



ALL THINGS SHALL PASS.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Hadst thou a ship in whose vast hold lay stored The priceless riches of all climes and lands, Bay, wouldst thou let it float upon the seas Unpiloted, of fickle winds the sport, And of wild waves and hidden rocks the prey? This is that ship; and in its depths concealed Lies all the wealth of this vast universe— Yes, lies some part of God's omnipotence, The legacy divine of every soul, Thy will, O man, thy will is that great ship, And yet behold it drifting here and there— One moment lying motionless in port, Then on high seas by sudden impulse flung, Then drying on the sands, and yet again Sent forth on idle quests to no-man's land To carry nothing and to nothing bring; Till worn and fretted by the aimless strife And buffeted by vacillating winds It founders on a rock, or springs a leak With all its unneeded treasures in the hold. Go save thy ship, thou sluggard; take the wheel And steer to knowledge, glory and success. Great mariners have made the pathway plain For thee to follow; hold them to the course Of Concentration Channel, and all things shall come in answer to thy swerveless wish As comes the needle to the magnet's call, Or sunlight to the prisoned blade of grass That years all Winter for the kiss of Spring. —N. Y. Journal.

Do Angels Have Sorrows?

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE, AUTHOR OF ASPHODEL BLOOMS.

It was rose time; the hour twilight. I was out in the old-fashioned dooryard, sitting under my pet tree, a beautiful elm which my little boy had planted. My day had been a busy one. The world was full of beauty, but I had scarcely had time to look at it. Over by the arbor the old hundred-leaved rose bush swayed just then; and oh, the sweetness which came over to me! "Another day gone and I haven't done half I intended to," I said. "Nor we," said the roses. "You are the first person we've been sure we blessed today; we did send you a gust of perfume." From the parlor came the soft tones of the piano, in response to the touch of a young dreamer; her name was Angela. I thought of Heaven, and then I shut my eyes to dream clearer about it, and then, I seemed to be there—among the angels, in the Land of Souls. "I wonder if they have sorrows," I said to myself. A group of immortals were talking together. They heard my words. They gave me welcome to join them—to rest, to exchange thoughts with them. How glad was I to do so, especially as I saw one most dear to me—lately gone from earth. Her eyes filled with tears for, at sight of me the memories of, and longings for, the old life came fresh upon her. She smiled through her grief and eagerly asked "How fare my husband?—and my boy?" I told her all I could of them. "Do angels have sorrows?" you ask. "Let us exchange our thoughts frankly as is our wont here." Then your query will have been answered. One, tall and intellectually beautiful, spoke tenderly, and reflectively. Her voice was full of tears. When I had my body, the angel said, Who dwelt in the land of the so-called dead, I should have done much that I did not do Ere the old, sweet life on the earth was through. There is so much now I would like to say To those below in the sweet old way; There is so much sorrow and so much gloom Since they laid my body in the tomb. When I had my body, I counted not How intricate is transmitting thought Without the service of that true friend Which did my bidding its aid to lend. But now I wander unseen around, Unable to utter a single sound; I cannot say to the ones most dear, "I yet can love you, and I am here." When I had my body, my hands could balm The pains and bruises to restful calm; My lips could warn, or give words of cheer, To guard and strengthen the friends most near. Long weeks go by, and I watch and wait To impart a thought of my changed estate. They turn to my portrait upon the wall, But they give no heed to my spirit call. They cannot hear, and they cannot see, And it seems so long ere they'll come to me. When I had my body, I counted not How intricate is transmitting thought. I long to speak them a word of cheer! I long to be seen by my loved ones dear; But their doubts shut down like a curtain black, And their hopeless grief bars my sad soul back. I know she endured real sorrow, but I knew too it would vanish and "her own" would not always doubt; some quiet hour she would stand revealed to them in the fullness of angelhood.

I heard another voice: one who had been a money gatherer on earth. He had lived a long life—had amassed a fortune. His heart, when it ceased to beat, was almost as hard as a huge garnet. "I wish I had cared less for wealth," he said. "I am burdened with the memory of a sad tragedy; one word from me would have prevented it. I did not say it; I constantly hear children crying and a woman in rags weeping. I caused the death of the husband and father, because I would not give him one more chance. "He was in my employ. He got drunk one night. I heard of it. I discharged him. It was in midwinter. He begged my forgiveness—said he would not drink again. His family must suffer if he was refused work. I said, 'Go! Starve! The world will be better off without you!' "Did he believe it? He shrank away, feeling himself a worthless creature, and to save the expense of a rope to hang himself, or of a pistol to shoot himself, he jumped from the pier into the waters of Lake Erie. He left a note telling his wife what he was about to do, and telling her why. 'Don't try to recover my body. I've no clothes fit for the funeral. Good-bye, Mary.' "Oh, if I could only handle the money I left! Mary would have a share. I saw the poor fellow once since I came; I wanted to tell him how I regret my cruelty, but he fled from me in wild speed. I felt his hate. That is one of my sorrows. It bites hard! and I fear it will bite long."

A beautiful girl, whose blond hair rippled to her knees, and whose eyes were wells of affectionate intensity, threw from her hands the violets she had been caressing, clasped them in fervor against her heart and sighed, "Oh, if my heart-broken, crazy mother would only cease hunting the world for me, and come here, where I am! I am living every hour in sorrow! I cannot die! I am an immortal! No balm can come except when mortal dies, and comes here to find me. I cannot make her know," said angel Bessie. "What was her sorrow?" was the old, old story of misplaced love, away back on earth. She had trusted too much. She was in deep trouble. She stole from her little room one night and went away secretly, hoping when she was out of her distracting complications she could come back to her home and mother. But she never emerged from the dark shadows of her love's inquisition except through death. Her sickness, her death, her extinction from mortal life were secrets which never escaped through the double brick walls of her death chamber. All the town of her birth and her mother ever knew was that Bessie was missing. No trace of her was ever found. Her mother hoped she would return. She watched for a letter, but nothing came. Finally she lost her reason, and went searching for her lost girl. On foot she traveled, halting often and calling, "Bessie! Bessie! where are you Bessie?" Then after listening, she would move on, soon repeating her call: "Bessie! where are you Bessie?"

