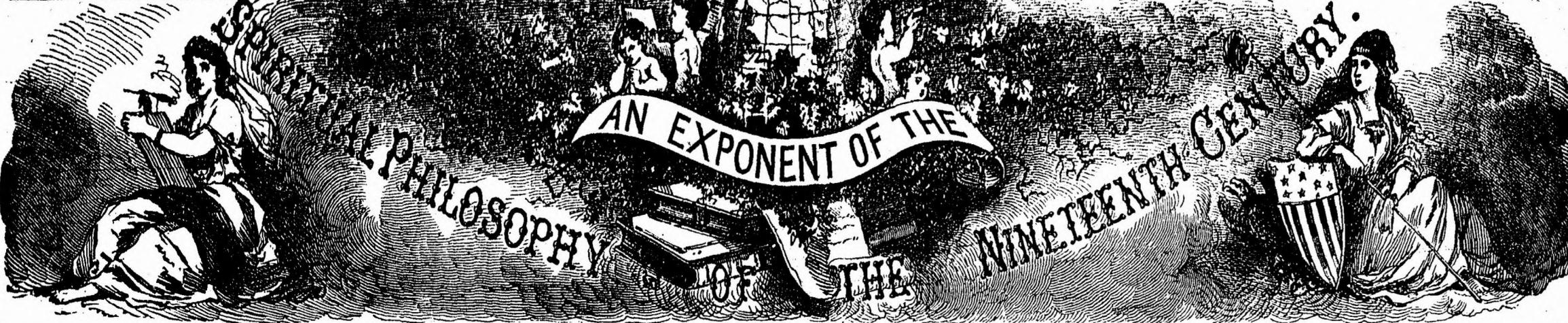


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## THE HOLY CITY.

(A Faithful Record of a Vision Accorded to "Devotion," the Author of the Following Sonnets.)

"Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.—Heb. xiii. 14.

### I.

Calm summer even swept the meadow sweet  
Where I stood. A fruitful country lay  
Around me; and where'er mine eyes did stray  
All things in perfect harmony seemed to beat.  
With Love's great loveliness become complete,  
Heaven's lips seemed pressed upon the closing day.  
Peace filled my heart. Flowers thickly gemmed my way  
And twined themselves about my very feet.  
Fair undulating meadows stretched far  
As eye could see. A thrill of heavenly rest  
Passed through my being, awaking in my breast  
The thought that God, who lights the evening star  
With so much glory, would no life despise  
That lifts in prayer to Him faith-cloried eyes.

### II.

Far in the distance, far the sunset streamed  
With melting ruby tints, transforming earth  
Into a presence chamber of high worth;  
And through the Western gates there sudden beamed  
A holy vision, that I never dreamed  
Would be vouchsafed to me, whose spiritual birth  
Had hardly blossomed into holy mirth.  
Shrined in a sea of marvelous colors, gleamed  
The columns, domes and spires, and towers raised  
High,  
Of some majestic city that outbreathed  
Such beauty, that the memory is close wreathed  
Around my grateful soul. Gold could not buy  
The jewel that this happy thought doth bring:  
"Mine eyes have seen the City of the King!"

### III.

The splendors changed, and paled, and slowly died,  
Leaving the Holy City glittering bright  
Like polished, snow-white marble 'gainst the light  
That flushed the sapphire sky. Then loud I cried  
To friends beloved to hasten to my side  
To see the wondrous vision, ere the night  
Let fall her curtain and obscure the sight;  
But as they came, night closed the eventide,  
High Lord of Love! I pour a song of praise  
To thee, who spread before my wondering eyes  
The beauty, peace and joy of Paradise,  
And set my feet amid that country's ways.  
Earth's night is well-nigh spent; surpassing sweet  
Heaven's dawn-light breaks with happiness complete.  
Sydney, New South Wales. DEVOTION.

## Regina.

BY ANITA TRUEMAN.

### I.

Six months ago, when I landed in New York, I was the most helpless, hopeless, homeless wretch that ever set foot upon its shores, notwithstanding the fact that I was born and bred within its borders. For, after all, "home" means the companionship of loving hearts, and intercourse with congenial minds, and of these there was not one to welcome me back to my native city. Moreover, I found myself suddenly reduced from the position of a wealthy young man, living abroad, to that of a friendless youth, with a comparatively meagre income per annum, and no business capabilities whatever.

I had been living and studying in Paris for about five years, largely at the expense of my uncle, a wealthy New York merchant, my only living relative, who had been my guardian and friend ever since I was left an orphan in his care, at the age of seven. His wife and I never agreed, and so he sent me abroad when I was twenty, to study art, the only kind of work I cared for. The life in Paris was just to my taste, and, with base ingratitude toward the uncle who had been as good to me as any father, I spent the years and his money in the pleasures which it offered.

This came suddenly to an end with his death. His money all went to his wife, who immediately left New York and went to live with her people in New Orleans. His sole bequest to me was his New York residence and some of the furniture which it contained. My lawyer advised me that of the four thousand dollars a year which I had been spending while in Paris, some five hundred was my own private income. I managed to rent the old house, and found that I would have enough to live upon, though not as I had lived in Paris.

Remorse smote heavily upon my soul. I determined that I would now take a different course of life (as, indeed, was inevitable), and turn my talent and training as an artist to some account. I hired an ideal studio, with a diminutive bedroom adjoining, and a restaurant within easy distance. With what virtuous enthusiasm I arranged my new quarters it amuses me now to remember. On the walls and about the studio were placed a score or so of my best canvases, and soon the large, airy room looked most pleasant and inviting, almost as good as Paris.

Then I set out on a task, the difficulties of which I anticipated. Armed with specimens of my work, I directed my steps toward Fifth Avenue, bent upon finding an opening in the world of journalism as a first-class illustrator. I had not gone many steps when I saw on the opposite side of the very street where my studio was located, a store window bearing the legend, "Delphi Publishing Association. Headquarters for Metaphysical and Occult Literature. Editorial Rooms of *The Oracle*."

If I had known as much as I know now of the general character of metaphysical magazines, it would never have occurred to me to enter that office in search of work as an illustrator. Blessed ignorance! I crossed the street, entered, handed in my card, and in the course of a few moments found myself in the presence of Prof. Philip Barton, Editor of *The Oracle*.

### II.

He was busy, and motioned me to a chair.

He was a man of splendid physique and commanding presence, and I felt irresistibly attracted to him. Nevertheless, I could read in the expression of almost stern determination which he wore, no ray of hope, no promise of success for the purpose of my visit. I have learned since that this same sternness is the editor's safeguard against the hordes of would-be writers and artists who flock about him. Presently he signed his name with a flourish that said, as plainly as words, "The authority for the above statements is Philip Barton, and he is prepared to defend and prove every one of them." He carefully wiped his pen, glancing at my card meanwhile, and then swung his chair around facing me.

"Well, Mr. Craye," he said, "what is it you wish to talk about? Illustrating?"

"Yes, sir," I answered meekly.

"We don't use any illustrations in *The Oracle*, as a rule."

My heart sank within me, and I was about to depart, when he said, "Let's see your specimens."

I handed them to him, and he looked them over, one by one. At length he asked, quite irrelevantly, as it seemed to me, "What month were you born in?"

"May," I answered.

"Ah! I thought so. Well, Mr. Craye, your work is very good. But there is something beside ability to be considered here. We have just made a contract with an author named Dudley Brake to write us a set of stories, to be published separately in *The Oracle*, and afterward in book form. It occurred to me this morning that it would be a good plan to have the book illustrated, and I was wondering whom I could get to do the work. Evidently you were sent here to meet our need, for I felt it the moment you entered this office. That is remarkable, is it not?"

"It is, indeed! And most gratifying."

"Things often happen so with me," he continued. "Are you a student of Occult Science? Such occurrences are all explained in the light of transcendental laws which some mystics comprehend, and which do certainly seem to affect our lives more or less. The more you understand them, the more perfectly they seem to help you in your life. Now if you like you may take home with you the manuscript of the first story, and do some sketches for it before I give you the order. Bring them in Friday afternoon. If we make the plates for publication in the book, we may as well have them for the magazine as well. So you can go to work at them as soon as we decide. Bristow will give you the manuscript, and some copies of *The Oracle*."

He shook hands with me in the most genial, friendly manner, and, after procuring the papers, I left in a happier frame of mind than I had experienced for some weeks, exultant over my sudden success and my new friendship, already half believing that they must have been brought about by some occult forces, as Barton had said. My studio looked more inviting than ever as I entered. I sat down by the window, unwrapped the manuscript, and commenced reading the story which I was to illustrate.

It was a beautiful romance, intended to illustrate the power of love and thought, to awaken in ourselves and others the noblest qualities involved in our being. The heroine, a maiden of lofty character and powerful individuality held all but impossible ideals on the marriage question. Nevertheless, she determined that if there existed upon the face of the earth such a man as she could love, he should be drawn into her life by the power of her soul's desire and thought. She firmly believed that unseen forces would aid her in this. And such was the power of her love and influence upon the life of a certain youth who loved her to distraction, that he at length grew into the very likeness of her ideal. And they were married, and lived happily ever after.

Regina!

In my thought, as I worked, that sweet name echoed and re-echoed. It was the name of the heroine of the story, whom I had involuntarily invested with the personality of my own queen, the angel of my dreams.

"Regina," I said, addressing the portrait I was drawing, "I wonder whether you could make a noble man of me, if you loved me, and bent the power of your will and thought upon it. I am almost intoxicated with the delight of this new idea. Could my desire and love and thought draw you into my life, I wonder? As strange things have happened. I shall try it, anyway, and I command all the powers of heaven to aid me!"

Then I laughed at myself, and doubted whether there was any truth at all in these stories Barton told me of remarkable experiences, which could be explained in no other way than by assuming the power of thought to influence circumstances and attract forces, seen and unseen, to the aid of struggling mortals. Nevertheless, Barton and his philosophy were gaining great hold upon me; they were irresistible; moreover they were very beautiful.

Among other things he believed in reincarnation, and claimed that our remarkable meeting and subsequent happy friendship proved that we had known each other in some former incarnation. At all events we became the best of friends; we lunched together in the same restaurant, and he had the freedom of my studio, which he admired very much and preferred at all times to his small, dingy office. Then he made arrangements for me to paint a portrait of his wife, who was a renowned mental healer, and she taught me as I worked the principles of mental therapeutics, and one day most forcibly demonstrated them to me when I came in with a splitting headache, which sud-

denly disappeared when I entered her room. So in the course of a few weeks I became, in spite of myself, a metaphysician in many senses of the word.

Nevertheless I did not confess to Barton the story of my love for Regina, nor confide in him my plan to bend every power of mind and soul to the purpose of bringing her again into my life until a very remarkable event occurred.

One day as I sat at my work, dreaming, as usual, of Regina, and by turns hoping and doubting that my dream might become true, Barton came in with the manuscript of the second story in the Dudley Brake series. He was evidently somewhat excited, and grasped my hand with great fervor, glancing, as he did so, at a painting which hung upon an easel at the head of the room. It represented a scene in the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris, on the shore of one of the lakes.

He went over to the picture and gazed at it for fully five minutes. Then he came and sat down beside me, laying his hand on my arm in a most impressive, earnest manner, and said:

"This is very strange indeed, my boy! Tell me, how did you happen to paint that picture?"

The inquiry startled me, for I had been thinking just as he entered of that picture, and the circumstance that led to my painting it. He noted my discomfort and surprise, and laughingly urged me to tell my story first and then he would tell his. So I began:

"Barton," you are the only friend I have in the world, but you're worth all the rest of the world put together except one woman. I may as well confess first as last, that I have been for a matter of four years deeply in love with a very beautiful woman whom I have never met. I saw her first driving with Lady Caithness on the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne; and there was something so divinely majestic and something so humanly tender and attractive that I was completely captivated. When I found that it was their habit to drive in the Bois de Boulogne it became my habit to go and sketch there. I saw her a great many times, and loved her more every time.

"One day I determined to paint a picture of the children sailing their little boats in the lake, and chose the spot which is represented in that picture. I had but just arranged my easel to begin sketching, when a little golden-haired fellow, trying to reach his boat, fell into the lake. The children raised a shout and I ran to the spot. I plunged in and brought the little one ashore, unconscious. A crowd gathered round, while I knelt beside him, doing my best to revive him. At that moment, a carriage stopped, and a liveried footman pressed his way through the crowd, followed by a lady—my Regina.

"I resigned my task to her, and went back to my easel, so excited that I could hardly work. No one else would have dreamed of working under such circumstances, but the scene before me was altogether too characteristic to lose. I sketched it in rapidly, Regina kneeling by the child, rubbing his little hands and limbs; the footman standing near with a heavy shawl, ready to wrap about him; Lady Caithness in her carriage at the roadside; the children standing about with their toy ships—all just as you see it there in that picture.

"It was almost the last time I saw Regina. She soon left Paris. I found out afterward that she was a metaphysical lecturer, a protégée of Lady Caithness, who had made the study of occult sciences quite popular among her set. That is why I was first tempted to enter the office of the *Oracle*. I have been trying to persuade myself that the power of thought is such that my desire to meet her again will eventually bring her into my life, if it be possible."

Barton had listened with eager interest to this recital, and now unrolled the manuscript, saying: "Now I must tell the sequel. Perhaps your desires are nearer fulfillment than you think. At all events, this is a strange coincidence, and seems stranger still now that I have heard your story. This second story of Dudley Brake's describes exactly the scene which that picture represents, and the incident which you have just related to me. It is hardly to be credited that an author should independently imagine a scene so true to life."

"Dudley Brake may have been one of the spectators," I suggested.

"Or one of Regina's friends," rejoined Barton, adopting my name for the lady, "for the story goes on to relate the life of the child, and describe his home surroundings. I must find out who Dudley Brake is, Howard, after this. Heretofore the intercourse between us has been only in writing. But I will find some pretext for a personal interview, and find out all that I can with regard to this mystery."

I thanked Barton with all my heart for his interest, though I think his curiosity was as deeply aroused as my own. He said he would write to Dudley Brake that very night, and left me to my thoughts.

This mysterious revelation of some connection between Regina and the author of the stories I was illustrating, seemed to me a direct proof of all that Barton had been trying to persuade me to believe. I read the story through and through. It told how Regina had taken the child home to his mother, how delighted the mother was, and introduced other very interesting characters. Again I used the picture of Regina in my mind, as a model for my illustrations. And as I worked I talked to her, and hoped, and doubted, and hoped and hoped again that I should some day meet Regina herself—my beautiful, mysterious queen.

### III.

Each day for a week, when we met at lunch, Barton shook his head: "No, my boy, I haven't

heard from Brake yet, but the letter must come to-morrow." My enthusiasm simmered down, and Barton gave me some fatherly advice about being patient, reminding me that calmness and vigorous application were essential to the accomplishment of any end, especially when one is handling that finest of all instruments, thought. So I waited, and hoped, and doubted, and dreamed.

