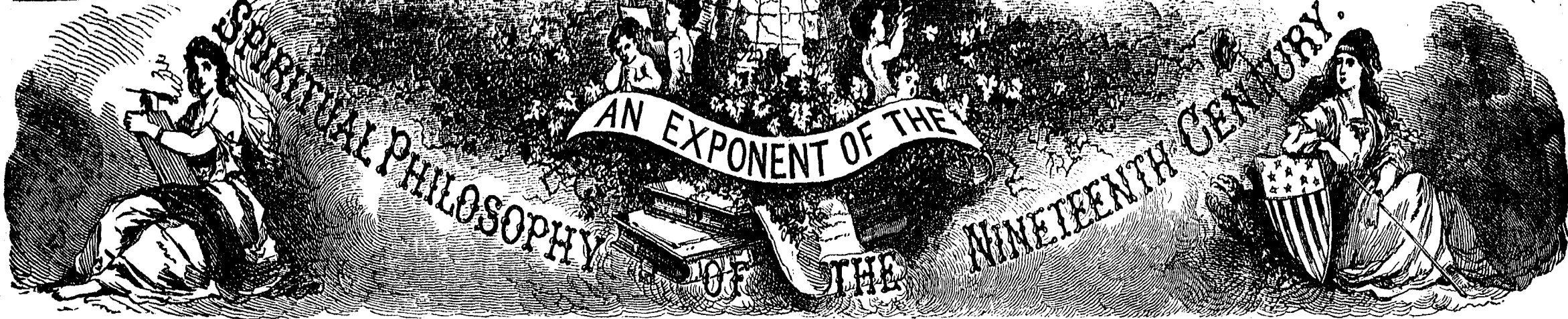


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NO. 14.

OUR GLAD THANKSGIVING DAY.

The Proclamation has been made and read in all the churches,
The pies and puddings have been baked galore,
And now this Thursday for the children like a shepherd searches,

And here they are all met at home once more;
Nay, some behind have parted from our earth way,
And gone to keep the feast that has no end;
Yet think you not that they would stop our mirth-way,

But rather something sweeter to us send—
For all the spaces of the upper sky
Throughout the year make Christmas music nigh!

So this the time when Home seems still as one in joy
together.

When old and young in common gladness meet,
And spite of wind and frost, or snow or any kind of
weather,

They show themselves and settle in their seat.
Now music is with joke and hearty chatter;
Behold the plates go round all full of cheer;
And hear the knives tinkle upon the platter,
And then you know for sure Thanksgiving here.
It is the happiest time the heart can keep,
When eyes like April skies may smile and weep!

'T is just as well to live in this divine encircling
gladness,

And with the soul the source of goodness praise,
As for to walk the earth in gloomy ways of woe and
sadness,

And make the very worst of all our days.
For men have fought the battle force before us,
And men have conquered in the trying fight;
Therefore for love and those that most adore us,
Let us be brave and children of the light,
And with sweet smiles and song and all things gay,
Make this a true, good, old Thanksgiving Day!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

(Revue du Monde Invisible, May, 1899.)

The Limits of the Physical.

"Human knowledge is like a constantly enlarging
sphere: the larger the volume the greater the number
of points of contact with the unknown."—Pascal.

"I cannot approve," wrote Arago in his lines
on Bailly, "of the mystery with which serious
scholars are present at somnambulist ex-
periences surround themselves to-day. Doubt
is a proof of modesty, and that rarely harmed
the progress of science. One cannot say as
much of incredulity. Outside of the realm of
pure mathematics the word 'impossible' shows
lack of prudence. Reserve is, above all, a
duty, when it is a question of animal organiza-
tion."

In spite of the wise words of a man of
genius, the majority of scholars who keep
themselves in a glass case persist in main-
taining toward all closely or distantly con-
nected with psychic phenomena a proud hos-
tility, of which one can judge by the following
lines taken from *Temps*, Aug. 12, 1893, *apropos*
of mental suggestion, and signed by Pouchet,
Professor at the Paris Museum:

"To prove that one brain acts over a dis-
tance by a sort of gravitation upon another,
like one magnet upon another, the sun upon
the planets, the earth upon a falling body. To
discover an influence, a nervous vibration pro-
pelling itself without material conductors! . . .
The wonder is that all those who believe to
lessor or greater extent in something of the
sort do not even seem in their naïveté to have
any idea of the importance, of the interest of
the novelty, of the revolution that this would
bring over the social world of to-morrow."

The attacks of Pouchet do not harm our
cause, because we are sure of the facts, and
then because we see men like Lodze and
Ochorowicz classed with us as naïf ignorants
studying the question with a view to
making it a physico-psychological one.

Besides the numerous observations upon
which these two eminent men base their be-
lief, I shall recall a very characteristic case,
probably little known in England. It is that
of a child of seven which had been closely ob-
served in 1894 by Dr. Quintard. This child in
its normal state replied to all questions, re-
solved all problems, no matter how difficult,
provided that its mother knew the solution.
He "read his mother's thoughts" instantly
and without hesitation, with his eyes shut or
back turned toward her; but a simple screen
interposed between them stopped the commu-
nication. This brings us well to the limits of
the physical, and the explanation to be given
to such a phenomenon is neither more nor less
sure than that for wireless telegraphy.

If facts could be admitted only when they
harmonize with official theories one would re-
ject nearly all the discoveries of the day in the
realm of electricity.

"In the majority of sciences," said Opikinea
(1890) "the more facts we know, the more closely
we seize the continuity of the chain which
makes us recognize the same phenomena un-
der different forms. So with magnetism, the
more facts, the more exceptional instances, the
less the chances of connecting them with any
one form."

Atmospheric electricity is constantly offer-
ing phenomena to which we have no key, and
which are so like those in the manifestations
of psychic force that one has the right to ask
whether they do not proceed from a like cause.

You all know the balls of fire of varying size
which are to be found in the presence of medi-
ums, and which seem at times guided by an in-
telligent force. Some shrug the shoulders at
this. However, I can cite from classic works
phenomena recorded there which are exactly
analogous, and also inexplicable. The follow-
ing, for instance, took place near Ginepreto,
not far from Pavie, Aug. 29, 1791, during a violent
thunder storm. It is recorded in a letter
from the Abbe Spallanzani to Father Bar-
letti (Vol. XIV, p. 296). Fifty feet from a farm
a flock of geese were feeding; a girl of twelve,
and another younger one, ran over from the
farm to make the geese go back. In the same

field were a boy of nine or ten, and a man past
fifty. Suddenly there appeared, three or four
feet from the girl, a ball of fire of the size of
two fists; rolling along it quickly came under
her bare feet, crept into her clothes, emerged
from the midst of her corsage, maintaining the
round shape, and shooting into the air with a
noise. The moment it got in among the girl's
clothes the latter spread out like an umbrella.
These details were given not by the subject,
who instantly fell to the ground, but by afore-
said little boy and man; separately asked, they
stated in like manner the identical fact. "In
vain I asked them," said Spallanzani, "if at the
moment they saw a quick flash fall from the
clouds toward the girl, they always answer
'No,' that the ball of fire went from below up-
ward and not from above, below." The body of
the young girl, who soon regained consciousness,
showed a slight erosion, extending from the
right knee to the middle of the chest; her
clothes had been torn to pieces in those very
regions, and traces of burning disappeared
upon washing. A hole two lines in diam-
eter was found passing right through the
chest covering worn by women of that coun-
try. The country doctor, Dagno, called a few
hours after the accident, found aforesaid er-
asion, several superficial striae black and wind-
ing, traces of the principal stroke of lightning.
The spot of the accident, the field, showed not
the least change, or traces of a meteor.

In *Comptes rendus*, vol. XXXV, p. 5, Babi-
net reports to the Académie, July 5, 1882, the
following case: "The object of this note is to
place before the Académie a case of globular
lightning which the Académie has asked me to
report, June 23, 1882, and which, so to speak,
in withdrawing, and not before that, struck a
house in Rue St. Jacques, in the neighborhood
of Val de Grace. The following is the account
of the workman in the room from which de-
scended and then ascended the thunder ball."

"After a strong clap of thunder, but not im-
mediately after, this workman, a tailor, seated
at his table and finishing his meal, suddenly
saw the guard covered with paper, which
closed up the fireplace, fall as though upset by
a very moderate wind, and a ball of fire as
large as a child's head emerged gently from the
fireplace and slowly move across the floor near
the brick part. The ball of fire appeared
again, according to the tailor, like a medium-
sized cat rolled up into a ball and moving with-
out the aid of its paws. The ball of fire was
brilliant rather than hot, and the workman
experienced no sensation of heat.

"The ball approached his feet like a young cat
wishing to play and rub against one, but the
tailor took his feet out of the way, and claims
that by very careful movements he avoided
touching the meteor. The latter appeared to
remain several seconds at his feet, while he
examined it attentively leaning forward. Hav-
ing attempted several excursions in various
senses without leaving the middle of the room,
the fire ball rose vertically as high as the work-
man's head, who to escape its touching his
face, and yet wishing to follow it with his eyes,
rose, throwing himself back in his chair. At
about a meter's distance from the paving the
fire ball grew somewhat longer, and turned
obliquely toward a hole in the fireplace about
a meter over the higher tablet of the fireplace.

"This opening had been made for the flue
of a stove used in winter. But" claims the
workman, "the fire-ball could not see the
opening as it was closed up with papers which
had stuck to it. The fire ball made straight
for the opening, unfastened the paper without
injuring it, and disappeared up the chimney;
then, having gradually arrived at the end of
the chimney, at least twenty meters from the
ground, gave a terrible explosion, destroying a
part of the top of the chimney, throwing the
fragments into the yard; the roofings of sev-
eral small constructions were dashed in, but
fortunately there was no accident. The tailor
lived on the third floor, and was not half way
up the house; the upper floors were not struck,
and the ball always moved slowly and irregu-
larly. Its brilliance was not blinding, and it
gave no sensible heat. This ball did not seem
to have the tendency to follow material con-
ductors, and cede to air currents."

The *Cosmos* of Oct. 30, 1897, cites an exactly
analogous case. Mme. de B—, who was at
the Bourbonnais in the country, in a room on
the ground floor, saw a ball of fire come
through the open door, in the midst of a storm,
roll slowly along the floor, come near her, and
roll around her "like a cat rubbing up against
her master," then turn toward the hearth
through which it disappeared. This by full
daylight.

Another, though less striking case: In Oc-
tober, 1885, at Péra, during a violent storm,
Mavrocordato had taken refuge in a house
where the family was still at table. Suddenly
a ball of fire about the size of an orange ap-
peared in the room; it had entered by the open
window. The ball grazed the gas burner,
then turning toward the table, passed between
two guests, turned around the central lamp,
made a noise like a pistol shot, made for the
door, and once outside burst with a dreadful
noise.

Is it harder to admit table-rappings and
movements than the plate-dancing reported
by André to the Académie in the séance of
Nov. 2, 1885?

Saturday, June 13, 1885, toward 8 p.m. he
was sitting at table in a room adjoining the light-
house tower in the northeast part of this
tower; suddenly he saw a belt of mist about
two meters broad descend from the upper
angle of the wall he was facing, and suddenly
obscure the latter at the same time that from
under the table, near his feet, came a dry
sound without echo or duration, and extreme-

ly loud. It sounded like a hard body striking
forcibly against the inner side and along the
entire length of the table, which to his great
surprise had not moved any more than the
diverse objects standing upon it.

After this the plate . . . voted about on the
table and made several movements without a
sound, which proves that the plate had left the
table without doing so sensibly. The plate
and the table remained intact.

These phenomena, which one has vainly
tried to bring under a theory, are sometimes
produced in a completely serene atmosphere
without making any noise. Aug. 6, 1899, at 2
p.m., a violent explosion was heard in the
house of Chadwick, proprietor of the country
around Manchester. The outer wall of a small
brick building, 30 density, 3m. 30 height, and
0.30 foundation, was uprooted and transported,
while remaining vertical. Upon examination,
one end of the building was found to have
walked to 2m. 70, and the other, about which
the structure had turned whilst gliding, had
been displaced by only 1m. 20. Thus the mass
weighed 26,000 kilograms. (W. de Fonvielle,
"Eclair et Tonnerre.")