Could an angel in the heart of Paradise hear that pleading voice, see that grief-tortured, loving mother plodding through storm and shine in search of her invisible daughter and not feel the keenest sorrow? This is a true story. Only two years ago the aged mother went to the land of souls where, I trust, the mystery is solved and the long torture ended. All the incidents were told so naturally in that conference of angels—no fear of ceasure—no effort to conceal—the immortals spoke soul to soul.

Do angels have sorrows? said one to the others listening; let me recount a chapter in my experience.

"I came up from merry England. I was killed in a mine. Not very distant was a large estate, and the aristocrat who owned it kept up an orphanage on it. Into this was taken my young son Willie. At the time I will tell you about he was 11 years old—a bright, loving lad, comely too, with bright eyes and bright English roses on his cheeks. I had worked hard and fed him well.

"One Sunday about twenty of the orphans were out in the sunshine and one espied a football lying on the grass. They all set to kicking it and bounced it about a little. For this violation of the holy Sabbath the lady of the Hall, the wife of the Squire who owned the orphanage, decided the children should all be whipped. So Sir Bouton Knight set out to see who should do the beating. His men refused, but there was one great fellow who was underwritten, and was deaf and dumb. So he was ordered to flog the twenty orphans. He was made to know that he would be turned out of a home if he refused. He was ordered to bare the children to the flesh and give each one fourteen blows with a thorny whip. It was done, every stroke drawing blood, and the big brute who whipped could hear no cry—understood not a word of the children's appeals for mercy. Oh, then I longed for my body—for my strong arms, dead—but I could not protect my boy. I was only a spirit. The lady who ordered this thought she was serving God. God who puts frolic and buoyancy into children's hearts, Sundays and all days."

Years came and went, nine of them. Two weeks ago orphan Willie landed on the shores of America. A week ago he told me, with mortal lips, the story which his angel father had told when I visited Heaven's highlands. Yes, angels have their sorrows, and we may lighten them. We may help to do so by developing the goodness, the intelligence, the mercy, the forbearance, the justice of which mortals are susceptible, before they pass to the unseen land. We may do it now—every day.

Dickens, who was altruistic, and a broad humanitarian, says "any Christian spirit, working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Business! Mankind is my business. The common welfare is my business."

To enlighten—to disenchant—is our business, friends. There is a mountain of moral work to be done. It is our business to help to do it. Unchaining and uplifting men and women is our business, and we have faith in our system of ethics.

Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Forgetting Self.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

The Golden Rule, of doing to others as you would have others do to you, has been said to be impractical, why, then, give a new and higher rule. Do all for others?

Because man is a spirit, and as such has infinite possibilities, and should constantly keep before him the highest ideal. He should endeavor to become as nearly as possible the ideal angel.

Should an angel come to earth in spotless robes of purity, would it manifest supreme love for itself, placing itself first and claiming that it best served others, by gratifying its own selfish desires? Would you not emphatically say such is not an angel of light, but of darkness? For angels of light think not of themselves but of others. Their pleasure in this high walk of more perfectness is assisting others.

They would seek those who mourn, the fallen and sinning. No wretchedness too squalid, no villainy too foul, that the angels would not bend to offer consolation and extend a helping hand. They would comprehend the causes which led to shame and wretchedness. Would condemn the sin but not the sinner.

Here is our ideal: In as much as we help others we grow strong. When we bend to give a helping hand to the fallen we are enabled. We have individual needs and must meet them for ourselves, but we should meet them as spiritual beings. Every one moves in his limited sphere; has his inheritance of accumulated ancestral wrongs; his motives; his reasons and causes for his actions known only to himself, which none other can know. We think, unknowing these causes, motives and reasons that were thus placed we should do differently, when a moment's reflection will assure us we should do exactly the same. Hence to judge rightly we must know all that lies back of those we judge, the hereditary history of their race and environments.

By every judgment we make are we judged; every severity we inflict is returned to us; for scorn we receive scorn; for vengeance, vengeance; for hatred, hate. Throw out these influences and like the boomerang they return to strike you; not only return but make you a target for others.

There is only one attribute which goes forth always to return, bearing rich reward, and that is love. It is yielding as thinnest air, yet firm as adamant; it is gentle as the breath of the South wind, yet the strongest force in the universe; it looks backward as well as forward; reaches down to draw those below up to its vantage ground; reaches up in its aspirations. It is like the sun which constantly pours out its flood of light and energy, giving all without expectancy of return. This is the power which shall redeem the world. We all have need of it; we all stumble and fall at times, and are torn by thorns, and our feet bleed, pierced by the flinty pathway. We all need the charity of sympathizing angels and of our fellows; as in our strength we reach those beneath, and in our weakness pray for those above to extend from their sphere of light assistance to us.

As we help, so shall we be helped; as we draw others up, shall we ascend; as we do all for others, shall all be done for us.

Is this practical? Practicability is not a measure of truth. No one will dispute its practicability in a pure and unselfish condition of life, as among angels. How is this better state to be attained unless the principles which lie at its foundation are adopted? There is no impracticable truth, and the hero worship for those who lived for the highest interpretation shows the appreciation of mankind.

The most ancient of Chinese sages, Laotse, uttered this doctrine: "The sage does not lay up treasures. The more he

does for others the more he has of his own. The more he gives to others, the more he is increased." These are words of wisdom, for the more the sage teaches the more perfectly he understands his own doctrine and his own torch is not dimmed, though it light ten thousand others.

Again, if you would know the real source of the mighty power exerted by the Christian Jesus, in its last analysis, it is the ideal sacrifice made by him for the good of others! It was far beyond the golden rule and in the spirit of his saying: Forgive and ye shall be forgiven; give and it shall be given unto you.

