance medi-
umship, the partially freed spirit of the me-
dium will sometimes step in to fill a break
caused by imperfect control, the result being
a confused medley of mundane and spiritual
expression. It is also clearly expressed in
materialization, when the controlling influ-
ence is so weak that it is easier to trans-
form the medium and bring her out as a rep-
resentation of your friend, than to create a
form distinct from her organization.

In my long and varied investigations I
have considered it necessary to cover the
whole range of what is known as spiritual
phenomena, in order to enable me to consider
the close relations existing between its dif-
ferent phases, and I have small respect for
those who, having investigated a small part
of the phenomena, denounce all else as fraud.

The illusive and hypnotic character often
developed by purely clairvoyant mediums,
who honestly believe that they are spiritu-
ally controlled, giving out statements purporting
to come from the spirit world, but which
have no apparent relation to that state of
existence, is often misleading to those who
are ignorant of mesmeric phenomena. Some
of these communications are full of old, ex-
ploded ideas or are the echoing of the mental
atmosphere that surrounds the medium and
sitters; often a mere reflex of the sitters' mind.

The authority attached to purely mundane
expression has been the main source of con-
flicting ideas and opinions among those who
have accepted them as spirit communica-
tions. In complete trance, if the returning
spirit is not confused by leading questions,
no such conflict occurs.

Among spiritualistic writers and teachers,
there appears to have been but little effort
to enlighten the public in regard to these
simple facts, without which there can be no
intelligent investigation of spirit phenomena.
On the contrary, some appear to have fallen
into the rut of old orthodox teaching, talk-
ing glibly of the spirit world, averring to
know what they do not and cannot know.

I have given some things which have aided
me in my investigation of mesmeric and
spirit phenomena. If I have made myself
understood, I feel certain that, if the reader
desires to get at the truth, he will find it to
his advantage to consider them.

In the search after evidence of the con-
tinued existence of life after what we call
death, it is of the utmost importance to know
what we are dealing with. Much, very much
of what passes for spirit control, is purely
clairvoyant, and may or may not carry wit'
evidence of another state of existence.

However close its relation to spirit life,
it should always be remembered that the spir-
it of the medium plays an important part in the

manifestations, but to the intelligent investi-
gator it is easy to draw the line between
clairvoyance and direct spirit control.

To the great mass of common-sense spiri-
tualists, who under adverse conditions, have
found in these simple manifestations evidence
of an affectionate remembrance with their departed
friends, I offer these suggestions, the result
of my own experience.

Scepticism is a barren soil that produces
nothing. It is better to believe too much
than too little, but it is still better to know
the truth.

In the study of this absorbing subject, Mrs.
Grundy or Respectability has nothing to do.
Leave all this to the consideration of that
courageous association, the Society of Psy-
chical Research. Enough that you know
that the loved ones you once mourned as lost,
still live and communicate with you. Beside
this realization of your highest hopes, the
ghostly fraud of astral bodies, reincarnation,
mocking, cruel spirits, and shattered person-
alities, have no place.

Edna V. Thomson's Courage.

V. DANIEL.

(Concluded.)

She drew on a pair of rubber boots, donned
a close fitting waterproof and hood, took two
lanterns, set the danger signals at the station
and went forth. She ran quickly to the
house in which she knew the hand-car of her
diver was stored. She threw open the
door, dragged it forth by superhuman effort
to the main track, fastened her lantern se-
curely, and set out for culvert 910. She put
forth her whole strength and firmly resolved
that she would reach the washout in time to
save the train.

On she sped, her lantern flashing out in
the darkness, revealing the track before her,
and giving her evidence that all was well so
far as she could see. On she went; and at
last she felt sure she was nearing the fatal
bridge. Slowing down, she sprang from the
car, seized her second lantern, and rushed
toward the culvert. It was several feet wide,
and sure enough the bridge was gone. To
cross the miniature stream was the next
step, but to do so meant to ford it. She
slipped down the bank, plunged into the
water, holding her lantern high above her
head, and pushed toward the opposite bank.

The swollen stream was neither wide nor
deep, yet the water reached her arms, but
nothing daunted this matter-of-fact young
woman, and she soon found herself climbing
the opposite bank. Gaining the level ground
she paused for a moment, then hastened along
the track as fast as her dripping garments
would permit. It was November weather,
and the water was icy cold, but Edna Thom-
son set her teeth hard, saying "I am bound
to save the train."

She pushed along the track for several
rods, then decided that this was the point
to stop the train. Her teeth chattered, but
she kept herself from freezing by frequent
changes of position. It seemed as if the
train would never come. At last she heard
the rumble of its wheels, and, rounding a
curve, its headlight burst into view. Step-
ping into the centre of the track, she waved
her signal lantern to and fro, mutely appeal-
ing to the engineer to "Down brakes," as
there was danger ahead.

The engineer saw her, whistled for
"brakes" and brought the train to a full
stop. He leaped from his cab, and breath-
lessly demanded, "What's the matter?"

"Bridge over culvert 910 washed out," said
Edna, quietly, "and it meant the wreck of
the train if you had not stopped as you
did."

The engineer and fireman ran down the
track, and soon came to the foaming torrent
rushing across the track with bridge gone.
On going back to their train, they found the
conductor and some of the passengers talking
with Edna, who merely informed them of
their danger, but modestly said little of her
own part in the affair.

"By Hooky! it's a woman," exclaimed the
engineer, as he held up his lantern. "Yes,
and she's dripping wet, too," he continued.

The conductor, who had invited Edna to
board the train. She declined the offer,
saying she must go back to her station.

"You will take your death of cold," said
the conductor, "besides you cannot get over
the brook, now that the bridge is gone."

"I forded it as I came," said Edna, "and
I can do the same thing on my return. If
you will throw the light of your lanterns
upon the water, I can manage it all right."

"You forded it!" exclaimed the astonished
conductor. "Who are you and where did
you come from? How did you get here?"

"I am Edna Thomson, station agent at
S—, and I came here on my hand-car," re-
plied Edna. "I must go back to my post
now, and get some dry clothing."

"Go back? Dry clothes? Well I never!
How did you know the bridge was gone?" al-
most shouted the engineer.

"I received a message over the wires, tell-
ing me it was down, and informing me of
the danger of the train," replied Edna.
"There was no one to send, so I came my-
self."

"You received a message?" queried the
conductor. "My dear young lady, the wires
have been useless since before morning after
eight o'clock. So many have been the breaks
that the line men could not repair any of
them until morning. How could you get a
message when none could be sent?"

"Nevertheless, I did receive one, and my
being here is proof of the fact," said Edna,
quietly. "Now, gentlemen, you must excuse
me for I must get back home."

There was quite a company assembled
about Edna by this time, but she stoutly
maintained her determination to return to
her post of duty, and started toward the
brook that had caused all the trouble, taking
her lantern with her.

The engineer said, "Wait one moment, Miss
Thomson. We'll improvise a bridge for you."
He went to the baggage car, and, in a few
moments, assisted by a half dozen willing pairs
of hands, a trunk lifter was thrown across
the chasm, over which the engineer passed to
see if it was safe.

He then gave her his hand, and led her in
safety to her hand-car. Calling for help,
several men came to his aid, the hand-car
was reversed and Edna made ready to return
to S—.

The conductor came forward and said,
"My dear Miss Thomson, I insist upon
sending an escort with you, so that you may
reach home quicker, and have requested the
two brakemen and two of the passengers to
go with you. They can return upon the hand-
car, and leave it here."

"But it is not necessary," protested Edna.
"I can go as I came, and I need exercise to
keep from taking cold. Besides that, the
hand-car may be wanted, and I am responsi-
ble for it if it is lost."

"Miss Thomson, this railroad company
owes you more than a thousand hand-cars
for this night's work, and as for exercise
you can work the lever with the men, if you
wish to keep warm. Furthermore, I want
the message you received, or a copy of it,"
concluded the conductor.

Edna said no more, but took her place with
her escorts, and in an incredibly short space
of time was again at S—.

The men started a fire in the station room
enlightened the one in Edna's sitting-room
brought in some fresh water, and did sev-
eral little things for the "plucky little
heroine," as they called her among themselves.

Edna quickly removed her wet clothing
created herself to a vigorous rubbing with

coarse towels, and soon came into her little
office den, apparently as well as ever. She
made a copy of the message, handed it to
one of the brakemen, bade her new friends
"Good night," and retired to rest.

As soon as the four men returned to the
train, the conductor read the message that
had sent Edna Thomson to the rescue, and
gave directions for the engineer to back the
train to the nearest station.

"Sure enough," muttered the conductor,
"that girl did receive the message after nine
o'clock. Here is the evidence—10:30 p. m.
Rec'd." and the wires useless since more
than two hours previous. It caused Miss
Thomson to save all of our lives, but how in
the mischief did she get the message?"

Long and earnestly did the conductor med-
itate upon the problem, and finally gave it
up as being too deep for him.

Morning came and with it better weather.
A temporary bridge had been made during
the night, and after many hours delay, the
train was again in motion. It was daylight
as it flew past S—, but the engineer saluted
Miss Thomson with several extra toots of his
whistle as a testimonial to her bravery.

As soon as all the passengers were astir,
the story of the escape from death through
the courage of one young girl, was made
known to them. They were surprised, of
course, and greatly pleased that they had
passed through such terrible danger un-
scathed.

One gentleman felt that something more
than these personal ejaculations of thanks
should be given in this case, so he drew up
a set of appreciative resolutions and secured
the signatures of all persons on the train to
them.

"Now, let us back these up with something
more substantial," said the benevolent man,
"make up a snug sum to go with these
thanks."

In a few moments he announced that he
had collected the sum of five hundred dollars
for the heroine of the stormy night—Miss
Edna Thomson, of S—.

The conductor was selected as a committee of one to take
the money and resolutions to her in the name
of her friends.

Edna went on the even tenor of her way,
performing her duties with scrupulous fidel-
ity, and suffered no harm from her exposure
to the cold and rain on that never-to-be-for-
gotten night.

About ten days later, she received an
official letter from the President of the Com-
pany, directing her to report in for duty as
soon as she could instruct her successor in
regard to the duties of the office at S—.

In two days, Edna Thomson was under her
father's roof, and awaiting developments
with anxious heart.

After a delay of one week, she was notified
that the President of the road and a body of
officers wished her to call upon them at the
leading hotel of the city. Edna was soon
ushered into the presence of the railroad
magistrate, and saw among the many present
the familiar faces of the conductor and
engineer of the rescued train, and the four
men who had gone back to S— with her.

The President and Superintendent of her
division both questioned her about her mes-
sage, and she retold the story with which
the readers of these lines are already acquainted.
No one knew what to make of it—the fact
of the message was apparent to all, and the
saving of scores of lives added to its im-
portance.

"It must have been a special dispensation
of Divine Providence," piously observed one
of the Directors of the road.

"Special nothing," sharply exclaimed the
President. "It was the splendid courage of
this young lady that saved our Company
from disaster, and the message she received
—well—wireless telegraphy has not come yet,
but it is almost here. An invisible intelligence
has anticipated it in this case, and flashed
a message to a plucky girl who had suffi-
cient nerve and sound common sense to save
the train."