Monteil, secretary of the Archeologic Com-
mission of Morbihan Cities (Figuer, *Année
Scientifique* 1877), among the effects of a stroke
of lightning at Vannes, Dec. 5, 1876. At 10:30
p.m. the displacement of a wall, the projection
of pieces of wood to a distance, and finally the
transportation of a sick patient from his bed
across the floor of the room to a distance of four
meters, although this room was nearly 300 meters
distant from the place where the lightning had
struck directly.

"Daguin Physique," Vol. III., p. 220, even
speaks of persons being transported twenty
or thirty meters.

One has frequently observed the complete
disrobing of people by lightning, and the car-
rying of their clothes to a very considerable
distance; the depilation of the entire body,
the cutting off of the tongue or limbs (*Annales
d'hygiène*, 1885.)

In a crowd, lightning seeks certain individ-
uals, leaving untouched those that are near.
Women seem to enjoy particular immunity:
According to Dr. Sestier ("La Foudre" II,
307), out of 206 persons struck, 169 are men, and
37 women. In statistics (199) extending over
11 years and relating to the forest lands of
Lippe Detmold, Karl Müller states that 56
oaks, 20 firs and three or four pines were
struck by lightning, although seven-tenths of
the trees were beeches, not one of this species
was injured.

Some people have recovered the use of pa-
ralyzed limbs through lightning; others again
contracted chronic paralysis.

Does not the projection of signs and hand-
writing often found in psychic séances, and
such as I have been witness to in the case of
Eusapia Paladino, bear a striking resemblance
to the images of surrounding bodies impressed
upon the body of certain persons when struck
by lightning?

Not to overstep the limits of this article, I
can only mention the phenomena of animal
electricity; I allude not only to the properties
of the torpedo and similar fish, but the sheet
of flame often seen about certain persons, the
attractions and repulsions between objects,
inert, or magnets. (See my work "L'Extéri-
orisation de la motricité.") Here again we are
at the limits of the physical world.

What is to be said about luminous plants,
plants which digest, which walk, which influ-
ence the compass?

Those are things much harder to explain
than the somnambulist's power to see through
opaque bodies. The X rays ought to disarm
doubt in this particular; the doubt however
is not present because the majority of minds
which have been petrified by the materialism
of the official science of the middle of this
century are not content as were their prede-
cessors to deny certain facts because these
facts upset theories; a sort of terror seems to
seize them in presence of all which tends to
prove that there is in man a spiritual element
destined to survive the body.

It is to such conclusion, however, that men
most distinguished for intelligence and charac-
ter have come at all times, and in diverse coun-
tries, because they are not afraid to proclaim
their belief in spite of railery, and frequently
persecution.

After idle excursions into various fields, facts
bring us back to the conception of a fluid body
which is as old as the world; I beg leave to lay
them before you as they have come to us after
a series of experiences recently made by peo-
ple whom you all know.

I start with this postulate, that there is in
living man a Body and a Spirit.

It is a common observation, says Boirao that
each one appears to himself under a double as-
pect. On the one hand, I see myself a material
mass, of a definite size, weight and movable,
similar to the objects round about me, com-
posed of the same elements, subjected to the
same physical and chemical laws; and, on the
other hand, if I look at myself, so to say, from
within, I see a being which thinks and feels, a
subject which cognizes itself in cognizing the
rest, a sort of invisible immaterial center about
which unfolds the endless vista of the universe
in space and time, spectator and judge of all
things, which do not exist, at least for him, ex-
cept as they are in his consciousness."

We cannot represent the spirit; all we know
is that the phenomena of will, of thought, of
feeling proceed from it.

As to the body a definition is useless, but we
distinguish between: (1) brute matter (bone,
flesh, blood, etc.) and an invisible agent which
transmits to the spirit the sense experience, and
to the muscle the orders from the spirit.

Intimately allied to the organism which se-
cures it during life this agent in the majority
of cases stops at the surface of the skin, and es-
capes in more or less intense emission varying
with the individual, through the sense organs
and very important parts of the body, as by the
extremities of the fingers. At least so much is
admitted by some individuals who have ac-
quired a momentary visual hyperaesthesia, and
by the ancient magnetists.

It can, however, be displaced in the body un-
der the influence of the will, since attention
augments our sensibility in certain parts while
others become more or less insensible; or does
not see, hear, smell except when one looks,
listens, scents or tastes.

With some persons, or "subjects," the ner-
vous fluid adheres so feebly to the body as to
be displaced with great ease, and thus produce
such phenomena as hyperaesthesia and com-
plete insensibility due to auto suggestion, that
is, to the influence of the spirit of the subject
on the fluid or due to the suggestion of an out-
sider whose spirit has come in contact with the
fluid of the subject.

Some subjects of still greater sensibility can
project their nervous fluid beyond the skin,
under certain conditions, thus producing the
phenomenon I have studied under the name of
"exteriorization of sensibility." One can easily
conceive how a mechanical process exercised
over these emissions, outside of the body, could
be propagated by means of them, and thus rise
to the brain.

The exteriorization of motricity is more
difficult to understand, and I can in explana-
tion but revert to one comparison.

Suppose that in some way we prevent the
nervous agent from coming to our hand; the
latter becomes dead, inert matter, like a piece
of wood, and it will not come under our will
power again except upon receiving the exact
quantity of fluid necessary to animate it.

Now let us admit that a person can project
the same fluid into a piece of wood in sufficient
quantity to make it proportionally; it will not
be at all absurd to hold that by some mech-
anism as unknown as that of electrical attrac-
tion and repulsion, this piece of wood will be
as an extension of the body of that person.

This would also explain the moving of tables
under the medium's fingers, and in general all
the movements of objects without with it, the
objects by many "sensitives" without appre-
ciable muscular effort. Elie Meric states "that
the intelligent responses and psychic mani-
festations of turning tables do not permit us
to accept above theory. We make particular
reservations as to the general conclusions of
this very interesting work."

These movements were minutely studied by
Baron Reichenbach; he has described them in
five conferences made in 1856 before the Acad-
émie I. and R. of Science, in Vienna.

One can even understand the production of
movements necessitating a superior force in
addition to that of the medium by the fact of
the human chain which puts at the disposal of
one a part of the power of the others.

But so simple a hypothesis does not explain
all the phenomena, and one is led to complete
it thus:

The nervous agent stretches along the sensi-
tive and motor nerves in all parts of the body.
One can say that, in its entirety, the shape is
the same as the body's, since it occupies the
same amount of space, and one may call it
man's fluid double, without overstepping the
limits of positive science. (E. Meric says no,
since this fluid is in constant flow and has no
consistence.)

Numerous experiences, with unfortunately
no guarantee in general but the testimony of
the subjects, seem to establish that this double
can form an new outside of the body after a
sufficient exteriorization of the nervous influx,
just as a crystal forms anew in a sufficiently
concentrated solution.

The double thus exteriorized continues to
depend on the spirit, and obeys it all the more
easily being now freed from the flesh, to such
effect that the subject can move it and accu-
mulate its substance upon this or that of its
parts so as to make it visible to the ordinary
sense.

In this way Eusapia would form the hands
which are seen and felt by the spectators.

Other less numerous experiences, and conse-
quently to be taken with still greater reserve,
tend to prove that the fluid exteriorized sub-
stance can be shaped by a very powerful will,
as the clay in the hands of the sculptor. (E.
Méric says that this hypothesis is inadmissible.
For all who seriously study the facts, King is
a reality, i. e., an invisible spirit, and it is he
who models the hand in the clay.)

One can suppose now that Eusapia's imagi-
nation, after journeying amid diverse spirits,
conceived of a John King, with a very deter-
mined face, and that she not only assumed his
personality in speech, but that she gave his
shape to her own fluid body when she made us
feel large hands and produced at a distance
upon clay the impression of a man's head.

But if nothing has proved John King's real
existence, neither has anything proved his
non-existence.

My collaborators and I are not the only ones
who have studied the question; others whom I
know perfectly and in whom I have the great-
est confidence bring facts which cannot be ex-
plained except by the temporary possession of
a fluid exteriorized body by an intelligent en-
tity of unknown origin. Such are the materi-
alizations of entire human bodies observed by
Crookes with Miss Florence Cook, by James
Tlietost with Elizabeth, and by Aksakof with
Mistress d'Espérance.

Well! such extraordinary phenomena, the
mere mention of which exasperates people who

believe themselves learned because they have
more or less scrutinized some branches of the
tree of science, appears a mere continuation of
such as we have witnessed ourselves, and
which we cannot doubt to-day.

We have in fact a first (1) stage of disengag-
ing of the fluid body in the exteriorization of
sensibility under the force of concentrated
layers on the body of the subject; that they
are material emissions is proved by the fact
that they are soluble in certain substances,
such as water and grease; but just as with
odors, the decrease in weight of the body send-
ing them out, is in this case too slight to be
measured by our instruments.

The second stage is the coagulation of these
streams into a paling double, not yet visible to
the ordinary eye.

In the third or fourth stage we have a gal-
vanic plastic transport, as it were, of the mat-
ter of the physical body of the medium, matter
which leaves the physical body to hold a simi-
lar place with the fluid double. In a great
number of cases the medium would lose a part
of his weight, which latter would be found in
the materialized body.

The most singular case thus far unique was
the one of Mistress d'Espérance, with whom
this change was made with such intensity that
a part of her own body became invisible. In
its place remained only the fluid body, whose
double is merely an emanation; spectators
could pass their hand over it, but she felt it.
This phenomenon, in its final stage, would bring
about the complete disappearance of the medi-
um's body and its appearance in another
place, as one hears told of in the lives of saints.

In the materialization of the complete body,
the body is ruled by a different intelligence
from that of the medium.

Above proves that the study of psychic phe-
nomena depends on three distinct sciences.

It is for physics to define the nature of the
psychic force by the mutual interactions with
the brute forces of nature: sound, heat, light,
electricity.

Physiology will have to examine the actions
and reactions of this same force upon living
bodies.

Finally, we enter into the spirit realm when
we want to determine how the psychic force
can be brought into play by intelligences be-
longing to invisible entities. But we know
that all phenomena of nature are linked to-
gether by insensible transitions: *Natura non
facit saltus*. We shall find them in these three
great provinces, dimly defined limits where
reign complex causes. Which difficulty in this
kind of research should not stop us. Accord-
ing to Lodge, whom I always like to cite:

"The barrier between the two worlds, spiri-
tual and material, can fall gradually, like
many other barriers, and we shall arrive at a
more elevated perception of the unity of na-
ture."

The possible things in the universe are equi-
ally infinite with itself. What we know is not
to be compared with what remains to be known.

If we are content with half a field actually
conquered, we violate the supreme rights of
science."

ALBERT DE ROCHAS.

(Translated by B. M. Grossman.)

The Way You Look at It.

Spiritualists have often been prone to take
phenomena for granted in the sense of attrib-
uting everything to an exclusive spiritual
source instead of holding themselves open to
the logic of evidence in all directions. Spir-
itualism is true, so is telepathy also a fact.
Communications are constantly being received
from "departed" friends, so also are mes-
sages coming to us frequently from those who
are yet wrapped in the flesh.

Fraud does not cover the ground occupied
by all ambiguous phenomena, but it does often
appear in varying proportions in close vicin-
ity to the genuine. So are gold and less pre-
cious minerals in the Klondike and other
mining centers found side by side. Specimens
of ore contain per centages of gold, but all is
not gold, and here comes in the difficult task
of examining and sifting.

Did we believe that the unseen universe
was totally unlike this visible plane of human
action, we might summarily dismiss all in-
quiry by dogmatically asserting that what-
ever comes from the world of spirits comes
either direct from the Deity, and is, there-
fore, unadulterated truth, or else from Satan,
and is consequently gross deception. Happily
for our educational prospects we can fall back
upon no such easy solution of the ever-pres-
sing mystery of the border-land with which
we are beset continually.—*The Field of Prog-
ress*.

Three Questions.

Have you a shadow—a persistent shadow in
your home? Get out into the sunshine and
let the shadow enjoy the pleasure of shading
itself.

Have you a skeleton in your closet? Cover
it with flesh and blood and nerves, and endow
it with conscious sentience, if it will be so en-
dowed; if not, throw it into the ditch.

Have you a thorn in your household side?
Pull it out and plant a rose there; but if the
thorn-cultivator insists upon nurturing thorns
to pierce others, gently retire from the thorn-
garden, leaving the thorns to prick the thorns.
There's an India serpent that stings itself to
death.