And this spirit of self-sacrifice is not a peculiar trait of an incarnate God, a hero, a martyr, a sage, but common to humanity. It is because it is a common heritage that self-sacrifice meets response in every heart. Even the brutes of the field and birds of the air give us lessons in heroic devotion. The tiger will defend its young till death. The robin patiently receives the storm while brooding its young, and the lapwing risks its life leading the intruder away from its young. The sympathetic dog dies in rescuing his master, or follows to the grave to remain till dead.

How many thousands of patient toilers are at this present hour performing heroic deeds as great as were ever sung in song or told in story, whose names even will never be known! Ten thousand sailors keep watch on heaving swells of ocean and guide the gigantic shuttles which weave the web of commerce around the world, with storm and cloud above, and darkness around and beneath through which the winds shriek and the wild waters rage; they go to their duty without a thought of heroism when greater courage is required than to face the belching cannon, and when great occasion comes, in time of wreck or dire disaster, they rise to its supreme requirements, even to yielding life to rescue others. Such earnest souls watch from every life-saving station, ready at the moment's signal, to wage unequal combat with wind and sea, forgetting everything in the overmastery of devotion and duty.

It is not expected of the soldier in the weary day's march to give his canteen to those who have been improvident, yet the soldier wounded on the field of battle, who gives his canteen to a suffering comrade, while athirst himself, is idealized as a hero, and eulogized in history. It is not expected that he who earns his bread shall give it to every passing beggar, but he who shares his crust with one in greater need, even if it be a hungry dog, at once awakens our sympathy and calls forth our praise.

Social Evolution.

PAUL F. DE GOURSAY.

Man, the undeveloped animal, obeying the sexual instinct, took to himself a mate. Offspring came, and a new emotion, less physical, was dimly felt by both parents. By the mother, naturally, more keenly than by the father; maternal love in labor; paternal love is developed. The mother is absorbed in her baby from the moment of its birth; the father becomes more attached to his child as the child grows old enough to be his companion.

The advent of children, while drawing closer the bond between the parents and elevating the sentiment that united them, drew them, necessarily, more apart in their daily life; the man must roam alone in search of food; the woman could not always accompany him as heretofore; she must stay home to mind the children. Home! that name, so sacred to this day, was founded. Founded also was the family, the group of beings united by the ties of blood and forming a circle where filial love was developed and the law of reciprocity ruled.

That primitive home was a cavern, then a hut made of branches and leaves; a rude shelter for rude beings who went about naked or scantily clothed in skins, feathers or foliage. But, familial influences quickened the mental development of these early ancestors of ours. Love spurred man to greater exertions, to more intelligent researches and useful inventions. He must provide a better home for his loved ones. He felt his superiority over other animals and must not continue to follow their ways. His manhood has revealed itself. He built the first house. In this roughly hewed, clumsy habitation, lay the germ of future palaces—the art of architecture was invented.

In the meantime the woman's mind had not remained inactive. She possessed the innate love of the beautiful, an intuition of the symmetrical and comfortable; she studied the properties of plants, introduced the edible ones into her cuisine, which had been limited to meat or fish roasted on hot embers, after the conflagration caused by a fallen thunderbolt had taught man the use of fire. Previous to that event they had eaten fish and fish raw, as they ate the fruit that grew wild around them.

Then she conceived the idea that the fibres of certain plants might be so woven as to produce a fabric superior to leaves and skins.

The husband, who had invented stone axes, bone fish-hooks, bows and arrows, set about to manufacture some sort of implement to carry out his wife's ideas. The result was a crude sort of shuttle by means of which the woman soon learned to spin and weave cloth. She discovered brilliant dyes to color these fabrics, so as to make pretty garments for her children—not forgetting her own clothes, for she wished to please always the eyes of the man she loved; a desire which, like the taste for finery, is to be found in women of all countries, all times and all classes.

Man is, of his nature, sociable; the family circle, however happy, did not satisfy his social yearnings. Then, wife increased mental development, came of it a desire to exchange thoughts, to compare those ideas, so startling in their nature, which kept the brain in constant excitement. Intellectual partition was taking place after a long gestation. So, families congregated, first for pleasure, then for mutual help and protection. This was the beginning of the tribe or clan, which, in the course of time developed into the nation. The government of the tribe was purely patriarchal. The federation of tribes demanded a division of duties and consequently of power (if the paternal rule may be called power); elders or judges managed the affairs of the people.

Meanwhile, the human mind had progressed in its work of unfoldment; a state of civilization was reached which would probably compare favorably with our own, and whose relics come to light now and then to perplex the scientist and upset chronological theories. Arts and sciences were invented and improved rapidly, as did many useful inventions that tended to the comfort of living. Architecture, sculpture, painting and music embellished the dwellings of man and charmed society, for society was now constituted. Man had conquered and tamed every useful animal; he tore open the bowels of the earth to wrench therefrom the precious metals and gems that would add luxury to comfort. Palaces were built for the wealthy, for wealth now made its influence felt; magnificent temples were erected, wherein to worship God, or the gods, whose temples had been hitherto the canopy of the heavens. To nature's religion, creeds were substituted, which were invented by men; the wise men who had guided rather than governed their people were made to give way to a crowned ruler—more or less despotic.

From the time the family was founded until the tribes became a nation, justice had prevailed, for love was the cement that held together the parts of the social fabric; mutual assistance was the rule; harmony the result. This was the Golden Age, of which the poets have sung; an appropriate name, for then the basic social law was the Golden Rule which, from time to time, through the ages, Messiahs have endeavored to re-inscribe on the code of humankind. But with wealth came power; with power, injustice and abuse. King and priest joined hands; might trampled upon right, and slavery was instituted. The fruits of evil are evil; war furnished the first slaves.

