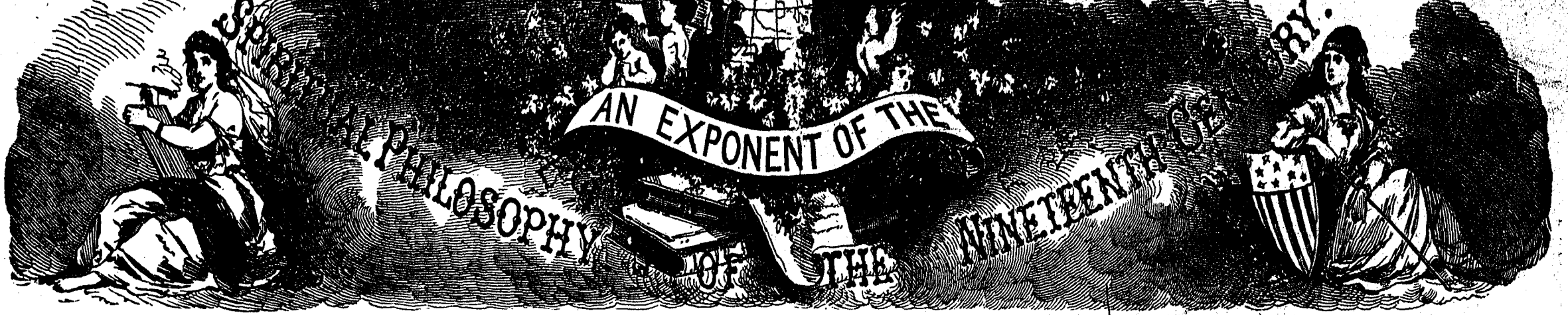


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 18.

## A Christmas Greeting for the Banner Reader.

### GOD BLESS THY HOME.

God bless thy home! These choicest gifts bestowing:  
Glad peace of soul, Hope's life-sustaining power,  
The lamp of resignation brightly glowing—  
With these thou need'st not fear the darkest hour!  
What say the Christmas chimas that shake Heaven's dome  
With such grand music? Hark—"God bless thy home!"

### CHRISTMAS JOY BELLS.

BY DEVOTION.

Ring the bells, the merry bells! Roar the salutation  
'Cross the sea to British hearts! Bright with decoration,  
Float the National flags entwined! Shout with jubilation!

Happy, happy grows the earth!  
When blithe Christmas comes around,  
Severed friendships have re-birth;  
Love begets love more profound;  
Home becomes of priceless worth;  
Young and old are filled with mirth;  
Hands are joined around the hearth;  
Carols ring with joyous sound.

Ring the bells, the merry bells! Lofty aspirations,  
Self-denials, noble deeds, calm renunciations,  
Resolutions beating strong, crown our celebrations!  
Sweetest time of all the year!  
Scatter broadcast through the land  
Food and clothes the poor to cheer,  
With a loving, lavish hand!  
Breathe a consolation clear!  
Make the forlorn lives less drear!  
Thus will Christmas grow more dear  
With the carol-music grand!

Ring the bells, the merry bells! Pass the old-time  
greeting!  
Fill the kindness-cup brimfull, British kinsmen  
meeting!  
Ope the gates of Plenty wide, Want and Woe de-  
feating!

Make the poor man's fireside bright!  
Grasp and shake his hand the while!  
Merrily As brothers, meet to-night  
In the good old-fashioned style!  
Peal the bells! Let Right be might!  
Christ, the loving kindness light,  
Will your love to His requite  
With His sovereign Christmas-smile!

Ring the bells, the merry bells! With a Christmas  
blessing,  
Happy make the orphaned lives, Charity expressing!  
Kiss the white-haired, wrinkled brows with a soft  
caressing!

Make Time's aisles of vastness ring  
With a song of Peace sublime,  
Sweeping through the carolling  
With a merry Christmas chime!  
"Bless Old England" let us sing!  
"Hail, Columbia," echoes bring,  
'Cross the ocean thundering,  
Making glad our Christmas-time!

Sydney, New South Wales, 1899. DEVOTION.

## Dr. Peebles and "Returning Spirits"—Mediums--The Genius of Spiritualism--The N. S. A.

The Hon. A. B. Gaston will accept thanks for calling attention to a few paragraphic lines selected, disconnected and published in the BANNER OF LIGHT from my pen several months ago under the heading, "Why?"

This article was so appreciated by Spiritualists that it was copied in *extenso* into the *Harbinger of Light*, Australia, a portion of it into *London Light*, England, and also other journals. I have had a number of requests to put it into leaflet form; quite probably I may do so.

### THE SEEMING CONTRADICTIONS.

In the above referred to article I said that "The rank and file of returning spirits were idlers, spirit-tramps, and pleasure-seekers;" and in another place I declared that "Messages from the exalted souls that peopled the elysian fields of the blessed will ever be required," etc. These isolated passages Bro. Gaston thinks are "contradictory." Yes, something as the March winds contradict the mild zephyrs that fan June's roses, much as the green apples contradict the golden sweets of Autumn time. Such contradictions—if that be the proper word—enrich the realm of contrast and further reveal the grand law of progress. Therefore, blessed be such contradictions. Facts are often contradictory—truths never.

Notwithstanding the editor is charged by Mr. Gaston with the "mistake of letting such gross statements slip" into the BANNER OF LIGHT, Mr. Barrett still survives, his health yearly improving, and he was popular enough to be again elected by acclamation President of the N. S. A., recently convening in Chicago. Upon hearing this, I exclaimed in silence (another contradiction), Amen!

### "THE RANK AND FILE OF SPIRITS."

"The rank and file of spirits"—"What does that mean?" asks Bro. Gaston. Though the telling is not very pleasant, I will say that it embraces some 400,000,000 rat-eating Chinamen; some 300,000,000 polygamy practicing, polyandria-indulging, child marriage, superstition-people of India; some 200,000,000 of darkest African negroes; the naked races of Asia; the vermin-eating bushmen of Australia; the snake-eating Pacific Islanders; the scheming, clutching misers of America; the traveling roadside tramps; the night-walking, outcast men in cities; the dazed insane; the criminals in jails and penitentiaries; the gamblers, unprincipled tricksters, slum-saloon patrons; the morally-perjured politicians; the selfish pleasure-seekers, etc., etc. These almost countless millions of postponed possibilities of true harmonious men—passing every moment into the spirit-world—go to make up "the rank and file of spirits." And these spirits,

not losing their identity by dying, are nearest the earth. They are still of the earth, earthy. Their attractions are here. They are diakkas. They are ignorant, worldly, gluttonous, sensuous, scheming, selfish, and anxious many of them to re-live their depraved lives over again. I repeat, the majority of these millions upon millions of illiterate, depraved, invisible "pleasure-seekers" constitute "the rank and file of spirits." I did not court the society of such in this world, nor would I now, though they are divested of their physical bodies. This "rank and file" is too rank with duplicity, false prophecies and disorganization to merit our unstinted praise. To mingle with them only as their positive teacher is dangerous. To encourage their controlling influences upon sensitives is to encourage ill health, disharmony, moral degradation and obsession, if not insanity. The "sun" of this kind of "Spiritism is setting." May it rise no more! Enough—enough of this childish curiosity, of this godless, religionless, prayerless necromancy—of this chatter and gibberish, in the name of our holy Spiritualism! Wisely wrote Paul: "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