Away with dead emotions! Away with all
soul fetters that cramp and canker! Every
soul has a right to be free—that freedom being
based upon justice and truth, goodness and
righteousness.—J. M. Peebles, M. D., in *The
Temple of Health*.

MIND.

Oh! the limitless wealth of the mind,
Who can fathom the depth of its store?
Where the slumbering worlds are confined,
That slumber and wake evermore.

The radiant suns and the stars,
Are satellites all to the brain;
And the rhythm of infinite bars
Float in with a million refrain.

How quick is the flash of a thought,
Flying off into ether-crowned space;
Impatient till all things are caught
In the grasp of its mighty embrace.

From the infinite down to the mole,
From the zephyr to thunder's fierce thrall,
Where lightnings flash out from the pole,
It is mind that environs them all.

In the realms of the infinitude,
The mind builds her temples of gold;
Ever smelling the cosmic food,
Which myriads of ages unfold.

How stupendous the range of a thought!
It weighs its balance the wind,
Thus blazing forever onward
From its centre and home in the mind.

JOHN A. HOOVER.

The God Question in Our Declaration of Principles.

BY A. J. WEAVER.

The following are the first two articles in the Declaration of Principles, adopted at the last annual meeting of the National Spiritualists' Association, at Chicago.

1. We believe in Infinite Intelligence.
2. We believe that the phenomena of Nature, both physical and spiritual, are the expressions of Infinite Intelligence.

I state only what is self-evident to every Spiritualist, that the above articles form no vital and essential part of Spiritualism, because one can be a Spiritualist and not accept them. If, however, they are true, and we believe they would be of advantage to us as a body, it is proper we should adopt them. The important question is, are they true; for no one could think we ought to adopt error for the sake of gaining prestige in the world or favor from the courts. That would make us hypocrites. "Infinite" and "Intelligence" are the two words of importance which I will discuss.

Herbert Spencer says there is an Infinite Energy pervading the universe. It is evident to every one that there is an incomprehensible something pervading the universe. If the universe has no limit in time or space, as it probably has not, then that "something" must be infinite.

We now approach the real question at issue: Is this Something Intelligence? Is it Mind? If it is, then Intelligence is everywhere, and nothing exists which does not contain it. If Infinite, it must be present in every tree and flower, and rock and clod of earth—in every drop of water we drink and in every morsel of food we eat and in every breath of air we inhale. When I go out in the grove and confront the stately pine, I see not only a tree but an intelligent tree—a tree which has a mind and which knows, and, if Infinite, knows not only me, but my name, age, character, just when it brings one child into existence with evil tendencies predominating, entailing almost endless misery upon it, while another child is born almost an angel? Is it just to the first child? We are told it is the result of the law of heredity and of pre-natal influence, but is the law of heredity and pre-natal influence just? Is it just that a child should suffer a whole lifetime because of the sins of its parents? Is it right that one shall be made to endure the consequences of another's acts? Was it just and right that I was not consulted as to who should be my parents, in as much as my future joy or misery would largely depend upon who my parents might be? Is it fair that an infant shall be incapable of having a voice in deciding what its education shall be, when its whole future life depends so largely upon its early training?

These and other similar difficulties in Nature were recognized by the ancients more than three thousand years ago, and the theory of reincarnation was by them invented to relieve Nature of the imputation of injustice; but this theory to my mind does not remove the difficulty, but only pushes the difficulty further back into the distant past. And even if it did settle the matter and justify Nature, it is not a demonstrated fact, nor has it ever been, nor is there any prospect that it ever will be. Even if it is a fact, it only covers a part of the injustice of Nature; not the whole of it.

Neither does accepting the first two articles make it incumbent on us to believe in a God of Love, a Father in Heaven. If Infinite Intelligence is destitute of mercy and justice, as we have tried to show, it can hardly be considered as possessing love. Love must include both these. When a cyclone a few years ago laid a third of St. Louis in ruins, the editor of the *Christian Leader*, in commenting on it, said in substance: "The laws of Nature are merciless—absolutely without mercy. If there is a God of mercy, as there is, He must be outside of and above the ordinary forces at work in Nature." The first two articles have nothing to say about such a God, either yes or no. They leave it optional with every Spiritualist to believe or not to believe in a God of love.

Finally, belief in a personal God is left out, and this also is very much in favor of the articles. They put us, however, in an anomalous position. By the world and by the courts we shall be regarded as believing in a Supreme Being with all the personal attributes usually ascribed to God, because such is the meaning universally given to the term "Infinite Intelligence," but as an actual fact the term does not mean person. For an intelligence to be a person it must have self-consciousness, which means that it must be aware of its own existence. It must not only know, but know that it knows. If it thinks, it must be able to say to itself, "I think." A dog has intelligence, but it probably is not conscious of it. It has four legs, while a bird has but two; but this fact probably never occurs to the dog mind.

In a word, self-consciousness is the one thing which makes an intelligence a personal being, whether that intelligence is finite or infinite. If that intelligence is finite, we call the person man; if it is infinite, we call the person God.

Form has nothing to do with the question necessarily. I heard Dr. Savage say in the pulpit, "I believe in a personal God, but I do not believe that he has the form of man, or of any form." Man has form because he is bounded—because he is bounded—because there is something outside of him; but the universe which fills time and space is infinite—it has no outside; therefore it has no shape, no form. If intelligence fills the universe, neither can it have form.

At last, after some four years of discussion, the N. S. A. has adopted a platform, half of which is a creed, because creed is a declaration of belief. It would suit me better to have nothing in our platform but demonstrated facts and the moral truths which those facts substantiate. I would have no beliefs. To do that, the God question would have to be left out, as that is only a belief.

Whether there is Infinite Intelligence is an unsolved problem. The question is not whether the universe is ruled by chance or by intelligence. All parties believe the universe is ruled by law. The question at issue is whether the evidence is not all in, and to guess at it is child's play. The objections I raised in the first part of this article I cannot answer. If any one of my readers can, I wish he would do so for my own personal enlightenment.

In all this discussion let us not forget this fundamental truth: that it is not the God idea which makes Spiritualism a Religion, and the best religion on the face of the earth. It is not that idea which makes it a spiritual help to weary souls, an inspiration to a lifeless life, and the sweetest and best precious truth in existence to thousands upon thousands of human souls. If any one, even a judge, says or thinks that Spiritualism, independent of the

Nature Intelligent, which paints the pictures no artist can equal. The evidences of Intelligence in Nature have been very much weakened by the writings of Darwin, but they have not been destroyed. Such scientists as Wallace and John Huxley find those evidences sufficient to convince them that the operations of nature reveal some kind of intelligence. In these articles which the N. S. A. has adopted there are many objectionable things left out which make very strongly in their favor. Let us consider these: They do not require us to believe in a "Creator" or a "Great First Cause" of all things, nor that Infinite Intelligence existed before the universe existed, and independent of it, and gave birth to it. How could the cosmos be born from Intelligence under the universal law that "like produces like"? Intelligence can produce intelligence, but where is the law by which it can produce matter? Spirit can give birth to spirit, but how can it give birth to that which is not spirit?

One can therefore believe in Infinite Intelligence and not give up his belief that all things "in some form always existed, and all ways will exist. Things may exist without visible expression. Heat, for example, exists in a latent state as a lump of ice or a cold of earth. Why may not life also in a latent or unexpressed state exist in a "dead" matter? Something like that is, I think, what Prof. Dolbear believes. He says there is no such thing as a "dead" matter. Then all matter must be alive, always has been and always will be alive. It only becomes active in an organized form. Outside of organized form it may exist eternally in a passive state. One can believe all this, and also accept the first two articles; they do not conflict.

Neither is it necessary, in accepting those articles, to hold that Infinite Intelligence, as expressed in the laws and forces and operations of Nature, is endowed with feelings of pity and compassion. The question is not whether we would like to have these desirable qualities a part of Nature, but are they so? If pity rules a human soul, that soul will show it on all occasions and never produce useless suffering even in a worm. And yet useless suffering is just what Nature is frequently causing. On the great western plains there will be a number of pleasant winters, encouraging animal life, till the whole territory abounds with antelope; then a hard winter, with terrible blizzards, and deep snows covering the grass, will follow, and the poor, innocent animals, models of grace and beauty and joy when Nature is kind, are tortured by cold and starvation day after day and week after week, till finally death comes to their relief.

If I should treat creatures placed in my keeping like that I would be liable to arrest and punishment for cruelty to animals, and rightly so. No one can pretend for a moment that it does a dumb brute any good in any possible way to have death inflicted upon it in such a cruel manner. If it becomes necessary to end the life of an innocent animal, mercy requires that it be done quickly, and, if possible, without pain. Torture in such cases is unpardonable. And yet the forces, or if you prefer to say the intelligence, in nature, is carrying on this heartless work somewhere in the universe every day, every hour, every moment of time, a work which no intelligence endowed with pity could possibly do, or even contemplate, without feelings of horror and without uttering an indignant protest if done by others.

Neither is it necessary in accepting the first two articles to believe that the intelligence in the laws and forces and operations of Nature is endowed with justice. Does it show justice just when it brings one child into existence with evil tendencies predominating, entailing almost endless misery upon it, while another child is born almost an angel? Is it just to the first child? We are told it is the result of the law of heredity and of pre-natal influence, but is the law of heredity and pre-natal influence just? Is it just that a child should suffer a whole lifetime because of the sins of its parents? Is it right that one shall be made to endure the consequences of another's acts? Was it just and right that I was not consulted as to who should be my parents, in as much as my future joy or misery would largely depend upon who my parents might be? Is it fair that an infant shall be incapable of having a voice in deciding what its education shall be, when its whole future life depends so largely upon its early training?

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(God idea, is not a Religion to the highest and best sense of that much-abused word, all the worse for him, and for his grade of ideas of religion and religious truth. I cannot but pity him, and all who think with him. To my mind very much which stands, and has for ages stood as important religious truth and essential to true life, is but little else than gross superstition. It is humiliating that in order to be considered as having a religion, we must adulterate clearly demonstrated religious truths by mixing with them mere theories which further evidence and enlightenment may show to be but superstition. Is religion truth, or is it nothing but belief?

But there is another fundamental truth equally as important, which must not be forgotten. It is this: If Spiritualists are to be organized at all, each must yield more or less to the opinions of others. There is no other possible way. I am willing to do this. It is the base of Spiritualism, and has worked almost infinite mischief in every city and town that if one cannot have his own way in everything, and make all others bend to his own ideas he will kick in the traces, and refuse to draw. In politics, I support that party whose principles are nearest to my own, but I never will have been fortunate enough to find a party with whose platform I am entirely agreed. I think it would be egoism and obstinacy in me to say that the Spiritualist body must make a platform which shall exactly suit me. I ought to be willing, and I am willing to abide by the majority. Our platform is good for this year only. Another year, if it has error, let us trust to the majority to see the error, and make the necessary change.

Letter from W. J. Colville.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dear Sir: Just a word, to let all my friends in America learn, through your ever hospitable columns, that I am now busily at work in England. The voyage across the Atlantic (by the *Monarch*, an Atlantic transport steamer) was extremely pleasant. The weather from first to last was exceptionally fine—fine, wet, day. The ocean, nine days out of the eleven occupied in crossing, was unusually calm. As usual, I enjoyed the life on shipboard very much, and had not the slightest sensation of illness even for a moment. For the season the number of passengers was very large (about eighty). All arrangements were thoroughly satisfactory and our four-footed friends who occupied the steerage were in no way objectionable.

We reached London Wednesday, Nov. 1, about noon. On the same afternoon I attended St. Paul's cathedral, and heard a sermon in which the present disturbance in the Transvaal was alluded to in very decided terms from the distinctly British standpoint. On Thursday, Nov. 2, I attended the twelve o'clock service in the City Temple, and heard a very powerful sermon from Rev. Joseph Parker, to whom you alluded a few weeks ago in *THE BANNER* as a "pulpit medium." Dr. Parker is now sixty-nine years of age, but does not look over sixty; he is just as vigorous as he was twenty years ago, and draws larger congregations than ever; he is a truly remarkable man and stands at the head of the broad-minded party in English Congregationalism. The following extract from one of his latest sermons is certainly interesting:

"This is the most difficult point in human education, viz., to proceed from the letter to the spirit—from the material to the immaterial. In proportion as we advance in knowledge, we are enabled to lose your friend, but you never lose his friendship. Death breaks up the assembly, but he never impairs the fellowship. Death hushes the communications of the lips; he cannot silence the more eloquent interchanges of the heart. Those whom we truly love are always in our hearts—no always audible, but always present."