The Superintendent then arose, and ad-
dressing Edna, quietly presented her in the
name of the officials of her division, a beau-
tiful silver service. She was too much sur-
prised to speak, and her confusion was
doubled when the conductor presented the
engraved resolutions of the passengers and
their purse of five hundred dollars.

In dismay, she heard her name called by
the President, who, in the name of the rail-
road company, presented her with a cheque
of one thousand dollars as a token of its
appreciation of the special service she had
rendered the road.

"At last," said Edna, "I am home," and
the President, smiling at her confusion, "the
position of Assistant Train Dispatcher in your
home city of P— is now vacant, and it
is at your disposal if you care to accept it.
You might like to be near your own people,
you know, and the salary is one hundred
dollars per month."

Edna tried to thank the people present
and succeeded in impressing them with the fact
of her being profoundly grateful for—the
many favors received.

"What I did was not for reward," she
said with dignity. "It was simply my duty
and I did it the best I could. Anyone else
would have done the same, I am sure, for it
is only right to do one's duty, especially in
saving life."

"Your duty has led you to do much for
others," observed the President with feeling.
"for we happen to know something of the
use you have made of your salary at S—."

A child who looks out for her parents, a
sister who thinks of her sisters and brothers
before she does of herself deserves well in
this world. Will you take this post at P—?

"Yes, sir, I will," replied Edna in even
tones. "I will take it, and with Heaven's
help I will try to do my duty."

"You had Heaven's help in a trying emer-
gency," said the President gravely, "and I
have no fears for you here. A girl who
blesses others is sure of Heaven's help and
blessing. If you remain under the guidance
of the angels, your own life will be signally
successful and you may yet be a savior to
many others."

With these words, the conference broke up,
and Edna, after shaking hands with the en-
tire company, hastened home to tell her
loved ones of her change of fortune. There
was great rejoicing in the Thomson family
that night, and the way her father looked at
her, stroked her hair, and called her the
dear child, repaid Edna for everything.

Edna Thomson's story is told. She went
into her new office at P— and did the same
faithful work of as yore. Her \$1500.00 pur-
chased a pleasant cottage home for her par-
ents, and all the children were again under
one roof, where her salary cared for them all
whenever her father was out of work. For
all I know, she is still at P—, and is likely
to remain there so long as she is able to at-
tend to the duties of the office.

"What! No romance? No wedding? Such
a brave girl as that to remain single?" asks
the world. Yes, just so. Edna Thomson
simply had good common sense and knew
how to use it. She neither fainted nor had
hysterics when face to face with tragedy,
and the same intelligence that sustained her
then, guided her through life, and made it
possible for her to realize that the King-
dom of Heaven is ever within the soul, and
that true happiness is only to be found in
the same sacred centre. When all of the
children of earth are taught that living and
doing for others, constitutes the true life, this
will be a happier and better world.

There will then be no wrecks on the shores
of the matrimonial ocean, and no weak, con-
sumptive, hysterical, useless youths and

maiden in the homes of the people. Com-
mon sense is a jewel, and its possessors
never lose themselves in the froth and foam
of silly romances. They realize that Love is
the Law of Life, and that the soul forever
knows its own.

Many were the speculations as to the
origin of the message Edna received. She
knew whence it came, and so did a few
others, but the vast majority who knew the
circumstances are still guessing.

The Man of Tomorrow.

A Study of Spirit Return.

CHARLES DAWBARN.

CHAPTER II.

The presence of life on our planet has been
spoken of with bated breath, as if it were
the special gift of Divinity. There has been
supposed by the scientists to have been a
period in planet history when life was ab-
sent. Then came a moment when proto-
plasm was flashed as an arrow from the bow
of a Creator. How many misses before the
living speck hit the bull's eye has never been
recorded. The exact spot so highly favored
has been imagined by the theologian to have
been a carefully prepared Garden of Eden.
The scientist is content to believe that a
tepid drop of water was all that was neces-
sary. So the exact womb from which life
was born into our little planet remains un-
known to the mortal. But its first appear-
ance stands even to the cold-blooded scien-
tist as a supposed miracle after which, he
believes Natural Law took charge, and the
nucleus of the coming philosopher was open
to scientific examination and study. That
nucleus was just the virus of humanity, the
microbe of Life, with which the divine sur-
geon vaccinated the little planet. One day
there was a very sore spot, at which mi-
crobes appeared and multiplied, starting the
eternal process of devouring each other as
opportunity offered. In other words, life was
living upon life. The Creator, scientifically
speaking, was then satisfied and pronounced
the operation a first prize success. He be-
came so satisfied that he then strolled off with
his hands in his pockets, for the learned scien-
tist can find no other evidence of his presence
in the whole of the little planet's history.
Eternal law, working through "survival of
the fittest," accounts for all the rest, and ex

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You do not need to be wealthy to share in the doctor's company; the small investor is just as welcome as the large. The man investing \$50 or \$100 will use his influence for the company just as will the one investing many thousands, and it is the good wishes and support that is desired more than the money.

A small amount properly invested where it will draw good dividends and continually increase in value is worth many times the same amount if allowed to lie idle or put away in a bank where it will draw only 3 or 4 per cent. at best.

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and in addition thereto, the stock will increase in value so that at the end of two years at most it will be worth two or three times what you paid for it.

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to speak, earn their daily bread, and evolve vast communities within the forms by which the learned naturalist classifies life. They are always present. Man, in feeble imitation of Nature, starts new colonies by the process called vaccination, which is simply removing certain forms from one pasture to another. And these microscopic forms will necessarily be as much changed by new conditions as the larger forms known to us in daily life.

These are interesting facts, but of startling import if life after death is to be founded upon conditions which do not demand that life shall live upon life. We must remember that the microbe is as much an individual as the philosopher. He is born hungry, and grows by exercising his appetite upon other forms. We utterly fail, even with our most powerful microscope, to find space unoccupied by living forms. We know that we are today inhaling such forms with every breath, as well as absorbing them with our food. And if microbe makes a dinner of microbe it involves a loss or destruction of form life as much as when man eats ox.

We have now gained a practical starting point for our investigation. We discern that when any form is eaten and assimilated by another form, the form we knew and classified disappears. Yet in the face of this fact, and although we have recognized that death always involves a destruction of form, we have been assuming, most illogically, that it leaves the human form, and possibly some other forms loved by man, totally unchanged. It is when we begin to picture form after death that we begin to discern our own limitation. We are living today with only the sense of touch by which to recognize form, and if that sense be silent, then form has positively no existence for us. If I can neither see, smell, hear, taste nor feel form, then I may be in the midst of a mighty civilization, and yet be totally unaware of its existence. And all we can even guess about its possible forms is that they will be shaped by the conditions of their surroundings, as much as our forms in earth life of today.

That man dies out of his earth form we know as a fact, because our senses prove it to us. But at that point those senses have reached their limit, and cease to work. Let us clearly understand that a man cannot get outside his senses and remain a man. He may train them to elasticity, and say I see clairvoyantly, and hear clairaudiently. That is but mental athletics. Some sense by training, or accident, has become a trifle more developed than the general average. But he remains inside the limits of his senses all the same. And a form outside that limit has no existence for him.

We discern that the process called "death," however produced, necessarily changes conditions for the individual; and if conditions be changed then form itself cannot remain the same. The steps of effort and necessity by which man has evolved his present form do not concern us in this study, save that we assume that effort and necessity will continue to produce adaptive changes of form for every individual and race. So we will now boldly assume our own freedom from the limits and necessities of mortal form. In other words, let the student imagine he has died out of his earth form. The question and problem before us is "what next?" To this we will seek an answer in following chapters.

San Leandro, Cal.

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

The murmur of a child is more and less than speech; there are no notes, and yet it is a language; this murmur has its beginning in heaven, and will not have its end on earth; it is before birth, and it will continue hereafter. This babbling is composed of what the child said when he was an angel, and of what he will say when he becomes a man. The cradle has a tomorrow; as much as the tomb has a tomorrow; this tomorrow and this yesterday blend their double mystery in this unintelligible warbling; and nothing proves God, eternally, the responsibility, the quality of fate, like this awe-inspiring shadow on these rosy souls.

Victor Hugo.

A Card to the Public-In Re Spiritual Facts.

It gives me pleasure, Mr. Editor, to inform you and the public, that we have now a good supply of spiritual facts at this office for free distribution. We deny none who send for them, though we cannot spare thousands to any one individual, as we have to send them to applicants all over the United States. All who can send stamps for postage on the tracts they apply for, are earnestly requested to do so, as the postage bills alone for this work are large. As before stated, we have no special tract fund, and expenditure for publication and postage must come from the general fund of the N. S. A., hence we cannot do as much in this line as we desire. A few dollars have been received from friends in aid of this special work, since my last explanation, and we most sincerely thank them for their help and encouragement.

Any friend who can spare a dollar to aid in the tract distribution will be sent copies of our tracts, and a copy of either—as preferred—"Violets," a booklet of choice poems, or "Leaflets of Truth," a cloth bound volume of spiritual thought.

Mary T. Longley, Sec. N. S. A.
600 Penna Ave., S. E., Wash., D. C.

Lynn Spiritualist Association.

Under the auspices of the Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Dr. Caird presiding, services appropriate to Easter were held in Cadet hall Sunday which were attended by large audiences.

The platform was profusely decorated with palms, ferns and Easter lilies and presented a pretty appearance.

The Bible class met at 11 o'clock and the Children's Lyceum held a meeting at 12.30 o'clock.

The afternoon meeting opened at 2.30 o'clock with singing by the audience. Miss Susie C. Clark of Boston was the speaker who gave an invocation and read a poem dedicated to Easter arranged by herself after which she gave an interesting talk relative to the Easter tide.

Circles were held from 4 to 5 o'clock. A song service was held at 6 o'clock led by Musical Director Harry C. Chase.

From 6 to 7.30 o'clock the following program of entertainment was given by the children of the Lyceum and Etters' orchestra, assisted by Miss Rhoda Ward, vocal soloist. March, The Morning Light; value, The Birth of Love; cornet solo, The Palm; finale, The Lilies; overture, The Golden Hour; polonaise, The East Ball; Mother's Hymn to Me, Eva Manning; The Organist's Last Amen, Lottie Collier; When the Convent Bells Were Ringing, Mildred Tarbox; Forest Children, chorus; solo, Cora Lovejoy; piano solo, Nellie Allen; flower chorus, chorus; duet, The Merry Green; Florence Gallyon and May Shaw; vocal solo, In Dreams I've Heard the Seraph's Fair, Miss Rhoda Ward.

The evening meeting was opened at 7.30 o'clock with congregational singing, followed by an invocation by Miss Clark and the reading of an Easter poem. The subject which the speaker took for her evening discourse was "The Problem of Evil," upon which she dwelt at considerable length, handling her theme in a manner which proved highly interesting to her hearers, she being a very able speaker.