Are there no good men and women? Yes, multitudes of them, and good, too, for goodness' sake; good because they love the good—love the true and the beautiful. Many such, angels almost, have passed to spirit-life; and as their words, testimonies and messages were valuable to us in this life, so are they infinitely more valuable, if possible, when returning from those bright upland realms of immortality, with their interesting testimonies and messages, to us who yet linger on the hither side of the celestial heavens. The thinker discriminates. The educated physician does not mistake the putrefying ulcer for sound flesh, nor does the scholastic psychologist mistake the egotistic idiot for the philosopher. Neither does the genuine optimist fail to see the imperfections of mortal life. I am by nature and taste an ardent optimist, believing that in every mortal is an enshrined angel; that upward, by divine impulse, all things tend, and that sometime, somehow, and in some way, to us partially if not wholly inscrutable now, all will be overruled for good. God is love, therefore one origin, one humanity, one destiny, and ultimately one religion, Spiritualism.

### PSYCHIC SENSITIVES.

Probably the more proper word for mediums would be sensitives, or sensitive intermediaries. They are the message-messengers between the visible and invisible worlds, and they require the choicest conditions, the most clear, pure and harmonious surroundings. The old Egyptians understood this, hence the watchfulness and tender care manifested to their vestal virgins.

### SENSITIVENESS OF MEDIUMS.

Dr. Kane, wintering in the extreme polar regions, discovered that approaching his thermometers from the windward side affected them. The breath, and even the electric emanations of the body, would cause slight fluctuations and incorrect readings. The ordinary surveyor need not be informed that iron and steel affect his needle. The skilled mechanic needs not be told that his machinery runs the smoothest after dark. Sea captains know that a foot-fall, or a quick motion of the body, causes oscillations. Now then, if delicate manipulations in compliance with conditions, are so indispensable in dealing with physical bodies which phenomena we know, how much more so when investigating partially unknown phenomena involving vibrations, and the laws of thought, force and radiations in the line of occult phenomena?

Genuine conscientious mediums, sensitive and highly impressive, are in essence—rooms infinitely more susceptible than Kane's unthinking thermometers. All sensations are spirit sensations. A vicious thought, a hard, coarse word, a disagreeable odor, or the positive criticism of the egotistic cynic may destroy the proper conditions for successful spiritual phenomena. I would that I had the eloquence of Demosthenes, the logic of Bacon, and the power of an immortal Pitt, to enforce upon the minds of Spiritualists and psychic students these words, "care—tenderly care for—and guard your mediums." All that I know of a future, progressive existence has come through the teachings and testimonies of mediums—mediums and their messages in connection with my own conscious mediumship.

Only the scattering minority of Spiritualists are adepts in the philosophy of mediumship. Closely associated with spiritual phenomena are mesmerism, hypnotism, suggestion, will-power and all the finer psychic forces. Spiritualists should be students.

Frauds abound, as they do in politics and in the Church. Fraudulent mediums should be reasoned with—sternly reprimanded; and then, if they incoherently persist, publicly expose them. The saddest thing connected with this great spiritualistic movement is that some few, mediumistically gifted, will, for a few paltry dollars, deceive—aye, worse—they will manufacture manifestations. Three penitents in the last five years have confessed this to me. One of them said the spirits helped her in the deceptions, which if not certain was very probable; the other two said that certain Spiritualists and some investigators demanded "something wonderful," "some astonishing and astounding manifestations," and so they were gotten up in marketable order upon the principle that demand brings supply. I know of no infamously fraudulent transactions both parties are about equally blamable. If the cuts in were lifted Diakka would be discernible siding in this trickery and knavery. They know their own.

Thoughtful Spiritualists neither expect nor demand the impossible; and mediums influenced by spirits and professedly conversing with angels should not only be honest, candid, conscientious and pure-minded, but so far as possible, angelic. The goal and the aspirational attract the very good—from the gardens of paradise, and the reverse is measurably true.

The majority of influencing spirits are, in my opinion, dwellers in the borderland. They inhabit the purgatorial spheres. They are temporarily earthbound, and are neither angels, gods, nor heaven-higher-bassadors. Hence the command, though old, should be new: "Beloved, believe not every spirit but try the spirits." We have the same right to try and judge them that they have to judge us, and we do judge them by their fruits, judge them by their teachings, their testimonies, and especially by the moral influence that they exert upon their mediums, which mediums are the instrumental seed-sowers of spiritual truths.

### PERFECTION NOT YET REACHED.

Few Spiritualists have yet reached the sublime altitudes of that positive or universal religion whose basic foundation is spirit, whose co-assistant is science, whose creed is freedom, whose psalm is love, and whose only prayer is earnest, self-sacrificing work for human good. The best have not yet entered the vestibule of perfection. The ideal stretches afar into the golden distance. That there are extravagances, wild theories and moral exorcismes sheltering themselves under the widespread wing of Spiritualism, is freely admitted. This is common in all new movements involving the activities of the emotional nature. The wheat and the tares grow together. Gold to be pure must pass through the refiner's fire.

Spiritualism can gain nothing by spicing the ecclesiastical customs of other denominations. And yet whatever good they have is legitimate ours. We have a right to and should appropriate it. Awkward, irreconcilable combinations are ever to be avoided. Masters should be builders. The world is their timber-lands for selecting materials. Master-builders are necessarily constructive. Spiritualists must never adopt any narrow measures for cramping the unfolding intellect, nor strive to utter the shibboleth of any man-made form of faith. The world calls for knowledge, not faith. In the introduction of this modern wave of Spiritualism upon earth, the angels, the great parliaments of heaven, proposed the formation of no new religious sect. Roman barbarities and pharisaic bigotry had already rent kingdoms, ruined empires, and crimsoned the earth with human blood. Their inaugurating aim, higher and holier, was to demonstrate a future existence, educate, enlighten and spiritualize the children of men—God's great beating, throbbing humanity.

Spiritualism is the opposite of, and strongly antagonistic to, agnosticism and materialism in all their protean forms. When pseudo-scientists talk of the potencies in matter, of correlations and polarities, they are talking all unwittingly of spirit; for all potency as a force and a finality belongs to that vast, incomprehensible realm of spirit. "Infinite Intelligence"—causation, factors in every phenomenon of Nature, are essential to the ascertainment and record of every law and of every study connected with the occult. This the knightly champions of material science are just beginning to understand. Such eminent professors as Hyslop and James, of Harvard, have in psychism lagged behind all too long. Gladly are they welcomed at this eleventh hour. May their lamps be kept burning. The old battle-scarred pioneers have opened the way and made their spiritualistic pilgrimage in the line of psychic studies comparatively easy. Spiritualism among thinkers is already very respectable. Lecturers are no longer mobbed. Their inspired leaders are no longer tabooed by society, nor are our mediums longer pronounced witches; neither are they imprisoned for exercising their spiritual gifts. Truth ever triumphs in the end.