Was evolution arrested then? No, but evolution—or progress, for it is the same thing under another name—never moves on a straight line; it proceeds as the planets which "move in elliptic orbits." At the same time it affects the spiral; each turn subjects it to the attraction of a lower influence; at each upward move the attraction lessens; it will cease when the climax is reached. The transition from winter to summer presents, perhaps, a more striking simile; night succeeds day only to be followed by the return of light by a longer, warmer, brighter day.

Moreover, civilization has its eclipses, after which it appears only the brighter for having been temporarily obscured. Founded on love, society has passed through periodical crises during which its origin seemed forgotten, denied, if not decided. But, after each crisis, love lifted up his voice in protest, and, if many turned a deaf ear to the solemn appeal, there were always some who heeded it and tried to enforce its claims. We are just passing through one of these crises, and greater than ever before is the number who listen to the voice, for never before was there greater need of its being heeded. The intellectual unfoldment of man has attained dizzy heights; mind is sovereign, but when it reigns autocratically, it is swayed by inordinate pride and selfishness. To rule for the good of all it needs have the compassability of heart—a compass that never advises wrong.

For the crying evils of a corrupt society there is no other remedy. Nothing that science, sociology, political economy, theology or philosophy would suggest will avail; no logical theory can do what this simple precept, "Love ye one another," will accomplish. Under the form of a mere aphorism it contains a complete code compared with which Justinian's and Napoleon's are trifles. "Love ye one another" means justice, protection, respect of natural rights for all, honesty and charity prevailing over the dealings of men.

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BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

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Take Notice!!!

On Saturday, May 3, and every Saturday thereafter, until further notice, the office of the Banner of Light Publishing Company will close at noon for the usual half-holiday. Our patrons will kindly take due notice of this fact and govern themselves accordingly.

Editorial Notes.

"Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne. Yet that scaffold sways the future And behind the dim unknown, Standeth God within the shadow Keeping watch above His own." — J. R. Lowell.

These words of this gifted poet come to mind today in connection with the thought that I wish to present to the readers of the Banner. In nearly every Legislature that has been in session this past winter, the measures that were humane in character have nearly all been defeated. Even in our National Legislature, the Congress of the United States, the Cuban relief measures were received with scant courtesy, and only a twenty per cent. concession made in the exorbitant tariff on sugar products, where one of fifty per cent. should have been adopted. It was the temporary triumph of Wrong over Right, and means injury to the struggling people of the nation that has so recently achieved its independence. There was no excuse in reason for refusing to grant the fifty per cent. reduction. Humanitarian principles demanded it; public honesty required it, and common decency suggested it. The list of the few who are interested in filling their pockets at the expense of the people through profits in sugar, was more to our law-makers than the welfare of millions of people. It is a burning shame that such a travesty upon justice could ever bear the label of a statute of the United States. Both Democrats and Republicans are alike reprehensible for this egregious wrong, and those men who defeated the cause of right and justice to Cuba, should be relegated to private life at the next congressional election. The truth has again been gibbeted by this outrage, but it is to be hoped that the sober honesty of the American people will demand justice for Cuba before the measure finally becomes a law. There is no politics in these words of mine, but only an appeal to all lovers of right to use their influence for the benefit of downtrodden Cuba, with their Senators and Representatives in Congress.

Measures of a local character in every State

where the Legislature has been in session, have been adopted regardless of right, or of common humanitarian purposes. New York escaped for this year from the disgrace of a compulsory vaccination law, but Massachusetts, Iowa and other States yet retain it. Capital punishment will continue to disgrace the old Bay State for another twelve months, and other equally infamous laws remain undisturbed. The attempt of the people to secure their rights as freemen with regard to the practice of medicine was thwarted at every turn. William Lloyd Garrison, George W. Allen, Irving F. Symonds, John E. Darling, W. W. Bartlett, and the Editor of the Banner of Light did all they could to secure the passage of a much needed amendment to the present medical law in the direction of greater freedom in practice, but failed to accomplish their purpose. The Committee on Public Health gave the petitioners "Leave to withdraw," and now, as it has been for a year, it will be a crime to heal the sick, unless the practitioner is recognized by one or the other of the three leading schools of medicine. Wrong is again on the throne, but when Truth shall reign doth not yet appear. If the sending to the scaffolds of persecution of the osteopaths, magnetic healers, and other "irregulars" will awaken the people to a realizing sense of their danger, then indeed will the words of poet Lowell be realized, and the scaffold will sway the future until justice and right will everywhere prevail among men.

Readers of the Banner in Massachusetts and elsewhere! You have redress for these wrongs in your own hands. It is the ballot. If you did your duty as freemen, you would vote for no man to represent you in the Legislature of your State, who believes in medical monopoly, or any other unjust law that now disgraces your State. If Spiritualists and Liberalists were true to their principles, they would rise above party ties and vote for good men and true, who could neither be bought, sold norajoined into doing wrong. If Massachusetts Spiritualists would do as they ought in the matter of medical legislation alone, they would leave no stone unturned to secure the defeat by honorable means of every member of the present Committee on Public Health who refused to give medical freedom to the people of this Commonwealth. But so many of them are Democrats and Republicans before they are patriots, that it is useless to expect them to do otherwise than to vote their party ticket straight at every election. If the vilest of mankind seeks a public office, although totally unfit for it, he will yet receive his party vote regardless of his character. The old saying, "The vilest man that is best Republican," is too often the maxim that is followed by many voters. But is it not time to reverse this state of things, and restore to the people their rights? Should not Wrong be dethroned, and Truth be restored to power? Is not principle preferable to policy? Is not justice more to be desired than injustice? If so, then make an effort to prove your sincerity by voting only for men of integrity and sterling worth in selecting your legislative representatives.