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The original and genuine Palmetto Berry Wine is made only by the Vernal Remedy Co., 120 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y.

California Notes.

"The Truthseekers' Spiritual Society," Los Angeles, Cal., elected the following as officers of the society for the term beginning Sunday, April 6, 1903: President, E. W. Allen; vice president, Mrs. Lettie M. Allen; secretary, R. L. Allen; treasurer, William Dalley; directors, R. G. Doyle, H. Armstrong, N. F. Vose, Mrs. G. Sanford, Mrs. B. M. Dalley; ushers, Mrs. L. Morrison, D. Lyons; librarian, N. F. Vose.

The society has just purchased "for cash" a lot, in a fine location here in our city, and intends to erect a building here long, which will be a credit to any organization.

The City Council of this city passed an ordinance which took effect April 1, 1903, putting a tax of fifteen cents on each medium who gives sittings and also fifteen dollars per month on each meeting where an admission fee is charged. Of course the ordinance is unconstitutional, as the flag of our country grants the right and privilege to every citizen to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

Preparations are almost complete for a test case, and as soon as the test is made, that will be the end of the "Robbery Ordinance."

It is time that something was done when nine men will get together and say that one must pay fifteen dollars per month to be a Spiritualist in Los Angeles where there are 20,000 Spiritualists.

Roy L. Allen.

512 Central Ave.

25c.

Thy Will.

In a while each soul exhausts the experiences of the Human Plane and tires of it, and then, by the eternal law, moves upward to a higher plane of consciousness. In or out of the gross physical body, we are all of us on the exact right plane; when we are really ready for a higher plane, divine wisdom will place us there. God is omniscient and has none of the attributes of carnal mind. The All-Father is all-good—loves all, "good" or "bad," "saint" or "sinner," and is no respecter of persons. We all progress as we love and know. Experience is our great teacher, and this planet one of the preparatory schools for the Great University—God's blessed and perfect Universe. All beings on the Earth-plane pass from the simplest form to the complex—from a one-cell organism to the tiger, from the tiger to the human, and from the human to the angel, and thence to oneness with God. Evolution teaches us the great and mighty love, the exact justice and

wonderful wisdom of God—The Blissful Prophet in Magazine of Mysteries.

An excellent cabinet photo. of "The Poughkeepsie Reer" (A. J. Davis) for sale at this office. Price 25 cents.

Briefs.

Boston Spiritual Temple, Chickering Hall.—Our services were opened by organ voluntary by Miss Edith Wright, followed by the quartet, morning lesson and invocation by our teacher. Incidental to the services were finely executed violin solos by Prof. Hoppe. The address concluded the series of "Gleanings from Spirit Life." These morning lectures, to be appreciated and understood, should be attended by all progressive minds, by all who desire to become acquainted with the conditions attending the exit from our lower conditions to the more progressive life in the great beyond. The spirit world is very much like this; our homes are made of our actions while living in this condition. The wise and the ignorant will not stand on the same footing in the life continued; they will be separated by the diversity of moral power which will result from the inequality of their mental stores, acquired during earthly life. Would it be in accordance with justice after death to him who has stored his mind with various knowledge to enter upon the same destiny as the ignorant, brutal and degraded being who has acquired nothing, learned nothing, and has suffered his own soul to degenerate? No—the vast amount of knowledge gained by the wise man must be profitable to him in the world spiritual. Yet the being who has acquired nothing he will see the gate of life open to him; he will pass it and enter the kingdom of peace and happiness when the fruits of his earthly life shall have made him worthy of such advancement. As knowledge is earth's divinest light, blest are those who obey the mandates of earthly existence to enjoy the life that is beyond.—Alonso Danforth, cor. sec. of B. S. Temple.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid of Stoneham held a meeting in Mechanics Hall on Thursday, April 9, with Mrs. Caird and Madam Helvett for mediums. Both gave good satisfaction. April 23, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule will be with us.—Mrs. Jennie L. Draper, sec., 15 Pomeworth St., Stoneham, Mass.

Fitchburg, Mass.—The First Spiritualist Society, Dr. C. L. Fox, president, held services appropriate to Easter, Sunday, April 12. Pythian Hall was filled to its utmost capacity at both services. The addresses of the speaker, Mrs. Butler of Lynn, were ably presented, and were supplemented by many spirit messages, demonstrating the fact of the continuity of life. The soprano solos by Miss S. Plaskoski, mandolin and piano selections by Mrs. and Miss Whalley, soprano solos and piano selections by Mrs. Nellie Hill of Worcester, and piano selections by Miss Howe were finely rendered.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society held regular weekly meeting Thursday, April 9, afternoon and evening. An interesting circle was held from 4 to 6; business meeting at 6.30 and the usual supper served at 6.30 p. m.; a "whist party" was the feature of the evening. First and second prizes were awarded, and two "boobies" given the lady and gentleman holding the lowest number of points. Altogether a very pleasant affair.—Sec.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum met as usual; subject for the day was "Easter from the Spiritual Standpoint." Much intelligence was displayed by the children. The literary part of the program was as follows: Reading, Merrill Hill; song, Fred Taylor; music, Hatch B. B.; recitation, E. Packard and Mr. Seavers.—E. B. Packard, clerk.

Sunday, April 6, Oscar A. Ederly of Boston began a two months' engagement with the Englewood Spiritual Union. On that date Mr. Ederly's guides gave an instructive and eloquent lecture. Mrs. J. A. Murtha of Baltimore, Md., working in conjunction with Mr. Ederly, followed the lecture with many wonderful and convincing communications. Easter Sunday, April 12, the hall and rostrum were beautifully and appropriately decorated. Mr. Ederly's guides gave a lecture on "Easter from a Spiritual Standpoint," that dealt interestingly with the real origin of the day. Mrs. Murtha's work was eminently satisfactory on this occasion, as it is in fact at all times.—Mrs. George Hamilton Brooks.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington St., Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor. Conference meeting at 11, largely attended; question was "Delusions." Speakers and mediums present during the day: Mr. Hill, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Horton, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Whittemore, Miss Sears, Dr. Blackden, Mr. H. S. Clough, Mrs. Julia Davis, Billings, music—solo, Mr. Fuller; pianist, Mrs. Nellie Grover. Miss Carrie Smith and Mr. Caleb Matthews, the colored vocalists, were present at the evening service. The Colored Jubilee Singers are expected first Sunday in May. Meeting for spirit messages Thursday at three. Remarkable cures are being made every Tuesday at the healing circle; Dr. Clarke, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Fowler of Salem, Dr. Frank Brown, Dr. Blackden, Dr. Hastings and many magnetic healers are always present to give special treatments to those who desire them, and spirit messages are given by good mediums.—Reporter.

The First Church of Christ Spiritual Society, of Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., held a service on Sunday evening, Apr. 12. Dr. M. A. Haven was in the chair. Mrs. F. Spaulding president of the State Association of Spiritualists was the speaker and test medium; her theme was "Home and its Relations to Spiritualism." The material of which our homes are built, the influence on the world is of great importance. Good deeds and kind words are the material with which to build homes in the so-called over there and why not here too? Rest assured that our weakness will find us out. May all our homes be the abiding place of Love. We should develop our mediums at home. Mr. Ratcliffe sang a solo entitled "Up from the Grave He Arose," after which fine tests were given. All went away better and wiser mortals. April 19, Mr. E. E. Brainerd was the speaker; Dr. Haver gave tests. We are getting stronger every week.—Robert B. Ratcliffe.

The Church of the Fraternity of Soul Communion held a special Easter service in conjunction with the fifty-fifth anniversary of the advent of modern Spiritualism in the Aurora Grata Cathedral, corner Bedford Ave. and Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday evening, April 12, at 8 o'clock. The church was beautifully decorated with plants, cut flowers and flags. The church was crowded to the doors. The organ which opened the services was ably rendered by Prof. E. Decker, organist of the church. After a selection by the Verdi Quartet Rev. Ira M. Courlis offered prayer. The congregation had the pleasure of hearing the Hon. A. H. Dalley who delivered an able address in which he proved how rapidly and beautifully modern Spiritualism has grown. After a selection entitled "They have taken away my Lord," a service was given by our young worker and pupil of R. M. Courlis, Miss Emma C. Resch, who delivered some wonderful messages from spirit land. The service was concluded by Mr. Courlis. Many were convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt of the continuity of life. The service on the whole was a beautiful one and long to be remembered by the many who were present. Under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary, connected with the church, on Tuesday evening, April 23, at 8 o'clock, a progressive service will be given at the residence of Mrs. Wood,

34 Clinton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Correspondent.

The Sunshine Club, Clara E. Strong, president, had charges of the services at Mrs. LaRoche's in Somerville on Sunday, April 12. Communications were given with the usual good results.—A. M. Strong, sec.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union met in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont St., Wednesday, April 15. Business meeting called to order at 5 o'clock by the president, Mrs. M. J. Butler. The entertainment by the Lyceum scholars was unavoidably postponed on account of the severe storm. The evening meeting was opened at 8 p. m. and consisted of remarks and messages by Dr. Huot, remarks by Mr. Blackden, Mr. Elmer Packard, and Mrs. Butler, tests by Mrs. Butler; recitation by Carrie Ingalls. Meeting closed at 10 o'clock. Next meeting will be held Wednesday, April 22. The children's entertainment will take place May 20. In the evening, and our annual banquet will also be held that evening; annual election of officers in the afternoon of same day, the third Wednesday in May, instead of our usual custom, the last Wednesday of May. Tickets already sold for the entertainment last evening hold good for the evening of May 20 for evening admission.—Laura F. Sloan, corresponding secretary.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society met in Appleton Hall, 9 Appleton St., Friday, April 17. The president, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Albee, presided at the business meeting in the afternoon. The usual public circle was held in the afternoon and many excellent messages were given by Mrs. Hattie C. Mason, Mr. Walter I. Mason, Mrs. Clara Strong, and Mrs. Lizzie Shackley. Supper was served at 6.30. It being "Mediums' Night," the evening was largely devoted to the phenomena. After a song by Mrs. Mason, which opened the meeting, her little group "Sunshine" took control and gave several communications. It was our good fortune to have with us the veteran lecturer and medium, J. Frank Baxter, who followed Mrs. Mason with brief remarks and gave several excellent communications to strangers in the audience, proving beyond doubt that the so-called dead do live and can communicate with friends on the material plane of life. Mrs. E. M. Shirley gave an inspirational poem and was followed with remarks by Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse and Mrs. Mattie E. A. Albee. Next Friday, April 24, supper will be served at 6.30 and the evening service will be devoted to the philosophy and the phenomena.—Esther H. Bilan, sec.

A LESSON FROM THE FLOWERS.

STEPHEN BARNSDALE.

Perform thy noblest work each day,
From morn till setting sun;
And thou shalt surely have thy pay,
For all thou hast well done.

The lovely flowers of springtime bloom
In beauty everywhere;
And whether seen by man or not,
Shed fragrance on the air.

So learn of them, dear one, to bloom
With graces pure and bright;
And thou shalt then all glorious be,
With rays of heavenly light.