### THE LATE CHICAGO N. S. A.

Only a sudden attack of the grippe kept me as a delegate from my post. While it was to be regretted that more of the old veterans were not present—such as Prof. J. R. Buchanan, Prof. E. D. Babbitt, Dr. A. J. Davis, Lyman C. Howe, Hudson Tuttle, Dean Clarke, W. E. Coleman, E. Whipple, A. B. French, Giles B. Stebbins and others—still, the convention was a grand success. One of the officers and present President of the Ohio State Association, informed me last week that it was the best ever held. It will be better next year. No clock connected with a Spiritualist organization could be expected to strike twelve the first time. Progress, evolution, applies here as well as everywhere else.

"Infinite Intelligence" seems to have been the stumbling-block. And yet, this magnificent universe of thinking intelligences, with its one hundred million suns enclosed in the Milky Way, saying nothing of the countless millions upon millions beyond, studding the measureless spaces of infinity, that no telescope can reach, is governed by Infinite Intelligence, Causation, Spirit, God; or it is governed by finite, fallible, freaky intelligences; or it is not governed at all, but goes evolving, rattling, rushing on, like a thistle-down in a whirlwind towards—nowhere! Which? Principles without consciousness, will and purpose are little more than playthings for semi-lunatics.

As to the words "believe" and "affirm" in regard to spiritual manifestations as demonstrations of the future existence, they were

not to my taste. Their potency did not correspond with the subject. If Spiritualists know anything by their researches, senses, experiences, intuitions and matured judgment, why not say it in good, solid, inclusive Anglo-Saxon? Why half-hesitatingly, timorously "affirm" spirit-communion? Are these the sheaves? Is this the harvest of over fifty and more years of faithful sowing? What say you, fellow-pioneers, foot-weary, purse-empty, and scarred from many moral combats with priests, with a materialistic press, and "false brethren," which that ancient Spiritualist, Paul, considered the "worst of all"? Never mind, you are grand old soldiers of truth! After the winter comes the spring, and after the cross comes the crown. God is just, and eternity rights all wrongs. Wait and trust.

Take from me Spiritualism, the true and the divine, and I should be like a leaky, rickety old ship, off upon a restless, rolling ocean, without rudder, chart or compass. Summed up, it is all, and I count all else as dross—paltry, perishing dross.

If I know anything, I know that there are rifts in the clouds above us; know that the river of death is bridged, the ocean of death cabled; know that voices come from invisible silence; know that seers, sages and sainted martyrs, as well as undeveloped, evil-dainted dwellers in the border-lands of spirit existence, have, all by natural law, access to earth. And oh! how I thank Paul for saying, "For we know... of that house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." He knew it because he was a sensitive medium, because he fell into a trance, because he heard the spirit saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" and because he was caught up to the third heaven, the third sphere of the immortal existence: know it as the distinguished Mary A. Livermore knows it, and whom I remember was studying the occult some forty years ago, in Auburn, N. Y.; know it as Crookes, Wallace, Cammarion, Hyslop, Dr. Hodgson, in brief, the brainiest men and women of to-day know it. I know it through my senses and my reason, through the testimonies of mediums, through clairvoyance and clairaudience, and more than all, if possible, through personal mediumship in connection with my soul's deepest, divinest intuitions. And, knowing it, I think it, I say it, I write it, and strive to live it. Spiritualism is to me everything. It is the rock, too, from whence was hewn theosophy, Christian science, mental science, divine healing and hypnotic suggestion. It covers them all, for God is Spirit and Spirit is God. And when my palsied lips can no longer speak it, and my icy fingers no longer write it, I will look it with my closing, dying eyes.

Who that has drunk from this fountain of eternal life—who that has held an hour's communion with departed loved ones does not say to the world: "I am glad, oh! so glad, so proud that I am a Spiritualist!"

Spiritualists, the eyes of the civilized world and of the angels above, are upon you! Conduct yourselves, then, like men. So guide your barques that, though they flounder in the tempestuous seas of temptation, they may soon right themselves for a better, safer voyage. Live to-day for to-morrow, for eternity. Be above the commission of an unworthy act; indulge in no ignoble insinuations; take no selfish advantages of the weaknesses of your fellow-men; sacrifice coveted comforts for the good of others; seek no praise nor fulsome flattery; intrigue for no office; partake of the bread of honest labor only; administer reproof in gentleness and love; forgive as you would be forgiven; be kind to the poor, the unfortunate, the sick, the dying; live to lift them to higher planes of health and happiness; live to brighten the chain of human friendships; live to educate mind, heart and soul for the realization of a heaven on earth; plant gardens of love in unhappy bosoms; scatter gems of good-will and roses of kindness along your daily walks of life; think only good thoughts, and ever welcome the angels to your hearts and to your souls as the loved messengers of God. These are the teachings and principles of practical Spiritualism.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

Battle Creek, Mich.

## A Lecture by J. R. Snow on the Declaration of Principles Adopted at the Chicago Convention of the N. S. A., Oct. 19, 1899.

1. We believe in Infinite Intelligence.
2. We believe that the phenomena of nature, physical and spiritual, are the expressions of Infinite Intelligence.
3. We affirm that a correct understanding of such expressions, and living in accordance therewith constitute the true religion.
4. We affirm that the existence and personal identity of the individual continue after the change called death.
5. We affirm that communication with the so-called dead is a fact, scientifically proven by the phenomena of Spiritualism.
6. We affirm that the highest code of morals is contained in the Golden Rule, "that as ye would that others should do unto you do ye even so unto them."

Friends: I think we Spiritualists should be justly proud of these very clear and precise principles, and we can now stand before the world as a recognized religious body.

Let us now briefly discuss these six principles:

1. What is Infinite Intelligence?  
It is useless to deny that there is Design and Intelligence governing the universe. All the sciences, both materialistic and spiritualistic,

prove this beyond the shadow of a doubt. In the science of astronomy, our own comparatively little earth shows Infinite Intelligence and Design in being inclined on its axis in such a way that the sun's rays from the center of the solar system of planetary worlds will reach the surface of the earth in such a manner as to produce the various seasons. Everything in the Universe shows design and Infinite Intelligence, and not mere chance; investigation and scientific experiment have disclosed the fact that Infinite Intelligence is permeating, pervading, enlivening and forming a part of the universe; in fact, is Universal Spirit; for all life is spirit, and all spirit is immortal.

Therefore the first principle of the religion of Spiritualism is a belief, a faith and an acknowledgment that Infinite Intelligence forms a part of, and governs the universe.