One day I was at work, when I heard Barton's knock at the door. I called out "Come in!" without rising from my easel. What was my surprise when I looked up to see, standing beside him, Regina herself, and beside her the most beautiful boy I ever saw! The likeness in their features left it not to be doubted that they were mother and son, and the joy in my heart at seeing her again was half smothered at the sudden realization that she was a mother, and somebody's wife. But I had asked the powers of heaven only that I might see her and know her again. She did not recognize me in the slightest.

"Mr. Craye," said Barton, "let me introduce to you Mrs. Rhoda Delafrie, alias 'Dudley Brake,' the author of the stories you are illustrating for us. Mrs. Delafrie, this is our artist, Mr. Howard Craye."

We shook hands, and I placed chairs for my visitors. I was so surprised that I was not able to speak, and Barton kindly helped me out by commenting upon the pleasantness of my studio and its artistic arrangement. Then he called her attention to the Bois picture, which he said was one of the illustrations for the second of her stories, and glanced at me with a meaning smile as she crossed the room to look at it.

"You must be a lightning artist, Mr. Craye," she said, turning to me, "to have finished it so quickly."

"No madam!" I replied, my voice trembling a little, so much that Barton placed his hand upon my shoulder to reassure me: "That picture was painted in Paris four years ago. I sketched the scene from life in the Bois de Boulogne, and afterward painted it."

She looked at me in astonishment, and exclaimed: "Ah, then! We are older friends than I thought. You are the young artist who saved the life of the little child, and then so modestly retired. Then I must extend to you, though at a rather late day, the thanks of a dear woman who would have been wild with grief if the little one had died. I am very pleased indeed to meet you again! How strange that we should meet here in New York, after four years!"

I did not say, "It is a demonstration of the power of thought."

"Mr. Barton tells me," she said, after a moment's silence, "that you are an excellent portrait painter, and I see by your exhibition here that you are. Can you come to our Brooklyn home and paint a portrait of Victor and me together?"

"I should be delighted to do so!" I exclaimed, and it was easily arranged. Then my visitors took their leave.

I had dreamed of Regina so many times during the past weeks that I could not persuade myself that this was not also a dream, until I went to the window and saw the trio walking toward Broadway together. Was there ever a more splendid man, a better friend, than Barton? Was there ever a nobler woman, a more beautiful angel, than Rhoda Delafrie? Was there ever a child who embodied more of grace and beauty than little Victor Delafrie? (I loved him in spite of myself.) Was there ever a more wonderful experience than this of mine? No; I thoroughly believe not.

### IV.

Three weeks passed by. The first Dudley Brake story went to press, and I finished the illustrations for the second. In the meantime Barton, and I, and his wife talked over my experience. "Told them how the first story had set me to thinking that if I knew Regina, she would have a grand influence upon my character. And I said, 'I am to have the privilege of spending hours in her presence, and it will harm no one if I love her in my heart. I can not do otherwise. It will be happiness to gaze at her.'"

I found myself one morning in the marble vestibule of an apartment house overlooking that pretty but unpretentious public square known as Tompkins Park, in Brooklyn, and pressing a button, above which was the name "Delafrie." The great door swung back, and I made my way up the dark stairway to the third floor. Regina stood on the landing, waiting for me. She was robed in pure white, and I almost gasped at the sight of her beauty.

She and her little son posed for me in a large room overlooking the Park, and furnished in Oriental style. She talked as I worked, sometimes of Paris, sometimes of metaphysics. I seemed to drink in all she said, as my eye absorbed her beauty, and learned the exact curve of every line of her exquisite figure. Little Victor seemed so much a part of herself that I did not envy him for being so close to her heart. They spoke of each other always as companions. "We were afraid you wouldn't come on such a gloomy day," or "Do you think we are patient sitters?"

One day I said, "Mrs. Delafrie, your features are more difficult to draw than any I have ever painted. They are different from every other woman's, almost masculine, in some respects. If your beautiful hair were short your head would be a perfect model for an Apollo. But the face is too spiritual. I should have said 'Christ.'"

As I spoke the expression of her face became more Christ-like than ever. For a moment its pathos was exquisite. Then she smiled, and said, "Yes, I suppose I am unusually mascu-

line for a woman. It would be quite natural I have had to be both father and mother to this little one all his life. He was born fatherless. I have tried to be to him all that his father would have been. It was in doing so that I discovered how boundless is the source of our being. Victor understands it too, for I have lived my life into his, instead of imposing upon him the dogmatic training that most children get. He knows that he holds within himself the possibility of becoming all that he desires, or that his experience may require him to be. These are my ideas of the true method of educating our children, and ourselves at the same time, Mr. Craye. I have never had a better teacher than Victor, and as you know every person and experience I meet teaches me something."

This was a surprise to me. I had often wondered what her husband was like, but had never dreamed that he might be dead. And now suddenly flashed upon me the cause of the strange charm of her presence and character. She was man and woman in one. It was hard to imagine anything that she could not do, could not be, her nature seemed so independent of all externals. I remembered that this was a chief characteristic of Regina, the heroine of the first Dudley Brake story, and worked on reverently and silently.

New hopes arose in my breast from that day, and I fancied I discovered a hundred signs in Mrs. Delafrie's actions of an unusual liking for me, signs that I would not have noticed before. Also, I expressed my admiration for her in plainer terms. After the portrait was finished I continued to visit her, at her invitation. And when that number of *The Oracle* appeared, in which was published her first story, and she saw that I had made her the heroine, she said, "Ah! you were right! I am Regina. I have been sending my thought out in search of my ideal for two years or more."

"The man who could be your ideal is not alive, I fear."

"That is what Regina thought. But with Infinite Love and Intelligence all things are possible."

The rest you may guess. Rhoda Delafrie, alias "Dudley Brake," alias Regina, is my promised wife. I woke very suddenly to find within me an exultant consciousness that my old self had died some time before, and a new one had been born, created, as it were, by Regina's influence from day to day. And let me not forget to say that in the building of this new character of mine my dear friend Barton had no little part.

When I think of the life I led in Paris, and compare it with that which lies before me now, I am assured that there are golden links in the chain of human destiny that are wrought by unseen ministers, who are ever ready to serve and guide us. Our own must come to us, if we follow out the law of Love, and enlist in its holy service every power of mind and soul.

## Cheerfulness.

The really cheerful and happy people in the world are those who are satisfied to be little, to do little, and to know little," says Max O'Rell, in the *North American Review*. The only rich people are those who are rich, not in what they actually possess, but in what they know how to do without.

I feel much more happy, comfortable, and cheerful after my good, simple, every day dinner, quietly enjoyed with my family, with my dog begging by my side, my cat perched on the top of an armchair, blinking and waiting for a chance to be noticed, and my parrot suggesting a "thank you, so good for Polly"—yes, yes, much more happy than I do after a banquet, or a huge "table d'hôte" dinner.

The cost of enjoyment in life is in abstinence in youth. Mr. John Ruskin says that it was the paucity of toys which made him enjoy pleasures late in life. His palate is now unimpaired, because, as a child, he never had more than a taste of sweets. "I am cheerful," once wrote Renan, "because, having had few amusements when young, I have kept my illusions in all their freshness."

Ernest Renan would say to you: "Make money, that you may possess it; but do not aim at making too much, for fear it should possess you."

"Money cannot buy everything. It cannot buy health, life or love. If you were a hundred times richer than you are, you could not multiply your wants and pleasures by one hundred. You could not eat or drink a hundred times more than you do now."

Man will never be perfect; love him with all his imperfections. Never resist impulses of generosity; they will make you cheerful, nay, healthy.

Come home with pockets full of presents for the children. Let them put their little hands right to the bottom of those pockets.

You will be repaid by their holding out their little round faces to thank you, in anticipation of what they know you have done for them. That may be cupboard love—of course it is; every love, except a mother's, is cupboard love. Never mind that; if you will make up your mind not to expect too much from man, you will be satisfied with getting what you can from children.—*The Household*.

Michael Angelo would never have approved a modern Medical Examining Board—always a creation and a perpetuator of mediocrity. The Pope appointed a commission to examine him as to his fitness to undertake the building of St. Peter's Church. He refused to answer a question; he knew more and better than they. He built the church, however, making it a poem of architecture.



## MEDIUMS.

BY DAN CLARK.

May blessings fall on all who bring  
Glad tidings from the "dead,"  
Who snatch from death its dreadful sting  
That fills the world with dread;  
Who wipe away grim sorrow's tears  
And comfort those who mourn,  
By message or by "test" that cheers  
The heart with anguish torn.

How glorious is their mission here  
As messengers of love,  
From spirit-lands all hold so dear,  
Whose presence oft they prove;  
The good they do no tongue can tell,  
No pen can all portray  
Of joy they give, or grief they quell,  
In service day or night.

No nobler task was ever assigned  
To any human soul,  
Than theirs to prove immortal mind  
By showing its control;  
No greater gifts have come from heaven  
To bless the human race,  
Than those to spirit mediums given,  
Where'er their rank or place.

More useful than the priesthood are,  
Who teach the olden truths—  
More good they do the world by far  
To meet its present needs;  
For, fresh and sweet, "the living bread"  
They bring to us from heaven,  
While bread that's old, and stale, and dead,  
Is by the preachers given.

They're seers and prophets of this age,  
Who more of truth reveal  
Than philosophers, scientist or sage  
From Nature's store unseal;  
'Tis Nature's self they have unveiled—  
Her inner soul made known,  
And where proud Science e'er has failed,  
Her secrets they have shown.

But still, they're martyrs here to-day,  
Who, though not put to death,  
Yet feel the blasts, with sore dismay,  
Of priest-evil-mooned breath,  
Denouncing them as creatures vile,  
Of every virtue shorn,  
Whose ways, so full of demon guile,  
But merit hate and scorn.

Alas! 't is true some Esau's may  
Among them now be found,  
Who sell their birthright for the pay  
By which their souls are bound;  
And some there are, beyond a doubt,  
Who spoil their gifts with fraud,  
But soon or late they are found out,  
And get their just reward.

Some Magd'lens, too, there doubtless are,  
Whom evil spirits use,  
Of whom 't is well that all beware,  
But none should e'er abuse;  
"The weak and foolish" still may be  
The "chosen" of the gods,  
Though some may lack morality,  
And some of them be frauds.

They're human all, and sensitive,  
And need most tender care,  
And much they do we should forgive—  
We all some weakness share;  
The burdens of two worlds are borne  
By mediums weak and frail,  
And oft by griefs of both they're torn,  
No wonder that they fail!

'T is love they need, and sympathy,  
To make them good and strong;  
Then treat them not with apathy,  
Though sometimes they're wrong;  
The faults and frailties they display  
Not always are their own;  
Hence, who would smite, his hand should stay  
Till who's to blame is known.

God bless them all, we earnest pray,  
And help them to be pure;  
Let angels guide them on their way,  
And aid them to endure;  
May they all feel how great a trust  
Is theirs on earth to fill,  
And each be honest, true and just,  
And all that trust fulfill.

## There Can Be Consciousness After Death.

BY PAUL GIBIER, M. D.

I am not prepared to say that every man has an immortal soul, but I have proof positive that some men have continued to preserve the consciousness of their being after death. It is asserted that Paul Flechsig found the organ of thought, or "four inner spheres of sensation and four great centres of association," the real organ of mental life.

I don't believe that Flechsig found the organ of thought. He only found some centre or nervous organs through which manifestations of thought are produced. But we cannot say they are organs that make thought. 'T is true there is some trace of intelligence in each cell of our bodies, but they are no more independent of us than we are of the universe.

The contention that "the belief in the immortality of the human soul is a dogma in utter contradiction to the facts which investigation has proven to be true," is not correct, because investigation, if anything, has proven the contrary. Science cannot err, but the scientists can.

It is also claimed that "science proves mind, soul, consciousness are only properties of soul-plasm, the cell itself, and when that cell dies thought must cease, save as it has passed its thought on to others." This claim is absurd. Science has proven the opposite. We may transmit something to our children, but every thinking man continues to live after what is called death. I can even say that I have learned it from some of those who continue to prove their consciousness after death. They communicate the fact of their present existence, but I am not in a position to say that they themselves have received any certain enlightenment as to immortality.

From what I learn from those "on the other side," and from their high spiritual condition, I am inclined to believe that it is we who are dead instead of those whom we have put in the grave. "It is we who are the dead."

We have proofs of the persistence of consciousness after death. We have telepathy, we have somnambulism, ecstasies and mental suggestion. The persistence of consciousness after death may be demonstrated through various ways, such as mediumistic phenomena. I myself know of hundreds of instances of the appearance of people to friends at distant quarters simultaneously with the time of their death.

In a book which I have but recently finished I claim that the tendency of science to day is to consider life and intelligence as manifestations, or rather properties of living organized matter; properties which are essentially transitory, just as is matter itself which secretes them.

However, let us add that if such is the opinion most prevalent, quite an imposing minority among those who seem to have an opinion professes, either in petto or openly indifferent spiritualistic opinions, or else, being indifferent to physico metaphysical discussions, murmur the words of Montaigne, "What do I know?"

An appreciable change is, however, occurring and we do not hesitate in saying that the spiritualistic movement is becoming more and more pronounced, especially among the enlightened classes of our young men.

According to the present materialistic doctrine, the central organs of the brain would not be the instruments of the intelligence act-

ing by means of them, but would be able of their own accord, through the mere effort of their nutrition, without external excitation, to develop forms acting upon their fibres. It is what has been called automaticity of the nervous centres, and as for "the so-called will phenomena, they are without doubt, but a complicated form of reflex action." Memory would consist in nothing but an effect of the "power which the nervous globules possessed in maintaining certain excitations in order to allow them to manifest only at a given moment."

That the several movements due to nervous energy must needs follow the path whose course starts from a centre of volition is proven by the fact that a man, for instance, suffering from paralysis of either side of the body, although incapable of causing any action in the cerebral nervous centre which has been destroyed, still retains the faculty of being able to will a movement in the disabled limb which he vainly endeavors to move. This proves that Will has an independent seat, and that it is not localized in one cerebral centre more than in another. The same may be said of conscience.

There is either one intelligence in the universe, an intelligence from which may emanate numerous limited intelligences, just as matter under the form of limited "electricities" emanates from energy which itself may emanate in turn from the Superior Principle, or else matter and energy are endowed with intelligence. For why should that matter which makes up the brain of man be of itself the only substance to produce intelligence? Is there not in the Universal Substance another matter just as capable of producing ideas as is the paltry mass of fatty and prosoporic pulp which we call our brain? To ask the question is near to solving it.