How to Live in New York City on Three Dollars per Week.

CLARENCE HEPPWORTH DOGUE.

On the solution of this problem depended a college education. The writer seeing his way clear to enter college in a year, having only a meager preparation, found that in order to enter properly qualified it was necessary to study all the time. An inventory of resources showed that the maximum amount at command for living was three dollars per week.

This problem, without any conditions, is not difficult: In this case it was imperative that the change did not necessitate living in an impoverished locality, and the change from a more liberal expenditure must be made, to afford the time occupied in outside employment for study. Study is work, and to work well physically requires healthy blood which is only obtained by nourishing food. A poorly nourished brain is incapable of producing healthy and strong thoughts. The problem in view of this consideration was "How can I live on three dollars per week, without starving, and among surroundings which do not 'sandwich-board,' a case of 'broke,' which never profits anything except eliciting from acquaintances such sympathetic eulogies as, 'Poor fellow,' 'Sorry for him,' or a charity organization problem which gives nothing but advice in large enough quantities to make up the deficiency in things more practical."

The question of location was first disposed of: A hall-room, large enough to afford perfect comfort, was secured in a private house in Harlem. Its appearance was made more like a parlor by substituting for a bed, occupying all the space, a cot, which with a cover and a few cushions, poses as a couch during the day, thus adding an indispensable piece of furniture, where comfort and neatness are deemed essentials in living. Having some room furnishings, such as pictures, books, etc., gave a reason, together with the suggestion that it would prevent interruptions for proposing to care for the room myself, which proposition won the land-lady immediately with the glorious result of engaging the room for one dollar fifty "on the spot." This was victory number one: A comfortable room, in a private house, with a private family and in a desirable neighborhood for "one-fifty."

Victory number two would be won when with the remaining "one-fifty" a bill of fare supplying wholesome, nutritious food in sufficient quantity to satisfy a good appetite, could be established. "Necessity is the mother of invention," and the old saying this time won a "send off." The invention is three meals a day, which if they do not challenge Rector or Delmonico, nourish the system so that it can work and keep it in better health than during any previous time for twenty years.

First on the shopping list is a quart bottle of milk which the milk-man leaves daily, with a weekly bill of 49 cents. A box of oatmeal, or other breakfast cereal is next on the list. A generous bowl of oatmeal and milk and a banana or orange, make up a simple but good breakfast.

The noon-meal usually consumes the balance of the milk which is taken with crackers and fruit. The latter is substituted for meat, because the lack of physical exercise and hot weather make meat unnecessary, and fruit is more healthful. Another argument in its favor is that fruit is cheap. This may not be the case when ordered from one of the leading houses whose name costs, but if purchased of less presuming dealers or from the vendors, which at this season of the year crowd the commercial streets and bananas at fifteen cents per dozen, oranges, apples and berries, at correspondingly low prices, are abundant and furnish the variety in diet essential to making it palatable.

The evening meal, owing to custom, which I cannot forget, must be more pretentious, at least I must think so, hence I plan more elaborately and the bill of fare if not a-la-carte is "a-la-inclination." If the inclination for meat, there are sandwiches of brown bread (it has more nutritious elements than white bread) smoked or corned beef, or

NATURE'S GREATEST AID.



Hon. H. L. DUNHAM, Ex-Mayor of Dover, N.J.

An interesting letter to our readers from

Dover, N. J., Nov. 12th, 1902.
I had both kidney and liver trouble for over three years. I tried the best physicians in Washington, D. C., Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Chicago, and regret to say that I received very little benefit until I commenced taking the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. After taking the first bottle I noticed quite a change which satisfied me that at last I had found the right medicine. I continued on until I had taken four bottles, and the time I noticed such a marked improvement in my health, in every way, that I felt satisfied I was cured. But, to be positive beyond a question or doubt, I was in Chicago during July, 1902, and went to the Columbus Medical Laboratory, No. 103 State St., and had them make a thorough and complete microscopic examination which showed my kidneys and liver to be perfectly well and healthy. I have their written report in my possession, signed by the doctors of the above Medical Laboratory, which is recognized as one of the best in the country.

Very truly yours,

H. L. Dunham.

Ex-Mayor of Dover, N. J.

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 Boston 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.

tongue, whatever kind is preferred. If it is a rainy day, I prefer a bowl of soup or chowder from condensed soups in cans, and this is most acceptable, but my supper most frequently consists of shredded wheat biscuits, for which I have a preference, as their bulk and wholesome food properties make them a most satisfying food. Last but not least is the cup of tea. Surely the spinster does not monopolize this beverage; not at any rate where the bachelor is in question; when visiting on one occasion, the tea served was like a tonic, and on inquiry I found that it was a Russian tea which retails in small packages at ten cents. One of these lasts two weeks, making sufficient tea for supper, and by the way, lemon juice instead of cream is the Russian method, and it makes the tea a tonic.

Summing all up I have nothing harmful or lacking in nutrition, and all is easily prepared on a single ring gas stove, which is fed from the gas jet, in such simple utensils as teapot, cereal pot and water kettle, and in less time than consumed by the ordinary boarding house or restaurant in the serving of a meal—all for "one-fifty" in detail about as follows (per week):

Milk (one bottle daily).....	49 cts.
Oatmeal (or other cereal).....	12 cts.
Crackers (or bread).....	10 cts.
Tea, sugar and lemons.....	20 cts.
Shredded wheat biscuit.....	11 cts.
Canned meat, fish or soup.....	15 cts.
Fruit.....	33 cts.
	\$1.50

This plan, as suggested, will no doubt admit of opposition arguments, but those which the writer has met have in all cases been successfully answered. A favorite one has been the consumption of time, but this does not hold good since the time is less than that required in eating a family dinner, besides there is the advantage of adjusting meal-times to other duties. The accusation of being a "faddist" does not hold, as I argue not a condition to be adopted from caprice but from necessity. "Oh! but you men are too lazy to prepare your food and hence can never stand it," says another! This is certainly true if a man is utterly negligent of his health, and for such a man I do not advise it, he probably never intends acting upon it; his laziness being displayed where there is less excuse for it. Then there is the suggestion that such "back-life," involving feminine duties, makes a fellow effeminate. If that is all he needs to rob him of manliness he has little to lose. Lastly come "Miser," robbing tradesmen, etc. It robs no one as bills, even if small, are paid, and the "miser" side of the question is annihilated by proving that it is a method suggested to enable a student to live and study, in preparation for a future where rigid economy will be less essential. The purpose has not been to assail, pro or con, the much discussed "Wealth Question" that being as yet not in the writer's line.

Wait!
And waiting, learn
That waiting ever brings
The soul's desire,
And if thou yearn,
'Tis not in vain;
Behold, thy pain
Is but refining fire
To prove thee true.
Thou shalt not rue
If thou in patience
Do but wait.

Hope!
No matter what befalls,
Be sure that hope
Inherent stays thee,
And let it guide
Thy star's true destiny;
Thou canst not fall,
Thou shalt avail
And crown thine efforts
With sure victory.
Dost thou but ever persevere
And hope.

SPIRIT Message Department.

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

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

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seances held April 9, 1903, S. E. 26.

Invocation.

Oh spirit of love and truth, out from the influence of the great fountain of love we would feel the inflowing of the essence of life, the essence of true spirituality, the essence of growth, of devotion, of understanding; and at this hour may something of the emotion, of the understanding of the life beautiful come to us. No longer would we dwell in the valley of darkness and discontent; no longer are we willing to stand with eyes blinded by the glory of the morning, but with strong feet and with clear sight, we would walk bravely up the mountain of truth and stand on its top, where crowding heights glorified and made brave by the revelations there before us. Oh may we be so patient and so good to all those who are walking in the darkness. May we be like those who speak of the glory possible to those who are still unable to see. May we walk through this life helping, strengthening, and giving good courage and good cheer to all the wayfarers. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Henry Black, Milwaukee, Wis., to Clara Well.

I see a spirit standing beside me of a man about sixty years old. He is medium height; his hair is very gray and is pushed back from his forehead; he pushed it nervously and constantly it stands up bristly and full. His eyes are quite blue; they are very strong and forceful too; he speaks to me in a definite way, and says: "I am Henry Black, I used to live in Milwaukee, Wis. I was attracted to this circle by friends of mine who have lately taken an interest in Spiritualism. It is entirely new to me but it seems to be a source of gratification to them to hear from spirit friends, and while it doesn't mean anything special to me to come and speak, I do it for their pleasure. The name of the one I want to reach is Clara Well. I want her to realize we in the spirit are as strong as she is and when she sets up her will about these influences that come to her she brings an inharmonious condition that makes it hard for us to tell her the truth as she insists on having. Truth can only be spoken in harmonious conditions and when parents are fighting with their children for telling wrong stories, they had better look to see what the condition surrounding the child is. The chances are that inharmonious conditions have caused an untruthful development in the child. I want to tell Clara too that her mother is quite anxious to have her unfold as a clairvoyant and that is why she is seeing so many strange things, but tell her not to hurry it, to go slowly and it will be all the better. I thank you very much for this opportunity."

Christine Folger, Bath, Me.

There is a spirit of a woman before me, about twenty-eight or thirty years old. She is as fair as a lily. Her hair is a very light brown and her face is clear and smooth, but she looks almost too pale, too weak. She says: "That is the way I looked for a long time before I came over here. My name is Christine Folger; I used to live in Bath, Me. I want if I can get to David Folger and tell him I am so glad to be able to send anything like a definite message to him. It is very hard to stand off in the spirit and see one's friends and have a consciousness of their loss and yet be unable to express my word to them. I am so when I see a spirit. David almost broken down with the grief of my passing out, I have felt I must use every means possible to return to him. I am not unhappy as a general thing; it is only when a great wave of unhappiness sweeps over him that I feel distress. My father and Aunt Sadie are with me; they are so good and do everything they can to make me pleasant for me. I wish I could tell Bertha I have seen the change she made and think it is better, not only for herself, but for all the rest."

Amanda Lane, Calcutta, Ohio.

The dearest old lady comes to me now. I think she was seventy-five years old. She has hair that is quite black for her age. It doesn't look natural, seems more as though she had either put something on it or had worn something over her own hair. She is short, quite stout, one of those prim little old ladies that always wanted to look nice and was so particular she spent the most of her time taking care of the material things in life. She says: "Why, I didn't know anything else. I had never been taught there was anything higher in life to do than to keep the house and take care of my people and myself, and it took me the longest while to understand it was not so important to always have a white apron,—that a white heart and a white desire might mean a good deal more than a white washing on the line. I suffered all those first days when I tried to grow away from the old habit of looking after material things, and I suppose I made rather slow work of it because my husband Amos seemed to understand quicker than I and to be a little patient with me. My name is Amanda Lane; I lived in Calcutta, Ohio. It is a long time since I tried to communicate. When I first came over I tried to get to our boy, George, but he didn't seem to have any more feeling about my presence than a tree. I grew discouraged and let him alone; but I find he is growing more sensitive and so I thought I would make another effort and perhaps I might be able to get word to him. I found over here my poor little Johnny, who came away as a little boy, and I want to say to some of you mothers who are worrying about whether you will know your children or not when they are grown up, that I hadn't the least question about mine. Somehow when the spirit is free, it understands and knows its own, and so although my Johnny had grown to manhood he was my boy just the

same, and we seemed to have had a sort of communion together through all our lives, for he understood me and I him. I have a little grandchild with me named Ethel and she wants to send love back too. Thank you very much."