2. What is Nature, both physical and spiritual, and how does nature express Infinite Intelligence?

The literal meaning of nature is to be born; to be unfolded or evolved from a germ that has within itself a living principle, capable of expansion, progression, and growth to higher conditions.

Nature is the universal system of Unfoldment which is constantly in the process of evolution. By no means is Nature confined to this material planet Earth, but nature belongs to the Universe; every planet revolving in space (and there are countless thousands of them) has its spiritual counterpart.

We are finite beings, limited in our comprehension, and subject to the present conditions and environments of the mundane sphere of the world of spirits, so we cannot understand life or spirit except it be manifested through the mediumship of a material or physical organism of the mundane sphere; but everything that we can comprehend shows that there is Infinite Intelligence pervading the universe and that all nature is an expression thereof.

3. Does a correct understanding of nature, both physical and spiritual, and living in accordance therewith, constitute a true religion?

The literal meaning of religion is to bind back; a reviewing and rebinding; to be bound together in bonds of fraternal love, reverencing the Infinite and regarding the Infinite as our father, nature as our mother, and humanity as our brothers and sisters, and the lower animals as a part of the Universal Intelligence. They also have spirits which are immortal.

True religion is a natural religion, and consists of a knowledge of the Infinite Intelligence that pervades, permeates and forms a part of the universe, and is based upon reverence for all the laws of nature, both physical and spiritual and also moral, by living in accordance therewith.

4. Does the existence and personal identity of the individual continue after the change called death?

From the remotest antiquity human beings have had a belief in the existence and personal identity of the individual as continued in a de-carnate form after so-called death, and all religious beliefs are founded upon this spiritualistic idea. It is a fundamental principle of all spiritualistic theology.

5. Is communication with the so-called dead a fact, and is it scientifically proven by the phenomena of Spiritualism?

Angels or messengers from the wisdom spheres, prophets, seers and spiritual mediums, have always existed, and records of the visits and ministrations of decarnate spirits are recorded in all written history, particularly in the Christian's Bible; and these facts are occurring at the present time, and are just as capable of proof and are just as clearly proven as any other fact in nature.

The phenomena of Spiritualism, both ancient and modern, prove communication with the so-called dead.

Christianity as a religion and form of Spiritualism was not really first presented to the world at the birth of Jesus of Nazareth. It is recorded that the angels sang the song of "Peace on earth, good will to men." That event marks the commencement of the Christian era.

What is now known as Modern Spiritualism was not really commenced March 31, 1848, at Hydesville, N. Y., but this date marks the beginning of the new spiritual era, based upon scientific experiments and indisputable evidence, which has spread with the most remarkable rapidity over the entire civilized world, and has received the name of "Modern Spiritualism."

The National Spiritualists' Association, at the recent Chicago Convention, October, 1899, by declaring and adopting the six principles we are now discussing has done the crowning work of this organization; and has placed this movement on a firm foundation for what I believe it is destined to be, the universal religion of the twentieth century.

This modern movement in the science, philosophy, phenomena and religion of Spiritualism came prominently before the world with the so-called Rochester Rappings, carrying on communication with the so-called dead by means of what Prof. Crookes called percussive sounds, and in the process of evolution of this movement many avenues of communication with the decarnate have been more clearly and convincingly opened—automatic writing, spirit voices, spirit paintings, spirit photography, independent slate writings, playing on musical instruments by decarnate spirit intelligences, transfiguration, etherization, materialization, etc., etc. All these facts have been abundantly proved by scientific investigation and experiment, carried on by very

[Continued on Fifth Page.]



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## MARION GOLDBORO;

OR,

WHAT ONE WOMAN ACCOMPLISHED.

WRITTEN BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

Author of "The Discovers Country," "Oceanides," a Psychological Novel, "Mary Ann Carew," "Philip Carlyle," a Romance, &amp;c., &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## "RAG SHAG AND BOB TAIL."

About four weeks after the foregoing conversation took place Mr. and Mrs. Goldboro, together with Bess and Willie, started for Europe. Marion, in the meanwhile, busied herself in gathering together as many unfortunate as she, in her visits of mercy, came in contact with. Of course Bill Fry and his family were to go, Jennie and her father, Mrs. Dufries and Elmore. Mary would remain a member of the Earl's family.

It was shortly noted in the neighborhood of the old tenement house that Marion was forming a colony of the poor and needy, and during the following month she had a thousand applicants who desired to go with her to Pearlville. Many of these were in reasonably good remunerative positions, consequently Marion would not accept such; but there was a residue of about five hundred whom she did accept. These were made up of helpless orphans of both sexes, drunks of both sexes—men preponderating, however—who were apparently past all hope of reformation, and therefore could not obtain employment, and who were so shattered by drink that they could not work even had they been fortunate enough to obtain it. There were also about a hundred able-bodied men who could not obtain employment, together with their families; then there were many half-starved widows, some of them deserted wives and mothers, nearly all having helpless little children who were pinched with hunger and cold and clothed in rags.

Marion accepted none who were not entirely destitute and helpless. Nearly every day she received a letter from Englehart. Everything was going on as rapidly as possible. Already about fifty cottages had been erected, but Marion wrote they would need a hundred at the very least to commence with.

Another month passed and Englehart himself made his appearance at the Goldboro mansion. The meeting between husband and wife was a joyful one, for they had not been separated before since their union.

"I hope, dear Marion, we shall never be separated again, in this life or the next," said the Earl, as they together descended to the dining room.

Englehart now informed Marion that all was ready at Pearlville. One hundred neatly built cottages stood ready to receive those who were to occupy them; the hospital was built, also the large building which was to take the place of a church. A strong and spacious storehouse was ready to be filled with provisions of various kinds, and these were also on their way to Pearlville. The laundry stood on the banks of the little lakelet; barns and sheds had been put up wherever needed, and all was ready to receive the colony.

The day at last came when five hundred helpless outcasts were put on board a special train, chartered for the purpose, and shortly thereafter were whirling onward to their destination. The train was made up principally of sleepers, and the company was made as comfortable as possible, for they must necessarily remain on the road six or seven days at least. None of them had a penny in the world, and Marion did not intend to give any of them money, for the drunks might resist temptation if they had money, and all must be treated alike that no dissatisfaction might be felt. Regular meals were served on small tables in the cars, but not a particle of the fish of animals, to wit, or fish. Fruits, vegetables and cereals must do. Of course the drunks became disgruntled, and soon they became drunken-eyed and woe-begone, but the train whirled on regardless of their misery, and nothing could be had to drink except plenty of clear, cold water. All tea and coffee had been stricken out of the menu. All kinds of fruit and vegetables that the season would afford, were served in plenty, together with white and brown bread, corn and oat-meal mush, and savory vegetable soups.

At last they arrived at the little station twenty-five miles distant from Pearlville; here large covered vans were awaiting them. The children ran about screaming with delight at the wild freedom which held out its inviting arms before them. The faces of the weary, overworked mothers began to beam with pleasure; the drunks wondered if tons of gold could not be taken from these mountains; the able-bodied men looked happy and hopeful; the maidens eyes brightened delightedly, and the flush deepened in their cheeks; the slouching youths raised their heads, and straightened their shoulders, for their eyes looked no longer on poverty and vice.