One of the great arguments of those who see in intellectual manifestations but a simple product of we know not what chance that occasional certain arrangement of the organized brain consists in this: "The man who is most brilliantly gifted with mental qualities may, after a blow on the head, a poisonous intoxication, an apoplectic attack or other lesion of the nervous substance, become like a dumb brute and live out a mere vegetative existence. And they say: There you can see that intelligence, that divine soul of man; it suffices that a small artery should be ruptured or obliterated in this or that point of the encephalon to make a mute of the greatest orator, a drivelling idiot of the loftiest intellect. Is this not proof sufficient that intelligence is a property of matter, since, the latter being in a measure disabled, nothing of intelligence remains? Well, no, it is not proof substantiated."

If we resort to a process which will again utilize for demonstrative purposes, and accept as true the existence of independent intelligence, it will be most evident that if for one purpose or another that intelligence unites with the delicately grouped and finely-organized matter which forms the substance of the brain, a certain amount of disturbance occurs in the manifestations at the very moment when the matter undergoes any form of disorganization.

You deny the existence of the soul because it acts no longer when the matter which serves to manifest those functions is destroyed or diseased. It is as though you denied the existence of steam, if through some accident to boiler or cylinder the engine should stop. Or again, the best artist could give but a meagre demonstration of his talent if compelled to play on a violin that lacked the full complement of strings, or on a piano from whose keys were missing. But we must recognize that here, no more than elsewhere, does comparison signify or take the place of reason.

And how, will at once be asked, can philosophers ever agree upon this point, for it is especially upon this question, the existence of the soul, that you have meant to speak?

Our answer goes direct to the point. We can have material proofs of the existence of the soul.

This is a fact leaving no doubt in our mind, and Science when it so decides will be able to study the third constitutive element of the Macrocosm (which is four-sided in the Microcosm), just as at present it studies the two elements matter and energy, which it will be able to understand far better than at any time previous. —New York Journal.

## To the Regular Medical Profession of America.

I offer a few thoughts for your serious consideration.

You profess to belong to a philanthropic profession, yet your code of laws forbids you to consult with a doctor who does not belong to your particular school of medicine. You claim to belong to a philanthropic profession, yet you dare not use remedies not approved by the regular school, even though it should cost you the life of your patient. You claim to be philanthropic and to be working for the cause of suffering humanity, yet you have laws enacted, making it a crime for any person to heal the sick who cannot comply with the requirements of your medical laws.

You have always claimed that these laws are for the "protection of the people." Yet you know it to be a fact that the people have never asked for protection in any State or Territory of the Union. Some of you are opposed to "Trusts," yet you know that your "Medical Monopoly" is the best-protected trust in America at the present time. You profess to be philanthropists, yet in most of the regular medical schools it costs a young man three thousand dollars and four years' study before he can get a diploma—thus making it impossible for a poor man to put his son through the regular medical college.

At the end of four years your graduate students as Physicians and Surgeons, yet how many diseases can they actually cure? From my own experience in the regular Medical College, I can truthfully say they never taught me how to cure a single disease. My success has been attained by a knowledge of New School remedies. You claim to be progressive. You are no nearer finding a cure for cancer, consumption, and a host of other diseases, than you were fifty years ago. You combine a dozen different medicines together to cure certain diseased conditions, yet it would puzzle the most of you to give an intelligent reason why you give the medicine and what you expect it to do. You claim to be opposed to Patent Medicines, yet you prescribe coal tar combinations and many others of whose composition you know practically nothing about. You claim to be the only regular School of Medicine, the "fountain head of all medical knowledge," yet you have to admit the fact that the statistics will prove it—that in every epidemic that has ever overtaken the country in the past sixty years, your remedies have been powerless to stay its onward progress. The mortality under your treatment in cholera, diphtheria, scarlet fever, spotted fever, dysentery and pneumonia has been so great that the common people had to call in New School physicians to cure them.

In the early history of this country you bled and blistered your patients until the mortality was fearful. The people were obliged to do something to save their lives. So they prepared simple remedies of their own for different diseases. In this way patent medicines were started, that you so bitterly condemn. As a school of medicine you are to-day responsible for the country being flooded with so-called patent medicines. Sixty years ago had you been able with your medicines to have cured the ordinary ailments of the people, I am quite sure patent medicines would never have been thought of.

You claim to be raising the standard of medical education year after year.

"Yet the people keep on dying in the same old-fashioned way."

Your method of practice is too antiquated, you are a "back number." Wake up out of your "Rip Van Winkle sleep," the world is moving, the people are finding out the fact that they can be cured of their ailments without any medicine at all. Progress in this century is written on everything. You must join the procession, or you will get left.

Yours fraternally,  
ELI G. JONES, M. D.

## JONATHAN COLEMAN,

## An Instance of Spiritual Development.

BY M. EARL DUNHAM.

## CHAPTER VII.

## EFFECTS OF INSPIRATIONAL PREACHING.

As Mr. Coleman sat down at the close of his address, a sigh of relaxed attention was heard from all parts of the house. The whole audience had listened with wonder, surprise, absorbing interest. No speech could they recall to mind which surpassed the one they had just heard. They had been charmed, captivated, carried away into sympathy with the speaker until their independent personality was obviated. Coming together with the expectation of hearing the wild, rambling, illogical harangue of a fanatic or obsessed dreamer, they had been moved, swayed, thrilled with clear logic, sound reasoning and philosophical statements of a deep thinker. More than that, the words were so beautifully chosen, so finely collated, so full of recognizable truth, so alive with thought of deepest import, that out of them was woven a subtle influence which touched and won the hearts of the listeners beyond the ordinary power of speech. The effect was magical. Was the producing cause of this effect to be found in the spiritual obsession of the speaker? Those so moved and swayed by it were in no condition to analyze and search for causes just then. They could only say as did the apostles of old, "Our hearts burned within us while he talked with us."

Words are cold things in and of themselves, mere vibrations of the air, but they possess a wonderful faculty for conveying living, moving, convincing, persuading, inspirational power from the heart of the speaker to the heart of the listener. Indeed, the acceptance of a belief, or the acquiescence in an argument, at the hands of another, is often due more to heart-power than to logical accuracy of statement. Clear cut reasoning or fine grade of rhetoric, heart-power, when at white heat, sometimes moves one to action contrary to the dictation of cool reason. Whole multitudes can be thus swayed to the point of becoming an excited mob of emotion rushing on in the frenzy of the hour to the commission of deeds which a lifetime of regret can not atone for. The history of the race is full of these instances, and the annals of every nation bear records of such deeds. Hence we learn that here is a power most potent for good, and equally potent for evil. When will the race become sufficiently wise to use this power rightly?

As the congregation broke up expressions of approval were general.

"If that is the product of Spiritualism we need more of it," remarked Judge Marvel.

"It was grand, wonderful, inspiring," added Mrs. Brown. "I wish we could hear such an address every Sunday."

"We should we not?" queried the Judge. "I understand Mr. Coleman has come to live in our midst, and I doubt not that we can make arrangements with him to speak to us as often as we wish."

"Oh, if we could!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, thrown into ecstasy by the assurance of the Judge.

Immediately both set about canvassing the people on the subject, and found an almost universal sentiment in favor of the proposed action. A few, of course, objected; for when was there ever a course of action proposed to which some did not object? These few, however, had been antagonistic to Mr. Coleman from the first, and were not to be conciliated by one address, however eloquent, truthful or convincing it might be. And then, too, they had been born and bred in the old orthodox faith, and were suspicious of everything savoring of newness in idea or statement. They feared a cat might be concealed in every freshly ground barrel of intellectual, scientific or theological meal—especially if the theological. Shall we blame them? When one has been nursed on the bottle of orthodoxy for fifty years, and been warned every Sunday against Satan in the garb of an angel of light, and been made to believe that any variance, however plausible, from the old standards of faith and practice is the rankest heresy, it ought not to be expected that he will accept a new idea, or a new statement of an old idea, without the precaution of a close inspection and careful examination of it in the light of his accepted opinions. Even then the chances are that, viewing the new in the colored light of the old, he will regard the new as a monstrosity and reject it. No task is more difficult than that of producing a change of belief in a sect, or of getting a new idea into the head of a theologian. It discounts, every time, the famous adage of "learning old dogs new tricks."

The mass of the hearers, however, were greatly pleased with Mr. Coleman's discourse that day, though they could not tell why intelligently; they had been carried out of themselves by an influence which they could neither understand nor define; they had been greatly pleased, gathered around him, grasped his hand and spoke openly of their gratification. Mr. Coleman received their congratulations kindly, though he firmly declared that no merit belonged to him. "For," said he, "I am only an instrument. I speak as I am moved to speak by the spirit forces. They dictate the thoughts, select the words, and use my vocal organs as the instrument of expression."

"We can afford to indulge you in that fancy so long as you speak to us such thoughts as you have spoken to-day," said one.

"There is no fancy about it," replied Mr. Coleman. "It is the solid truth. I speak as I am moved to speak."

"I do not know what that may be," said another, but I do know that you have given to us this day one of the grandest speeches I ever listened to."

"Not I, but the spirits speaking through me," insisted Mr. Coleman. "No merit belongs to me personally for what was said, beyond that of having allowed myself to be the humble instrument of expression."

"But you know what you are saying, don't you?"

"Oh, yes! I know what I say, but I know it as that which another says through me."

"I don't understand what you mean," said the friend doubtfully.

"I suppose you do not," replied Mr. Coleman; "nor do I suppose that I can explain it to your comprehension. The sensation is peculiar. It is that of an indescribable influence which controls my mental and vocal faculties. I am conscious of a flow of ideas through me, which are not of me, and to which my own soul seems to be listening. When the influence passes off, for a moment I am dumb without a thought, and then, by conscious effort of my will, I repeat my message."

Many of those who were standing by, listening, shook their heads ominously and queried to themselves if Mr. Coleman was not, after all, a little off his mental base. A few regarded it as a new experience, and felt no disposition to question its reality. These said: "Of course spirit-control must be peculiar in itself and productive of peculiar sensations; so much so that no one who has not been under such control is competent to decide what such sensations would be in actual experience."

Among these were the Judge and Mrs. Brown. Arrangements were made for Mr. Coleman to speak in the church on the next Sunday, and, as the fact became known, it awakened the greatest fervor of excitement that had been known in that community for half a century.

The report of his first speech went abroad in the community of import like a snowball when the snow is mostly ad- besive. The grain of truth in it swelled out into a mountain of fiction. No advertising was ever more effective; and on the next Sunday twice as many people flocked into the village as the church would hold. No sooner were the church doors opened, than every seat was filled, almost to the point of suffocation—fully to the point of extreme discomfort—and

a disappointed, dissatisfied and grumbling crowd drooled about the outside. The day was pleasant, the windows were raised, carriages were drawn up under the windows, three and four deep, thus enabling a portion of the outsiders to hear.

Mr. Coleman entered the church, worked his way to the pulpit, received a folded paper which he put into his vest pocket, and went through the opening service; then he stood up before the congregation, took the folded paper from his vest pocket, slowly unfolded it, and read "What is your life?" Without a moment's hesitation he proceeded to answer the question. His answer was interesting, instructive, eloquent; at some points it reached the sublime; at all points it showed the workmanship of a master mind; and those who heard it were moved, swayed, enthralled, as only the truth, earnestly, eloquently spoken can move, sway and enthral. His strong faith in life here and hereafter; his vivid description of the life unseen; his confident assertion of spirits all about us acting as guardians and helpers; his blending of the two worlds, the seen and the unseen, into one grand whole; his uniting of God and man into one new being, typified by Jesus, the Christ; his onlook through an eternity of active unfolding of powers and gathering of knowledge; his definition of oneness with God and participation in the divine nature; his prospective trip of the soul toward the infinite in every department of sentient life; these, and more of similar import, caused his hearers to see life in a new aspect, and to realize its grandeur and glory as never before. They were thrilled with delight; lifted out of the narrow perceptions of mere selfish existence, led into fields of measureless outreach, and brought into sympathetic touch with the infinite and eternal Father. Never before had they felt the dignity and glory of living here, now, in this life; never before had they received such conceptions of the fatherhood of God, and what it is to be a child of God; never before had they understood, with any degree of clearness, the ample provisions which God has made for the well being of his earthly children; never before had they rejoiced "with a joy unspeakable and full of glory." Whereas they had clung to life through fear of death, they now saw that life is continuous to those who are at one with God, a condition to which all can attain; that so-called death is only a change, a transition from the seen into the unseen; that love and affection will flow on forever; that the Father's family are all one family; that his members here, some of its members there, but none so far apart as to be unable to clasp hands, or to feel the touch of sympathetic hearts.

This result of Mr. Coleman's second speech was true, generally speaking, for there were a few, born and bred in the orthodox faith of an arbitrary God, ruling capriciously, electing some to everlasting life and condemning others to everlasting death, according to his own freewill, "without any foresight of faith, or good works, or perseverance in either of them, or anything in the creature, as a condition or cause moving him thereunto," who cavilled at the speaker's words, and prated about heterodoxy, and spit out the venom of genuine sectarian hate; but these were a small minority; a few flies on the outside of the box of precious ointment; whereas the many thanked God for what they had heard. It was to them a message of truth; a message the more readily accepted because, in that region, the old orthodox faith had lost its grip on the masses, and independent thinking was fast gaining sway. This was a condition favorable to the introduction of new ideas, and one which rendered the people receptive to the winning power of eloquent statements of the truth.

It was not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Coleman soon gained a large following and received an earnest call to become the stated preacher of a proposed new organization. This call, however, he declined. The call which he had received from the spirits was wider than the new faith; a traveling apostle, going wherever a providential opening occurred; and like the apostles of Jesus he was to take neither purse nor scrip. His wants were to be amply provided for—the physical included—so long as he continued obedient to spirit dictation. He believed it thoroughly so thoroughly that he rejected the offer of a salary, and went forth on what he regarded as his mission, empty-handed. Stronger evidence of his sincerity could not have been furnished. To ordinary human thought it was a foolhardy proceeding. Some declared that he must surely be off his base; others said it was a freak of fanaticism; his friends became somewhat anxious, and all awaited the outcome with interest. Would he meet with success? Could he thus "live by his wits"? Or was there something real and positive in this alleged spirit contract?

(To be Continued.)

## Consciousness Eternal.

BY CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

The question of immortality of the soul really includes two problems. The first relates to the imperishability of the soul, and the second to the persistence of its personality after this life. The persistence of the personality is the really interesting question. Certain philosophers, although admitting that the soul is immortal, hold that after the death of the body the soul returns to God, whence it came. Panteism holds an analogous theory, the persistence of the soul as substance—but this is not immortality as we conceive it.

What does immortality avail a man if consciousness be lacking? If his personality has ceased to exist? The proof of the immortality of the soul as a personal being rests upon the proof of the existence of God. They are deduced from the harmony which must necessarily exist in the work of creation, and from the conception that we possess God-like attributes, i. e., wisdom, grace and justice.