Jennie Clark, Malden, Mass.

A spirit comes who says the first thing, "Don't keep me waiting. My name is Jennie Clark; I lived in Malden. I came out so quickly to the spirit and it was such a shock to me I don't know where I am when I try to come back from the spirit." This is a young woman, I don't believe she is over twenty-four or twenty-five years old. She is very dark, dark hair, eyes and skin, one of those impetuous, nervous people. She says: "I am much better off than I was in earth life for I had to work and work and work so hard it seemed to me there wasn't a bit of use in living anyway. I am not sorry I have come. I have a certain desire to send a message back. It is not because I want to get back; it is only that it might do good to those who are left. I send this message to Charlie; I want him to know there isn't a single thing coming into his life that I can't know if I want to. I don't like the conditions and I think he is very much to blame for some of them, but it isn't to blame that I come, but rather to tell him I will help him to get out of them. He knows what I mean very well and he can get out of them if he pleases, and if he realizes I am helping him perhaps he will try harder than ever before. Tell Bessie and Lizzie I am sorry I couldn't do better. I did the best I could. Thank you."

Joe Grant, Galveston, Texas.

Here is the spirit of as tall a man as I ever saw. He is thin, has long arms, and looks as though he could walk far and take long steps, and he strides right up here in front of me. I think he is about forty-five years old, and has light blue eyes, brown hair, and brown mustache that is as heavy almost as whiskers. He hasn't a bit of pride about his personal appearance. He just seems to be anxious to do things, and do them as well as possible. He tells me his name is Joe Grant, and then with a little smile says, "I am nothing to General Grant, but I am a relationship with him. I belonged south—in Galveston, Texas. I heard people talking about these spirit messages and I thought it was all nonsense. I wasn't much of a church member, hadn't much use for religion. At the same time, it seemed to me it was a kind of sacrifice to ask your friends how they were getting on. Perhaps I thought I couldn't be able to tell us in a way we would understand just what the climate was, but anyhow I feel a good bit of a desire to send word to my Kate. I want her to know she hasn't a single thing to be afraid of and when she is left alone as much as she is, I will be there and see that nothing can harm her. She has fretted a good deal because she didn't see my picture. She doesn't mean anything. She may have my spirit, which is better than any picture I could ever have taken. I met Guy Clifford and had a talk with him about the matters in which he and I were concerned and he said he would see if he couldn't do something for little Kate, and so I am trying to do what I can. I am glad they put the old body where they did. It was the best place for it and as far as I am concerned I haven't a single care about anything in earth life except the people I loved and they were mighty few, but to the few I send my respects and my good wishes for them to have as good a time as I am having."

William Jackson, Greenwood, Wis.

A spirit comes and at once gives his name, William Jackson. He is a very gentlemanly sort of a man about medium height, not very stout, and has a sweet, pleasant voice. His hair is almost black and shines like a crow's wing; he has dark blue eyes and sideburns that he seems quite proud of, too, and he tells me he lived in Greenwood, Wis. He says: "I was something of a politician. I tried to get ahead; there seemed to be a spirit of ambition in me. I was a doctor, too, and while I stuck to my profession I was interested in other matters. I want to say for Julia, who is with me, that we both felt sorry to die the way we did. It was an accident. We never can quite understand how it happened. We only know we found ourselves here and I would if I could speak to those nearest me,—to Carrie and to Will. I want them to realize mother and father are close to them. Tell Carrie when Hattie was there the other day that there, too, and we heard the discussion about the house, and we think it is better for them to wait than it is to go forward with the plan just now. The school question will settle itself. Circumstances will bring about a helpful condition. Thank you."

Dr. Lucy Ridgeway, Bridgeport, Conn.

Here is a woman doctor who stands right up in front of me. Her name is Dr. Lucy Ridgeway and she belonged in Bridgeport, Conn. She says: "Now don't make a lot of caricatures of me. I took up the profession because I always liked to be around sick people, and if you will believe me, there never was the least thought in my mind about its being a paying business. I never let it get into me one thing after another, having always been more or less interested in sick people. My father was rather proud that I did it and my mother was rather ashamed. It seemed to her like a woman stepping out of her sphere and usurping man's place. I, of course, saw many people pass over into the other life, and I say it with all the heart I have for the moment believed in the visions and expressions which came to them when they were dying. I thought it was hallucination and imagination and just passed it over as a consequent evil of the coming of death. If I had tried to follow them a little, there is much I might have known. My brother came over here just before I did and it was a great grief to me, for he had stood by me and helped me. It will please my friends to know he was the first one to take my hand and bid me walk in this other land, and I am still doctoring. We have diseases of the spirit that can only be healed by good advice and sunshine and sweet presences and I believe it is because the spirit has seen these things work more or less changes in spirit life. It is because of that the thought has been born in your world that illness and sickness might be overcome in the same way, and who shall say? perhaps a draught of sunshine is better than a potion of drugs, perhaps the strength of loving thought is better than that of any medicine, or anything that a doctor might give. I won't preach, for you can readily see there is no end to my argument. Please send this message to Hazel. I want her to realize my hand is in hers and when she gets so sensitive and overwrought that it seems as though she couldn't take another step, I am there, and I will try to use the same spirit of helpfulness I would to a soul over here. Perhaps I may be able to help her more than she realizes."

Inez Learned, Brookfield, Mass.

The spirit of a girl about eighteen years old is here now. She is pretty and sweet, is rather light, with very light brown hair and very fair skin. She tells me her name is Inez Learned; she lived in Brookfield, Mass., and has been gone about two years. She wants to tell her mother she is glad she can see her. The girl seems very weak; she had very little strength naturally and this effort of speaking

from the spirit is very hard for her. She has with her a dog, a big, brown, shaggy dog, and she seems to have him everywhere she goes. She says: "He was my dog," and then she speaks a name, "Fido," and says, "I want to send love to Fido." She has everything heart could wish in the way of attention and devotion, and says she isn't unhappy, only anxious to send her love. That is all.

Hannah Kimball, Goffstown, N. H.

A woman about fifty-six or fifty-seven years of age appears. She is as sharp as a razor; she cuts through conditions here and comes and stands right beside me. Her eyes are as bright as a bird's. She says: "I am Hannah Kimball; I am from Goffstown, N. H. Tell Frank he better look out for the house; there seems to be a danger of fire." Now she doesn't want to scare him, but it seems as though if things were looked after there wouldn't be this danger. She continues: "Eliza is with me and is more anxious than I am to communicate. I see any particular advantage just communicating unless you have something to communicate. It is like whispering in school when you have nothing to say, and I have nothing to say except the fire; so look out for the fire and Eliza wants to send a little message of love and so I let her if she wants to. The twins are with us; uncle George is no longer lame, but goes about as well as any of us. Ham has a new arm. Now you folks may think we are all sort of a patchwork, but I had one brother who lost his arm and it was a great grief to us all, and when I found him in the spirit he had two arms and it impressed me more than all the rest, and uncle George had lost his leg and he was able to walk and of course that was a great comfort to us. Thank you."

Born Again.

HON. JOEL B. DOW, OF BELLOIT, WIS.

Address given at the Funeral Services of the late Benjamin Rogers, of Pasadena, Cal.

Friends and neighbors of this peaceful home: I see before me at this hour two homes, one in the East, the other in the West; I see two men, one in each of those homes, yonder and here, Benjamin and Benjamin. I see two friends, long intertwined in bonds of mutual friendship and love; and these friends I see reaching out in thought and written message for a conscious companionship again for a season and a mutual interchange of that which touched each other's life. I look again, and from that home in the east far beyond the rivers, the desert and the mountains, I see that friend turn his face toward this land of sunshine and flowers; and then a train, I see, freighted with burdens, and he among them, rushing madly on and brooking no delay, that the purpose of that one among the many should be subverted and he be privileged to stand once more beside his friend.

And, looking again, the query arose, "Why such purpose then, and why such haste?" Today the answer is before us. Unknown to either, the shadow of the boatman, who was to bear the one across the tide, had already fallen athwart his path; and but few the hours left in which the two again could hold sweet converse, friend with friend; and then, the one alone, destined not by chance, to stand beside the bier and pay the last tribute of honor and love to him who had ascended, "where sweet eyes turn not to dust, nor dear lips to ashes."

Of Benjamin Rogers, whose mortal remains lie in the casket beside me, and he whose memory we would honor by our coming together today, of him we may say:

"God spoke and he was,
God spoke again, and he was not."

He was a living, active entity, mingling and commingling with his fellows upon the earth plane for nearly four score years, rendering such service as a fruitful mentality and an enlightened conscience dictated until the end,—tradition's limit was reached, and then, the eye, which from its sparkling depths had looked upon the blue sky and the green earth so long, was closed; the ear, attuned to the sweet songs of birds and nature's melodies, was dulled; the tongue, palsied, the lips mute, and the rhythmic heart throbbing still, for lo! God had spoken again, and he was not.

"If a man die, shall he live again?"

Tradition tells of one who, ages ago, propounded such question; but, were the thought forces of every life made manifest, each in turn, would bear record to the fact that the same query had been asked, and in his own way he sought solution.

Years ago, Benjamin Rogers, in his early manhood, was confronted by this question of that which lies beyond, and in his own way he sought solution. He gathered together books, the sacred books of the East and the histories of all religions, embodying the most profound thought of men. He mastered various languages, that he might not be dependent upon translator's work, but be himself a reader and translator of the originals. He delved deeply into the philosophies of the past and present. He read history and studied the promptings of men in their intercourse, one with the other. Science, in its interpretation of nature and nature's laws, interpreted its share of his attention; and the Bible, with its revelations of truth, its prophecies and the teachings of the gentle Nazarene, alike were studied and the significance of their teachings weighed.

And thus, alone through years, with an industry and intensity of application which characterizes but few, Benjamin Rogers grappled with the mighty thought of the world and through the maze of his intellect, large in its unfoldment, challenged an answer upon his part to that question of all questions, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

And to such question, after the studied labor of years had been coined, his conclusion and emphatic answer was, "NO! NO! I find nothing which appeals to my consciousness as proof of the fact that man, DEAD, LIVES AGAIN!"

Upwards of ten years of mortal life was given to Benjamin Rogers after such hopeless conclusion upon his part was reached.

It is said, "The most glorious moment of a man's life is to find himself ALIVE after he is DEAD!"

What a ten years such "glorious moment" was given to Benjamin Rogers. In his long drawn out and painful study of forces and thought, he had ignored the promptings which had come to him off and again in his life through manifestations in the presence of an unseen power and in which, but for the law of conservation of proof of that which he had failed to find, to wit: That life follows so-called death.