When at last the vans started, a great cheer went up unanimously from all, for all were happy.

They were obliged to make camp for one night, and tents had been provided. The tents were owned by the men who provided the vans. These men were ranchers whose the Earl had hired, together with their teams, vans and tents, to take the Colony to its destination, for the ranchmen far and near had become deeply interested in the movement.

Marion had not as yet furnished clothing for the company, so they were a company of "rag shag and bob-tail," but suitable clothing was awaiting them at Pearlville.

They traveled along near the base of the mountain all day, their course lying toward the south. When night came, the vans stopped, the tents were pitched, and a number of camp fires lighted, the ranchmen cooking for the hungry people; for not one of the colony knew how to cook over a campfire, and probably not one of them had ever camped out before.

The children were wild with glee and shouted until they were hoarse, to hear the echoes from the mountains; the men gathered in groups about the fires, spinning all manner of yarns; the ranchmen's rugged faces glowed pleasantly as they improvised tables of all descriptions here and there, and passed to and fro from the fires to deposit the food upon them. It was a large company to feed in this way, but they managed to do it, nevertheless, and by the time they were all seated—the most of them on rocks and boulders—the great full moon raised its shining face over the crest of the mountain and smiled broadly upon them after an approving fashion; and by the time all were ready to retire to their tents, and they must wrap themselves in blankets and lie upon pine boughs, the moon also wrapped a great cloud about her, and all was silent and asleep.

The next day, just as the sun was dipping behind the mountains, the travelers came in sight of Pearlville, and this was what their glad and eager eyes beheld: a small city of a hundred houses, all built alike and painted a soft pearl-color. The city was circular in form, surrounding an extensive circle, from the center of which arose a grand edifice, also circular in form, this being the building which was to take the place of a church. This was painted white, with a golden-colored metal dome, which glistened in the rays of light of the setting sun. Each house stood within its acre of ground, each acre being neatly fenced, the fences painted the color of the houses. Between the fences of each plot a space had been left for a good wide street or roadway, also a very wide boulevard had been left, which ran entirely around the central building, but distant enough for it to allow of extensive and elegant park grounds. Of course every house faced toward the park and the beautiful building within it, the building itself having four entrances—on north, one east, one west, and one south—all exactly alike. A flag was flying from the spire on the dome as a signal of welcome to the strangers.

Outside the city, on an elevation, stood an other large building, not high, but very long and painted white—a dark grove of pines resting in shadow at the back; then, a little in

the distance, stood the strong, substantial-looking storehouse. This was painted brown; then, further on, near the edge of the water, stood the breezy-looking laundry, surrounded by open verandas, and far up the river near the mountains, where the water leaped in swift cascades, stood the mill; not far from this, also a company of outsiders had a planing or lumber mill. Here nearly all the lumber had been purchased wherewith to build the city, making glad the hearts of the owners, and more convenient for the Earl, not having to send to Denver for it as at first he thought he would be obliged to do.

On an elevation overlooking all stood a house exactly like the others but much larger. This was Marion's home. The size of the building was not that she might live more luxuriously, but that a great many rooms in it were to be used for the general welfare; one large room to be devoted to the manufacture of wearing apparel; another as a music-room wherein all who wished and had the required talent were to be instructed in music; another large chamber was intended for the care of helpless babes and small children; and last but not least, in the pleasantest spot on the whole extensive landscape, stood the schoolhouse, almost as grand in appearance as the church, but fully a quarter of a mile distant.

Toward the east, from the mountains, stretched a boundless prairie as far as the eye could reach; uncultivated, wild, as nature had left it; filled with sage brush, cactus, prairie dogs, gophers, squirrels, coyotes, owls and rattlesnakes; but this should become blooming and food productive. Long sheds and barns were standing down there at present, looking desolate, empty and bare—desolate as the prairie itself.

The weary but happy company alighted. This first night, of course, some disorder must reign; but a hundred or two of boys and men could sleep at the hospital for this one night; and long tables were spread there for the first supper. The next day all would be appointed to their several places, or as many of them as could be properly examined, for Marion desired that every person in this large assembly should fill a place or position best adapted to his or her natural inclination or talent; for she never doubted that she should find genius and perhaps great talent among them.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## HIDDEN JEWELS.

The next morning bright and early the task of examination commenced. All the inmates who had *delirium tremens*, or were unfitted for work through physical weakness or disability, were to remain within the hospital until cured. Each able-bodied man, together with his wife and children, if he were so fortunate as to have a wife or children, was given a life-lease of one of the cottages, together with its acre of ground. In case of his death the lease reverted to his wife, and if both were to die then the lease would revert to the eldest child, be it son or daughter; each widow in the colony was also to have a cottage, and if there were children the eldest was to retain the lease. Widowers and unmarried men were each to possess a cottage. All who were able to work were expected to pay the government tax, to gether with the poll tax, but if misfortune or sickness overtook them the colony would be responsible for the taxes.

Among the youths and children there were many orphans, and Marion decided that another large building must be immediately erected; in the meanwhile these must find homes in the cottages with the people.

At first Marion thought they could be adopted by the various families, but she came to the conclusion that such a project would not be well for all concerned.

The school children must be graded into classes. The regular school session was to be four hours each day, for which the teachers were to receive one dollar. All labor, whatever the avocation, was to be remunerated alike, but youths, maidens and children would not be allowed to work more than two hours per day, for which they would receive one half dollar.

Many days were spent by Marion and Englehart in getting everything into running order, and strange as it may seem to many who live in this world of friction and worry, not a protest was uttered by any one; not a single quarrel took place; all seemed deeply interested, and all fell naturally into their rightful places. There really was nothing to quarrel about. All were to receive exactly alike. Not one could envy another, and as there was to be no meat eating or whiskey-drinking, there would be nothing to incite bad tempers; as no one was to be overworked, none would be querulous with weariness.

The colony was to be supplied with food for one year from the large storehouse. This supply consisted of wheat flour, with all the various preparations of other grains, such as oat-meal, corn meal, pearly barley, buckwheat, and other preparations too numerous to mention; all kinds of dried and preserved fruits with nuts of various kinds. There was also a supply of cotton-seed oil, for cooking purposes, olive oil and plenty of oil, but no eggs, milk or fish were to be used. I hear some one ask: "What are the babies and small children to do without milk?" I will whisper a secret in your ear. "Take oat-meal," make a thin porridge, strain it, sweeten it, the younger the baby the thinner the gruel; feed it through a bottle to the sucking babes after it has been strained through thin cloth, and the babies who cannot be nursed by the mother will thrive and grow fat and healthy; but let all the mothers who can nurse their babies at nature's fount.

Some of these things puzzled Marion at first, but many of these poor washer-women knew all about it, for they had been obliged to leave their little ones day after day in the care of an older child, and they had found oat-meal porridge an excellent thing.