The first of these proofs is the psychological, deduced directly from the faculties God has bestowed upon man. When we study the moral nature we find various instincts in it, signs of an immortal destiny. The idea of death inspires fear in every man, but especially in him who does not believe in the immortality of the soul and the justice of God. We speak, too, of the sorrow we feel at the death of those we love, a sorrow which is assuaged chiefly by the belief that the separation is only temporary. The first sentiment may be explained as the instinct of self-preservation; the second as a consequence of our human passions.

But of far greater importance are the desires and aspirations which reach out beyond this terrestrial world, and never find their satisfaction in this life. Our intelligence strives to know truth—not merely this or that partial or isolated bit of truth in the order of scientific knowledge, but the whole truth, truth in itself, absolute truth, that is to say, truth in God, who is the source of all truth.

The moral law furnishes the elements of a proof that is a complete demonstration, generally denominated the metaphysical proof. The idea of justice has its origin in God himself, just as the ideas of the true, the good and the beautiful have. It is necessary, absolute, independent of all limits and conditions; it cannot be circumscribed by the duration of life. The same is true of the idea of moral obligation. It is of the same character, just as absolute as the idea of justice, from which it is inseparable. The aim of man on earth is therefore the performance of duty, and not the preservation of his life. So true is this that at times death is the penalty of doing one's duty. But if there is such a thing as a moral law there must be some sanction for this law. Our intelligence always conceives a constant, logical and necessary proportion between virtue and happiness, between vice and misery. The ideas of merit

and demerit, and that of punishment and reward cannot be conceived, as without the other, and are some of the deepest seated and most powerful convictions of human consciousness. But, who does not know that here on earth the moral law does not receive sufficient sanction? The criminal is hardened in his evil doing, and one man has greater pangs of conscience for some slight misdeed than another for the most atrocious of crimes.

The moral law would indeed be but an empty word, its sanction derision, and the accusation of injustice would rise even to God himself if this disorder which at times troubles the conscience of the virtuous man did not cease after this life, and if the responsible soul were not judged and rewarded or punished according to his deeds.

Although philosophy is obliged to admit its ignorance as to the nature of the reward and punishment which waits for men after this life, nevertheless it may affirm without hesitation that one of the joys of the just will be the recollection of the good deeds they have done, the obstacles they have overcome, and one of the punishments of the wicked will be to remember their vices and crimes. But this sanction demands the persistence of the human personality, i. e., the immortality of the soul considered as a distinct and individual being. To speak plainly, if we will not believe in the immortality of the soul we must abandon all search for the meaning of the universe. It must be considered the work of chance, more than good, and life is nothing more than a tremendous fraud of which we are the victims. At the same time all of those lofty ideas which have been and still are the glory of humanity disappear. Virtue, courage, art, science, are no longer anything but empty, hollow sounds. They represent nothing but the vain amusements with which we try to employ the time of a life without glory or purpose, or devices which serve the most adroit for making their fellow-men the victims of their passions.

We cannot say too often: For the man who reflects and thinks logically, if the soul does not survive the body, there are but two courses between which to choose—immediate suicide or deliberate, unscrupulous determination to enjoy all the pleasures possible in this life. —N. Y. Journal.

## Meeting Forbidden.

Saturday, Feb. 3, the town was flooded with cheap looking dodgers advertising a lecture to be given at Music Hall by "Prof." Slade, the miracle worker.

Among other things that the professor promised that those who attended should see were "a table rising four or five feet and floating in mid air. Spirit hands and faces are plainly seen and recognized by their friends. A guitar is played and passed around the room by the invisible power. Flowers are brought and passed to the audience by hands plainly seen. Bells are rung, harps are played, and other tests of a startling nature take place in the presence of these wonderful mediums. The many spirit forms that appear—sometimes four or five at a time—are proof positive of their genuineness."

Other things were promised, which were to make up a wonderful entertainment. Saturday night a complaint was lodged with the selectmen, and it is understood that the claim was made by a prominent Spiritualist to the Board that he knew Prof. Slade to be a fraud.

At all events, sufficient argument was made so that Chief Lasseus was called to the office of the Board, and told to put a stop to the meeting being held.

In consequence of this order being given the chief visited G. M. Kendall, and advised him of the fact that he would be obliged to stop the entertainment. Mr. Kendall knew nothing of the "professor," and all he knew was that an agent of Slade's engaged the hall.

During Sunday afternoon the agent called on the chief, and the matter was explained to him. He at once stated that he should make no kick in the matter, although he did not think he was being treated fairly, as he said that the professor was a great man.

When it was time for the entertainment to begin quite a crowd had gathered at the hall entrance, and they seemed greatly dissatisfied at not being able to see the wonderful things promised. —Leominster Daily Enterprise.

The original Prof. Henry Slade is now in Detroit under the physician's care. The Slade referred to above is now at work in various parts of New England, and has doubtless assumed the name to gain patronage. It would be well to bear this in mind, and follow the example of our worthy brother who stopped the performance in Leominster. —[Ed.]

## THE VOICES OF THE SILENCE.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Being a Reply to Professor Huxley.

A learned mortal, versed in lore of books,  
Turns from the printed page, and sighs and looks  
Down the dim vistas where the centuries pass,  
And cries, "A living soul is like a blade of grass:  
He blooms and withers, and is blown to atoms,  
Save as the seed he scatters may renew  
The parent in the child. Here on this earth,  
In the poor accident of human birth  
Lies all of immortality." Poor lore  
Is this which tells so much, yet tells us more.  
Sad learning that, which leaves us no wiser  
We see no realms beyond the starry skies,  
Alas! for him who studies day and night  
And gains no ray of superconscious sight.  
Who, all the paths of science having trod,  
Finds mortal woman as his only God.  
Poor, piteous man, through winding ways to grope  
Into the annals of such a fragile hope,  
To see no future for the great and good,  
Save in the futile realm of motherhood.  
Put by your man-made books; relax your will,  
Sit in the silence humbly, and be still.  
And wait until on pulsing waves of light  
You hear the voices of the Infinite.  
The wisdom voices, which the seers have heard,  
Till then, presumptuous mortal, speak no word  
To hurt the world's sad heart! Oh! not till then  
Dare give a message unto suffering men,  
When the blind lead the blind all go astray.  
Let those who see proceed and show the way.

## Tell or Write Your Troubles.

Dr. Greene, the world's most successful specialist, the discoverer of the renowned Dr. Greene's Nervura, offers free consultation and advice to all. Such consultation can be secured by personal call upon the doctor at his office, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., or by letter through the mail. No physician in the world has made such a record of curing diseases Dr. Greene, and the service of his office is permanent. It is the free disposal of every ailment, man or woman. Exhaustion, debility, nervous prostration and all chronic complaints yield to Dr. Greene's experience and skill. His advice has proved to many thousands the beginning of hope, and his many wonderful curative remedies the means of a certain cure. Dr. Greene will help you, and you should tell or write your troubles confidentially to him without delay. To know what to do to be cured is the most essential thing to the sick. Dr. Greene is rendering a great service to mankind in making it easy for every one who needs advice to secure free of charge the benefit of his experience and skill.

## A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 99 per cent. permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Hayes, 320 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Subscribe now for the BANNER OF LIGHT.



## Children's Spiritualism.

## "I LOVE YOU."

I am a little girl  
With yellow hair in curl;  
I live with an elf, fair,  
Who teach me with great care.

The angels show me how  
To be happy right now;  
I have come to tell you,  
So you'll be happy, too.

Only three words in it—  
You'll know it in a minute—  
And my story's all true;  
It is just, "I love you."

That's all I'll write this time.  
Mamma laughs at my "rhyme,"  
Not 'cause it is so bad,  
But 'cause I am so glad.

LITTLE MERCY.

## The Beautiful Self.

BY SWEET BRIER.

Sweet Brier, a friend of "Little Mercy," who sends the above message of love to you, made us a visit a few days ago, and we asked her if she could not talk to the children of THE BANNER. She replied very readily and sweetly that she would try, and this is what she said:

"I am just a lovely little Indian girl. I am not pretty at all in some ways. My hair is long, and black and straight. I am just the color of Indians. I do not remember going into spirit land. All I know is being there. Then by-and-by I was told to come to some one who lived in the body, and that I would learn of her, and I was to help her too, because my teacher told me that I could not have anything for nothing. If I wanted to learn a certain thing I must give something to get it; so I work for it.

"I learned to talk English by going into the school-room where she was teaching the children. I wasn't always good in the school-room, because it used to be fun to play some. I sometimes—just for fun you know—tickled the boys' ears, and little things like that to make them laugh. They didn't know it was I, but they would stop paying attention to their lessons. Then I was good sometimes, and I helped them to be still.

"I don't tease the boys and girls as much as I used to, because I am very anxious now. I want them to learn something that I have learned just lately. I learned it partly of the big folks on earth. Anyway, they were all near the earth where I saw them, but it was mostly of teachers that do not live on earth. I found out that, although my earth body is not pretty, I have a pretty body. Although my skin is not white, like most of the little boys and girls that I talk with on earth, yet I am beautiful, too, and everybody has that beautiful part. I have just gotten so I can see it. So I know I am just as good and just as wise as anybody, when I get acquainted with myself.

"The teacher says for little boys and girls to just think of that beautiful self as the angel that always walks with them wherever they go. If they will listen they can hear that angel speak, because when little boys and girls first come into the world, they are so close to the angels that they can hear better than the big folks can; and if the mamma and papa will always teach the little boys and girls to listen to that angel, then, as they grow, instead of it going farther away from them, it gets closer and closer, and teaches them all through life, so they will not make mistakes.

"It made me so happy when I found that angel so close to me, and that it was beautiful, that it had all the beauties of life in it, and that the way to find the beauties of life so as to be real happy was to listen, and do just as that angel told me to do. You know there are a lot of spirits on the other side who have not found that angel yet. They do not mean to be bad spirits. It is because they do not know, and the teacher says that nobody means to be bad, it is because he does not know.

"I used to feel bad when I first began to get acquainted with the little white folks, because I was not pretty; so if any little boy or girl feels bad because he or she is not pretty, just remember that everybody has a beautiful self.

"We spirits love to come and talk. It is the nicest kind of work when you can come and it is all right. We get so full of love when we come back here where folks want us, it seems as though we bubble over; and that is the way you feel when you get close to your own soul. That is why everybody would be happy if they would just say, as Mercy told you, 'I love you' to everything. You can say, 'I love you' to a little worm, for when you know that little worm, you do love it, because it has its own little self. It is put on the earth for its own purpose.

"I will just wind up by saying that Sweet Brier is trying to help the little boys and girls to find their angel selves. I will go now, but I will talk longer next time."

## Barbara's Dream.

Barbara had been tucked away snugly in bed, but, thinking she heard voices, she sat up so suddenly that her pillow fell to the floor.

"H'm!" she heard; "things are certainly queer in this house!"

"Why, that's the coal-bod talking," thought Barbara.

"Things are always painted blacker than they are," the voice went on. "Just as I get filled up, some one comes along, and takes out all there is in me."

"You are no worse off than the rest of us," put in the grate; "some one pokes me every day."

"And I'm always getting sat on," chimed in the old red cushion. "Then children come along, and give me a thump, and then sit right down on me."

"Poor me!" said the wall paper. "I have to fit into every corner—I'm allowed no pointers."

"You are not walked on as often as I am, any way," complained the rug. "I know I do wrong; sometimes I trip up the children, but it's only for fun."

"You must not complain," said the glass; "the paper and I will hang together. I treat others as they treat me. If Barbara smiles at me, I will smile back; and when she frowns, I shall frown."

"It gives me pain," said the window, "to hear you go on. Some people would break down if they were I. I am often scorched, soaked or frozen stiff, and people look right through me without recognizing me. I feel very happy, though, with my new eash."

"You and the glass take a cheerful view of life," said the bellows; "but I am not well. I

have wind on my stomach, and sometimes have to be taken before a slow fire before I am better."

"Oh, h'm!" sighed the shoestring; "it's a knotty problem! Roaming around as we do is very wearing. The shoes keep together, but the stockings are worn out most of the time."

"Ah!" sighed the hearth brush; "it is dust to dust, and ashes to ashes."

"Yes," chirped the bird cage; "but there is something in me that sings all day. I know I am getting seedy, but I spring up and down, and keep on the move all the time."

"Friends," came in cultured tones from the bookcase, "I am stored with information on the subject, and my door holds the key to the whole matter."

"Time's up!" cried the clock; "the sun is here, and can give us light on the subject. I'm so nervous I can't keep my hands still. My case is as hard as any, but—jing dong—I mean to strike—ding dong!" and all was quiet.

Barbara thought it was a dream; but when she jumped out of bed and smiled, the mirror smiled back at her, just as it had said it would.—Clara E. Atwood, in the Household.

## Reviews and Clippings.

**PROPHETIC CLAIRVOYANCE.** By Henry Harrison Brown. To foretell events, whether by stars, by lines on the hands, by crystal gazing, or by independent clairvoyance, has this significance: It is as a fact of God's revelation to man; and behind every fact is Cause, working by uniform methods. The Weather Bureau foretells the weather; the astronomer foretells the eclipse; the astute politician foretells the political overturning; the statesman foresees the ripening of events for a revolution. All these are the results of a chain of reasoning from known causes, and have no mystery. "Cause and effect are chancellors of God," says Emerson; therefore, when the prophet foretells, he foretells in the line of cause and effect, or his foretellings are not prophecies—are not true. Each event in life is therefore the result of Cause, and when the causes below the events of life are as well understood as are those behind the weather and the eclipses, there will be no mystery in prophecies.

Each human being is the resultant of infinite cause that has been at work through all past time. It is easily seen that past and present events are the results of cause, and the question arises, does Cause know time? Do events exist as creations in time, or are they always existent and only present to consciousness at the period we call the present? To deny that they are existing in the womb of futurity is to be illogical, or fearful of our conclusions; and to admit it seems fatalism. And it is to help save others from the gloom and paralysis of fatalism that this question is raised here. I am not a fatalist, because I recognize the Human Soul as cause, and as the conscious cause, when it knows in the intellectual manifestation of itself—the conscious mind—its power and the purpose of its incarnation. Man is by his power of choice his own fate; is now his unconscious fate; but is yet to be the self-determined and conscious Fate. To thus become master over the lower vibrations and to build manifestations, at will and desire, is, I conceive, the only purpose of the evolution of life from protoplasm to man.

When asked if I believe in astrology, my answer is, that I know it to be a truth, but it is truth, not because stars have any power over man, but because man has been content to drift with the stream of life, as does a boat without a rudder, sail or oar. When he shall take, as is his privilege, the helm, the stars will fight for him as they did for Siseria, and as wind and tide now do.