A careful study finally of psychic laws suggested to him by this gentle woman who came late into his life as an helpmeet indeed, and a due observance of those conditions which, law entails, and lo! his dead came back; his father, mother, brothers and sisters, to him dead, and by his own decree, consigned to a purposeless oblivion, unmistakably through those forces which higher intelligences know how to wield, identified themselves to him.

They lived, he found, though they were dead, and if they, he himself, would live. And so, after a weary march of three score years and ten, that "glorious moment" came to him,—"DEAD, but ALIVE!"

In the study of this philosophy, Benjamin Rogers found the greatest comfort of his life. He was fully satisfied now of the fact of the continuity of life, and of the intercourse between the two worlds; and he emphasized

again and again by messages which reached him through the agency of those fitted by nature and trained for such work, the fact, that, under proper conditions, and a careful observance of natural laws, decedent souls, can and do communicate with those still living upon the earth plane; and in this fact, as well established now as any fact in science or otherwise, which appeals to the consciousness of men, he found, as do or may all today, who have the courage of their convictions and refuse to be bound by credal superstitions and ignorance, the only absolute, unmistakable answer to that mighty question which has tortured the ages, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

In his large heartedness, awake now to the consciousness of life, Benjamin Rogers looked with pitying eye upon the masses.

The clouds and the darkness and the gloom which had hovered over and around him through all those weary years, were gone, and he would that the sunshine of truth and gladness which had come to him might touch and beautify and gladden every other life. And yet his knowledge of men and things, gathered from his wide, exhaustive study, showed him how difficult the task to persuade men to do or concede that which might militate against business interests, social standing or tend in any way to call in question sacred tradition or a turning away from the "Faith of the Fathers."

But, that the so-called orthodox world, founded solely and entirely upon the theory of the resurrection after death, should refuse to receive that, which purported to be absolute proof of the fact, was a proposition so strange and unnatural that it caused him at times to groan in spirit and be troubled. By the coming into his life of this beautiful Philosophy, a Philosophy which eliminated fear of so-called death, a Philosophy which denied the teaching or conclusion that the Creator, the Infinite Intelligence we call God, had made a failure of his work to that extent that only a remnant of the countless millions who had breathed and loved, He could save to Himself,—a Philosophy which implants love and only love in the human breast, and love as the all in all, which binds together worlds and souls, I say; by the coming of this beautiful Philosophy into the life of Benjamin Rogers, he was born again; and much that had hitherto tainted and marred his strenuous life was dissipated and gone.

Self-willed, strong, persistent and unyielding, he was frequently at war with himself, but not always was he victor; but beneath the often harsh exterior and the forbidding aspects, this gentle woman, the companion of his later years, in his struggles and triumphs, bears gracious evidence to the fact that beneath all and permeating the life, was the sweetest, tenderest love nature that heaven could bestow,—a love nature for his home, his wife, his friends and humanity, which intensified as his years ran on, and until the sand in the hour-glass of his life was spent.

And so, not alone from choice, and not in eulogistic sense, but from a deep consciousness of fact, I pay this last merited tribute to the man; and I say finally of him, A MASTER MIND, freed from its bondage, its earthly environment, has been transferred to the CHAIRS OF GOD AND THE COMPANIONSHIP OF ANGELS.

NOT DEAD.

KATE R. STILES.

He is not dead. This, this is not the end. This unresponsive air is not our friend. 'Tis but the garment Nature to him lent. Now cast aside, by pain and suffering rent.

O blessed change, which to our friend has brought
Surcease from pain, which here in vain he sought.
Congratulations we to him extend,
And with our tears, our glad songs we blend.

Immortal life is his. O glorious phrase!
Immortal life! Eternity of days!
Eternity of days in which to wend
Through wisdom's spheres. This, this is
thine, dear friend.

This, too, is ours. Immortal souls are we
As truly now, as we shall ever be.
And we shall find when we have passed
The door of death,
We are our same old selves—no less, no more.

This, then, the lesson we today may read—
A lesson it were well we all might heed.
That, here or there, we by our own lives
make

The joy or sorrow of which we partake.
While here we stand beside this silent clay,
We would this tribute to our brother pay.
Faithful was he, in service unto all.
Who for his aid, in time of need did call.

Kind was his spirit—modest were his ways.
He sought not from his fellows fulsome
praise:
To ease their pain, was ever his intent,
And to this end his years on earth were spent.

Many will miss thy presence, kindly friend,
The healing touch these folded hands did lend,
Will never again be felt at bed of pain,
Yet will the power that moved them still remain.

Greater than death, far greater is that
power,
Subtle, magnetic, which was here thy dower.
This, with thee went, and will with thee
abide,
And thou canst heal, e'en from life's "other
side."

From life's Eternal Fount thou still canst
draw,
Though changed thy state, unchanged rest—
remains the Law;
Moved by desire, love-guided, thou canst
still,
Send forth the potent healing of thy Will.

This is our faith—therefore we will not
mourn
Our friend as gone to some far distant
bourne,
But we will say to him, "Speed on, dear
friend,
Angels of wisdom all thy steps attend."

We offer, then, no farewell word today,
Have unto this, his worn-out form of clay.
Though not our friend, 'tis where he once
did dwell,
And for his sake, we bid it now farewell.

And, as one turning from an old-time home,
When he by circumstance is called to roam,
Leta fall a tear, while passing through the
door,
Over whose threshold he will cross no more,

May it not be that he who once dwelt here,
Within this clay, pauses to drop a tear,
And say farewell, as turns he from the door,
Which death hath closed to open nevermore?

Then for his sake, we say our last adieu,
Adieu, closed eyes, windows his soul looked
through.
Adieu, kind hands, and weary, way-worn
feet,
From you we part, but he we still shall meet.

[The above written by Mrs. Stiles was read at the funeral of Dr. Pratt by George A. Fuller, M. D.]

Book Notes.

THE LOVER'S WORLD.

Allice B. Stockham, M. D.

As the writer says *The Lover's World* in its entirety is a treatise on love, the appropriation and mastery of sexual energy, the use of passion and creative force.

Throughout the book she speaks of body, soul and spirit, and spirit is the source, the innate force or divine nature. Soul is spirit in action and includes intellect, emotion and sensations, the individual personal existence, while the body is the manifestation, the visible vehicle of soul expression.

She starts with the declaration (and a true one), that love is the manifestation of the God-life in man, the fulfilling of the law, and although there is only one love, its diverse expressions are classified as Kosmic love, self love, romantic love, conjugal love, parental love, social love.

Kosmic love is rightly described as the force which governs and guides the universe, so that the manifestation of life is possible only through Kosmic love and all other forms of love spring from it and are its expression according to our knowledge of it and our nearness to it.

Self love is described as self reverence, self knowledge and self control, which alone lead life to sovereign power. With the consciousness of the oneness of life, the divine self, that likeness of God has a revelation of law, possibilities, and this is the foundation of true character. Thus we see the difference between self love and that degrading selfish love of one's self unworthy the name of love. The righteousness of self, the stability of self, the power and courage of self is demanded by the self love, as the demand is, so will be the fulfillment.

The doctor believes in romantic love as the love of ideality, love of emotion and sentiment; it is a human manifestation of Kosmic love. Romantic love sees reflected in another the thoughts, feelings, aspirations, ambitions of his own soul, the loved one becomes the looking glass of the lover. The writer condemns the old custom which deprives woman of the happiness of romantic love by choosing a husband for her, while a free woman's privilege is to choose her husband, and she does not see why a woman should not, under certain circumstances, pop the question. She also lashes those parents who in choosing a husband for their daughter, use less common sense and care than they do in mating their animals to improve the breed.

Two chapters treat of passion in woman and in man. She says that the passion is the speech of love, it is life crying for life, it is the language of the soul seeking perpetuity; it is not of the flesh. The maternal instinct is inherent to her, but with the thought of maternity there is a thought of uncleanness attached to the act of procreation. Of course mere animality is wrong, and by learning that life is and by coming into harmony with the Author of life, we learn that all life is a stream of love, and through conscious thought may be changed from pollution to a river of purity and all its force and activity appropriated in a God-like manner. This knowledge lifts woman from serfdom to royalty. Wherever knowledge goes, the purifying breath of spring pervades, and all things are re-created. Conjugal love is treated at length. The marriage is the heart's acknowledgment of union between one man and one woman; it is Kosmic love vitalized; it is rest; it is satisfaction. The true inner marriage, the heart's acknowledgment of union to heart is a sacrament, the outer marriage is a contract, it is an adjustment to legal enactments, it is a simple symbol representing the soul speech of two united wills.

The author takes up all the duties of the married life, deals with them in a plain and yet masterly way. She has studied the subject thoroughly and the reader can feel her heart throbs in every page. She seems to me to have received a wonderful revelation from the Kosmic Love and Life.

The book should be studied earnestly by every man and woman in the land, and it put in the hands of every girl and boy as they reach the age of puberty would prevent many sad mistakes and life-long misery. The book is an inspiration and a revelation of the possibilities of life and if its teachings were practiced we would see a greater, a nobler race of men and women to renew the world, such as God intends it to be. Fred de Bos.

THE ORIGIN, EVOLUTION, AND DESTINY OF MAN.

Dr. T. A. Bland has written another book, and given it the above title. It is a work that covers a wide range in the triple domain of Science, Philosophy and Religion. That it is an able, brilliant and progressive work, goes without saying, with all who have read Dr. Bland's other works, and especially his book, "In the World Celestial," which is attracting so much attention and selling so rapidly. Being a scientist, a philosopher, and a Spiritualist, he is eminently qualified to deal with the problems of man's origin, progress and destiny, and being a literary man of large experience he can, and does deal with them in a way to make them perfectly clear and intensely interesting to the common people. Everybody ought to read this book, for it answers the questions of the ages, "Whence came man, what is he, and where is he going?" and answers them in a manner to clear away the fogs of superstition, and the false theories of materialistic science. It is not yet printed, but will be just as soon as the author gets orders enough in advance to insure him against loss. It will be printed and bound in elegant style, contain a full page portrait of the author and sold at the low price of one dollar. Write a postal card to Dr. T. A. Bland, 161 S. Hoyne Ave., Chicago, Ill., that you will take a copy of this new book, as soon as it is published, and he will file your order and when the book is out you will be notified of that fact.

WORDS THAT BURN.

The first edition of the novel, "Words that Burn," by Lida Briggs Brown, of this city, has been exhausted and a second edition of two thousand volumes has been issued by the publishing house of P. Tennyson Neely of New York. The new edition is neatly gotten up and contains an introduction by Jay Chappel, the well known Boston Journalist.

THE CHRIST OF GOD.

"The Christ of God," by Charles H. Mann, is a little book of a hundred pages that will be pleasant reading to the church member. The writer deplores the fact that spiritual growth has not kept pace with the national growth. He shows that he recognizes the trend of the times when he says that Jesus Christ regarded only as a man has never been equaled in his teachings. There is absolutely nothing new in it for the advanced thinker. It is probably used by the author as a stepping stone to something better. R. H. Gilbert.