"You have not lost that child of yours you buried years ago. The little creature is still with you. And old folks who have together now. When you go out alone the little one seems to know where you are and to be near you; and your face does so brightly, and your breast does so warmly with untold and blessed emotion, as you talk over the days that are gone. And even that prodigal child of yours is with you. You cannot see him—yet he may not, perhaps, know his address—you may be unable to write to him, yet the lad is close to your heart. He is with you all the day, notwithstanding his sin, and perhaps (so wonderful are the mysteries of the heart) the nearer he is to you, the more he seems to go out after him a realizing love, deep and agonizing; and if he would but come back, there would be more joy in your heart over that recovered one than over all the family that never give you a moment's pain."

"I want to fix the mind upon this point, viz., the realizing power of love. My friend has gone away from me over the sea and beyond the mountains, but I have him in my heart; his thoughts, his views of life, his behavior under given circumstances, his noble impatience, magnanimous scorn of all that is low and mean, never leave me; they will mould my life, they will save me in many a temptation. He is with me always because of love, power of love. And that that we know something about in friendship, in the family circle, reaches its highest consummation in Jesus Christ; for although he has gone away from us, he says, 'I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'"

My first appearance as lecturer in London on the occasion of my present visit to my old home was on Friday evening, Nov. 3, in St. James Hall, Piccadilly, one of the best known places of public resort in the metropolis. Although the weather was decidedly inclement, there was a large attendance. The meeting was presided over by the venerable Dr. George Wilks, was under the auspices of the London Spiritualist Alliance, a very useful and flourishing organization. Dr. Wilks' introductory remarks were very pleasantly reminiscent of some delightful experiences of long ago. I believe this able and vigorous gentleman said he had been a student of mental phenomena for over sixty years. Concerning my reception by the large, representative audience, I can but say that in enthusiastic cordiality it far exceeded my most sanguine expectations, and proved beyond a peradventure, as the subject of my address was (by request of the Committee) "The Truth About Mental Science," that England as well as America is becoming widely awakened to the importance of the many aspects of this vast and comprehensive topic. Following several minutes of general remarks, including J. J. Morse and E. W. Wallis, made extremely friendly remarks. I find that I was expected in England several weeks before my arrival, and some societies had applied to my good friend, George Osmond, of Davenport (who is agent for all American publications on psychic questions), with a view of securing my services on their platforms during October past. I have already received nineteen applications for my services outside of London, and thus it appears that I can be kept quite busy lecturing as well as writing in the land of my childhood's history. My drawing room lectures at my present residence, 99 Gower Street, London, W. C., are given this month on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 3 and 8 P. M., beginning Nov. 6, concluding Dec. 1.

I hope all your correspondents will kindly remember that it is my solemn intention to do my best to keep up the Questions and Answers Department of *THE BANNER*, and though there have been many weeks when this department has been unrepresented, I shall hope henceforward to furnish material for it with uninterrupted regularity. Though I am renewing many delightful acquaintances, and meeting many new friends, I can heartily assure my many kind friends in America that I look forward with real pleasure to meeting them all again, and working among them once more whenever the guiding finger of destiny again points to me to re-cross the ocean. Since my arrival in London I have received a number of very kind letters from New York and Philadelphia, and though press of many affairs renders it impossible that I should devote much time to private correspondence, I hope every one of my gracious correspondents will bear in mind that their letters are extremely welcome, and are, I trust, responded to in spirit in cases where literal ink-shedding on my part is not practicable. I cannot say that London is at its very best in November, for though we are thus far free from fog, rain falls frequently, but it only reminds me of the rainy season in California, as there are a great many bright hours between the down-pourings. In my next letter I shall hope to be able to chronicle some pleasant experiences both in and out of London, and a bird's-eye view of spiritual work in the United Kingdom. Meanwhile "good bye forever, dear everybody."

W. J. COLVILLE.

MARION GOLDBORO;

WHAT ONE WOMAN ACCOMPLISHED.

WRITTEN BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA,

Author of "The Discovers Country," "Oceanides," a "Psychical Novel," "Mary Ann Carrow," "Philip Carlyle," a Romance, &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. ENGLEHART EXPRESSES AN OPINION.

Marion was dressed very simply, more so than usual. She could not have told why she wore her least expensive dress, neither could she have told why she had ordered Jennie to brush back her hair so plainly and smoothly, simply coiling it low and loosely at the back of the head. Her dress was a plain cream-colored silk. She wore no jewelry. A simple red rose at the left of the corsage, and another nestling in the loose folds of the large knot of shining dark hair.

Her eyes were glowing with unusual interest as Mr. Englehart took her down to dinner. Marion wondered at his aristocratic bearing—his polished, faultless manner—the most refined and gentlemanly man she had ever met. Strange, that an ordinary English gentleman should bear himself so royally.

Mrs. Goldboro was cool and reserved, although polite. Mr. Goldboro was in his happiest mood. Mrs. Goldboro, unbending slightly from her frigidity, asked, directing her question to Mr. Englehart:

"How do you like our Republic and its institutions?"

"Looking at them through the eyes of an Englishman," he answered, "not altogether." "Not?" arching her eyebrows surprisedly. "Of course, as an Englishman you prefer monarchy to republicanism?"

"Really, madam, I cannot say that I do. If the people ruled here, in the United States, as they are supposed to do, I might prefer it to a monarchy; but, I find that the people do not rule. The Almighty Dollar seems to be King in America; and where money is monarch the people must suffer; for the people, as a rule, have little money. I find that the moneyed aristocracy rules here instead of the people, and I must say, to a far greater extent than in England. The power and influence here seems to be with the few and not the many."

"Well, of course," responded Mrs. Goldboro, "money is a mass wealth, and the capable are the ones who ought to rule. A certain proportion of mankind will rise, while the many sink. It has ever been thus and so, I believe, it will ever be. It is one of God's eternal laws. Straight is the gate and narrow is the way, and few there be that find it, but broad is the road that leadeth downward. These are God's own words. These words, to be sure, apply to the heavenly life, and to my mind, they apply equally as well to this life."

"But," said Mr. Goldboro, quizzically, "are you aware, my dear, that the people are really being switched off that down grade?"

"Oh, you can make light of sacred things; what unbeliever does not?"

"I cannot look upon the most of the world going to perdition as a sacred thing."

"Marion raised her shining eyes. 'But, madam,' she said, 'there is another proverb: "Love ye one another." If this proverb was strictly carried out, none could go wrong and the downward road. If every man, woman and child looked upon every other man, woman and child as brothers and sisters, and loved one another, all would be saved; none would be in degradation or poverty, and crime would be unknown.'

"This daughter of mine thinks herself wiser than I do," said Mrs. Goldboro severely. "Her mother's teachings have no meaning to her."

But Mr. Englehart looked at the beautiful girl admiringly.

"I agree with you, my dear young lady," he said. "Love should be king, and not money."

"But can this law of love be carried out successfully?" asked Mr. Goldboro. "This is a very important point with me."

"Very few have ever tried it," answered Mr. Englehart; "but I believe no safer law was ever given to mankind. If all loved others as they love themselves, or as they ought to love their brothers and sisters, there could be no wrong done."

"How is it possible," asked Mrs. Goldboro, "for one to love the low, the vile and the wicked—robbers and murderers, for instance? Can one love a murderer as one loves one's self?"

"The Christ whom the Christians believe to be God himself, made manifest in the flesh, said: 'Love your enemies; bless them that curse and despitefully use you,' and, if I mistake not, you are a member of one of the Christian churches."

Mr. Goldboro looked a little crestfallen. "Madam," continued Mr. Englehart, "I am not a Christian—do not even believe that the man Jesus was God. That the Christ principle should be made manifest in the flesh or hearts of all mankind, I do most sincerely believe; but to believe without works, to me, means less than nothing. If God, or Christ, should be made manifest in the flesh, it must be by the performance of good works, and, as I understand it, if I am to do good to those who despitefully use me, must I not do good, and not evil, to the murderer himself? At present, however, we murder the murderer. Surely that is not the Christ principle."

"Would you have us let the murderer and all kinds of evil doers roam at large, seeking whom they may devour, without proper punishment?"

"But to punish the evil doer for any misdeed is not the carrying out of the Christ principle, which distinctly states, do good to them who despitefully use you. Now the command is to do good to the wicked, but we are not told the particular method by which we are to do good to them; that seems to be left for us to decide for ourselves; and what better way to do good to the murderer than to place him where he cannot repeat the offence; that, certainly would protect others from becoming his victims; and when we had thus placed him, in order to do him the highest and best good, we should educate him in the right way. I do not believe that any man or woman would commit any evil deed if they were properly educated in the right. Happiness is what all humanity most desire, and to know how to obtain happiness in the right way is what is most needed. The desire for wealth, intoxicants, and poverty are the three great foes of mankind. If these could be vanquished we should soon have a world without sin—a happy and prosperous world."

"Your words remind me of a fad that has just sprung up here in New York and elsewhere," said Mr. Goldboro, "the don't worry clubs. What do you think of them?"

"How is one to help worrying?" put in Mrs. Goldboro, "if one has things to worry one, I should like to know?"

Marion's eyes expressed intense interest as she looked at Mr. Englehart, to hear what his reply would be.

"I should like, above all things, to become a member of a 'don't worry club,' he replied, laughingly. "What should people worry?" "It seems to me," said Marion, "that such a club ought to do more good than any church in the land—but ought not to be called a how to be happy club? Why, that of itself would take all sin out of the world if thoroughly understood, and managed rightly, for no one can be happy, and do the slightest thing which is wrong; and no one can be happy unless trying to make others happy; and, as Mr. Englehart has already said, to teach others how to do right is to teach them how to be happy."

"I should like to form such a club on a grand scale," said Mr. Englehart, "and I believe I will. Miss Goldboro, your words have given me the key with which to unlock a secret chamber within my brain, which has been closed through my ignorance of how to get at it—that is, I have long wanted to do a great work for mankind, but did not know just how to do it."

"To me," said Mrs. Goldboro, "a don't worry club appears one of the most useless and preposterous things imaginable. If one is in distressing circumstances of any kind, how can one help being unhappy—or, in other words, worrying? They teach at those clubs, so I hear, that one must be happy under any and all circumstances, and I consider such an idea simply ridiculous considering all the sins and miseries there are in this world."

"But, mamma," asked Marion, "may we not be happy in trying to counteract the wrongs, and helping the sinful to do right?"

"If people desire to continue in their sins, and will not turn to Christ, no one can help it."

And Mrs. Goldboro looked as though she had settled the question.

"What parent, for instance, could help worrying over a disobedient and ungrateful child?"

And her eyes expressed great severity as they rested on Marion.

"I will get up a 'how to be happy club' on a large scale, and my headquarters shall be here in New York."

Marion brought her hands together in a transport of happiness. Mr. Goldboro's face flushed with pleasure and intense interest.

"How to be happy, and how to progress, shall be the watchword of my club," went on Mr. Englehart. "It is not enough that I should be happy myself, but that each and every child of earth should be happy also."

A faint flush of interest tinged Mrs. Goldboro's cheeks. "Really," she said, "I would like to be happy myself, but I find it impossible at present."

Mr. Englehart looked at her interestingly.

"Really, madam," he said, "it certainly is not apparent why you should not be happy; immensely rich, with four beautiful children, a good and noble husband, one would suppose you could not help being happy."

"Well," said Mrs. Goldboro, "I may as well tell you, first as last, that my daughter Marion gives me great uneasiness and trouble. My other children are too young, as yet, to cause me much uneasiness, but Marion worries the life nearly out of me, she having reached an age where she knows more than her mother—and Mr. Englehart, I am obliged to tell you, that she is very headstrong, and is constantly doing things to cause me great unhappiness."

Mr. Englehart looked amazed. Mr. Goldboro's brow darkened, and Marion's eyes drooped while her cheeks flushed scarlet.

"You talk of 'how to be happy and don't worry clubs,' but wait until you rear a disobedient and thankless child, and your mind will be changed."