Do you know that there is another way in which Truth is being sent to the scaffold every day? It is the scurrilous attacks of some would-be smart newspaper reporters upon Spiritualism and Spiritualists that find their way daily into the columns of the secular press. These attacks place Spiritualism in its worst light before the masses, hence should be vigorously controverted. The Press-Writers' Association, through a few of its members, is doing a good work in this direction, but very little can be done even by a faithful few. The N. S. A. and all State Associations should take up this battle, and let the newspapers of the land know that they cannot attack Spiritualism with impunity. The Spiritualists themselves can remedy the evil, if they will but try. Let thousands of them withhold their patronage from a secular paper that has done them wrong, and even the over-wise (?) reporters will hear something ominous in the orders accompanying their next assignment. Spiritualists do not object to having the truth told about them or their religion, but they do resent, and are justified in resenting misrepresentation, vilification, and caricaturing. The secular press may refuse to publish articles in defense of Spiritualism, even though it has vigorously attacked it and its followers in preceding issues. In order to deal with such recalcitrants successfully, it is necessary to have the influence of a strong central organization, or that of some of the citizens of wealth, occupying positions of trust, at work in the case. Even then failure is frequently the result. But when the circulation begins to fall, advertising to be withdrawn, and other wholesome examples set them, they hasten to read the signs of the times aright, and make amends for the injury they have done. Apply the above words in daily practice, and there will be fewer attacks upon Spiritualism than there have been of late.

Why don't the secular papers that have been so officious in publishing the supposed recantation of Flammarion with regard to his belief in Spiritualism, now come forward and give their readers his side of the story? He has come out boldly and declared all such rumors to be wicked falsehoods, yet the secular press editors calmly and complacently ignore Flammarion's own words and persist in keeping the falsehoods they have told before their readers. Is it because they prefer lies to truths, or does their own anxiety to have the distinguished astronomer renounce Spiritualism, excuse them, in their own minds for resorting to pious frauds in referring to his connection with it? "Pious frauds" were of frequent occurrence in the balmy days of Catholicism, and they have not been outgrown even now, as will be seen when the Church and its sycophant imitators and followers are closely studied. Spiritualists should everywhere and on all occasions boldly refute this false rumor with regard to Flammarion, and refuse to permit the lie to stand unchallenged. No man can ever be hurt by the presentation of the truth excepting him who loves lies. Let this fact be re-

membered, and Spiritualism will make much greater progress in all directions henceforth.

The citizens of Rochester, Indiana, are in mourning. Thomas Major Bitters, their foremost citizen and leading editor, has taken leave of earth. He was the recognized leader of the Spiritualists in Rochester and vicinity, and did much to make Spiritualism respected by all classes of people through the high moral tone of his utterances with respect to it, and the white life he lived under its inspiration. He was a man of strong convictions upon all questions affecting the welfare of the people, and he never felt called upon to apologize for his opinions when he expressed them. He was looked upon, even by the opponents of Spiritualism, with the greatest respect, and was honored by them for his strict integrity and upright character with many positions of trust and responsibility. He was found faithful in all things, and every man had only good to say of Major Bitters, as he was familiarly called. His transition is a great loss to the Spiritualists of Indiana, especially to the brethren in his home city of Rochester. I have known him many years and have held him in the highest esteem for his many qualities and nobility of soul. His departure has enriched the world of souls by his entrance there, while earth life is poorer for the multitudes who loved him because of his seemingly premature exit from the body. His noble-hearted, devoted wife, and affectionate children have my sincere sympathy, and that of thousands of others, to comfort them in this sad hour of their sorrow.

From the Waterbury, Ct., Republican, I learn of the happy marriage of Miss Percie M. Case and Mr. Olan F. Johnson, both of Northfield, Vt., on Monday evening, March 31, at the residence of James H. O'Donnell in Waterbury, Ct. Miss Case was at one time an honored employee in the office of the Banner of Light, and all the members of the staff unite in wishing her much happiness in her wedded life. Mr. Johnson has been serving as a soldier for "Uncle Sam" in the Philippines, but says he has had enough of it, and will not return to take part in the unholy contest against the "brown men" of the sea. May this newly wedded pair be blessed with health, happiness and prosperity is the wish of all who know them.

Recent investigations are revealing some very startling facts with respect to the Philippine imbroglio. The soldiers of the United States, acting under the orders of their superior officers, have been found guilty of shooting defenseless men, women and children, without cause or provocation. A nation that wars against women and children is, indeed, in a sad state morally. Major Waller admitted, while on trial before a court-martial, that he had orders to take no prisoners, and that those who were to be destroyed embraced all persons over ten years of age. He received his orders from Gen. Smith, who may be brought to account for giving the same, but in view of Maj. Waller's acquittal by the court-martial that tried him, it is more than doubtful that anything will come from the investigation of Smith. The killing of defenseless people, especially innocent children, may be a spiritual pursuit, and in full harmony with the ethics of Spiritualism, but no sensible person can so view it. There should be a loud protest on the part of all the people of America against such barbarities, not forgetting the iniquitous "water and kerosene cures" that are being applied to Filipino prisoners by American soldiers. Spiritualists, do not fail to let your voices be heard upon this subject; you are lovers of right, of peace and of justice, hence you can afford to speak your minds boldly.

Some one, who knows nothing of the subject upon which he presumes to speak, is charging the Editor of the Banner of Light who is also the President of the National Spiritualists' Association, with being opposed to phenomena. I would not notice this person's attack, were it not for the fact that he has persuaded some excellent people to believe his statement to be true. If this party and all whom he has influenced will but faithfully and honestly read the annual reports of the President of the N. S. A., for the past five years, also the leading editorials in the Banner of Light for the same period, the charge in question will be seen to be not only unjust, but also an unmitigated falsehood. In both offices, the gentleman criticized declares his firm belief in the genuineness of every psychic phenomena offered in the name of Spiritualism, but that he takes no stock in the counterfeited representations of the same. He has protested strongly sometimes, perhaps harshly, against bogus phenomena of all kinds, but he has never hesitated to defend and uphold the genuine manifestations of all honest mediums. I have no objection to any person's acceptance and support of downright fraud, if he derives any spiritual benefit therefrom, but I do protest against being asked to accept that fraud because some one else believes it to be true. This is the position and long has been, of the much criticized Banner editor, and N. S. A. president. He accepts all genuine phenomena presented by Spiritualism, gives them an honored place in its thought economy, and seeks to use them for the enlightenment of humanity. But he refuses to stultify his reason by deifying his belief in fraud of any kind, and is ready to meet the consequences of its denunciation on all occasions.