GOD WINNING US.

"God Winning Us," by Clarence Lathberg, author of "A Little Lower than the Angels," is a neat handbook of the Swedenborgian faith in which the writer deals with God, (Continued on page 7.)

Anniversary Exercises at New Bedford.

The friends in this city celebrated their anniversary on Easter Sunday. The platform, tables, piano, and other places appeared in one blaze of beauty from the drapings of Old Glory, the profusion of flowers, and the New Charter that was hung in a conspicuous place on the wall. The charter was given to the society by the first vice president, Mrs. Channing, under the inspiration of her spirit son.

The hall was crowded both afternoon and evening, and standing room was all occupied in the evening. Guests were present from Middleboro, Taunton, Dartmouth, Fairhaven, and Onset sent a host of friends of the Cause. The president, Mr. Thomas Thompson, presided with such hearty hospitality, good nature, and appropriate remarks, that the audience could not help falling in with the spirit of the day.

The afternoon was occupied by hearing of original poem by Mrs. Carr. It was very beautiful and full of inspiration. The Gunderson Brothers (Scandinavian), sung in their native language, songs of patriotism, nature and religion, and received a deserved encore. Mr. Mercer rendered "Could We Recall" so well, that he was recalled, for the music reached the hearts of all present.

"Row me over the tide" sung by Miss Etchel and Mrs. Wood, was given so sweetly it will linger long in the memory. C. F. Allyn gave the regular address of the evening, with impromptu poems on subjects from the audience.

In the interval between afternoon and evening meetings, a well attended and satisfactory circle was held. Both local and visiting talent participated. Tests were given, messages received, and "all went merry as a marriage bell."

The day passed without a jar in the harmony. The officers of the chartered society are: President, Mr. T. Thompson; 1st vice president, Mrs. Channing; 2nd vice president, Mrs. Gooding; secretary, Mr. J. Clifton; treasurer, B. Gooding.

The anniversary was one of the best I ever attended and its pleasant memory will last while life exists. Great credit should be given the society for its zealous work, and the courtesy given to all. C. Fannie Allyn.

Roston Spiritual Temple.

As usual, a large and representative audience gathered at Chickering Hall last Sunday, morning and evening. Mr. Wiggin, the pastor, spoke from the subject, "Does Spiritualism Tend to Spiritualize?" A few sentences from Mr. Wiggin's address follow.

"The Spiritual Society, at least up to the present time, has given scarcely any thought to the highest claims of Spiritualism. At our investigations have had to do with the phenomena of Spiritualism rather than with the Eternal Facts to which these phenomena are related." "Scientists have been led to consider the subject of sufficient importance to devote to its investigation much valuable time, while the Christian, theologically considered, has been outspoken in his denunciations, but to the Christian who regards truth of greater value than any sectarian form of it which his theology may have molded, the announcement of science, that the phenomena of Spiritualism are true, will be welcomed."

"With reference to the objections usually urged against Spiritualism, they are based, as a rule, upon certain kinds of manifestations, to which all true Spiritualists also object."

"It scarcely needs to be said that we mean by spiritualization, not so much a state which can be viewed as permanent, as a state, related to so called sacred things, as we do to certain mind-attitudes, which wisely ordered develop such a personal realization of the truth as to reveal all things as sacred."

"By spiritualization we mean the performance of such work, in a spiritual manner, as will rid all life of corporeal grossness, sensuality and worldliness, and especially the spiritualizing of the so-called secular, and so changing conscious appreciation of all things as to eliminate from the mind all lines whereby humanity has been wont to impute to the Divine Principle a fearful mixing of things, a large proportion of which has been considered secular and totally and positively evil, while the other, and smaller portion has been looked upon as sacred. In a word, we mean when mankind shall be led to see the wisdom of honest work and the evil of all worry, when the rose of justice, instead of the thorn of injustice, shall characterize the products in our gardens of earthly experience, when the spirit of oppression and avarice shall yield to the spirit of love, when hope shall crown the life of all."

"The almost endless variety of architecture in the world is greatly admired by all, or at least attracts attention from all, and comments, varying in character, are lavished upon these of the so-called secular, and lines, both straight and curved, connecting all from base to lofty pediment, with architrave, frieze, niche and stone lace-work of endless variety."

"This, all this, is the product of thought, and the grand, magnificent, lofty temple stood, complete and perfect, within the head of some human being, firmly fixed upon the foundation of the mind before a stone was laid in the external structure, where observation could take cognizance of its existence."

"Spiritualism is an architect, for it is a thought founded in truth, and its visible products must, by virtue of an immutable and unvarying law, be like unto that which the station of its thought-vibrant-world produces."

"Spiritualism will spiritualize in just that degree that its followers join with all progressive movements which honestly aim to make this world a better one in which to live; just as they help along every effort, under whatever name, toward bringing all humanity into the spirit of a common brotherhood and into attunement with the vibrancy of all Divine Purposes."

How a Woman Paid Her Debts.

I am out of debt, thanks to the Dish-washer business. In the past three months I have made \$600.00 selling Dish-washers. I never saw anything sell so easily. Every family needs a Dish-washer and will buy one when shown how beautifully it will wash and dry the family dishes in two minutes. I sell from my own house. Each Dish-washer sold brings me many orders. The dishes are washed without wetting the hands. That is why ladies want the Dish-washer. I give my experience for the benefit of anyone who may wish to make money easily. I buy my Dish-washers from the Mount City Dish-Washer Co., St. Louis, Mo. Write them for particulars. They will start you in business in your own home. L. A. C.

The depth of spiritual feeling, wisdom and power which we have depends upon the depth of our love for all.—Ex.

Free Medical Advice to Women.



Every sick and ailing woman,
Every young girl who suffers monthly,
Every woman who is approaching maternity,
Every woman who feels that life is a burden,
Every woman who has tried all other means to regain health without success,
Every woman who is going through that critical time—the change of life—is invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., in regard to her trouble, and the most expert advice telling exactly how to obtain a CURE will be sent absolutely free of cost.

The one thing that qualifies a person to give advice on any subject is experience—experience creates knowledge.

No other person has so wide an experience with female ills nor such a record of success as Mrs. Pinkham has had.

Over a hundred thousand cases come before her each year. Some personally, others by mail. And this has been going on for twenty years, day after day, and day after day.

Twenty years of constant success—think of the knowledge thus gained! Surely women are wise in seeking advice from a woman with such an experience, especially when it is free.

Mrs. Hayes, of Boston, wrote to Mrs. Pinkham when she was in great trouble. Her letter shows the result. There are actually thousands of such letters in Mrs. Pinkham's possession.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been under doctors' treatment for female troubles for some time, but without any relief. They now tell me I have a fibroid tumor. I cannot sit down without great pain, and the soreness extends up my spine. I have bearing down pains both back and front. My abdomen is swollen, I cannot wear my clothes with any comfort. Womb is dreadfully swollen, and I have had flowing spells for three years. My appetite is not good. I cannot walk or be on my feet for any length of time.

"The symptoms of Fibroid Tumor, given in your little book, accurately describe my case, so I write to you for advice."—Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St. (Boston), Roxbury, Mass.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wrote to you describing my symptoms, and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully for several months, and to-day I am a well woman.

"The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, together with your advice, carefully followed, entirely expelled the tumor, and strengthened the whole system. I can walk miles now.

"Your Vegetable Compound is worth five dollars a drop. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors, or any female trouble, to write you for advice, and give it a faithful trial."—Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St. (Boston), Roxbury, Mass.

Mrs. Hayes will gladly answer any and all letters that may be addressed to her asking about her illness, and how Mrs. Pinkham helped her.

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

Sunday-School and Class-Room Anecdotes.

Familiarity with the Bible has gone pretty much out of fashion. When an individual expresses doubt of the infrequency of divine inspiration of the Scriptures there is often exhibited a bitterness, amounting even to spite; but to quote them correctly or to recognize a quotation from them seems to be beyond the power of many who profess to believe thus acceptably. The following anecdotes gleaned from the newspapers afford apt illustrations of the common ignorance.

THE ORATION.

A youngster while in his class at Sunday-School was doing some mischievous thing, when the question came to him. It was pronounced in a loud voice, and he not hearing it distinctly, imagined that he had been detected.

"Who created the world?"

"I did," the culprit trembling, replied, "but I'll never do it again."

NOT A SAMSON.

"Now," said the teacher, "can you tell me who carried off the gates of Gaza?"

"No, ma'am," Johnny promptly answered. "I was not out with the boys Halloween night, and so I did not have anything to do with it."

THE CONFUSION OF TONGUES AT BABEL.

"Of course, you have read of the Confusion of Tongues at the Building of the Tower of Babel?"

"A gathering of labor agitators, I suppose. No, I haven't read it. To tell the truth, I'm not interested in trades unions."—Boston Transcript.

ADAM IN EDEN.

"Now, little boys," said the teacher, "tell me what commandment Adam broke when he ate the forbidden fruit." Tommy replied: "Please ma'am, there were no commandments then."

WICKED MOSES.

"Who was the chief of sinners?" the teacher asked.

"Moses," one little boy replied.

"What?" exclaimed the startled teacher, "why do you say that?"

"Because he broke all the commandments at once."

WHERE HAMLET'S FATHER WENT.

Teacher—"What did Hamlet say of his dead father?"

Pupil—"That he had gone to that burn from which no traveler returns."

THE GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED.

The bishop asked his son to explain the parable of the mustard-seed in the thirteenth chapter of Matthew. "If means," he answered, "that a little religion goes a long way, and those who have the least of it here will be highest in the kingdom of heaven."

IGNORANCE TO BE FORGIVEN.

A little girl who had been a diligent reader of her Testament, was greatly interested in the marriage of two of her friends. She was asked to repeat a text suitable for such an occasion. After a little consideration she gave this: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

TWO PHYSICIANS' OPINIONS.

Dr. Schwenkger, the physician of Bismarck, speaking of medical students, remarked: "When a student leaves college, he knows nothing of the art of healing." Sir Thomas Watson, the author of the great work on the Practice of Medicine, gave his testimony, that for a medical student to become a successful physician, it was necessary to forget what he had learned in the schools.

LOT AND HIS WIFE.

Little Dot hearing her mother reading the account of Lot's wife, asked: "Mama, what did Mr. Lot do when his wife was turned into a pillar of salt?" The mother replied: "What do you think he did?" The little girl gravely answered: "I suppose he went and hunted up a fresh one."

A CHILD'S VIEW.

The mother of a little three-year-old son of a well known public man was trying to explain to him about the seasons of the year. She told him as best she could, but the little fellow did not understand, so she went on to say that each year we have a new spring, a new summer, etc.

The little man became very thoughtful. At last he said: "My! but God is extravagant!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT AND ADVOCATES.

A society has been formed in London for the abolition of the death penalty. Dr. Oldfield, the president, addressed letters on the subject to the several churches. The Bishops of the Established Church, declared without an exception, in favor of retaining the penalty, and the Roman Catholic priests were even more emphatic. On the other hand, not a Non-Conformist was found to advocate it.

cate it, and the Jews exhibit a tendency in the same direction. The governors of prisons all but one were opposed to the death penalty.