Now the storehouse contained in plenty peas, beans and lentils.

Marion must now take up the great question of clothing, for a more ragged community could not be imagined, most of them slovenly and dirty. Marion was determined that pride, envy and jealousy should find no place in this little city, therefore every woman should be furnished with two plain, neat calico gowns for every day wear, all of the same dark pattern and all made alike. These were to be made by the women themselves; another and better dress was to be worn whenever a better dress was required; and like material was to be made up for the children. The men and youths were furnished each with two suits of clothing, one for work, and the better suit to be worn when not at labor; and all were to be alike. When all things had been accomplished to the satisfaction of Marion and her adored husband, they counted up the cost and found that but three millions had been expended, and conjointly they were worth twenty millions.

All three million dollars had been well invested, so they thought. The three million had been laid up in heaven, where moth and rust do not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. The thieves in this colony had no need to steal; they had enough, and their brothers had no more need better than they; the murderers had no desire to murder, for nothing could be gained by so doing, and when not at sad spirits did not enter their systems, murderous passions were not aroused.

Most of the drunks in the hospital were now in a convalescent state and rapidly improving in health.

Marion thought it about time to find out what kind of material there might be found among them that could be put to the highest possible use. She meant that health should be the rule in this colony, and those who were now sick she expected, under the present regime, would re-

cover; so, one by one, the former inebriates were examined, and to the utter astonishment of all, many were found to be exceedingly talented. One grand master musician was found, who had fallen from his high estate into the drunkard's slough. Of course this had been gradual, still he was not yet fifty years of age. A number of other fine musicians were discovered; a half-dozen broken-down actors were also sifted out of the mass; painters, artists and sculptors were also of the number. Life was returning to them. They were waking up. Hope once more shone from their eyes.

Marion and Englehart soon had the grand old music hall at the piano, and shortly he was swallowed up by the vibrating strains of Mozart, Beethoven and Chopin; then a violinist, whose hand had long been so unsteady that he could not handle the bow, was so much better that he found courage to take up the little instrument and try his hand once more. In fact, a whole orchestra was found among these former subjects of *delirium tremens*. An orchestra band was soon formed, and these musicians should also teach all within the colony who so desired music; but they should receive no more for their work than any other laborer—one dollar for four hours' work. The painters and sculptors should produce works of art for the people, but should receive no more than the others. Art should not be obliged to demean itself for gain. The artists and musicians must use their talents for love of their art, not for money.

Now among these outcasts of society were found five preachers, or former ministers of the gospel so called; one or two had been excommunicated from their various churches, and through despair had sunk to their present level. Marion scarcely knew what use to make of these. She did not wish them to preach their former erroneous dogmas to the people of the colony, consequently they must work like the others in the field, live in their own little houses and cultivate their acre of ground, which they were quite willing to do.

As soon as the proper time came a large tract of land was put under cultivation, and soon there were waving fields of wheat, barley, oats, corn, potatoes and all manner of vegetables. Each cottager was to plant fruit trees near his house, also strawberry raspberries, currants, gooseberries, blackberries and so forth. This acre of land alone, if well cared for, would sustain him, together with his family, and whenever a surplus occurred it should be preserved in the common store. For all public work each man or woman was to receive one dollar for four hours' labor; but within the home and its acre of land they must work for their own pleasure and for the improvement of their homes.

Marion and the Earl well knew that colonies as a rule had been failures, and they had concluded that it was because they had been erroneously founded—the bases had not been right. No man or woman likes to work all day and put their labor into common stock. Many are lazy and slovenly, having no incentive to labor; but when each person should receive one dollar for four hours of good work—the kind which he liked best and for which he was best adapted—he had an incentive to do his best. But Marion was determined that the work of these people should be his own; they merely to labor and exist. The culture of the spirit within, the hand should be the object, the labor merely the necessary adjunct of the body, simply to support it, that the spirit might gain its proper development; moreover, every spiritual faculty should be trained to its utmost, and there should not be lacking pleasure of all kinds that had not a degrading tendency.

It was now expected that the colony would be self-supporting, besides a large surplus—the surplus was to be sent to the nearest towns and cities and sold, the money to be saved as a common fund to be used for the improvement of the city of Pearlville, after each had received his or her wages for labor and time spent on public work.

Marion desired to make this colony as near her ideas of heaven as possible. "Why not make a heaven, as we upon earth?" she often asked herself. "People are always talking and dreaming about the heaven they expect after death. Why wait for death? Why not have it right here and now? Long waiting is exceedingly wearisome and a great waste of time. Let us all go to work and have a heaven here on the earth. We are not sure of heaven even after we leave our mortal forms, and I feel certain we must make our own heaven wherever we go. I have no faith that there is a heaven already constructed for us. Such ideas are to me exceedingly childish, and, for me, I much prefer to construct my own heaven. There is much happiness in the building; in other words, we enter into our own heaven and abide within that which our hands have constructed."

(To be Continued.)

## John James Garth Wilkinson.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D.

A copy of the London Times, for which I am indebted to Mrs. Tebb, contains the announcement of the death of Dr. John James Garth Wilkinson. It occurred at his residence, No. 4 Finchley-road, London, on the 13th of October, at the age of eighty-seven.

Dr. Wilkinson was a great man among his fellows. He was always awake to his relations to others, instant to do good as well as to be good, and in his knowledge and perception of truths far seeing beyond the men of his age. If he had taken the popular side of questions, instead of following his convictions, he would have ranked among the great men of England.

He was well born, a blessed boon to a man, though not a merit of his own. He was the oldest son of the Rev. James John Wilkinson, barrister of Gray's Inn and Judge of the County Palatine of Durham. He received a university education and engaged in the study of medicine. Hahnemann was then fighting the battle of homeopathy, the abolition of purgations and blood letting, and the disease of heavy drugging in disease. Only philosophers make genuine homeopaths, and young Wilkinson became a homeopath of the new school of practice. He furthered its claims by the pen as well as by voice and example. It is hardly necessary to say that he was a successful practitioner.

He was still young when he became a reader and receiver of the religious and metaphysical doctrines of Emanuel Swedenborg. He was too broad for a sectarian, but he had the instinct and diligent habits of the scientist. While engaged in actual practice, with the enthusiasm of a disciple, he found time to unearth the scientific works of the Great Seer, and to translate them into English. Aided by the Rev. Augustus Chishwell, he managed, in the ten years from 1834, to publish them. "The Animal Kingdom," a proposed work on physiology, "The Economy of the Animal Kingdom," "Generation," and the principal ones of the numbers. They were so happily rendered that their style is totally without the stiffness usual to translations, and they read as though Dr. Wilkinson had written them himself. Added to these he published a treatise of his own, "The Human Body, and its Connection with Man." He confesses that the views have little originality; perhaps not, but the reader can hardly think so. The thinking person who cares to regard the noble human form as it is, and its offices and activities as the organs and receptacles of spiritual powers and energies, will find it the book that he wants. Lippincott's reprinted many years ago, and the edition was speedily exhausted.