Do I believe in Phrenology? Certainly. The head, however, is not cause, but effect. The ego made it, and the phrenologist teaches that man has control, if he chooses to exercise it by saying, "Restrain, cultivate."

Do I believe in Palmistry to foretell the future? Certainly! But the Palmist tells me I am the controller of my destiny, by telling me from the left hand what fate I was born to, and by the right, what modifications I have made. And if I can make one change in the line marked out by heredity, stars or that combination of cause we call Destiny, then I can, when I learn to choose and maintain my choice, change entirely my destiny, and make it what I will. Thus while the Universal Cause may, by virtue of its self-consciousness, be a special cause for itself, or it may let itself be carried along in the line of the least resistance, and gain, as a slave, that development it could have as king. His are fate and free will both facts in life. He who will not take, by his own will, his life into his possession, must be subject to the will of the universal, and drift with the tide of evolution. He who will, may choose his way, and be himself Fate's Dux! Master!

After relating a number of experiments demonstrating the truth of prophetic clairvoyance, Mr. Brown concluded his interesting paper thus:

"To me, mind is one! Each atom is not only intelligent but conscious; and until man shall develop a consciousness of his own creative power, he is subject to the universal Creator, call it mind or spirit, but that he has by virtue of his manhood, which is his power of conscious choice, the power to control his own destiny. When he does this, he will smash every horoscope made for him, if it does not suit him, and will, by his will, make any prophecy false that is not in accord with his wishes. For being 'One with God,' he possesses all the attributes of divinity. And one of these attributes is creation. He may create, or a better word, may shape his own destiny. But if he will not do this, then, as the driftwood floats down the stream, so events existing in Universal Cause will come to him.

The Soul Cultivator, the Human Soul, is Master, when it will be, of Fate, and it is the province of the Teacher to awaken it to the realization of this. He can then as special cause take the material provided by the Father in the Universal, and mould it to his individual expression, just as he takes the raw material in the external world and moulds it to his thought in palace, statue, poem or oratorio. The law of Creation is one, whether man works with rock or thought; with psychic or with spirit force. He is at last to be Master, and that which he does not like on either plane or manifestation, he will either reject or make over to his will.—The January Suggester and Thinker.

**ISIS WORSHIP IN PARIS.**—Conversations with the Hierophant Rameses and the High Priestess Anari.—Through the yellow muslin curtains of a window on my right streamed the dim light of a mid-October morning. The winged figure of Isis was facing me, her horned disk circled with an aureola of diffused light, which came through the interstices of the closed shutters of another window behind. A profusion of flowers was at her feet, and on each side of her were lotus flowers—the symbol of resurrection. My thoughts were carried back thousands of years B.C. I saw that I was in a little temple of the goddess Isis. On all sides were evidences of the religion of the ancient Egyptians; here, near the altar, carvings of Osiris and Nephthys, Horus and Harpoerates; there, in front of it, a triangular-shaped lamp of green stone, whence sprang a little tongue of white flame never extinguished. The heavy odor of incense, telling of a recent ceremony, mingled with the perfume of the flowers.

I was examining the curious green stone lamp more closely when a voice at my elbow dragged me from my thoughts. It was the Hierophant Rameses who spoke. By his side stood his wife, the High Priestess Anari.

"I see you admire the Tibetan lamp," he said. He proceeded with the enthusiasm of a true archaeologist to tell me its history. "A beautiful symbol!" he exclaimed. "It was brought from Lhasa, the Sacred City. Note

that its three sides are not perfectly straight, that it is boat-shaped and flame-shaped. This lamp is a symbol, like everything else in our beautiful religion. Nothing that you can see here is without its meaning, nothing is without its purpose. For instance, here is a sistrum which is shaken during our ceremonies. One side of the wooden body of this instrument represents the Beginning, the Alpha; the other side the End, the Omega; the metal part symbolizes the Aton of Heaven; the four metal bars are the four elements. You will notice that on each of these bars are five rings, which, being shaken, represent the shaking of the forces of nature by or through the influence of the divine spirit of life. It is the same with our dress, as I will explain to you after awhile. And now let us go into the other room, where we can sit and talk at our ease."

Five minutes later the Count and Countess MacGregor, of Glenstrae, were telling me of how they had come to revive in Paris the worship of Isis, the hopes which they placed in it, and the beautiful truths which they had discovered in the course of their studies of a religion dead to the Egyptologists, but so living and so full of vital force to them.

"You have asked me," said the Hierophant Rameses, the name under which Count MacGregor, who is a Scotch gentleman of fortune, appears in the Isis masses which he celebrates at his house in the Rue Mozart, at Passy, one of the fashionable suburbs of Paris, "how we came to revive this ancient religion." The answer is simple. During our studies of the Egyptian religion we obtained certain lost truths, in possession of which we became converts to Isis. The revival, you see, was purely a private matter at first; we had not the slightest intention of making our converts until an incident occurred which changed our intentions completely. But before I tell you of this incident, let me say one thing. Many have looked upon our propaganda with suspicion, under the impression that we are endeavoring to revive the worship of Isis as practiced in its decadence. Now, this is far from our object. We have gone much farther back than that; we have gone back to a time when Isis worship was in its primitive form, when it was not overlaid with growths, as at later periods in the history of the world. Our Isis worship is Isis worship in its purest form. That being said, the Countess will explain to you how we came to enlarge the scope of our intentions."

"It happened in this way," said the High Priestess Anari. "We made the acquaintance of M. Jules Bois, who, being interested, as you know, in religious and religious revivals, asked us if we could give an Isis ceremony at the Bodinière Theatre. He had already lectured there on Buddhism, and arranged for a Buddhist mass, so he thought it would interest the public to know something about Isis. But we were very much disinclined to appear in public. We refused, therefore, and the matter would have dropped but for the intervention of the goddess Isis herself. One night she appeared to me in a dream, and sanctioned our efforts we might make in Paris, her ancient city. Our scruples were swept aside. That is how we came to appear at the Bodinière, first, when M. Bois delivered a lecture on Egyptian magic, and introduced us to the public, again when we celebrated masses there."

On the first of these occasions I was present. The second has been described to me by a friend. The Hierophant Rameses and the High Priestess Anari appeared on both occasions, of course, in their priestly robes—the most beautiful costumes which ever priest and priestess wore, beautiful because they express so much to the believer. The priest was dressed in his long white robe; around his waist was the zodiacal belt; around his arms and ankles were the sacred bracelets; over his shoulders was fastened a leopard skin, the spots of which symbolize stars in the world atmosphere, what the theosophists call the astral body. Similarly, the ash, or collar, around his neck represents abundance of matter, whilst the adze, or the emblem of youth. "True wisdom is always young." But the dress of the High Priestess Anari is better adapted for giving a good idea of the symbolism of the Isis worship. Her long, flowing hair expresses the idea of rays of light radiating through the universe. Upon her head is a little cone symbolical of the Divine Spirit, and a lotus flower symbolic of purity and wisdom. "The lotus springs up," said the Hierophant Rameses, "from the muddy waters of the Nile. The cone is the flame of life. The whole idea of the dress of the priestess is that the life of matter is purified and ruled by the divine spirit of life from above."

The second occasion upon which the Count and Countess MacGregor appeared at the Bodinière Theatre, an Isis mass was celebrated. In the centre of the stage was the figure of Isis, on each side of her were other figures of gods and goddesses, and in front was the little altar, upon which was the ever burning green stone lamp. The Hierophant Rameses, holding in one hand the sistrum, which every now and then he shook, and in the other a spray of lotus, said the prayers before this altar, after which the High Priestess Anari invoked the goddess in penetrating and passionate tones. Then followed the "dance of the four elements" by a young Parisian lady, who, dressed in long white robes, had previously recited some verses in French in honor of Isis. A short time before this lady had become a convert. Her four dances were the *danse des fleurs*, which symbolized the homage of the earth to the Egyptian goddess; the *danse du vent*, which represented waves of water; the *danse de la chevelure*, symbolical of fire; and the *danse des parfums* for the air. Most of the ladies present in the fashionable Parisian audience brought offerings of flowers, whilst the gentlemen threw wheat on to the altar. The ceremony was artistic in the extreme.

"Am I to understand," I asked the Hierophant Rameses, "that your religion is monotheistic?"

"We believe as our predecessors did," was the reply, "that divine force can be made to appear in statues. No, we are not monotheists, and for that reason we have sometimes been called idolaters. But is not the universe, God manifest in matter, a great idolon? We are pantheists; we believe that each force of the universe is regulated by a god. Gods are, therefore, innumerable and infinite."

"And the object of your religion is, of course, precisely the same as that of any other religion?"

Precisely, our object is that it should be a moral guide to whoever adopts it. And this revival of a most ancient religion should be a great agency for good in the world. Take our Book of the Dead. It is the Book which Moses himself must have studied when in Egypt; and do we not find in it many things which are in the Bible? What deters some people from Isis worship is its archaic symbolism, but this worship is rather attract them, in my opinion, Comparing the Book of the Dead and the Bible, the former work is much more similar to the New Testament than to the Old, despite its extreme antiquity. It would seem from these resemblances that there was some ground for the belief that Christ studied Isis worship. You will remember that there is a period of his life of which there is no record—his early years in Egypt. In the New Testament a believer is spoken of as "a member of Christ"; in the Book of the Dead a believer is called "a member of Osiris." Then, again, one of the symbols of Osiris is the Crook of the Good Shepherd. As regards magnificence of language, the Book of the Dead compares very favorably with the great Christian work. Where, for instance, could you find a finer passage than this:

"I have come upon this earth and with my two feet taken possession. I am Town, and I come from mine own Place."

"Back, oh! Lion, with dazzling mouth and with head bent forward, retreating before me and my might. I am Isis, and thou farest me as I drop upon my face the hair which falleth loosely on my brow."

"I was conceived by Isis and begotten by Nephthys. Isis destroyed what in me is wrong, and Nephthys lopped off that which is rebellious."

"I have been told," said I, addressing the Countess MacGregor, "that you have a certain power over the atmosphere. Is it correct

## MEN OF MIGHT

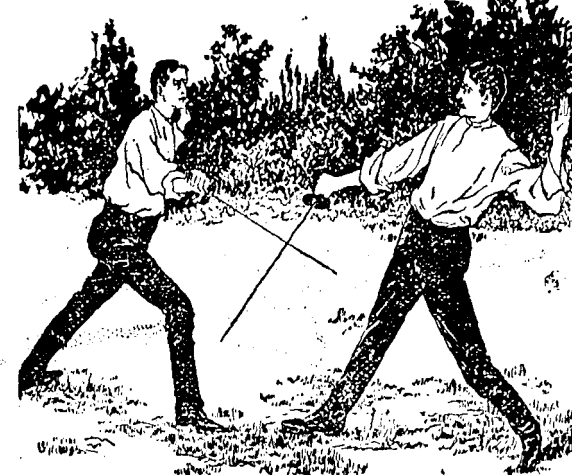
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Mr. M. J. SYLVEN, 239 Main St., Owego, N. Y., says:—  
"For a number of years I was afflicted with nervousness, pains in my back and side, and that tired feeling; or, in other words, I was all broken up. I had no ambition to do anything, and if I had, I could not have done it. I had taken all kinds of medicines, and the doctors told me it was overwork and kidney trouble. As a last resort I made up my mind to try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. I did not get a bottle or two and then condemn the medicine for not curing me, as thousands of others do, but I made up my mind I would give it a good test. I got six bottles for five dollars, and I took it, and it cured me. That was several years ago and I am as sound as a bullet, not a pimple or blemish about me, and as solid as a rock."

There are many cases of complex character which patients cannot fully understand. Dr. Greene cordially invites all such sufferers to consult with him fully and freely, personally or by letter, at his office, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. There is no charge for such consultation and every communication is absolutely confidential.

that you are in possession of certain lost powers?"

"Yes; we are possessed of certain traditional, occult knowledge. We have many traditional truths which are unknown nowadays, except to a very few people. But this hidden knowledge we can only impart to those who consent to be initiated. As in the past, so in the present, we have sacred initiations. These embrace theological notions on a much higher plane than the dogmas taught to the ordinary worshiper; they embrace also a system of magic. The person initiated must, of course, swear to keep this knowledge secret."

"Have you very many followers amongst the Parisians?"

"An increasing number, and quite as many as our little chapel will hold. A temple for our Egyptian ceremonies is now being built in Paris."

Since that first visit to the Count and Countess MacGregor, in mid-October, I have had many opportunities, either at those crowded receptions which they give, or at the masses which they celebrate, of hearing their ideas on religion. Those receptions, by the way, are amongst the most interesting in Paris. You will find people attending them of nearly every shade of opinion and profession: Isis worshippers, Alchemists, Protestants, Catholics, scientists, doctors, lawyers, painters, and men and women of letters, besides persons of high rank.

The High Priestess Anari holds some very interesting opinions on woman's role in religion.

"The idea of the Priestess is at the root of all ancient beliefs," she said, on one occasion. "Only in our ephemeral time has it been neglected. Even in the Old Testament we find the Priestess Deborah, and the New Testament tells us of the Prophetess Anne. What do we find in the modern development of religion to replace the feminine idea, and consequently the Priestess? When a religion symbolizes the universe by a Divine Being, is it not illogical to omit woman, who is the principal half of it, since she is the principal creator of the other half—that is, man? How can we hope that the world will become purer and less material when one excludes from the Divine, which is the highest ideal, that part of its nature which represents at one and the same time the faculty of receiving and that of giving—that is to say, love itself in its highest form—love the symbol of universal sympathy. That is where the magical power of woman is found. She finds her force in her alliance with the sympathetic energies of Nature. And what is Nature if it is not an assemblage of thoughts clothed with matter and ideas which seek to materialize themselves? What is this eternal attraction between ideas and matter? It is the secret of life. Have you ever realized that there does not exist a single thing without a special intelligence which animates it, or a single grain of sand to which an idea is not attached, the idea which formed it? It is these intelligent ideas which are the elements, or spirits of Nature. Woman is the magician born of Nature by reason of her great natural sensibility, and of her instructive sympathy with such subtle energies as these intelligent inhabitants of the air, the earth, fire and water."