Mrs. Annie E. Cunningham, one of the veteran workers for Spiritualism in New England, has taken leave of earth, after a long and painful illness. She has been long in the service, and had many friends in the leading cities and towns of the Eastern States. One by one the old workers are being gathered home. Very few of the pioneer toilers are now with us in the form. Surely we should do our best to bring into our ranks some of the young people of today that our platform may not lack scholarly, progressive teachers in the years to come.

This suggests a thought with regard to the Morris Pratt Institute at Whitewater, Wis.

Its endowment is a matter of the utmost importance to all Spiritualists who believe in progressive thought and a rational presentation of the principles of their religion. Our Universalist friends had a great struggle ere they succeeded in securing an endowment for Tufts College in Massachusetts, but it was finally accomplished, and the college opened to the public. This was fifty years ago, April 21, and the jubilee of that most excellent institution is being celebrated during the present week. Equal devotion on the part of our Spiritualist friends will secure the same practical result with regard to the Morris Pratt Institute. The officers of that school are exerting themselves to the utmost to secure the funds that are absolutely necessary to warrant them in opening the school in September next. This will surely be done in any event, and the sacrifices on the part of the teachers should be met in kind by the people who believe that Spiritualism is of any value to the world. The endowment fund of the Pratt Institute should not be less than one hundred thousand dollars. Here is an opportunity for some philanthropic Spiritualists to do good before they take leave of earth. May they be inspired to take advantage of it!

The will of the late William Case of Lafayette, Indiana, over which there has been a fierce contest waged for the past six or eight months, has been sustained by the court before which the case was tried, and the National Spiritualists Association will receive its share of the estate in harmony with the wishes of the testator. Hon. Levi Mock of Bluffton, Ind., has had the interests of the N. S. A. in charge and has most faithfully discharged the trust reposed in him. Mr. Mock is a Spiritualist, as well as one of the leading lights of the Indiana bar. Great credit is due him for the righteous verdict that has been rendered Spiritualism in this memorable trial. The N. S. A. has expended about one thousand dollars in the defense of the will, but it has won a verdict that is worth many times that sum to the Spiritualists of America. It establishes a precedent which will prove a notable offset to the unjust decision in the Melroy case in Philadelphia in which the Spiritualists lost their just cause. The N. S. A. has rendered assistance to several cases of like character, all of which, owing chiefly to religious prejudice and bigotry, have been decided adversely, with the exception of the one in Indiana, to which I have just referred. This verdict is a ray of sunshine in the dark night of trouble to the Spiritualists of America. It is not likely to be appealed, and will stand as a monument to the sterling honesty and sound sense of an Indiana jury.

The above reference to the N. S. A. brings to mind the fact that its opponents have often criticized it for not "doing something" to prove its utility and value to the Spiritualists of America. The will cases that have been tried during the past year is ample evidence that the N. S. A. has been doing a work of vital importance to the Spiritualists of America. It made a loyal fight for its rights in Lebanon, Kansas, for the rights of its faithful auxiliary the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, and for the defense of the Case will in Indiana. It has held out the hand of fellowship to the persecuted mediums and magnetic healers, giving them its moral support and assuring them of financial aid in case of necessity, provided, of course, that their cause was a worthy one. In view of these facts, it would seem to a reasoning mind that the N. S. A. had demonstrated its utility and necessity to the Spiritualists of America, many times over in the above named instances alone. During the nine years of its existence, it has ever striven to protect the people in their rights, and to render faithful service to the Cause whose National representative it has the honor to be. The enemies of organization and the N. S. A. in particular, will have to seek for some other excuse than that of inaction, for their fatuous opposition to them. In the light of recent developments, the N. S. A. has a right to the hearty financial support of every Spiritualist in America, and every one who claims to have been benefited by the ministrations of the angels, should hasten at once to place in the treasury of the N. S. A. a substantial thank-offering in token of his gratitude for what the National Association has done for him personally and for the religion of his soul.

Good reports reach this office every little while of the excellent work of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague, the hard-working missionaries of the N. S. A. wherever they are called upon to labor. Mr. Sprague is a veritable war-horse in service, and puts his whole soul into his efforts to do for Spiritualism. Mrs. Sprague gives him excellent support, and together they make a very strong team. Their work tells wherever they labor, and it will bear fruit for many years to come. Long may these zealous and devoted missionaries be spared to do battle for the Cause we love.

In another column of this issue will be found a reference to the forthcoming jubilee celebration of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of its organization as a spiritualistic society. As it is the oldest Spiritualist organization in the world, it is fitting that this jubilee service should be made both National and International in character. It will certainly serve the purpose of bringing the Spiritualists of Pennsylvania together on that occasion, and will give them a splendid opportunity to form a State Association, if they wish to do so. I venture to suggest that it would do no harm for them to embrace this golden jubilee to bring about a much desired result in this direction. It should be made, and no doubt will be made the jubilee of all the Spiritualists of all countries, particularly of those in Pennsylvania. No worker can afford to withhold his support from this praiseworthy effort to advance our Cause, and I hope each and every individual will feel that this is his one chance to practically assist in the work of organization.