The first work of his that I read was entitled "Swedenborg, a Biography." Mr. Otto Clapp of Boston republished it the following year. It was a gem in style and had the intrinsic merit of being a faithful endeavor to represent the man as he was, without facts and exaggerating no virtues. My copy was long ago lost and never returned. I remember well Wilkinson's allusion to Swedenborg's great use of coffee—a taste, by the way, which was characteristic also of Voltaire. Remark that captious individuals might attribute Swedenborg's Spiritualism to this habit, Wilkinson expressed doubts whether any one could imagine that Swedenborg drew the inspiration of the "Aranea Coelestis" from a coffee pot. The book, however, met severe criticisms from many New-churchmen. Prof. Geo. Bush,

then publishing the *New Church Repository*, and himself a convert comparatively recent, declared his dislike because of its plainness of statement. But the edition was largely sold. Whether Dr. Wilkinson smiled with satisfaction or not, I do not know. It was a star that moved in his own orbit. He certainly possessed a superior ken, and a faculty that reached very far into spiritual things.

Ralph Waldo Emerson twice notices him in his books. He describes Wilkinson as "a philosophical orator with a corseful vigor of understanding and imagination comparable only to Lord Bacon's," and adds that "the admirable preliminary discourses with which Mr. Wilkinson has enriched these volumes throw the contemporary philosophy of England into shade."

Again he says in "English Traits": "Wilkinson, the editor of Swedenborg, the annotator of Fourier, the champion of Hahnemann, has brought to metaphysics and to physiology a natural vigor, with a catholic perception of relations, equal to the highest attempts, and a rhetoric like the array of the invincible knights of old."

To this, however, he adds the qualifying remark: "There is in the action of his mind a long Atlantic roll not known except in deepest waters, and only lacking what ought to accompany such waves, or manifest centrality. If his mind does not rest in immovable bases, perhaps the orb is, in fact, not the return is not yet; but a master should inspire a confidence that he will adhere to his convictions, and give his present studies always the same high place."

This is hardly just. But Wilkinson was a man too large for Mr. Emerson to encompass and measure. He was not an ocean bounded by continents of land, but a living stream, like the Aravira of Zoroastrian theology, that takes its rise in the heavenly world, and flows forth into regions always new, and carrying life and fertility where it has its course.

Where he planted his feet to day was his starting point for a new step to-morrow, and always in the direction of the true and the good. He transcended the common limitations. A disciple of Hahnemann, yet he reached beyond in his concepts to a medicine without medication, where the true man and true physician should work cures as by the finger of God. A disciple of Swedenborg, and his best interpreter, he conceived a progress and a development when we should be all seers, and illuminated from on high.

He was equally zealous in his philanthropy. He magnified his apostleship as a minister of healing. Though physicians, unhappily, are seldom philosophers, yet the converse seems to be, from Aristotle, Hippocrates, Galen and Paracelsus, that the philosophers are very often physicians, men whose higher views took their beginning from medical study and observation.

Wilkinson was one of the early followers of our glorious William Tebb, William White and their collaborators, in their holy crusade against vaccination. He wrote and published and did whatever lay in his power against the obscene practice of raving human bodies with an animal poison. He boldly declared his observations and convictions. Mr. Constable of Hull cites him as follows:

"Dr. Garth Wilkinson (whose writings Emerson seems to admire for insight into truth more than any other Englishman) reckons the deaths from vaccination to have been more than ninety thousand in the last forty years; but it is very difficult to understand how the British public can have allowed such a massacre of the innocents." (Answer: "The doctors must live.")

As he passed into advanced life, Dr. Wilkinson devoted himself more zealously to writing. He made a new translation of Swedenborg's most philosophic work, "Divine Love and Wisdom." It is more easy to read and understand than the editions previously published. He also wrote exegeses of various myths and legends current in Assyrian and their mythologies. One of his works severely yet righteously criticized the medical usages and medical legislation of the present period—so outrageous, so subversive of the sacred rights of persons, so obnoxious to healthy human instincts, so purposed as to invest mediocrity with police power to chain up and mutilate heaven born genius.

Living to not many years short of a century, like a Humboldt, a Gladstone and a Victor Hugo, he saw his friends pass from the earth-life before him. Yet the terrible solitude to which old age so generally consigns us was happily mitigated by the care, the attention and society of an affectionate family. He had no gloomy future to apprehend, and he looked forward to a resumption of intimacy with cherished friends. His life long he had walked with the gods, and to the last the geni of the divine regions were in his company. Such men are few, but they make the world beautiful by living in it.

Newark Nov 7, 1899.

[From Revue Parisienne, October.]

## The Marvelous and Psychic Force.

## CONCLUDED.

M. Sardou makes the following declaration: For more than forty years I watched, as connoisseur, the phenomena which, under the names of magnetism, somnambulism, ecstasy, second sight, etc., were in my youth the laughing stock of the scholars. When I hazarded telling them of some experience where my skepticism ought to have shown up, what a welcome of gaiety! I still hear the laugh of an old doctor of my friends, to whom I spoke of a certain girl put into cataleptic state by magnetic passes. A shot resounded by her ear, and I don't need her neck—she did not move.

"I saw," replied the good fellow, "women are such deceivers." And now, well, all the facts denied at that time though prejudices are accepted by the same people who treated them as jugglery. Not a day passes but some young savant reveals to me some facts which I knew before he was born, only that the name is changed; it is no longer magnetism. You think, indeed, that this name has an evil sound to the ears of those who ridiculed it so much. It is *hypnotism*, *suggestion*, more graceful terms. In adopting these one means magnetism was really only a deception, which has been justly dealt with, and that official science merits doubly our recognition. It has freed us, and at the same time given us in exchange a scientific truth—*hypnotism*—which, however, is exactly the same thing.

I was quoting one day—a long time ago—to a very clever surgeon, a well-known fact to day, of the insensibility induced upon certain subjects by obliging them to gaze fixedly at a little mirror, or some shining object, so as to produce quinquage. This revelation was received as it deserved, by hearty laughter and subtle jokes about my "magic mirror." Years passed. The same man came one day to break his bad excuse himself for being late. He had to pull a tooth for a young woman who was very nervous and afraid. "And I tried a new and very strange experiment with her. With the help of a small metal mirror I put her so soundly to sleep that I could extract the tooth without her having any idea of it."

Here I exclaimed: "Pardon, but I told you of this fact, and you made fun of it then."

I don't deny a moment he soon regained his balance. "Yes, but you spoke of magic; this is hypnotism."

All of official science has treated our poor misinterpreted truths in this way. After thoughtfully reviling it appropriated them; but it has carefully changed etiquette.

Finally, whatever the name, they are in their place. And since our scholars have ended by finding at Salpêtrière what all Paris could find under Louis XV. at the tomb of Saint-Medard, we may hope that some day they will desire to occupy themselves with the Spiritualism which they think dead from their disdain, and which never has been more alive. They will then need only to change its name in order to attribute to themselves the merit of having discovered it after all the rest of the world. "Only it will take a long time!"