These words give a better idea than any of mine could of the thoughtful and dreamy nature of the Countess MacGregor. Beneath their appears something mystical, occult; we catch the glint of a singular mind. This mysticism, this tendency toward the occult appears, moreover, in everything she undertakes. It is so in her speeches and in her writings, but more especially does it come to the surface in her paintings. For the High Priestess Anari is an accomplished artist. A former student at Colarossi's, and at other Parisian academies, she has had a thoroughly good training in art. The methods which she acquired there she has applied in her own way, following no particular master, but relying entirely upon her own thoughts. Her work is, consequently, very original. Her men and women, and the objects which surround them, are not of this world, but of the world of the imagination, wherein her opinion true beauty is only to be found. There is much of the spirit in her pictures which one finds in Miss Fionia Macleod's writings, and, judging from one of them, suggested by a story of that gifted lady, she would be an ideal illustrator of the works of the author of "Pharisee" and "Old Celtic Tales Retold." This tendency toward idealism appears even when she is painting a portrait, as, for instance, that of her husband which hangs behind the dining-room door, and in which he is represented as a magian adept, a crown surmounted by three stars upon his head, and his hands clasped across the jeweled hilt of a sword, whence radiates a mysterious light.—Frederick Lees, in The Humanitarian.

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Humility.  
Happy Thoughts.  
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I'm Called to the Better Land.  
I Thank Thee, oh, Father.  
My Spirit Home.  
Nearer Home.  
Over There.  
Passed On.  
Reconciliation.  
Repose.  
She Has Crossed the River.  
Sifted Your Earth.  
Some Day of Days.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER  
The Happy By-and-Bye.  
The Soul's Destiny.  
The Angel of His Presence.  
There is No Death.  
They Still Live.  
The Better Land.  
The Music of Our Hearts.  
The Freedom's Hymn.  
The Vanished.  
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They Still Live.







## Address of Welcome

BY PRESIDENT D. P. DEWEY.

Delivered at Mid Winter Meeting of Michigan State Spiritualists' Association held Feb. 9, 10, 11, 1900.

## Friends and Co-Workers:

We deem it expedient, at this our seventh annual "Mid Winter Meeting," to mark briefly some points of progress made, and encourage action along lines of objects sought. Called into being through the needs of a small number of earnest thinkers, progressive, necessarily unsupported by custom or inheritance, a State Association was found necessary to strengthen and defend the principles of soul growth from unimpaired epiphanies as well as to shield many tender and sensitive persons in their development as mediums, whom we recognize as transmitters between the spirit-world which lies all about us and our world tangible to our normal senses.

These mediums are of various power and quality, and their messages no more to be relied upon for good results than are the messages coming over an incomplete system of telegraphy, or other means of transmission known among men, yet to be respected and encouraged till the time when the conditions among men and women be such as to need no protection, an organization of persons of known respectability, whose daily lives give recognized authority to their cause.

We feel that we may with modesty mention the fact that our initial moves in this direction were characterized by judgment and discretion in placing officers in charge whose wisdom has been proven by the results obtained. Our first President, Hon. L. V. Moulton, brought to us the needed experience of the analytic lawyer; our first Secretary, Melvin A. Root, that exactness and precision so necessary to the good beginning of an organization. Mrs. Martha E. Root, as our next President, was fitted by nature and experience for her wise and loving administration of affairs, until bodily infirmity called for a substitute.

To those outside, the work accomplished by the State Association may seem meagre; but to those connected with it, the results obtained through its efforts, assisted by the Spiritualists throughout the State, have placed it in such rank that we have been brought into close relationship with the National Association of Spiritualists, and have received from them, it would seem, almost unmerited favors, both in representation on their Board of Trustees since their organization, and the kindly assistance of their foremost officers and workers at our Mid Winter Meetings. Thankful for such recognition, we still are willing to prove our loyalty to the cause by stepping aside, giving opportunity for other talent, with which we are abundantly blessed in other States and localities, whenever the majority may deem best, believing, in the long run, that true merit will win its way to place of trust.

We have ordained twenty-one ministers of the Gospel of Spiritualism; have placed a few missionaries in the field as circumstances seemed to demand, and should have placed more to work with our endorsement; did the people support them properly. We are disposed to take a practical view of the situation, and send no more out than the local surroundings seem willing to support financially.

As for ordination, it has been a problem to select those best fitted with worldly wisdom and with spiritual gifts, and none need feel aggrieved at being refused; for oftentimes local surroundings, as well as the demands of the public, must have their bearings. We have tried to err, if at all, on the side of keeping the members few and their merits many.

You are well aware that at its last annual convention, at Chicago, the National Spiritualists' Association, with a full chorus from Michigan, adopted a Declaration of Principles. This was done after the most thorough canvassing by the committee in charge of the same. While it may not fit exactly an even dozen critical minds, the wording is such as to cover the essential points necessary in a declaration suited to the majority, and it is hoped that the State Association of Michigan will adopt the same, as an "exclamation point" in its sensible career.

We do not hesitate to say at this time that our growth and recognition by the public, our treatment by the press and railroads, and the fellowship with other religious denominations have been all that we merit and all we have earned, when viewed as a whole. It is not to be expected that those outside our philosophy will discriminate between Spiritualists recognized by the State Association or local organizations, and those of every known method of attracting public attention. So let us take the verdict rendered as merited and rest content with the same till such time as we shall have led out of darkness those poor deluded mortals calling themselves Spiritualists, who write their own commendations for the press, who advertise their merits in large type, or who supplement their "texts" with matter obtained through material means.

Having been called in question by some prominent workers in our Cause for referring to fraud and dishonest practices, while presenting the case of the State and National Associations at the different camps, as an officer in each, let me here state: I fear no harm from an honest admission of guilt or weakness on our part, believing that the less we boast through press or public utterance of questionable phenomena or that obtained under strictly test conditions, and the more strictly we characterize the results so obtained as unworthy, the more quickly will we establish confidence in the glorious and attractive field of the genuine.

Humanity is frail, and, as human beings, we cannot bear the same strain at some times that is borne at others. We have a share of human frailties. If the good of humanity be the aim of our brethren in the church, then have they great cause to rejoice; for even among the ignorant there exists a religious tendency, and the very intellectual worldly man, as well as the materialist who must verify every step of progress, and the scientist whose survey of man and nature fails to find the soul or spirit—each in turn bows at the evidence and is compelled to acknowledge the facts of our phenomenal Spiritualism. As for me, in my blind ignorance of spiritual things, only surpassed by my inner longings for the after life, my prayers, my songs, my mingling with the church and its gatherings of various denominations, only drove me farther from the recognition of any principle in nature that left a hope for the hereafter possible.

We do not for a moment attempt to argue that all need our method of proof, but to many so unfortunate, if you so denominate it, as to doubt the power of one to take upon himself the guilt of another, or in any way (save a material one) to efface our guilt or give us one ray of hope, we do say our philosophy, crude as it is, despised as it has been, comes as a boon of priceless worth. It unfolds a new world, or, in other words, it gives a key to unlock the wonders of our present world in its fitness and adaptation to all of man's needs, if he only will try to conquer self and contribute to the good of others. 'Tis enough that it is a cross.

When I found beyond the cavil of human mind to doubt, that the "after life" was assured, it was not my whole soul, it kindled a fire on my altar; which nothing short of a dream could ever efface. We venture to say there are few ministers of the gospel, or devout and faithful church members of any denomination, who can fully realize the far-reaching extent of the materialistic views of the intelligent and business portion of these states. Your very presence, your ardent desire to keep hope kindled, and the faith in your calling and your prayers respected, together with the unwillingness on the part of any noble man or woman to weaken a hope which they would prefer to strengthen, puts a bar to their revealing to you the true state of their opinion. This I believe to be not an extravagant statement; that a small per cent. of the moving machinery of this Government, the managers of these railroads, the bankers, the lawyers, the doctors, the most prominent statesmen, the leading stock-men, as well as prominent women, are unshaken in regard to a future life. My hearers may say, unwise to utter in

public, even if believed or provable. Once we would have said so, for it is not considered wise to destroy that which we cannot build.

Be that as it may. As Spiritualists we come not to destroy old faiths. Our mission is to emphasize and prove that which our brethren have prayed for. We take the refuse, or the rejected of your faith process, and use the granite compote to cement our structure of Modern Spiritualism. The doubter is a proper subject with which to experiment. With such we build our strongest pillars. It is not our object to invade the sanctity of the church, neither to pluck flowers from her altar, nor remove the bricks from her outer walls; but we do mean to vitalize the most salient features of the inspiration of the Bible, and give force to the so-called miracles of Christ, by demonstration which leaves no room for doubt or fear. Who can question "the hand writing on the wall," or the appearance of Christ in the room with his disciples, the doors and windows all being closed, when we are enabled to see those of our own household with added security against the possibility of deception? Though this may not fall to the lot of all, still it is of frequent occurrence, and attested to by those especially chosen to rebut deceptive practices. There is still a more frequent and more convincing and overwhelming evidence to our senses when we are taken possession of by an intelligent entity who controls our language, our gestures and our feelings so completely as to give unmistakable evidence of his or her own identity and life work.

My friends, we have passed the need of an argument to sustain our position, as we have emerged from that show stage which Mr. Moulton aptly styles the public performance, to call attention to the phenomena of steam, of electricity, of chemistry, or of spirit-power. And yet it is not enough to point to the prominent believers in our philosophy among those of renown in other pursuits, for a giant intellect may pass a thousand times along the road where wild game have crossed and recrossed and still be unmindful of their proximity; whereas a trapper or hunter of small mental unfoldment will give unmistakable evidence of the same both in numbers and kind. Suffice it, we are entrenched by the evidence of the most intellectual investigation and from the most crude. Approach the fact of "spirit-return" from any standpoint you may, and your convictions will be the same as regards the fundamental truths we claim. In fact, the methods of its revelation have so multiplied of late that its general acceptance is but the work of a brief time.

We only ask of you to bring in your friends during these coming sessions, and let us reason together. Let us feel we have a common enemy to battle: Ignorance and Vice; we have one common object to attain, that of a better understanding of each other, and a stronger cementing of brotherly love and charity to the end that the ignorant may become more wise, that the poor may be fed and clothed by their own efforts, thereby ennobling their lives, that the weak inept may be given strength from this reservoir of spirit power which does sometimes cast the bowl from their lips, and create in them a disgust for its contents, that families may become more united in the sweetness of home life, that a few hours may be taken from worldly cares, and devoted to the development of our spiritual natures, the only proper atmosphere for our spirit friends to come to us, and lastly to rob death and the grave of their reign of terror by the tendency of common with so many, both in and out of the church, have testified to—that of having seen and talked with their dear ones in their dying hours.

In faithful administration of my duty to you this afternoon I can say, this is no fairy picture, no dream of the imagination, but a tangible reality, to be reached by the many instead of the few, when once the power of our departed friends is recognized and augmented by our earnest and loving effort.

## Transition of Mrs. Livermore.

A large number of sorrowing friends gathered at the home of the late Mrs. R. F. Livermore, in Corry, Pa., to pay their last tribute of respect to her memory. As she lay among the flowers, in a perfect bower of beauty that kind friends had so artistically arranged for her, one could almost catch a glimpse of the beautiful "summerland" to which her gentle spirit has flown, and the loving smile which still remained upon her lips seemed to voice her appreciation of it all.

The remarks of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, of Chicago, who officiated, fell like a balm upon the hearts of the mourners. The beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism, which teaches that this world is but a preparatory school for the higher life, and that the gateway between this world and the next is not closed, but that our loved ones are permitted to comfort us in our needs the same as of yore, was portrayed in all its truth and loveliness by the speaker, and seemed to each saddened heart like a benediction from the deceased.

The loving, beautiful life of our friend will ever be a lasting memory to us who knew her best, and her many acts and words of love and charity follow us until we join her in the great beyond.

Within the nineteen years of her residence in Corry she has gained more friends than ordinarily falls to the lot of one individual, and her removal from our midst stirs to its centre our entire community.

After the services at the house the remains were placed in the casket and taken to the station, from thence to be removed to Rutland, Vt., and laid beside those of her mother.

The heartfelt sympathy of all go out to the grief-stricken husband, son and wife, who accompanied the remains to their last resting place; also to the father, brother and sister who reside in Rutland, where another short service will be held at her father's home, before the burial.

Mrs. Livermore, nee Eliza H. Bates, was born in Huntington, Vt., June 20, 1847. Removed to Rutland in early childhood, at which place she was married to R. F. Livermore, Feb. 10, 1869. A more than usual amount of wedded bliss has been theirs through all these years, making this sad parting all the more unbearable to the stricken husband, which parting occurred Monday, Feb. 5, 1900.

Sister L. was a model Spiritualist. Fifteen years ago when I came to Corry she was a leading Presbyterian, and was indignant when first told that the doctrine, (that without the shedding of blood there was no remission of sins) was heathen, and never taught by Christ. Her integrity rose above bigotry and purified her belief. The church desired to have the funeral held in its building, but the friends preferred to have it in Corry, where she resided. No funeral ever held in Corry made so deep an impression in the minds of religious church members who are hungry for clearer light on the home beyond the river to which we are hastening.

## A Musicales.

Half a hundred of the friends of Mr. E. Warren Hatch gathered at the home of his parents, 74 Sydney St., Dorchester, Tuesday evening, Feb. 4, to enjoy a musicale given in honor of his twenty-first birthday. Having been a Spiritualist all his life, he consequently has a large number of friends among the different societies. The societies represented were: The National Spiritualists' Association, by its President, Mr. Barrett, and a letter from the Secretary, Mr. Longley; the Massachusetts State Association, the New England Spiritualist Camp-Meeting Association, the Onset Bay Association, the Boston Spiritual Temple, the First Ladies Aid Society, the Helping Hand Society and the Boston Spiritual Lyceum.

During the evening the Clenton orchestra dispersed charming music; Miss Martha MacKenzie read a poem from one of Mrs. Longley's spirit-friends, little Annie Gibson; Mr. Chas. Sullivan gave a recitation; Mr. H. D. Barrett contributed some beautiful thoughts; Mr. Robert Dual gave a trombone solo; Mr. I. Alexander gave a violin solo, as did Mr. Chas. L. Hatch; Mr. Clenton Batheholder gave a cornet solo; Mr. Joseph Daly, a phenomenal pianist, gave several solos, and Mr. E. Warren pleased his friends with songs.

At the close of the musicale, a bountiful repast was served. Mrs. Hatch was assisted in pouring coffee by Mrs. Grace Cobb Crawford and Mrs. J. A. Shelhamer. Mr. Hatch received many gifts during the evening.

It will be a long time before the occasion will be forgotten by those who were there. It was one o'clock in the morning before the last one left the house. Mr. Hatch is very popular with the young society people of Dorchester, and many were there, bringing with them a club present.

## Moses Hull's Last Card.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Will you allow me space for one more card? Mr. Bach has been delayed in getting out my book by the total collapse of his largest printing press. It took him two weeks to get his broken press to Buffalo, and a new one back and in running order. As a result, the book will be delayed about a week. They now promise, if they meet with no further mishaps, I can begin delivering books to subscribers not later than the 22d of this month.

We have the labels written as far as the subscribers have paid for the book, and we hope to have them in the express and mail within three or four days of the time we receive them.