"Really, madam, you surprise me beyond measure. I had thought Miss Goldboro one of the most beautiful and perfect young ladies I had ever met: To me she seems almost an angel of goodness and purity. Madam, dear madam! You are laboring under some dire misapprehension."

"Not at all," replied Mrs. Goldboro. "If you will believe me, sir, she is seen daily visiting about the lowest slums of the city. Could any mother be happy under such circumstances?"

"Wife," said Mr. Goldboro, sternly, "Marion's visits to the poverty-stricken portions of our city have been from motives of charity alone. She has been trying to make others happy."

"And thereby making me miserable," almost sobbed Mrs. Goldboro. "What right has a daughter to make others happy, if, indeed, she really does make them so, which is doubtful, at the expense of her mother's happiness?"

"Madam," said Mr. Englehart, "may not your unhappiness be caused through misapprehension? Indeed, madam, is not the trouble with yourself instead of Miss Goldboro? If she is striving to do good, and thereby making others happy, I do not think her actions ought to make you unhappy. Quite the contrary. They ought to make you very happy and joy-filled. You must join our club, madam, and be happy, make others happy, progress, and don't worry."

"But," continued Mrs. Goldboro, "it is impossible not to worry over Marion. She is now at a marriageable age, and I had hoped great things for her. Surely the daughter of a millionaire ought not to lower herself by contracting a mesalliance; and I believe that Marion would accept the vilest clodhopper if she should happen to take such a notion into her head. She would think, thereby, she was making him happy, no doubt. She has not the least ambition in the world—and just to think, she might marry a titled nobleman and raise her family instead of sinking us," almost wailed Mrs. Goldboro.

"Are you not borrowing trouble that may never come?" asked Mr. Englehart.

"No. Marion says she despises the very thought of marrying a nobleman, and she would certainly refuse the offer of a title."

Mrs. Goldboro's eyes swam in tears.

"Mamma," said Marion, "I have never received an offer of marriage from any titled gentleman, and probably never shall; then why should you worry about that which is not likely to happen? Moreover, I promise you that I will never accept any gentleman, no matter who he may be, who is not thoroughly good and honorable; that ought surely to content you. I could not love a 'clodhopper,' as you term it."

"Well, you often say that you will never marry for money or a title, and that amounts to the same thing. By clodhopper of course I meant a poor man. I would rather see a daughter of mine in her grave than that she should marry beneath her own position in life."

"But all this may never happen; then why be unhappy about that which may never be. You perceive, madam, that worrying is entirely useless. Why not be happy with your daughter as she is? Who can say that she may not marry a nobleman yet? And Mr. Englehart's eyes were a very peculiar expression. "Come, madam, be a member of our club; be happy; don't worry; do all you can to make others happy, and pull up all the weeds in your own garden first. As your Christ said, 'Remove the mote from your own eye, and then you will see more clearly how to remove it from the eye of another.'"

[To be Continued.]

The use of slander is as dangerous as was the poison cup employed by the Saxon Queen, Edgura, to avenge herself upon those who offended her. One day she mixed a cup of poison for a certain noble of the court, but her husband drank of it, too, by mistake, and died. If one casts the poisoned dart, slander, at others, it is sure sometime to return and strike in one's household, and its victim is usually the innocent one.

Is there a chance element in a mental decision? Supposing two roads lead to a certain place where I wish to be at a certain time. By the condition of one road I know that I can get there; by the other I know it would be impossible to do so. Now, supposing that I know nothing of either, and take the wrong one, and failing to get there, would it be through chance or ignorance? Ah, my friend, ignorance is the chance the luck, the Providence, the fatalism and the misery that follows every man. Knowledge is power and defies them all.—Field of Progress.

Children's Spiritualism.

GRANDMA'S FAIRY.

Bessie threw down her story-book,
And in her eyes was a troubled look.
"It's very funny," she said at last,
"How many fairies lived in the past."

"The boys and girls of long ago
Had merrier times than those I know;
Where'er they wished for something nice,
A sweet fairy brought it in a trice."

Close to Bessie, in a big armchair,
Grandma was sitting with thoughtful air;
Her poor old eyes long years ago
Had ceased their shining with love's bright glow.

"Bessie, dear," she tenderly said,
"I know what is passing through your head;
You want a fairy, swift and true,
To shower bright blessings down on you."

"In the long years that I have been blind,
I, too, have wished that some fairy kind
Would open my eyes that I might see
The friends and companions dear to me."

"But I've a plan for you to-day:
Why not you and I like fairies play?
Your fingers shall be my fairies, sweet,
And walking fairies shall be your feet."

"And eyes and voice shall fairies be
For old eyes like mine, that cannot see.
If you are ready, we'll begin.
I'll wish for fairies to now come in."

"They're here already," Bessie said.
Then Grandma solemnly shook her head.
"Fairy fingers, please wind for me,
This skein of yarn that knitted must be."

Soft little hands the work began,
But before the winding was half done,
Grandma said, "It won't seem so long
If sweet voice fairy will sing a song."

But when the voice rang through the room,
It seemed like sun shining through the gloom.
Now said Grandma, "I wish for feet
My needles to bring, like fairy fleet."

Dear Grandma then began her work;
She had not intended to play shirk,
She only asked the fairies' aid
When she herself an effort made.

The knitting was soon done that day,
And Bessie carefully laid it away.
She'll tell you, children, for she can,
The lesson she learned from Grandma's plan:

If Voice and Fingers and Small Feet
Can brighten and make a life more sweet,
Dear little reader, don't you see,
That you can your own, sweet fairy be?

MINNIE MESSEKIVE SOULE.

Edna's Pet.

BY CARRIE E. S. TWING.

I once knew a little girl whose uncle had a
mother pig that was like

"The old woman who lived in a shoe,
And had so many children she didn't know what
to do."

She did not, like the old woman, "spank them,
and put them to bed," but she didn't let the
very little piggie have anything to eat; that
always looks bad to me to see the strong ones,
whether among people or animals, crowd away
the weak from what are their just rights.

Edna's uncle gave her the little white pig,
and told her how to fix a bottle to feed it.
Edna had it in her playhouse when the spring
days were warm enough, and it was so small
that it could lay in the cradle that belonged to
Edna's largest doll. She would have killed the
pig with kindness, if her mamma had not re-
fused to give her all the milk she thought nec-
essary.

"Katie (she had named the pig Katie) really
needs more milk, mamma, she seems so very
weak, and has n't got up at all since I fed her
last."

But her mamma told her "that was the way
with pigs, they always went to sleep after eat-
ing."

She bathed Katie so often, and combed her
hair so often, that it was not as "bristling" as
the other pigs, Edna declared, but soft and
white.

She had a red ribbon she put around Katie's
neck Sunday, but week days Katie wore some
of the brightest pieces of carpet rags Edna
could find. Katie kept growing larger and
stronger every day until the little board across
the door of her playhouse would n't hinder her
from following her little mistress whenever
she got the chance. Katie had very good man-
ners for a pig, and when she followed Edna to
school she learned that by staying quietly by
the door she could play with the children when
they came out for their recess. She seemed
almost as intelligent as a dog, and would get
the ball when they were playing ball, and carry
it and lay it down by Edna's feet. The other
children would try to coax Katie home with
them, but Katie did not go, but would gladly
take all the dinner they had left.

On Sunday Edna would try to keep Katie
shut up, so she could not get out, but one Sun-
day she got away, and followed Edna right to
the little country church. She seemed to know
it was different from going to school, so she
followed at quite a distance. After they had
sung one piece, and the superintendent was
just going to pray, the children all began to
laugh as they heard Katie's satisfied grunts as
she came hunting for Edna. The superintendent
had on quite heavy boots, and gave Katie a
kick that made her squeal so loudly you would
have thought she was being killed. Not only
Edna, but the other children who knew Katie,
said, "Oh! don't hurt her, that's Katie." Edna
went sorrowfully homeward caressing Katie
all the way, and saying, "Oh! Katie, how could
you be so naughty to follow me all that long
way," but Katie did not care after she got
through aching from the hurt.

Edna's mamma talked very seriously with
her about having that pig shut up where she
could not get out the next Sunday, and Edna
thought her mamma thought she wanted Katie
to follow her, and she replied:

"If you know how I have worried, mamma,
for fear something would happen to Katie, you
wouldn't think I would want to put her in
danger. I was so mad at Mr. Street, that I
could have kicked him," and her eyes blazed
with anger.

"Why! child, child, how can you talk that
way?" and Edna's mamma was a very puzzled
woman.

When the beech-nuts began to fall Edna
would spend hours in the woods, while Katie
rooted around and got the sweet nuts.

A little before Thanksgiving Edna's mamma
told her she might go and stay a week with her
Uncle Charlie, and Edna was delighted, for
she said, "Katie has to stay in her place in
the barn all the time, so I can't have much fun
with her, but when it comes warmer we'll
have good times."

One of Edna's friends said to her, "Your
mamma will have Katie killed." And Edna,
wild with fear, went to her mamma.

"Just see what a mean woman they think
you are! I just told them you let me have old
Rover till he died himself, though he made lots
of trouble."

And Edna threw her arms around her mam-
ma's neck, and called her the best mamma in
all the world, and her mamma's tears came so
fast and she choked so she could not say a
word. Edna rushed out and told her friends
her mamma cried just thinking of such a thing.
But Katie was no longer a little pig fit for a
plaything, but a great creature, who after all
belonged to the hog family, and couldn't be
anything else.

When Edna returned from her visit she
found seventy-five cents in silver for her, and
she was told Katie was sold. But she knew
the truth, for the children and the neighbors
told her of it, and though she did not want her
mamma to feel too badly, she said she never in

her life would pet anything and love it that
people could eat, for she couldn't stand an
other trouble like that with Katie. So she got
a tame crow—or a crow and tamed it—and a
cat; but for years she could never smell pork
cooking or see it on the table, that she did not
think of poor Katie.

Literary Department.

The English Language.

An Authority on the Compounding of Words—
A Few Samples.

The compounding of English words is an in-
teresting study, but Mr. F. Horace Teal, who
was connected with the Standard Dictionary,
is the only author who has made a systematic
attempt to disentangle the perplexities con-
nected therewith. In discussing the question,
it will be necessary to quote freely from his
work. We saw recently, in four lines in one
paper, the following: "Gambling houses,"
"pool room," "policy shops" and "bucket
shops"; and this morning we see in large let-
ters, "school house," also "text book." Web-
ster's latest dictionary has "schoolhouse," but
writes "bath house," "schoolroom," "Sunday
school," "Sabbath school," "post office,"
"postal card," "post card"; and yet in the
same work we see "dressing room," "drawing-
room," "countingroom." Even "sewing ma-
chine" and "rolling mill" are not hyphenated.
We should write bathroom, drawingroom, bar-
room; schoolhouse, bathhouse, warehouse,
storehouse, slaughterhouse; grist-mill, planing-
mill, rolling-mill, paper-mill, cotton-mill; post-
office, post-card, postal-card, postal-note, office-
building, school-building, college-building;
cotton-factory, furniture-factory, shoe factory,
candy-factory, brush-factory; kerosene oil, lin-
seed oil, cotton oil, sperm oil; sewing ma-
chine, brush-machine, thrashing-machine,
screw-machine; carpenter-shop, paint-shop,
machine-shop, shoe-shop, repair-shop. We
might extend this list indefinitely, but all like
words in their specific classes should be simi-
larly treated. It is not very satisfactory to
see "cotton seed oil mill," four separate nouns
representing no actual relationship according
to rule. "Cotton-seed oil mill" is three nouns
on the same footing. "Cotton-seed oil-mill"
has the semblance of an adjective and a noun,
but representing an idea like "an oil mill
made of cotton-seed," which of course will
not do. There is only one other form possible,
cottonseed-oil mill, which is correct.

We never write didnot, wouldnot, hadn't,
couldn't, but we do write "cannot." If the
latter is correct, they all are, but none is.
We often see "gas light" and "flash light,"
but they are solid words, although many use
the hyphen. Many write ill-will, good-will,
good-bred, ill-luck, etc.; but Webster says
"good humor" is "good spirits," "good-luck"
is "good fortune," "ill-luck" is "bad luck."
If one is hyphenated, why not all? It is best to
omit it in each case, as we would in "evil will."
The Imperial Dictionary says "black berry,"
and "blue berry." Webster says "blue-bird"
and "blackbird." Worcester says "blue breast"
and "redbreast." These dictionaries contain
thousands of just such inconsistencies; in fact,
they may use a two word form in one case, a
hyphen in the next, and make it a solid word
in the next, and all the same word.