Anthony Comstock has succeeded in win-

ning a verdict against Mrs. Ida C. Craddock, the well known writer on questions pertaining to social science. Her offense (?) was that she had actually published a few pamphlets whose teachings were opposed to the idea that a man should have a wife at home and a mistress abroad—that purity of life should be demanded of both sexes—that men and women should be thoroughly posted with regard to the sacred functions of their own beings ere they assumed the responsibilities of matrimony. Every true man and woman can find only that which is morally uplifting in such teachings. Only men and women of untoward propensities will find anything in Mrs. Craddock's pamphlets that will exert a deleterious influence over them. Intelligent persons realize that the filth, obscenity, and vulgarity charged against her could only be made such by the perversion of the imaginations of the people who persist in thinking low and unworthy thoughts, and never seek for the higher, moral purposes of the expressed thought. Mrs. Craddock goes to prison for a term of months, and maybe years. Her punishment is thoroughly unjust and out of keeping with the spirit of free America. It is a shame unto the American people to allow this woman, guilty only of the crime (?) of imparting useful knowledge to her fellowmen, to go to jail without a protest. Such precedents pave the way for the coming of the reign of tyranny.

Of Things Seen and Heard.

BY SIGMA ZODIAC.

As I see it, as it is working among men and women in every walk of life, both "moral sensation" and "legal prohibition" are practically failures. The temporary stimulation to the fagged nerves and blood by imbibing alcoholic beverages imparts (but only for a few hours) a feeling more agreeable than the arguments and eloquence of the most gifted Temperance Lecturer.

And why? Because the material predominates over what is spiritual and moral, in the existing stage of humanity. The strongest motive is the spring of human or animal conduct. Alcohol, like tobacco, is in harmony with the prevailing materialism. With these masterful evils coexist accompanying evils of profanity, vulgarity, filth, idleness and the manifold diseases.

What then shall be done to redeem society and save the individual? Alas! How many ages will be consumed in the practical solution of this diabolical problem?

It is too presumptuous to assert that Spiritualism is the one only and true physician—the only miracle worker in the field? No existing religion has rescued the drunkard by moral suasion. No political party has sobered all human society. True to say, individuals here and there have "ceased to do evil and learned to do well" under the religious influences of the Salvation Army, and by the preaching of best ministers in pulpits of every denomination.

And yet the signs are many that even among the most cultured and fashionable women, the imbibing alcoholic habit is on the increase. The other day I noticed on the dining table of a wealthy family, two of whose members are shocking specimens of genteel smokers and drunkards, an attractive array of choice wines and more dangerous drinks.

This family regularly attend church Sunday mornings. The church is wealthy and fashionable; the minister is a college graduate, a very exemplary citizen, and one of the true orators. Why does he not save that family?

There is an occult reason why he cannot. Every reason but the true one is entertained and expressed. But I have it. Nothing can be more simple. It is nothing more, nothing less, than the inherent pride of individual independence. "Don't dictate what I shall do!" And thus, in spite of all argument and against all facts concerning the "evils of intemperance," the individual asserts his liberty and imbibes to intoxication.

Besides this satanic pride of individual liberty, there is the materialistic downward gravitation. Matter, not mind, is the master. The strongest motive is the temporary gratification of the feeling of hilarity. The modest soul becomes free and unrestrained. The impoverished person becomes (pro tempore) rich and pompous as the richest in society. The gentle and peaceful nature is inverted into barbaric combativeness.

What can he do? The answer is as simple as it is infallible. Lift the soul (which rules the organism) into fellowship with immortal spirit. Then the body, like a well-trained dog or horse, will follow and obey.

Therefore Spiritualism is the one only and true physician. For while it gives without fear and without embarrassment, independence to the individual, it at the same time opens "the straight gate and the narrow way" by presenting the attractions of progression and development. When the individual sees and feels these attractions, the materiality of life becomes to the same proportion repulsive, and spirit asserts itself, as the world's true savior through the divine principles of imperishable love and wisdom.

But what shall be done to rescue the drowning drunkard—to save his wife and family from neglect and brutality—to stop this ever surging and overwhelming flood of misery? Do all you can, here and now—talk, argue, preach, prohibit, arrest, punish, and forgive, or condemn forever—still the startling fact remains—women as well as men imbibe intoxicating beverages, the distilleries continue to manufacture and the saloons are too often more attractive than the fret and fume and contentious of the home.

Message Department.

THE FOLLOWING COMMUNICATIONS ARE GIVEN BY MRS. SOULS UNDER THE CONTROL OF HER OWN GUIDANCE...

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...

THE CAUSE OF TRUTH, WILL YOU KINDLY ASSIST IN FINDING THOSE TO WHOM THE FOLLOWING MESSAGES ARE ADDRESSED?

REPORT OF SEANCES HELD MARCH 27, 1902, S. E. M.

IN CONFIDENCE AND TRUST WE DRAW NEAR TO THIS LITTLE CIRCLE OF INFLUENCES THIS MORNING WITH A DESIRE THAT THE BEST AND SWEETEST SHALL BE GIVEN UNTO US...

ANNIE CUMMINGS TO MRS. ELLA HANSON, LITTLETON, N. H. The first speaker that comes to me this morning is a lady. She is about fifty years old, short, very stout with blue eyes and almost white hair...

MESSAGES.

LIZIE MASON, CEDARVILLE, ARK. The next spirit that comes to me is a girl about fifteen years old. She is very white, her eyes are gray, her hair is a light chestnut and the freckles on her face accent its paleness...

ADA JENNINGS, FALL RIVER, MASS. Here is the spirit of another girl but she doesn't seem to belong with the one who came before...

NETTIE GOULD, OREGON CITY, OREGON. The next spirit that is brought to me is a little girl about ten years old, very pretty as a doll...

ABBY FROST, KENNEBUNK, ME. I see now the spirit of a woman about fifty years old, tall, thin and dark. Her hair is quite black; it is combed very nicely...

CHARLES HARRIS, ATTLEBORO, MASS. The spirit of quite an old man past sixty years is here. He is very feeble, seems as though he is much older than his real years...

ARTHUR BENNETT, CONCORD, N. H. The spirit of a young man now appears. He looks about twenty-eight year old, is very tall and thin with brown hair, brown eyes and he wears glasses...