The money for subscriptions is now due. New subscribers will be received at the rate advertised until March 1. All the money on subscriptions is now needed to meet the bills, all of which will be due as soon as the books are delivered to us.

Thanking every subscriber, and especially thanking the Spiritualist press, and promising to reciprocate in any possible way,

I am still in the work, MOSES HULL.

## Mrs. C. H. Appleton.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Will you please say to the readers of your paper that Mrs. C. H. Appleton, President of the Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society, is quite ill at her home in Cambridge, and it is hoped that the best wishes of her many friends will be sent to her, freighted with healing, that her recovery may be speedy.

IDA P. A. WHITLOCK.

## Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Manchester, N. H., Feb. 2, at the home of George Ellenwood, Lake Avenue, Mrs. ABRIE REED, aged 45 years.

The deceased was a true Spiritualist and possessed marked mediumistic powers. She was charitable and kind to the unfortunate and a firm friend. She was an active worker for the Cause in the Society at Manchester, where they will miss her kindly smile and words of good cheer. She not only had her hand on the wheel but her hands are ever ready to raise that we may behold those who have gone from the darkness and trouble of earth to the light of the eternal day. She leaves two sisters here to mourn her loss, and a host of friends. The funeral took place Sunday, Feb. 4. The services were conducted by the writer and the D. L. of which she was a member. There were many beautiful floral tributes. May the one who has passed on to the spirit world find her rest there, for she has been his loss will be her gain.

NELLIE F. BURNECK.

## LIST OF SPIRITUALIST LECTURERS.

If there are any errors in this List, we wish those most interested to inform us.

G. FANNIE ALLYN, Stoneham, Mass.  
JAMES S. ANDERSON, Springfield, Mass.  
DR. H. C. ANDREWS, Bridgeport, Conn.  
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BRIGHAM, 224 E. 3rd street, New York.  
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MRS. E. B. BROWN, 122 Madison street, San Francisco, Cal.  
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CAPT. J. BALCOM, 7 Neptune street, Lynn, Mass.  
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MRS. EMMA J. BULLEN, Denver, Col.  
MISS L. BARNICOAT, Boston, Mass.  
MRS. E. C. BRIDGES, 122 Madison street, San Francisco, Cal.  
PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN, San Jose, Cal.  
MRS. S. E. W. BISHOP, South Milton, Mich.  
S. L. BEAL, Brockton, Mass.  
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DR. CLARE, care BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.  
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LOUIS COLBURN, Essex Junction, Vt.  
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THOS. G. NEWMAN, 143 Market st., Milwaukee, Wis.  
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PROF. W. P. PETERSON, 143 Market st., Milwaukee, Wis.  
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MRS. R. WILSON, Mirror Lake, N. H.  
MRS. A. WAGNOT, 311 North Fremont Ave., Baltimore, Md.  
WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, 435 Main st., Springfield, Mass.  
MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND, Box 175, Stoneham, Mass.  
MRS. J. L. WESTWORTH, Knox, Me.  
MRS. E. C. BRIDGES, 122 Madison street, San Francisco, Cal.  
MRS. JULIETTE YSAW, Leominster, Mass.

\*Will also attend funerals.

\*Not for publication limited from the above list, they will be gladly inserted as soon as the Editor is notified of the error.

## A Great Healer!



## THOUSANDS OF HIS CURES SEEM ALMOST MIRACULOUS.

BECAUSE your physician has failed to cure you do not give up in despair. There is still help for you. Thousands of those who have been given up as "incurable" are receiving new life and vigor at the hands of Dr. Peebles and his able staff of assistants. He can cure you, or at least give you permanent help.

## Psychic Diagnosing.

All of the Doctor's diagnosing is done by the aid of his psychic gifts. He can diagnose your diseases without a fractured bone. Nothing is more important than a correct diagnosis. This is true because it is the cause, the fundamental diseased organs and tissues, that must have attention. If a person has a pain in the side due to affection of the liver, the physician who treats the patient for an involvement of the lung and pleura will necessarily fall short of a cure.

## WHAT THOSE WHO KNOW SAY OF PSYCHIC DIAGNOSING.

WASH. W. VA., Jan. 10, 1900.—Dear Sir: This evening finds me trying to answer your most kind and welcome letter. I can say that I never had any physician apply my ailments to me as perfectly as you did.

HARRISON, NEB., Jan. 7, 1900.—Dear Sir: You described my case better than I could have told it myself. MRS. R. M. WALLACE.

## WONDERFUL RESULTS OF HOME TREATMENT.

MECHANICVILLE, O., Jan. 3, 1900.—My Dear Doctor: When I commenced taking treatments of you I was and had been in much pain, and was dissatisfied and discouraged. It is now all over three months, and I am free from pain; have gained fifteen pounds, and am still gaining rapidly. My doctor had given me up as incurable. Being sure that I owe my life to your skill, I most cheerfully and heartily recommend you to all those in search of health.

ST. JOHN'S, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Dear Dr. Peebles: I am improving very fast under your treatment, and am not troubled with the skin disease any longer. No medicines I have taken can compare with yours. J. W. HENDERSON.

BROOKS, CAL., Jan. 17, 1900.—Dear Dr. Peebles: When I think of my condition at the time I began your treatment a few months ago, I realize what a wonderful improvement in health I have received at your hands. My health is better, and my weight more than ever before. I know of no better way of showing my appreciation than by acknowledging what you have done for me to others, that they may have an opportunity of enjoying the same blessing, and anyone addressing me, with stamp, can have a personal testimonial of what you have done for me. Yours fraternally, A. G. SMITH.

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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 special 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.

### MESSAGES.

The following messages are given through one of Mrs. Soule's guides, Sunbeam.

Report of Séance held Feb. 1, S. E. 52, 1900.

#### Stephen Haskell.

Here comes a spirit who says: "Do not, please, keep me waiting any more. My name is Stephen Haskell." He is a man about medium height. He has stooping shoulders and a long gray beard. The eyes are blue, but they looked faded from long looking and watching. He looks rather like a patriarch. He has a kindly way, but he was so afraid he would lose his strength before his turn came. He says: "Sometimes the children let us old people come first, because, although we might be patient, our strength would not hold out as well. I want to send word to Mary Haskell. She is one whom everybody calls Aunt Mary Haskell. She knows a little about this. I did before I went away, and yet I did not think it was so real. I did think it would perhaps be easier to come back often, but I do not find the avenue by which I can get home nearly as often as I wish. If you please, say to Mary that the time will not be long before she will join me, and that, although she will leave some who love her and some who will mourn, there will be many more who will rejoice. I shall feel that then we can go on together, for I have been tarrying on the threshold, waiting for the door to open and for her to appear, and I cannot seem to go on very far, because every little while I listen for her voice or watch to see her smile." Nashville, Tenn.

#### Eddie Burns.

Here comes a boy. His name is Eddie Burns. He is about ten or twelve years old. He has blue eyes and brown hair and a real bright way. He has books under his arm. He looks up at me and says: "My father is with me over here. My mother is alive. She lives in Boston. I have never been back to her. I do not think she knows much about this, but I have looked at her and thought perhaps it would be a good thing if I could send a little word to her, because sometimes she wishes, when she sees other boys, that she had her boy back; and I would like to tell her that, although she cannot see me, I am there with her just the same. There is a certain amount of fun I get in seeing how close I can come to her and how much she feels me, and sometimes I am even able to bring things around that she wants, sometimes when my grandma helps me and lets me do it. I was not very good or very bad. I do not know as I can say anything about myself, only that I was very fond of my mamma." You wait a minute, and I will try to tell you her name. It looks like Ella Burns.

#### Susie Sinclair.

This is a girl about twenty. She is fair, blond hair, blue eyes, and looks something like a German girl. She is not German, but looks like one. "My name is Susie Sinclair, of Bloomington, Ill. I was married, although I look young, and I had children. I left my husband and two children. His name was George Sinclair. He has been thinking about getting married again; and, while I would like to see him married, I had rather see my mother keep the children. I think it will be better for them if they stay with her, and then I can come nearer to them. Somehow, I should feel as if I were stepping in between a man and his wife if I had to go there and help take care of the children when the second wife was there. It may be just a feeling of mine, but as yet I cannot quite make up my mind to go there and see them happy the same as I and I were. I never believed in second marriages anyway, and I am sure I do not now. I wish to goodness they would take down my picture. The second wife will not want it there, and I do not want it to plague her. It would look as if I was watching her all the time. I am the first wife, and I don't want it, and so I do not see any sense in having it there."

#### Lucy Eddy.

Some one comes here now by the name of Eddy. It is a woman. She is dark, about medium height, dark hair with a little gray mixed in. Her eyes are dark; her skin is clear olive. "My name is Lucy Eddy, and I am from Framingham, Mass. If everybody suffers as I did, and suffers as much in coming back as I do, they would not want to come. I suppose I will get over it after I get away from here, but somehow the old condition of pain sweeps over me as I stand here. I want to get to Charles and I want to say that I am very well satisfied with everything that has been done. It is the best that could be under the circumstances."

#### Mrs. Lizzie Howe.

A spirit named Lizzie Howe, from Brockton, comes. She is medium height and very stout, weighs about one hundred and sixty pounds. She has gray hair and blue eyes (wears glasses), a round, full face, and a short neck, so she cannot wear a high collar—has her dress turned down: "I am Mrs. Lizzie Howe. I was sick or a good many years, but I kept around doing everything I could, and now I am not able to do any more and everything seems to be going to pieces; so I thought I would come and see if I could not attract some attention

and have a change somewhere. I have tried to come in their meetings down to Brockton, but I was not able to be recognized. Now I make this attempt. This is all I can say, but help me if you can."

#### Abigail Smithers.

There comes now a woman, rather stout, about one hundred and eighty pounds. She has bright blue eyes, and soft white hair. It is perfectly white, and looks as smooth and soft as can be. It is that kind of hair you always want to touch. She says: "Well, that is quite a compliment, and I feel pleased to have you say so, because people used to feel that way about it, and it is a part of my message. My name is Abigail Smithers, from Toronto, Ontario. This is entirely new to me. I was a very practical woman, and it seemed to me that about the best thing for people to do was to take care of what life there is here, and not ask too many questions about the great unknown. While I was not one of those people who blindly trust to God for everything they want, I thought if he knew enough to make us, he knew enough to take care of us, and somehow it would be all right. But if I was living here again, the first thing, I would try to find out about something besides my body, something about my spirit, what was going to become of it.

"I had a great many clothes when I passed away. The closets were full of them. I never destroyed anything. Every dress I had from the time I was married until I died I kept until it wore out, and so when I came back first, and looked at all those things, it shocked me, and I wondered why I had not thought to have done something with them. If you will believe me, that is what I have come for, to tell my daughter for goodness sake to dispose of them, because it worries me, and I had rather see them doing somebody some good. Even if they are old fashioned, they can be fixed over, and keep some little body warm. My daughter Emma lives at home where her mother died. She has no husband. She is kind of old-maidish, and she will be shocked to death to think of giving those things away, unless told to in a direct message. That is all I have to say. When that is done I think I will be happier."

#### Carrie Johnson.

Here is a woman about thirty-five. She has very dark eyes, and is slim and nervous. Her name is Carrie Johnson. She wants to get to Gussie. It seems like a girl who was in her care. She says: "Dear me! it does seem as though I ought to be able to speak loud enough for her to hear. She is only about fourteen years old, and just at the age when she needs my thought and attention. I keep sending them to her, but I want to speak to her, because it would be so much more real, and she would heed it more. Why talk about people going to heaven and resting easy while their loved ones are in temptation and danger! There is no god big enough to hold me by his side while I have loved ones who need my thought." She writes down Chelmsford, Mass. "You will find that this is a new thought there. They have not taken it up much. There are a few who read it by candle light in the closet, but they do not dare to come out in the open about it, and I would like to stir them up."

#### Fannie Drake.

After her comes another woman. She is quite short, but she has dark eyes, too, and dark hair, and it is completely covered with frizzles. She was one of those kind who could not go anywhere until she had stopped to curl every spear of hair on her head. She is fussing now over her face and dress, as though that was a way she had. She says: "Well, you need not laugh; it is not because I am so interested in it now, but I am playing the part I played in life to show that I am really the one who pretends to come. I had a bean, although I never was married, and while people thought I did not have a chance, I want it to be distinctly understood that I had a number. I think now perhaps it is better that I stayed as I was, because it would have been a terrible thing to me if I had been married and had some of the things happen to me that I have seen happen to other married people." Her name is Fannie Drake, and she is from Wichita, Kansas. She wants to go to her father; his name is Henry.

#### Walter Dunbar.

Here is a young man, I should think nearly six feet tall. He is slim, has very light hair, blue eyes and a quick way. He smiles and puts his hand across his head as though to put away any impression that had come to him from the surroundings, and speak clearly for himself. He says: "I feel like saying that when a spirit comes into a circle of this kind he is sensitive enough to receive the impressions of people present, and sometimes almost unwittingly expressed some thought of theirs, perhaps an initial or a word that might upset a message; so the only way to do to get a perfect communication is to be just as passive as you can and keep thoughts away that will crowd in about people you know. My name is Walter Dunbar, from Chelsea, Mass. I was fond of music, fond of anything that was nice I think, and particularly fond of flowers. (He holds a great big bunch of roses in his hand—deep red roses.) I always said that the red roses were the sweetest and best. I feel like telling my mother that I have all the roses I want. I used to tell her when I was here that if we ever got rich we would have a place where we raised roses for our own benefit. I have often thought if I only could have that opportunity I would not sell them, and I would not give them to people who could buy them, but I would give them to the hospitals." He thinks the red roses would bring strength to the people who were there.

#### A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND NINE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Some of us remember the lines,  
"Naught can you take in your cold, dead hand  
But what you have given away."

The same was said by a returning spirit, that what he gave away he now has in the world of souls. The Nazarene is reported to have told a rich young man to dispose of his property and distribute the proceeds to the poor, and then follow him.

Most would consider this request of Jesus an extreme one, and really unsuitable for general practice. Though the time may come in civilized nations when they will be turned into co-operative commonwealths, in which there will be no very rich nor very poor, but all will be comfortable, as in a well-regulated family, we have not yet reached the point where it would

be well to give all away to the poor, for he who did so would then be poor himself, and in need of having the same done to him.

At the present stage of social development, it would seem better that he who has a dwelling should keep it, and not make himself shelterless by giving it wholly away, and that he who has a moderate income should retain the principal for his own rainy day. But those who possess these would do well to practice hospitality so far as possible, and to spend every cent of the income that was not necessary for the comfort of those dependent on them on the many we daily meet who are in actual want. The times seem to be still very hard for many, and with the present cold season one would be blind to the needs of his brethren and sisters, who did not see at every turn persons in actual need of what only money can buy. It is good to give all that we can properly spare of clothes, bedding, furniture and accumulated and piteous provisions, but coal, wood, medicine, milk, flour, shoes and many other things require the expenditure of actual money by somebody in order to be available. I have found in my own efforts to do somewhat for those who are out of work, or too ill to work, that though garments and food are thankfully received, yet the gift of a little money, be it no more than fifty cents, causes the sad eyes to grow brighter, for the thankful recipient well knows what she can get with that little sum.