Mr. Teal gives the following rules as a good
guide for proof-readers.

RULE 1.

Two nouns used together merely as nouns,
unless in apposition, become properly in such
one compound noun; such as door-key,
trunk-key.

1. The name of a part or appendage, or of
anything connected with another special thing
in its regular use, coupled with the name of
that to which it belongs, as chair leg, lamp
wick, piano stool.

2. The name of a receptacle or container of
any kind, and that of a special content or occu-
pant, as book-shelves, club house, freight train,
drug-store, fruit-store, clothing store.

3. The name of anything as sent or coming
from a special source coupled with that of its
source, as rifle-ball, store clothes, grape sugar.

4. The name of that which is incidental
toward a result coupled with that of the thing
resulting, as bread-dough, rose-bud, thunder-
cloud.

5. The name of an implement or agent of ac-
tion coupled with that of the object acted upon
or with, as hair-brush, paint brush, telephone
pole.

6. The name of a special shape or condition
of a substance, made by naming the substance
and its shape or condition together, as dust
heap, diamond powder, sand bar.

7. The name of something as acted on or spe-
cialized by coupling it with the name of the
action, as entrance-hall, exit passage.

8. The name of an action specialized by cou-
pling it with the name of that toward which the
action is directed, as fire-worship, hand-cart,
horse-car, steam engine.

9. The name of a conveyance or a motor
specialized by coupling with it that of its mo-
tive power, as hand-cart, horse car, steam en-
gine, motor-car, electric car.

10. The name of something as a motive power
coupled with that of a conveyance or motor, as
car-horse.

11. The name of a means of passage coupled
with that of a special place, or of something as
specialized in connection with a particular lo-
cation, as barn-door, garden-seat, window-gar-
dening.

12. The name of that on or in which some-
thing is produced, coupled with that of the
special product, as rose-bush, apple-tree, cider-
mill.

Every name exactly like one of these models
is essentially a compound in its nature.

RULE 2.

Two names, the second of which (ending in
-ing, -er, or -or) expresses direct action upon
the first, always properly form a compound
noun, as air-compressor, boat-builder, dish-
washing, furniture dealer, newspaper-reader.

RULE 3.

A verbal noun (ending in -ing), and a sub-
stantive following it, used together as the
name of something instrumental toward or in-
cidental to the action named by the verbal
noun, for a compound noun, as adding ma-
chine, lighting-apparatus, writing-paper, illu-
minating gas, blacking-brush.

RULE 4.

Any phrase in regular construction of any
kind becomes a compound noun when used as
a name so arbitrarily that it cannot be con-
sidered merely figurative, as eleven-o'clock-lady,
forget-me-not, bull's-eye, mother-in-law.

RULE 5.

Any two words used in arbitrary association
as a name become properly a compound noun,
as cold-chisel, dry-goods, fitting-out, touch-
down, foster-brother, master-key, down-stroke,
between-decks, high-low, make believe, break-
up, go-between.

RULE 6.

Compounds other than nouns.

In expressing an idea generally given in a
single word by the joint use of two or more
words in arbitrary construction, or in such
connection that they may be misunderstood as
separate words, the two or more words pro-
perly form a compound, as ashly-bud, dark-red,
red-hot, twenty-three; bandy-legged, brown-
spotted, native-born; fancy-free life-wearing;
hand sewed, mischief-making; long-extended;
well-known; shoe-sewing; Sunday-school; civil
service reform; free trade speech, deep-hard-
sounding; lack-linen, lack-luster, case-hard-
en, halter-break; adjective and verb, as dry iron,
hot-press; cross examine, brain sick, faint
heartedly, good naturedly, half-mast, cost-free,
down-stairs, above board, up-town; inter-
rupted compounds, as silver producing coun-
try.

SOLID FORM.

Rule 1—Two words used jointly in the office
of one word, with no actual elementary signi-
ficance other than by mere allusion of the
kind expressed in the joint term, should be
made a solid word.

2—A pair of words which are when used in
literal meaning, a hyphenated compound or two
separate words should be made an inseparable
compound when used with a purely arbitrary
meaning.

The solid word form should be given to every
joint use of a literal word and an element
which has ceased to be or never has been used
as a separate English word; also to every join-
ing of a word in its literal sense with a follow-
ing word which has in this particular use a
merely general sense.

We simply give a few words which are often
printed as two words or where, hyphenated, as:
Sight, clockwork, inkstand, doorway, book-
binding, almshouse, archedway, artilleryman,
bandbox, barkeeper, barnyard, butcher's,
bedchamber, bedclothes, beetsteak, butcher's,
billhead, birthplace, blackball, blackboard,
blackleg, blacksnake, blackhead, blackhouse,
bookbinder, bookkeeper, bootblack, brick-
maker, bulldog, brownstone, businesslike, by-
path, bygone, candyman, carriage-way, center-
board, chimney-piece, churchyard, cigar-maker,
cylinder, bondholder, cottonseed, deadlock,
dearhound, doorstep, drawback, droplight,
dumbbells, earthenware, entrance-way, game-
keeper, gaslight, glasswork, goalkeeper, grave-
yard, gripack, handrail, hoghead, horseshoe,
horsehoe, housebreaker, humdrum (we often
see "hum drum bullets"), inkholder, in-
holder, jackalandy, jailbird, kettle-drum, key-
board, keyhole, kneecap, ladylike, lamplight,
landholder, landmark, lawbreaker, lifetime,
lighthouse, longhand, madhouse, manhole,
merchantman, midnight, moonrise, mountain-
side, necktie, neckwear, newsboy, noontime,
nosebleed, nutcracker, oddfellow, olive-oil,
onlooking, outbuilding, outdoor, overcoat,
overdose, packhorse, pancake, pawbroker,
penholder, pewholder, pickax, pickpocket,
pin cushion, playground, pocketbook, por-
house, postmark, quiltclaim, rapicker, rattle-
skull, roundhand, roundhouse, runaway, safe-
guard, sandpaper, schoolboy, scrofula, sea-
saw, seaport, seashore, shareholder, shoe-
black, showbill, showcase, showroom, sidewalk,
standpost, starshine, starlight, stairway,
stationhouse, stepfather, stepmother, stockhold-
er, policyholder, stomachache, storehouse,
stonework, topcoat, turntable, underbun,
undercharge, underclothing, underestimates,
undergarment, undergraduate, undergrowth,
underlying, understate, undercurrent, under-
statement, undervaluation, waterproof, whipper-
will, whitecap, wideawake, wirepuller, work-
fellow, zigzag.

Too many editors say forwards, backwards,
towards, hindwards, frontwards, when if they
would consult The Century Dictionary they
would probably drop the "s," to the pleasure
of their readers.—Willard C. Gompf, in the
Hartford Weekly Times.

THE SPHINX, in whose aura we once more
find ourselves, possesses a certain subtle
fascination that lures one away from blind
struggling humanity of the present day to sit
at the feet of those who have clasped hands
with wisdom, and are thus able to glean from
the starry realms the knowledge that illumines
the dark pathway of life in this tiny orb. Are
we thus charmed because hovering round these
printed pages are thoughts from the seers and
sages of a past of which we only dream?

To come from Wonderland to Now—the cur-
rent issue contains a most interesting article
on "Hindu Astrology," by Sepharial. It shows
that in practice the Hindu astrologer is miles
ahead of any European, by giving the follow-
ing illustration from his experience in sup-
port of this statement:

I was at Urur, a little village in Madras,
when an astrologer of some repute was intro-
duced to me. He wished to be put to a test,
and I was willing enough to give one. I simply
said: "Tell me what you can find out about
myself." The Jyoshi immediately went into
the compound beyond the veranda of our bun-
galow, and measured with his feet the length
of his shadow. This was for the purpose of
taking the solar time. He then went aside and
engaged in some calculations, while I talked
with my companions. Presently he said that
he was ready. He wrote something on a piece
of paper, folded it, and gave it to me to hold for
some time, while he told me about my horo-
scope.

First of all, he gave me the year of my birth,
then the month, then the day, and lastly the
exact hour, reduced to the meridian of Green-
wich. Then he asked me to name any color I
chose, and to touch a part of my body. I named
"Green," and touched the stomach. On open-
ing the paper he had given me to hold, I found
that the words on it were "Green" and
"Stomach."

The Jyoshi then told me from my horoscope
all about the incidents of my birth, in what
manner of place I was born and among what
people, mentioning that I was born among my
mother's people and in a place where my
father's family was not represented at all,
which was the fact. He then went on to de-
scribe the incidents connected with my edu-
cation, and so followed on to detail all the
circumstances of importance up to the time at
which he was speaking. These he read off
with the utmost facility, and without appar-
ent calculation. Afterward I discovered that
he had completed my horoscope while I was
talking and had constructed it in terms of the
Hindu zodiac. The performance was rendered
more remarkable from the fact that he
made several predictions which have since
come to pass, one being the exact date of my
return to England, a matter which was not at
all in my mind at the time, and which I only
arranged under pressure about a week before
sailing.

Govinda Chetty was another man whose
astrological powers were remarkable. He
seemed to know the zodiac and to be able to
find his way about among the asterisms with
greater facility than one would thread the
streets of a city. On going to him you merely
signified your desire. It was *Prashna* (a ques-
tion), *Arudha* (a secret), or *Janma* (birth horo-
scope). My application was *Arudha*. He
told me to be seated. He ordered fruits and
flowers, coffee, etc., and spread his mats for
my convenience. He spoke Tamil. My inter-
preter was a comparative stranger to me, and
knew only just so much as every one knew; that
I was an English astrologer. After some cal-
culation Govinda told me that I was born when
the moon was in the constellation Makha—the
first thirteen degrees of Leo. I said it was so.
Two minutes afterward he told me the places
of all the planets in my horoscope without
reference to any ephemeris or almanac. Then
he told me to open the money in my pocket
and at the same time gave a piece of paper
and it afterward proved, the exact number
of rupees, annas and pices correctly stated.

Then he gave me the name of my birthplace
as nearly as the Tamil would permit, *Handwari*
standing for Handsworth. Finally he gave me
a slip of paper on which was written the in-
cidents which would befall me during my pas-
sage from his house to my own bungalow, cov-
ering a period of two days. The predictions
were the most precise and minute that I have
ever seen attempted with any measure of suc-
cess, and were true to the letter.

This sort of thing goes a long way to estab-
lish the contention that the Hindus have a
more intimate knowledge of the nature of the
minute divisions of the zodiac than has yet
been acquired by Europeans. It further shows
a high order of intuitive deduction, capable of
giving exact coloring to general indications
derived from a knowledge of the planetary in-
fluences. And this may well be when we con-
sider that every single action of the Hindu,
his daily round both in business and in domes-
tic life, is regulated by a strict observance of
times and seasons, in agreement with plan-
etary influences. That as a nation they are not
supreme is due entirely to the basic conditions
of their life which proscribes so much that is
essential to national advancement, and
limits the individual at all points in the use
of his special powers. Hence, although the sphere
of influence exerted by them is comparatively
small in relation to the extent of their country
and its population, yet among no people has
the cultivation of the abstruse sciences reached
such a high state of perfection. The language
of its classic is alone sufficient indication of
the high thought to which it had attained ages
before Europe had produced Athens or Rome.

Don't Neglect Your Kidneys.

They are the Most Important Organs of the
Body.

Is that great human engine, which decides
the health of every man and woman, working
properly?

Thousands of Women Have Kidney Trouble and
Never Suspect It.

Are symptoms like the following staring you
in the face every day?

Weak, sluggish circulation.
Puffy or dark circles under the eyes.
Sallow, yellow, unhealthy complexion.
Urine cloudy, milk-like or stringy, dark in
color or offensive.

Painful, scalding sensation in passing it.
Dull, heavy headaches, dizzy, tired feeling,
faint spells, irregular heart.

Obliged to go often during the day, and to
get up many times during the night.

Pain or dull ache in the back.
Feeling of oppression and apprehension.

Restless, irritable, and hard to please.
All fagged out, run down, sleepless nights,
and discouraged.