NELLIE HAMILTON, BROCKTON. The next spirit that comes is a woman about forty years old. She is very young looking and acting and just as bright and happy as she can be...

WILLIAM HARRINGTON, FOSTON. The spirit of a man about middle age comes. He is rather short, not very stout and he has a very pleasant face...

NETTIE GOULD, OREGON CITY, OREGON. The next spirit that is brought to me is a little girl about ten years old, very pretty as a doll...

ABBY FROST, KENNEBUNK, ME. I see now the spirit of a woman about fifty years old, tall, thin and dark. Her hair is quite black; it is combed very nicely...

seems to be fixed up pretty, as though she is very particular about herself. She was insane before she went. I know it by the looks of her eyes and by the condition about her...

On April 12, the last stitches were removed from the upper part of the eye socket, and on the 15th, four weeks and three days from the time I entered the hospital, I was brought to my home in Arlington...

A Card from Abby A. Judson.

On April 12, the last stitches were removed from the upper part of the eye socket, and on the 15th, four weeks and three days from the time I entered the hospital, I was brought to my home in Arlington...

The nature of the disease endangered the brain, and if I had not been taken care of by the physician of less than ordinary skill, and caution, I could not have remained on the earth plane...

Consciousness.

The vast, unlimited world of consciousness is so vague to our feeble senses, that we can at best, only glance into its borderland, and dream and wonder about the beautiful, omnipotent possibilities hidden from our gaze in the far stretches of the infinite...

There are two particular kinds of consciousness—that which is of the material, and that which is of the spiritual, and the predominance of either depends upon a person's tastes, intelligence and aspirations...

The artist is conscious of the beauty of a landscape, a flower, a rippling brook; while the scientist is conscious of the laws of nature...

Lawyers develop the consciousness that enables them to read character quickly; by a look at their patients, doctors learn to diagnose common diseases; ministers, by habitually stirring the consciences of their parishioners...

Does not everyone know some of that miserable and disagreeable class of people who are only conscious of what they can't have? At Spiritualism is the consciousness of what passes in the world of spirit...

And as we become more and more conscious of these higher spheres, we gain broader and grander conceptions of life—grasp at its hidden beauties—see the rainbow behind the cloud of sorrow...

To be well-balanced is to be conscious of both the spiritual and the material; to recognize the duties and obligations of life, and the divine plan which placed us upon this planet...

When mothers can realize that happy and pretty babies are memories which their children will carry as a sweet and sacred joy through all life's shadows, and husbands think of home with pleasure while toiling at their work...

Consciousness, like all things of power, is a matter of growth, little by little. Don't think you can soar to stars until your wings are strong enough to light on the sage-bush beneath your own home window...

But the highest, noblest consciousness of all is the recognition of beauty and the divine in the heart of humanity—to acknowledge the brotherhood of man—to be conscious of that deep and holy kinship which we all bear to one another...

When we can feel a tender pity and sadness for the misfortunes, mistakes and sins of all humanity, we have indeed reached the summit of spiritual and God-like consciousness...

"Tune your ear to all the wordless music Of the stars And so the voice of nature, and your heart Shall turn to truth and goodness as the planet Turns to the sun."

Either Vaughan Grant. South Norridgewood, Me.

Passed to Spirit Life.

At No. 18 Calder street, Dorchester, April 3, 1902, Mrs. Annie E. Cunningham, aged 58 years. Mrs. Cunningham was born in Boston and had always lived in Boston and vicinity...

Mrs. E. Marsh, wife of E. A. Marsh of Oak Hill, Florida, passed out of the shadows March 13, 1902, aged 60 years. Mr. and Mrs. Marsh and their daughter, Lillian, formerly lived at Agawam, Mass., and have many friends there...

Mr. E. H. Fisher, of Keene, N. H., aged 83 years. Mr. Fisher is an old-time Spiritualist and highly respected citizen, having been postmaster in Munsonville, N. H., fourteen years and again in Peterboro, N. H., sixteen years...

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Wireless Telegraphy.

MR. MARCONI, so far as I can understand, is promoting his wireless telegraph on Astrologic laws.

People who understand the wave vibrations of planetary motion will readily understand what I mean. To others it may not be so clear.

It is difficult to explain Astrologic laws to minds that have no clear conception of what Astrologic laws are founded on. We claim that the motion or movement of everything in nature effects in some way every other thing in nature, perceptibly or imperceptibly.

Children often wonder why things beyond their comprehension cannot be explained to them. The comprehension of the world mind on Astrologic matters has for ages been more than childish, for it has not even aspired to an explanation.

Marconi's mind is illuminated in a direction that will practically demonstrate a law which astrologers have been struggling to explain in opposition to the density of the world mind.

As human beings we live in ether, as fishes live in water. Any disturbance of that ether produces a corresponding disturbance in the human mind, but not the same disturbance to all, for we are not all attuned alike to nature.

In the water the whale is not alike attuned to the vibrations which affect the porpoise, nor is the cod attuned to the vibrations which affect the perch. So on through all the different orders of the watery element.

Pisces, Cancer and Scorpio are the senary triplcity of the Zodiac.

On the earth there are moving creatures as varied as the fishes. There are disturbances of earth, such as tremblings, jarrings or earthquakes, and most of all the coldness that comes from the wind whistling sweet stories through the stately pines and the mocking birds are singing all the day. Fragrant flowers covered the poor form and the freed spirit seemed to wipe the tears away and whisper of its new birth, for a beautiful calm has taken the place of mourning.

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DEAR MR. EVANS-I thank you very much for sending me your copy of "Psychography."

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MRS. C. SCOTT, Trance and Business Medium.

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lower order of mankind is always a victim to the higher order.

Mrs. Soule's Photographs.

The Banner of Light Publishing Company has secured the exclusive right to sell the photographs of our circle medium, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule.

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