NEGRO CHRISTIANS BLASTING ROCKS.

Booker T. Washington tells the story of an Episcopal clergyman whose wife chided his cook for the noise made by her people in religious exercises. When Solomon built the temple, he remarked, there was no noise made, either in the driving of nails, or the placing of pillars.

"O ma'am," replied Chloe, "it is this way, we niggers is jest blasting out rocks for the foundation of the temple."

A HELL GOOD ENOUGH.

An old fashioned clergyman delivered a sermon in behalf of the old beliefs, and denounced new-fangled notions of Hades, etc. "As for me," he said in conclusion, "the Hell of our fathers is good enough for me."

Alexander Wilder.

Children's Book.

"STRETCH IT A LITTLE."

Trudging along the slippery street,
Two childish figures with aching feet,
And hands benumbed by the biting cold,
Were rudely jostled by young and old,
Hurrying homeward at close of day
Over the city's broad highway.

Nobody noticed nor seemed to care
For the little ragged shivering pair;
Nobody saw how close they crept
Into the warmth of each gas-jet,
Which flung abroad its mellow light
From gay shop windows in the night.

"Come under my coat," said little Nell,
As tears ran down Joe's cheeks and fell
On her own thin fingers stiff with cold.
"Taint very big, but I guess 'twill hold
Both you and me, if I only try
To stretch it a little. So now don't cry."

The garment was small and tattered and thin,
But Joe was lovingly folded in
Close to the heart of Nell, who knew
That stretching the coat for the needs of two
Would double the warmth, and half the pain
Of the cutting wind and the icy rain.

"Stretch it a little," O girls and boys,
In homes overflowing with comforts and joys;
See how far you can make them reach,
Your helpful deeds and your loving speech,
Your gifts of service and gifts of gold;
Let them stretch to households manifold.

Uncle William's Experience.

It was in April, 1846, I left my cousin Shadrach, a youth of about my own age, in Jackson county, Missouri, on my way to the then distant Territory of Oregon, a land so far away, and yet at times it seemed so near. Wild Indians were to be feared, and there was danger of losing our way. Shadrach wished to go with us, but could not secure an outfit in time, so he was left behind.

I found my way to the coast, to the mouth of the Columbia river that year, and having much to do, and many cares to keep us from starvation, my chummy cousin was scarcely thought of until June of the next year. During that month I frequently felt that he was near, but, being unacquainted with Spiritualism at that time, I could not guess the cause.

On a warm, sunny morning in June—young birds had come off their nests and the wild canaries were chirping in the willows, while the blooming roses and the perfume from the resinous firs mingled to perfume the dewy air—I had taken my matted coat in hand to smooth the ground in front of our cabin just raised in the wilderness; I again felt Shadrach's presence near and a force drawing my form to the left. I turned in that direction and saw my cousin's full form about three rods away, and about four feet from the ground. He smiled as he saw that I noticed him, then faded from view.

Knowing nothing of spirit intercourse then, I wondered at what I had seen, and the question kept rising in my mind, "Is Shadrach dead?"

As we had no mails from the East in those days, I had no opportunity to verify my vision or to prove it an illusion. Years passed before mails were established between the two sections of country. At length a letter came detailing the fact of my cousin's death in summer of '46.

Soon after this I learned, or came to believe, the doors between the two worlds were standing ajar. I sought to communicate with Shadrach but got no response. I tried again and again, but with same results, until thirty years had passed, when at a seance one evening in winter the medium exclaimed, "Shadrach is here."

I satisfied myself fully of his identity, and inquired why he had delayed so long in his coming. He replied that he, with many congenial companions, had been on a long journey, or rather what we on earth would call a picnic excursion among the many and vast parks of the spirit world, a journey combining knowledge with pleasure. Had also visited many worlds in space since he arrived there, but now had returned to his native home as it were—to that part of the spirit world that claimed him as its own.

Anxious friends sometimes enquire, "Why do not my spirit friends come to me?" or "Why does a certain one delay so long in his coming?"

Be patient, dear friends, for there is a cause for all and each delay; and these causes are so manifold and varied it would be tedious to mention them. But one of the most prominent is a lack of soul congeniality. There must be a degree of harmony between the spirit, the medium and the enquirer, or between the spirit and the enquirer direct before the communication is probable. The most contrite and humble heart is often the first recipient of such favors. And again, as I have been taught from the spirit side of life, our spirit friends are not always at leisure to answer our calls, though a stronger spirit might, just at that time, find conditions favorable to speak a word for himself.

It was said, in olden time, that "Angel's visits were few and far between." Such may have been the fact in those days. But may it not have been in those days as it is in these? Our thirsting souls are never satisfied but are ever calling for more, falling to appreciate the crumbs that fall from spirit tables, even when those crumbs, in the aggregate, would form a large loaf. We often conclude within ourselves, "How distant are our spirit friends."

Uncle William.

Clackamas, Oregon.

Educating by Trusting.

It was the pen of the wisest knowledge of human nature that wrote, "Those who trust us educate us." No one can succeed as a teacher without confidence and trust in the pupil. Too often do parents repel and harm their children by treating them as though they could not be trusted. Confidence is the very first step in winning and in inducing confidence.—Ex.

How Mrs. Mayhew was Honored.

Tim and Teddy Mayhew had not gone to Lyseum very long. They used to live in the country, you know. Perhaps that was the reason, why they paid so much more attention to the lesson, and seemed to think of it so much oftener during the week, than a good many of the boys that I know.

One Sunday their teacher had been talking to them about loving their fathers and mothers. It took Tim and Teddy a long time to get home that afternoon—they had so much to say to each other. Their mother had come to the gate and was looking down the street for them. The boys laughed softly when they saw her.

"She doesn't know—does she?" whispered Tim. "We'll make it a perfect surprise to her."

"She's nicer than any of the other's mothers," whispered Teddy back. "We aren't going to let everybody else be honoring their mother and not honor ours some, I guess."

They started on a run. Sunday was a nice day in the Mayhew family. On other days Mrs. Mayhew had to go out to work, or else she was busy washing at home. But on Sunday everything was different, and it was lovely.

At supper Teddy said: "Mother, don't you ever have a birthday?"

"Dear me, I guess so!" she laughed. "But there isn't time to think of everything."

"When is it?" asked Tim.

"The end of next month—the 26th."

Teddy and Tim looked down at their slates and thought: "That suits beautifully!"

Pennies were scarce among the Mayhews. "I'd rather it would be pennies," Mrs. Mayhew used to say, "than a good many other things—family feelings for one. I don't know how ever a poor, hardworking widow woman and her children would get on without them. I am thankful, they don't have to!"

She was right, they did not have to. Meat and potatoes might sometimes come short with the little Mayhews, but never affection. They could not have understood a world which lacked the sight of their mother's broad smile, the sound of her long and varied list of "love names," and the touch, on the crooked heads, of her big hands, wrinkled and shiny from much manual labor.

"We've got to get some pennies somehow before the 26th of next month," they kept saying to each other now every day.

But the time slipped by and they were still far behind the fifteen cents which were needed. For you may be sure that they had long ago picked out the "surprise" in the shop-window. It was a gorgeous bird of paradise in china, with quite wonderful wings, brooding over a nest which the polite clerk told them was a "jewel-case—for the ladies to put their jewels in, you know."

"What's jewels, Ted?" asked Tim when they were staring outside again admiringly.

"Diamonds, and such things," answered Teddy promptly.

"And—and crowns, and such things," said Tim.

"I'm going to buy her some, though, soon as I get big," answered Teddy.

"So am I," said Tim. "And then she'll have the jewel-case all ready to put them in—won't she?"

So, that important point being settled, every morning they looked in at the shop anxiously, and every morning they saw their bird of the brilliant plumage seated safely on her nest. But the fifteen pennies were slow to come. By the middle of the month they were only five; another week went by and then there were six days left.

"I'll tell 'em we do," said Tim, "if we can't earn ten cents anyhow at all?"

"We've got to earn it," said Teddy, a very determined look on his freckled face. And Tim felt satisfied that it would be earned.

On Saturday a great ball match was to be played, and Teddy and Tim, like the rest of the town, were wild about it. They had picked out the very telegraph pole from the top of which they could watch the game with as royal satisfaction as though they had each paid a dollar for a seat on the grand stand.

But on Saturday morning Bill Lowe stopped them on the street:

"I say," he asked, "do you two fellows want to earn ten cents apiece?"

Did they!

"Well now, if you'll stay around my place this afternoon, and look after the outfit, I'll give you that."

Bill's "place" was a modest peanut-and-candy stall on a busy corner of the main street.

"I want to catch the trade," he explained, "down to the last minute before the game, and right after. This town's going to be chock full of people, I can tell you. During the game I'll be selling on the grounds myself, and I'm looking for somebody to leave in charge. You two could do it. There won't be much to do, only just keep anybody from picking things up. What do you say?"

It was a little hard, but they did not hesitate long. The bargain was soon struck, and Bill went his way.

"I'd have had to give anyone else two or three times the money! Poor babies! they ain't cut their eye teeth yet on trade, the way some of us have. They'll get rich faster by-and-by, when they know more."

But Teddy and Tim were pretty rich that afternoon.

They bought the bird of paradise on the way home. But it took a great deal of thinking to know what to do with the other ten cents, which they were both agreed must be expended on the birthday celebration.

Toward the end Tim waxed in favor of "violet," one of those little bouquets of "em like the other ladies wear." Teddy was uncertain of the wisdom of this choice, but he yielded, at last, good-naturedly, and "violet" it was.

On the morning of the 26th the presentations were made in due form, Teddy being master of ceremonies, and though the boys had expected much from their mother in the way of surprise and pleasure as more than fulfilled it all. Of course, they had meant to say nothing about the ball game, but secrets among the Mayhews were not fashionable, and, having just triumphantly come out of one, it was not to be marvelled at that they could not at once support another. And so by and by they had told her all about Bill Lowe and his bargain. Then a shocking thing happened, something that they could not remember ever happening before.—Mrs. Mayhew began to cry!

"Dear! Dear! What could be the matter?" "Nothing, nothing!" sobbed Mrs. Mayhew. "Only to think that of all the nice boys living in all the world today, me own two darlin' sons would beat the whole of 'em!"

Oh! if that was all, that was all right.

I dare say, though, some of you think that Teddy and Tim were very foolish boys not to give their mother something more useful than a bird of paradise and a bouquet of violets. But they were just little fellows, you see. And then, besides, if you could have known how many, many times afterwards, when the work was hard and the day was long, Mrs. Mayhew remembered her jewel-case on the mantel-piece, and the bunch of brown pressed flowers in her Bible, and how it took the ache out of her head and the "kink" out of her back, and made her forget that the minutes were slow, perhaps you would have thought that they were pretty useful, after all.—Ex.

"A great soul never condemns nor criticizes the actions of any fellow-soul."