If you have any of these symptoms take the
advice of one who has made a life-study of just
such diseases, and look well to yourself, be-
cause you have kidney trouble.

It may be that Christ is a myth, and
Christians are dupes; even so we alone cannot
pay the full penalty for our own errors, let
us call them. We can not make a single mistake,
willfully or otherwise, that does not cause suffer-
ing for another. Though Christ—in the form
that Christians present him—does not atone for
sin, humanity does suffer with the sinner. M.

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SPRIT Message Department.

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

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides, or that of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a 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.

Report of Seance held Nov. 16, S. E. 52, 1899.
Invocation.

With peace and good-will toward all men in all nations we come this hour to offer our tribute of love to the children of earth. Whatever we are able to give of tender love, of sweet sympathy, of understanding of the needs of those still seeking after light, may we give it earnestly and honestly. May we come so close into communion with those anxious souls seeking to express something of their continued love and tenderness, and so commune with them, that every word will fall as a sweet benediction on the heart for which it is intended. We know too well how often lives are darkened by doubt, by fears of distress and misunderstanding; but at this hour we would brush away anything of darkness, and in the sweet sunshine of love bathe until we are purified and strong and true. May we not forget those who are not our own. May our influence reach out all over the land, and may we fully understand our unity with all men, of whatever tribe, whatever degree of usefulness, or whatever method of understanding of these may be theirs; and through this tie, this bond, this kinship with all men, may we go forward, and our lives be a tribute to thee, O perfect God of love. Amen.

MESSAGES.

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

Isaac Harris.

Here comes an old gentleman and stands beside me. He is quite a little above the medium height, almost six feet tall. His hair is very gray, and his eyes are blue. He has bushy brows and a beard all around his face. His face is quite thin, too, and he comes so weak, as though it is all he can do to stand here. His hands shake, and he reaches out to me one of them and says: "Oh! do please help me a little, because of my anxiety. It seems sometimes, when I am off in the spirit and everything is going so smoothly, that it would be very easy indeed to come, but when I find myself here, it is almost impossible to say the things I want to say. My name is Isaac Harris. I do feel such an anxiety to get to my own, because they are still reaching for me, and want to know what has become of me. I have a daughter living; her name is Lizzie, and she lives in Wolfeboro, N. H. She does not know anything about this; neither did I, and so when I came over it seemed such a strange thing to know everything that was going on! I have not much to say about the philosophy of it; I have only this to say: that I am so happy to be able to state that I am alive, and am conscious of what is going on around about me. Please say that Amanda is with me."

Charlie Hayden.

This is a young man. He is quite tall, not very stout; his eyes are brown; his hair is light, and he pushes his hands through it in a bright way. He has a little brown mustache. He looks all around in a cheerful, chipper way, but inquisitiveness in every move. First he goes to one and then another in the circle, and seems to wonder if you are as much alive as he is. Then he comes back to me, hits me on the shoulder and says: "It is all right; guess I have got in the right place. I kind of thought they were playing a joke on me when they brought me here. My name is Charlie Hayden, and there are a few things I should like to say. I passed out of life very suddenly. It seemed when I went that the earth opened and swallowed me up. I was not missed very much either. For a little while they mourned, and then they settled down to the idea that perhaps it was all right, whatever had happened."

"I have a brother over here with me. He came a great many years before I did. He was only a little tot at that time, but when I came to him he was grown up, and is as big as I. His name was Robert; and I can tell you it seemed good to have somebody who belonged to me to pilot me around so that I could find out where I was and how much I was able to do." He came from Worcester, Mass. He says: "Don't ask me to give names of any of my people who are alive, because I could not. I will be remembered there, and this is all I have to say."

Mabel Cummings.

This is a girl about eighteen years old. She is very fair; her eyes are blue, her hair is brown, and she has quite a round, full face. She is pretty, and as sweet as a flower. She stands here with tears in her eyes that are like dew drops on the petals of a rose. She puts her hands out to me and says: "Dear little girl, I wish you could find my mother; she wants to hear from me so much. My name is Mabel Cummings, and I came from Chelsea. My mother still lives there. Often she thinks of me, and wishes that in some way I might make myself known to her. She has heard about Spiritualism, but she does not understand it fully, and I thought perhaps if I could come at this time and send a message it might open her eyes, and would make life sweeter and better for her. Tell her, please, that I am trying to be good just as hard as I did when I was living with her; that, although I did not find Jesus immediately, as I had supposed and expected to do, I found dear friends who were good and kind to me, and who kept telling me that the way to find Jesus in spirit-life, as well as in earth-life, was to keep striving to be as near like him as we could. So I am trying."

Margaret McKane.

Here comes a cross old lady, as fat as can be—big, broad shoulders, round, full face; her eyes are gray and so is her hair. She has her sleeves rolled up as though she worked and worked all her life, and that it did not make much difference to her whether she lived or died. She never had much time to think about religion—didn't have much time to think about anything except how to keep the family together. She says: "Keep the brood together. There were Annie, Mamie, Paty,

John and Lizzie. Their father cleared out and left me while they were small, and I worked any way I could to keep them all together; but when I took cold and went out so suddenly, it pretty nearly upset things. You can just imagine that there was not much peace for me until I tried to settle some conditions for the children I had left behind me. I heard the prayers offered up for me, but they did not do much good for my children, and so I set to work to see what I could do. There is a little company of us Catholics, and we have decided that if it is possible for the Protestants to get back to their people, it is possible for us, and we are going to keep at it until we do. I came from Charlestown; my name is Margaret McKane, and the children have the same last name. The old man you need not try to find." She says he was not good when she was here and she would not turn her hand over to get to him.

Jennie Cross.

She looks cross, too. She has a thin face, short nose, short chin. She huffs her teeth together as tight as can be, and speaks through them, and it sounds like the wind whistling through a keyhole. She says: "Don't make it worse than it is. Goodness knows I was cross enough when I was here, but I do not want it exaggerated a single bit. Will you tell them please that I came from Kentucky? All this talk about Kentucky people being so open, free and easy is nonsense. They have tempers down there as much as people in any other place."

All at once she softens as though that was more for her identification than anything else, and says: "Yes, I think I would not have been so cross if I had not been so sick all my life. I was as nervous as could be from a child, and I had a brother who used to scare me and plague me all the way along, until I did not have any nerves left; and when I went to the spirit it was a relief to me, and I was glad I had got out of the way of being jumped at and boo-hoed at all the time. I would like to get back to that brother now; his name is Tom Cross. I would like to tell him that I remember it all too well but I know he has been sorry a thousand times for the things he did, and I forgive him. I want to tell him that mother comes with me. Her name is Lucy."

They came from Louisville, Ky. Another thing she says: "I always used to fret over my hair being so thin, and thought I was going to be bald-headed; but I died before it all had a chance to come off."

Andy Hallum.

"Harrisburg, Pa." Here is somebody who thought he had to say the town first, and he kept saying it over and over again, so he would not forget it when he came to speak. He laughs as I say that. He is very tall, has black eyes, and black curly hair, and is as pretty as a girl; red cheeks, pretty teeth, dark mustache, a bright way, and a voice something like a girl's. Andy Hallum. He puts his hands in his pocket, and whistles loud and clear, and says: "That is the only crying anybody ever heard me do. I did not believe in crying very much, so when I came over, and saw them all crying round about me, it made me want to speak right straight through these conditions and tell them I was not dead any more than they were, and that there was no use in their crying; then I thought perhaps, if I kept cool, I would find a way to let them know. I was sick quite a little while, and still they were not a bit prepared for my going. It seemed as though everybody thought the doctor would save me, but I believe I was one of those whom the doctors experimented on, because it did not seem as though they had the least idea what the matter was with me. They called it first one thing, and then another. My father was pretty well off. I was named after him. He spent all the money he could to have me cured, but it was no good; I had to go. You would have thought, if you had heard that funeral sermon that I would be wafted on the echo of it right straight up to the throne of glory, but I was not. I had to stay right there until I could in some way release myself from the conditions that were formed by the atmosphere of grief."

I think he was kind of a flirt. He seems to have that way. He says he was not married, that all the girls were his girls. They all liked him, and he liked all of them. He was a general favorite.

Alice Forrester.

This is a little girl, Alice Forrester. I think she came last week, but she has somebody with her this time—her uncle, George Forrester. He does not belong here at all; he is English, and seems to have come over from England in spirit. He never was here in earth-life, but seems to have come now to see how this is done. He says: "I wish they would start something like this over in my country, because there are so many of us who are anxious to get back, and it seems almost that the American people have a monopoly on this office."

Franklin Swett.

This is a little short man, smooth face. He is bald-headed, quite a high forehead; there is a little hair in front, but none at the back. He came from Randolph, Mass. "My name is Franklin Swett, I would like to reach Augusta. She is not very well, and it seems to me if I could get to her perhaps I could help her. I knew quite a lot about medicine when I was here, and I used to be always prescribing for my friends, although I was not a practicing physician. So I think if I could get back perhaps I might help her. Her head troubles her so much, and it is hard for her to sleep. She is mediumistic, but does not know it. She feels the spirit, but she does not see them. If you will tell her that I come to her, that I long so much to give her the comfort of my presence, it is a comfort for me to come, but it would be more of a comfort if I knew that she knew it, and was pleased to have me there. Tell her, too, that although it may seem long to her between the time of my going and here, yet it will soon pass, and we shall be united again."

James Ryder.

He puts his hands together in a tight way, as though it is all he can do to speak. "I want to get to Frank, and say that I have brought little Frank with me. They live in Fitchburg; that is all I can tell you. Frank is my daughter's husband, and they knew about this. THE BANNER goes to them, and I want to tell her that she must not be so discouraged. She flies around in a nervous state as though she was all there was to the world, and she had got to keep the machinery moving. Please tell her for me that she is only herself to look out for, and that I will come and help her. She must

not cry too much, and she must not get discouraged."

Charles Randolph.

There is a spirit here now from Macon, Ga. He is an honorable. He comes with his wife. Such a good face he has; whiskers right under his chin only. He looks almost like a picture of Uncle Sam, only he has nice clothes on. He has broad shoulders, and says: "I am Charles Randolph." His wife's name is Lizzie. They want to get back to their own children. He kind of throws back his shoulders with an air of joy at coming here, as though he would drink it all in—it is such a liberal atmosphere. He says: "To tell the truth, I lived in a kind of narrow, bigoted atmosphere when I was here. I tried to break through, but don't you know, custom and conditions will hold you back so much that it is almost impossible to start everything new. Politically I changed my position; socially I was broad; but as far as religion went, I stuck to the old form; and so when I came over I looked about to see how much of what my friends had was true, and I found that on many of the essential points we were united. So I concluded that truth was too broad to be kept within church lines, and I have come back to say that whoever you are, Baptist, Methodist or Catholic, you will find a place and some of your truth over here."

Lizzie Frye.

Here comes a lovely girl. I guess, though, that she is a woman, as she seems about forty-five years old. She is from Freedom, N. H. She has a nice way, seems to be always doing something for somebody else instead of thinking about herself. Her name is Lizzie Frye; she weighs, I think, about one hundred and fifty-five pounds, and that makes her real plump, with a round face, and is a busy, brisk little body. She says: "I always said I never wanted to live to be a burden to anybody, and I didn't. When I went I was sick long enough to look after everything, have things planned the way I wanted them, and yet did not stay long enough for everybody to get tired out and feel relieved when I died. I passed through that thing myself. I saw people living and living, when I knew it was nothing but the fear of death that kept them alive until everybody had to give them a little push with their thoughts, and say it was better that they died than that they lived, and were relieved when they died. So I did not want to go that way. I had a husband, of course; you might know to look at me. His name was John. He was just as his name sounded, honest, sincere and good. We did not have any children, so I had to play aunt and mother to most everybody I could in the neighborhood; and when I came over to the spirit it seemed as though I had a family larger than the most of my neighbors, for I had played mother so long that I was really a spiritual mother to many who had preceded me. It did me good to find that every deed I had done, whether I realized it was for my benefit or not, had turned into a blessing for me. I am not saying this to brag, but feel like saying it for the encouragement of many a poor woman who yearns to be something beyond her condition, and finds no opportunity to do that. I say it for her encouragement, that every time she lifts her hand for her neighbor, she has done a service as noble as though she had fought for her country, and redeemed it from a bondage of slavery."

Smith.