Good can often be done by showing people how to economize their heat by nailing strips of cloth to the edges and sills of the doors, how to make a poor stove draw well by filling the cracks in the part that holds the coal with a little cement, how to cook the cheap cereal in a way to make it palatable, and how to cook inexpensive meat in soups and stews so that the essence of it may go as far as possible. Of course we must practice these things ourselves, or we cannot teach others. I, for one, am glad to practice all the arts of economy, and eat my bread without butter, in order to have something to give to those who are worse off than myself.

Europeans are amazed at the lavishness of Americans who put butter on bread that is to be eaten with meat or soup. It is a mistake to put butter or sugar on articles of diet that taste well in themselves without them, to a natural, unperverted taste. Parents, even those in poverty, often spoil the taste of their children, and sow the seeds of future disease, by giving them bread covered thickly with butter and sugar. The child soon loses his relish for bread, if his own good taste has been disguised in this way.

After a light supper, I sometimes find myself hungry at bed-time. As it is against my principles to retire hungry, I get a slice of bread, and it tastes so good with nothing on it. If a child is not hungry enough to eat good, plain bread, he better play awhile longer till he gets a healthy appetite. But whether he be hungry or not, he can usually eat a slice of bread plentifully smeared with butter and sugar. I have heard of an experienced physician who said the general health of the people would be better if sugar were fifty cents a pound.

But if a tramp comes along and wants something to eat I always give him butter on the bread, on account of the following story, which some of our readers have heard: A tramp called at a door for something to eat. The woman of the house was of the godly sort, and with a long drawn, sanctimonious aspect, she said to him, as she gave him a generous piece of dry bread, "I give you this bread for God's sake." The tramp looked at the bread, saw there was no suggestion of butter or meal with it, and with an appealing look at the lady said, "And will you, for Jesus' sake, put some butter on it?"

This lady, doubtless, had not learned how to put herself in the place of another, and so could not put the Golden Rule into complete practice. "Whatever you would that others should do to you, do ye even so to them." If she had butter in the house she should have put some on the first place, for if she were a hungry tramp, foot-sore with her tramping, she would not like to have plain bread offered her, even "for God's sake." I recall, however, that a poor friend of mine in Arlington had no butter nor meat in the house, and when she gave three good slices of plain bread to a tramp who professed to be hungry, he threw them disdainfully into the next yard. After he had gone she stepped over the fence, and picking up the bread, she brought it into the house, for she felt that it was too good to waste, and Rover could eat it, though it had been on the ground.

This tramp was ungrateful, which brings us to consider whether we shall show kindness to persons in need who show ingratitude. This depends on the motive that actuates us. Do we show the kindness or bestow the gift in order to win gratitude, or because the person seems in need? In the former case we are working for self, and need to learn the nature of real philanthropy, which is god-like, in that the kindness is bestowed on the evil and the unthankful. If the latter, their ingratitude does not affect our own consciousness that we sought to do right by relieving pain or by lessening want. While it is sweet to have the objects of our care feel grateful to us, the presence or the absence of this feeling in them should not affect our future action toward them. If they are ungrateful, we may account for it by their suffering, which makes them unthankful of anything else, or by their having been brought up in an unthankful and selfish way.

It betokens high breeding and a cultivated nature to bear either mental or physical torture, and be ever mindful of the kindness of those who are trying to aid us, and to say the "Thank you, dear," which my precious insane and paralyzed brother never once failed to do during the six long months that I put the food in his mouth as he lay in bed. Such deportment in one so beset with every sort of ill makes me set his character on an exalted pedestal, and it makes reverence for him a predominant feeling when I recall his doleful past. Thank the ministering angels of eternity's immutable will that I can now say of that idolized brother what Lady Jane Grey said when she saw the headless body of her Dudley borne past her window before she laid her own lovely head upon the fatal block, "Nothing can now mar his eternal felicity."

Yes; his gratitude was very sweet, but, had he shown none, my duty to him would have been just the same. It is not to win gratitude that we should work for and give to those who are in need. That they need should be enough for us, and then we shall be "like the Father," quoting words that retain the loving savor of him who uttered them, though our own theology may differ in some respects from his.

If, however, the ingratitude of the recipient is caused by something wrong in our own mental condition, we should of course ascertain the fact and seek to change. One could not blame the tramp if he were not grateful to the lady who gave him the butterless bread "for God's sake." There was something wanting to her gift besides the butter. She did not give herself, and

"The gift, without the giver, is bare."

She held herself aloof on her sanctimonious pedestal. She did not come down (mentally) and stand by his side, and give him sympathy and compassion on his own level. Had she done so, perhaps the consciousness that she was sorry for him, as a true sister is sorry for an unfortunate brother, would have made that bread taste sweeter to him than if it had been well buttered. We must not give to the poor letting them feel that we are above them in any way. We must sit down with them, and have them feel that we care for them, not as poor persons, but as unfortunate friends whom we love and esteem. I frequently say to them: "People have been very good to me, and I want to give you a little of it," and I tell them that even a little help in hard times like these, if we go in a spirit that awakens their pride and resentment, we better never go near the house.

What a beautiful poem is Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal"! When the young knight, with prancing steed and burnished armor, started that bright June morning in quest of the Holy Grail, he saw a wretched leper at the castle gate, and flung him a piece of gold in scorn. After many years had passed, the knight, now an old man bent and frail, returned on a bitter winter day from his unsuccessful quest for the communion-cup used at the Last Supper. Again he saw the leper at the gate, crouching in all the desolate horror of his disease. Not in scorn this time, but with a compassionate love like the Nazarene's own, he gave to him, and the mouldy crust and the water became wheaten bread and wine. The leper, too, was transfigured, and became the glorified being whose communion-cup the knight had sought in many a clime.

He said words to the aged knight that fell as softly on his heart as leaves from the pine, and these are some of the words he said:

"Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail; Behold it is here."

"The holy supper is kept, indeed, In what we share with another's need. Not what we give, but what we share, For the gift without the giver is bare; Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—Himself, his hungry neighbor, and me."

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,  
ABBY A. JUDSON  
Arlington, N. J., Feb. 1, 1900

### Answers to Questions

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF  
W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By Paul Jeffries, Manchester, Eng.—Is there such a thing as degradation or backsliding after the spirit has progressed to a high plane? Is progression eternal?]

ANS.—In reply to the above we offer the following reflections, based upon the teachings we have unanimously received from inspiring intelligences since the very commencement of our public work. There is no such a thing in reality as spiritual degradation or backsliding after real victories have been won through conscious effort resulting in conquest over the elements of temptation. It is, however, probable that many spirits who have only attained a seeming height fall therefrom when brought into actual contact with difficulties they have never mastered. Innocence and purity are words of widely different import when both are carefully analyzed. A state of innocence can be a condition of untried, untempted spiritual infancy, and from that original paradise it is quite possible that all are at some time driven out. Purity is a state reached only through protracted experience, during which the nature is tried and tested at every point. Then when the victory is truly won there is no fall from that estate, for he who overcomes does indeed inherit all that he has conquered.

As to the absolute endlessness of progression, no one can see through eternity; it must, therefore, be presumptuous in the extreme to assert dogmatically what may be in store for us during ages we cannot possibly foresee; but so far as any knowledge is procurable on this tremendous subject, the unanimous verdict is that progress is unending. It is impossible to estimate a degree of happiness which may be called complete, for if the capacities of an entity are constantly unfolding, what would have been a complete degree of happiness in the past would be by no means complete in the future. It is logical to declare that whenever we have attained to a moral condition in which all our motives are so pure that we desire nothing but truth and goodness, we shall be perfectly free from all that induces active unhappiness, but as knowledge is infinite, and our aspirations toward greater knowledge are increasing, there will always be ample scope for growth in knowledge, and accompanying growth in that true happiness which is inseparable from genuine spiritual advancement.

We hold the doctrine of cycles of growth. When a cycle has ended, and the results of the activity of that cycle are harvested, there may be a period of tranquility corresponding with the oriental idea of Nirvana rightly interpreted, but students of the Vedanta philosophy speak of Para Nirvana as a still brighter spiritual condition. It stands to reason that there could be no higher attainment for the individual if such had ceased to exist. That definite spiritual life in the immediate hereafter, which almost everyone looks forward to, is a state in which we carry out to the full those particular desires and aspirations which were strongest within us when we left the material world. When that state is transcended, and we are ready to enter upon a higher mode of existence than we as yet conceive of, the soul sees stretching before it a vista of new experiences, upon which it will enter voluntarily and with delight. Retrogression, or a final loss of the soul, is a foundationless speculation, bereft of all exalting or encouraging ideas.

Q.—[By J. L. Franck, Louisville, Ky.] The question has often been asked me, are you a Spiritualist? Now what puzzles me is what to answer. I attend church regularly, I have been to medium, and I believe what is preached from the rostrum. How does one know when he is a Spiritualist? am I one or not is the question? How can I become a medium? how long does it take? and what must be done? What is clairvoyance? how can I become clairvoyant, when persons are clairvoyant do they see things or objects? I am anxious to learn about this wonderful work, but could not get any one to put me on the track, or tell me what to do. Any information you can give me will be thankfully received.

A.—The group of questions put by our present interlocutor can scarcely be fully answered

though they are well worthy of thoughtful consideration. In answer to the first enquiry we reply that a Spiritualist, properly speaking, is one who accepts the fundamentals of universal Spiritualism regardless of whether he attends church or consciously exercises any phase of mediumship. If you acknowledge the truth of spirit communion you are truly a Spiritualist regardless of your theological views on other matters. The celebrated Dr. Joseph Parker, who has been the minister at City Temple, London, ever since the erection of the building, is both a Congregationalist and a Spiritualist, as he holds to evangelical Christianity, and confesses to knowledge of spirit communion of a definite though mystical character with his beloved wife, who passed to the spirit state quite suddenly in January, 1899. A new magazine, called *The Sunday Strand*, commented upon this fact in its first issue (January 1900), and in the same article Rev. H. R. Hamel's, rector of St. James, Marylebone, says:

"I believe we are on the verge of a new era in which, for the first time in history, the occult world—the supersensuous sphere—will be reduced to scientific fact, like electricity, light, steam, etc. It is a sphere so vast, and full of such new power, that we may look forward ere long to clear increase and certitude of knowledge about the 'dead,' and to sure communication between the spheres; also to mastery over levitation, clairaudience, clairvoyance, telepathy, therapeutic healing and general converse of a definite kind with the higher powers for guidance. With such increase of faculty and function in upward mental and spiritual condition, the man of the not remote future may be as much above the man of the present in knowledge and sublimated functions as the man of to-day is above the cave man and troglodyte. Is the clergyman who spoke the above words a Spiritualist? For our own part we detest the narrow bigotry which says so and so is not a Spiritualist because he or she does not endorse all the pet theories or ride the favorite hobbies of some self-appointed dictator. If you are convinced of the reality and nearness of the spirit world, and in some mystic way hold conscious converse therewith, you are a Spiritualist, entirely regardless of other affiliations. True Spiritualism is far too broad to be confined within a sectarian fold, or to be fully definable in a creed of declaration or belief of any sort. As to becoming a medium, we prefer to say you can become increasingly mediumistic, but mediumship is a natural endowment, which cannot be created, but can be unfolded.

As to the best methods of developing latent psychic ability much has already been written, but the final word has by no means been pronounced. The very best conditions are usually afforded in select circles composed exclusively of persons who are drawn together by unanimity of purpose, entirely regardless of family ties or blood relationship. Psychic societies can enjoy lodge meetings on a small scale of a most profitable character, but a small number of harmonious friends is often far preferable to a comparatively large circle. Whether you sit alone or with another or others, it is highly desirable that you observe the rules laid down by genuine occult societies from time immemorial.

First set apart a small, convenient chamber for your sittings; into that little sanctuary, let nothing ever intrude. If you observe the rules necessary to secure the highest results, you will not allow ordinary conversation or pursuits to be carried on within its walls, because electro magnetic disturbances are constantly caused by the intrusion of extraneous influences. Set apart some convenient season for retiring into this shrine, and when you are there keep the outside world out of your thoughts. If distractions invade, refuse to notice them; thus will you banish them.

It is impossible to set a time limit to psychical development, because so very much depends upon the progress inwardly made already by whoever seeks to obtain results from periodical retirement. Clairvoyance is possessed to some extent by most children and highly sensitive adults, and as it is quite a natural and normal endowment, it readily reveals itself whenever hindrances are removed. We are all living in an atmosphere which we are perpetually perturbing by our excited thoughts. This psychic or astral ether is everywhere present, and serves as a screen or background to exhibit dissolving views with varying distinctness, regulated by its relatively quiescent state.

Crystal gazing, the use of magic mirrors and all allied "magical" practices, are often valuable aids to concentration. Fixity of thought and gaze go well together; therefore one who is already an incipient seer may become a well-developed clairvoyant by quietly sitting alone or in genial, unexcited company, awaiting a revelation. If one person sits very quietly for a short time every day he will probably enjoy some remarkable experiences before the end of a month at furthest, and it is quite possible that something definite and valuable may be revealed even at a first sitting. There is such a thing as definite clairvoyance, and there is also clairvoyant mediumship; we can also speak of subjective and objective clairvoyance. Independent clairvoyance, as it is sometimes called, is principally due to an extension of the normal range of visual perception particularly in the case of one who devotes himself to quiet, steadfast gazing into a clear glass of water, or even into the seemingly vacant atmosphere. Photography reveals that the sensitized plate often receives impressions of objects undiscernible by the ordinary naked eyes. Spirit-photography is now exciting renewed interest in England, and a committee has recently been appointed to collect all evidence possible pertaining to such fascinating phenomena. As you become clairvoyant, you begin to see a great deal more than you formerly saw; but you can be thoroughly normal while you are discerning refined or ethereal objects, which are even more real because more enduring than common-place material utensils.

Clairvoyant mediumship is due to your getting en rapport with unseen intelligences who know more than you know, and who find a means when you are receptive to convey information through your organism. We strongly advise our present questioner to either fit up a little retreat in his own abiding place, or else with a very few congenial friends, in some hospitable residence, where a quiet time can be given, at least twice a week uninterruptedly to the work of psychical development. There must be no nervous trepidation or mental uneasiness permitted to mar the serenity of the occasion, and whatever any one sees should be quietly described. If at first you get nothing of palpable value be not discouraged, as first revelations are generally somewhat dim



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