This woman's name is Smith. She says: "I lived not long ago. It has only been a little while since I passed to the spirit, and I went in great pain and distress. I want to reach my boy, Silas. He lives in Everett, and I yearn to give him something of my knowledge. Tell him he was a good boy to me, and that, although I would have liked to stay, it is perhaps as well, although they cannot all see it that way now. I am so disturbed in coming, that it seems I can hardly say what I desire to. Tell him that he must be careful and not lose his position; it is a good one; I helped him to get it from the spirit, and I do feel that I would like to have him keep it. If he will come to me some time I will be able to give him more for his benefit." I think she passed away with a cancer.

The Message Department.

I rejoice to see that the BANNER OF LIGHT has resumed the Message Department again, and is reporting the messages of love from spirits that have passed from earth life to their loved ones they left in the mortal. I am sure thousands of the readers of THE BANNER are more than glad to see the good work of the Message Department begin again, and a much greater number of spirits are made happy to find that you have given them another chance to report themselves to their loved ones left in the body.

The Message Department of THE BANNER is of too great importance to ever discontinue. It is a ready relief to the spirit in distress that wants to report his condition to his loved ones and friends on earth who believe in the old orthodox hell, resurrection of the body, and vicious atonement and other theological dogmas. THE BANNER offers the only means known to many spirits by which they can communicate with their mortal loved ones, and inform them that they are not dead nor in purgatory; they were never more alive, are all right and visit them in spirit every day. Thus this open roadway is a blessing to the spirit who can make use of it.

In a message in THE BANNER of Oct. 7 the spirit says: "I desire to come because of the strength it will give me in my future work."

If we know the means by which we can help a spirit, it is just as much our duty to do so as it is to help a mortal.

The number of readers of THE BANNER cannot be enumerated that have received the first ray of spiritual light from reading the spirit-messages in THE BANNER.

A band of noble spirits organized the message work for THE BANNER over forty years ago, and assisted the spirits to control the brain of the medium to give their report for THE BANNER. After many years' leadership by spirit Theodore Parker, he resigned in favor of the spirit John Pierpont. Now if these two honest preachers of Boston did not see a great need for that kind of work, and a great good that would come from it, both to mortals and spirits, they would not have engaged in it. But by their noble work in that channel they distinguished themselves and have passed on to a higher spiritual life.

It is the message department of THE BANNER that has given it the preference with a great many Spiritualists to that of any other spiritual paper, and I hope to see that depart-

ment kept alive in the good old BANNER as long as there is paper and printers' ink.

THOMAS A. WHITE.

San Diego, Oct. 11, '99.

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In response to the request of a gentleman in Minnesota, the subject of this letter will be Materialization.

The word is not found in my Webster's Unabridged of 1884. It is one of those words that have been coined to meet the revelations of Modern Spiritualism, and should therefore be employed in the one way for which it was brought into use, which is the resumption of a fleshly form by a discarnate spirit, in order to meet mortals on their own plane of existence. Souls take on materiality when they are embodied on the mortal plane, but to call that "materialization" is to wrest the word from its original application, and comes in as an afterthought to those who have learned that the dead are said to materialize.

It is impossible to speak clearly on the subject, except on the natural basis fact that we have a spiritual body, as well as a fleshly one. Unless we acknowledge this truth, we may take some manifestations for materialization, when they are something else. For instance, one may distinctly feel a hand stroke his brow. If this is a materialized hand, formed by the chemical power of some spirit, which is sensed by means of the nerves of the physical form of the person who feels it, and in the light can be seen by other persons through their mortal eyes, then it is materialization. Of this character was the hand that wrote on the wall of Belshazzar's brilliantly-lighted hall, and was seen by all who were present. On the other hand, the person who feels the touch may have passed a little out of his mortal frame, and feels the real touch of a spiritual hand on the forehead of his own psychical body. It is not seen by those present, unless they see it clairvoyantly by their own spiritual vision. This is not materialization. But as it is quite as real to the subject thereof, it is sometimes erroneously supposed to be so. An experience like this proves nothing to the skeptic, as he at once attributes it to the imagination of him who experiences it. But it is of more value to him to whom it comes, who understands how it came about, than the actual materialization of a hand in a room so dark that it is impossible to determine whether it was the fleshly hand of a mortal, or moulded for temporary use by a spirit.

When sitting alone, with locked doors, I have felt hands caress me or treat me for some ailment. At first I took this to be materialization. Later, I realized that I had entered their realm of vibration by temporarily leaving my fleshly form. This I knew to be genuine. But when I sat in total darkness with three persons, one of whom was the medium and opposite me, and felt a finger press the back of my hand, I doubted the genuineness of the manifestation.

The temporary materialization of a discarnate spirit, in a room light enough to see the environments of the form, and with the medium under test conditions, devised and carried out by outsiders, forms a convincing proof to a skeptic. All these conditions were met, except the mediums being under test conditions, in the manifestation that brought conviction to myself, as described in the Fourth Lecture of "Why She Became a Spiritualist." The circumstances of the dematerialization of the spirit were such as to make fraud impossible. This was through the mediumship of a lady in Minneapolis.

Being in the early years of my career as a Spiritualist greatly interested in this phase, I attended in all thirty-five of her seances. Though she often personated, owing to there being no test conditions, she was always entranced, and I can recall many instances of actual materialization through her mediumship. I have also attended seances given by many others whose especial phase was materialization. All these claimed to be what we call "full-form materializations." I have also been to many where hands or faces seemed to be materialized. I have therefore had quite unusual opportunities for investigating this especial phase, and therefore venture to give the conclusions to which I have been led.

Is materialization true? (By the word we mean, of course, the temporary assumption by a discarnate spirit of a form that can be sensed by physical sight, hearing and touch.) Is it true? Can it be done? To this we say emphatically, yes. The dematerialization of Geo. Strout, detailed in my book, proved that it can be done. The singing of the spirit through enveloping veils, as described in Letter Eighty-one, the materialization of the minister who baptized two of my brothers, and who heightened himself at least a foot when I told him he was not so tall as in earth life, came through the same medium.

Through one medium a father was talking with his spirit son. The spirit went to the middle of the room, and several sitters were on three sides of him. He very slowly dematerialized, and we all saw the whole thing. The feet melted away, the legs, then the lower part of the trunk, the great shoulders being still visible. Then the shoulders melted away, and only the head was on the floor. That disappeared, and only a light remained, which grew dim. After awhile the head formed again, then the shoulders, the trunk, and the lower part of him. Then he walked over to his father, who grasped him and said, "Is it possible this can be you?" "Feel me, father," said the spirit. "I am as palpable as you are."

I have seen some equally genuine proofs of the fact of materialization through other mediums. And all the demonstrations cited in this paper took place in good light, and it is difficult to see how any fair-minded skeptic could have failed to admit their genuineness.

So much being granted, let us pass to another branch of the subject, namely, the use of this phase of mediumship, and its limitations as a means of soul communion between mortals and discarnate spirits.

To premise, I must positively say that in all my experience in seeing materialization, and in talking with materialized spirits, I have never heard one of them give a single name, or mention one fact that was not previously known to the medium. They agreed with all I said, acknowledged any name I suggested, but originated nothing whatever.

This is to be accounted for on the ground that the controls make up the form mostly from the medium, who weighs considerably less when the form is out, and that the spirits who essay to use this form temporarily are so hampered by the limitations in the medium's

knowledge, and in the condition of her brain, that instead of being themselves while in that form, they are mostly the medium during that time. This phase is therefore nearly useless as a means of intelligent communication between the two worlds, except by means of the controls themselves, who are so accustomed to manipulating the organism of the medium that they can express their own individuality with considerable power. But our spirit friend who strives to come to us in this way is hampered by his own want of practice, is hampered by the medium, by the medium's controls, and by the positive mental condition of his earth-life, who actually expects him to be himself under these untoward conditions. I can speak only for myself, but in my opinion materialization is virtually useless as a medium of communication between ourselves and our own spirit friends.

On the other hand, this phase is of incalculable value as a means of proving to materialists the existence of spirits. It was thus in my own case. I will not dwell on what has been fully explained elsewhere, but when I began to attend those materializing seances in the autumn of 1887, I was a Sadducean doubter of the existence of individual finite spirits who did not walk the earth with bodies like our own.

Of course I never doubted the existence of illimitable Mind, of which all we see is the manifestation. When George dematerialized, I was not sure that it was he, though it looked just like him (though with no eyes), but though so near me that my dress touched him, he went out, just like a bubble, without going back to the cabinet. And he had been walking and talking. This demonstration showed me that spirits do exist with bodies unlike our own, and turned me from a Materialist into a Spiritualist. Materialists think that intelligence cannot exist without a brain, and that when the brain disintegrates, the intelligence which animated it exists no longer. So this was the first step for me. But I did not keep my foot in the one track through the rest of my mortal life. I preferred to walk on.

Many mediums of this phase are sensitive regarding personation and transfiguration. They can easily prevent the possibility of the presentation of these phases by submitting to absolute test conditions. Being in a closed bag is a good way, and perfectly comfortable. The strings can be close around the neck, and the ends fastened high on the wall, and the corners of the bag can be nailed to the floor. One medium directed "under control" the sewing of his outside garments to the chair. By leaning this way and that, he got a fine purchase, and when left alone and the singing was going on, he could get out of them, get his handkerchiefs, wipe the floor off his hands and feet, rub the floor over his face, place the pan of flour out of the way, covered carefully, and was ready to use his paraphernalia.

How can one be sure that the spirits are genuine? We cannot be sure that the spirits are the ones they say they are. It may always be the control, though our friend may be present, and the control may read from his psychical mind how he used to look when on the earth-plane. Absolute test conditions may make it certain that the work is done by discarnate spirits.

One condition will show positively that the manifestation is not genuine materialization, though it might be personation or transfiguration, of course. We mean when the "spirit" is solid and weighs what it would in earth-life. At a seance given by one of the mediums named in the above list, a "spirit" jounced the floor by its elephantine tread. Had this been genuine, there would not have been enough left of the medium to keep body and soul together.

In the best cases, the really genuine ones, the spirits do not feel very solid. If you hold their hand, it feels as if it would slip into nothingness, and it is the same with the form. In the case of George, I did not touch him, but his mother, who did, and put her arms around his neck, told me afterwards that he felt as if she could almost put her arm through him. It was the same with the spirit who sang so beautifully, described in a previous letter.

At one seance a spirit came out a few feet from the cabinet, with the form of a slim girl of fourteen, and so weak that she could go no further. Her three friends in the room, at once rose and clasped each other's hands. The spirit before our eyes transformed into a mature woman, and walked to her friends at the end of the room, with unflinching tread. This was genuine.

This phase, when rightly read and understood, becomes a mighty factor in convincing an unbelieving world of the falsity of materialism, and I shall always be thankful that my first step into the boundless world of Spiritualism was taken in a manner at once genuine and unmistakable. But as Mrs. Brigham said last Sunday, a wheel that turns round and round in the same place does not get us anywhere; but when its revolutions carry us on toward the goal revealed to us in our moments of aspiration, it subserves the highest interests for which the soul was brought into individual existence.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
ABBY A. JUDSON.

Arlington, N. J., Nov. 15, 1899.

Answers to Questions

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
W. G. COLVILLE.

Ques.—[By C. G. Garrison, Philadelphia.] I Cor., xv. 48: Paul said, "Bodies that were not first which is spiritual, but which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual." Assuming that natural means "earthly," as in the line that follows: Paul reverses theosophic teaching, does he not?

Ans.—There are always two standpoints from which philosophers can reason without variance, therefore we should not think of asserting that Paul's letters to the Corinthians are anti-theosophical in the general trend of their doctrine, though it must be admitted that there are passages in both of them which are not seemingly in strict accord with the highest views of life taken by the most illuminated seers and sages. Not only the passage quoted, but the entire chapter from which it is taken appeals to us as a thoroughly theosophic student from the Aristotelian or Baconian, though not from the Platonic or Emersonian standpoint.

Involution and evolution, induction and deduction, need to be studied together; or, if we are seeking to present a well formulated series of instructions on the soul and its expressions, we must treat first of involution, of the soul as entity, and therefore reason deductively before taking up the properly sequential topics of evolution or outward manifestation and the inductive school of philosophy. Though in the spiritual order, which is evolutionary, spirit is prior to its expressions; in the evolutionary