Spiritualism has other enemies to fight than those of ill will. It has first of all against the parlor experiments, a detestable means of investigation, serving at most to confirm the skeptics in their incredulity, to suggest to its practitioners ingenious mystifications, and to tell intelligent people many foolish things.

It has furthermore to fight the charlatans who make Spiritualism of the Robert Houdin kind, and against the demagogues who, not content with actual mediocrity, make up their inauspicious means by made-up devices, owing to vanity or ambition. But it has above all to surmount two great obstacles: the indifference of the whole age to its pleasures and material interests, and that weakening of character more manifest every day in a country where no one any longer has the courage of his conviction, but is concerned above all with that of his neighbor, and does not allow himself to adopt one until it is proven to be that of the whole world.

In all fields, art, letters, politics, sciences, etc., what is most feared is to pass for a naïve person who believes something, or for an enthusiast who does not understand because he admires. The man most sincerely stirred by a beautiful word, a fine piece of work, a fine deed when he sees some skeptic hide a smile, is only anxious to laugh at what he was about to applaud, to establish that he is no more "taken in" than any one else, and that he is a very enlightened judge, since there is no way of satisfying it.

How many people so anxious about the opinion of others, were they to be convinced, however, of the reality of the psychic manifestations by most decisive proofs, how would they dare to avow in public, to confess their change of faith, and in this age of lights, after Voltaire.... "Oh! Prudhomme! to brave thy indignation and the terrible apostrophe which thou dost hurl at my ears for so long a time!"

"Then, sir, you admit the supernatural?" "No, Prudhomme, no! I do not admit the supernatural. There is no supernatural. Any fact produced is only the effect of a law of nature. It is then natural! But to deny it beforehand, without examination, under the assumption that the productive law does not exist; to declare that it does not exist because it is not known to contest the reality of the fact because it does not enter into the order of established laws, is the error of an unbalanced mind which thinks it knows all the laws of nature. If any scholar pretends that he is to be puffed!"

But I am waiting for the serious examination of facts, when he will be obliged to admit truth. I promise him some surprises.

Among the most celebrated mediums one must cite Home, the American who died a few years ago at Paris, where he lived in retirement with his family. Home certainly gave the first conclusive proof of psychic force. If my space were not limited, I would give the details, as surprising as the following:

Given nothing but the sheet thought power, he could shift as he pleased a real weight on a scale from the one side to the other without the help of an electric or magnetic agent; augment or diminish on either side from fifty to one hundred pounds the real weight.

Home left America for England, where he became acquainted with William Crookes. I shall give below what the English scholar himself has to say about one of these experiences: "This strange man was wont at times to pass some time in Paris. There he came in contact with Baron du Potet, with Assénor de Gasparin, de Mirville—all friends and adepts of the former Lyons professor, Allan Kardec. The rumors circulating about his name helped rather than injured him.

Napoleon III., the dreamer, wished to become acquainted with Home. The Empress, although of strict religious principles, yet dominated also by the race superstition (Arabian blood flows in the veins of the Spaniards), agreed to receive the American spirit. The evening he came to the Tuilleries there was a very intimate reunion—forty persons at the most. Napoleon asked for any experiment; the nature of it he left entirely to the experimenter. Home, somewhat uneasy, soon recovered, and, turning to the Empress, said: "Madame, have you a casket with secure lock?"

The Empress had Countess Pono Wagner send the reader to her rooms, to fetch a small jewel-case with its key.

Home, addressing the count, asked fifteen persons, each independently of the rest, and without communication between them, the name and taste of some drink. Each then folded his paper at a sign from H., and placed it in the casket, which the Empress held on her knees. H. asked the Emperor to close the casket, keep the key in his pocket, still leaving said casket with the Empress.

This done he asked the chamberlain, the Marquis of Primus, if I remember aright, to have three or four carafes of pure water, and fifteen glasses brought. The primitive refreshment being brought, the Emperor himself filled the fifteen glasses. Every one who had signed his name took a swallow of the liquid and each one affirmed that the pure water poured out in this way had the taste inscribed on the little paper contained in the casket, which the Empress did not for a moment let out of her hands during the entire sitting. Great was the surprise, and greater still when Home, asked to make another proof, made an isolated, detached hand, in no connection with any body, pass through the salon, and make a knot in the lace kerchief which the Empress held in her hand. The august exile could not pronounce false this experiment because she still keeps at Farnborough the kerchief, which dates back to better times.

Yueling Rambaud, author of a remarkable study on psychic power, reports the following fact:

Beissac, officer in the Legion of Honor, held a very high office in the war ministry; he was a remarkable linguist, speaking and writing all the languages in Europe, not counting the majority of the Oriental languages. I observed to him one day how unfortunate it was that the materializing mediums, for instance, and the investigation experts are produced only in foreign countries. I regretted that France, after the start had been made by Allan Kardec, should also be behind the other nations.

"Undeceive yourself," said he. "There are in France investigators and even materializing mediums. Madame Babin is one of several. She is a subject with whom the spiritual phenomena have undergone two stages; she began by being—without being conscious thereof—a receptacle for the incarnation of beings unknown to her, living and departed, absent or present. Little by little she became aware of her phenomenal power. Starting for instance a conversation with any person, instead of replying to said conversation, she assumed the personality of some individual present to the memory of her questioner. But this power ceased suddenly, and Madame Babin became a materializing medium. Here is an experience from her which took place a few months ago at her house Rue Faubourg-Poissonnière. There was an intimate séance, ten or twelve persons at the most, among whom one employed in the administration with his wife and three children.

This official had a colleague and friend, dead for some time, who had left a natural daughter, whose mother had disappeared. This young girl she housed. This child was seven years old when she became, dangerously ill with variolae. Fear of having her own children catch it obliged her to send the little orphan to the Hospital of the Infant Jesus, not far from Hospital Necker. Two days had passed between her entrance into the hospital house and the reunion at Mme. Babin's. At her friend's request Mme. Babin entered the trance state, the lamp light having first been lowered. In an instant the little sick girl appeared, dressed in white, perfectly tangible. She was crying bitterly.

The trustee, his wife and three children recognized her immediately and asked her what her trouble was. "I have been dead at seven this morning," she replied. Another second and the materialized form had vanished, dumbfounding us all. The news of the death brought by the child herself was controlled. It was, unfortunately, true.

We hereby close our slight investigation into psychic power without pretending to have convinced the skeptics. And in connection with incredulity, let us say in closing that Flammarion, the astronomer, to whom one article was devoted, has never discredited what he has worshiped. There has been only one too zealous reporter.... Flammarion has denied him in the *Figaro*, but the legend has been started, and it is much chance to resist attacks made upon it. BRENNUS.

(Translator, B. M. Grossmann.)







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## The Holidays.

The holiday season is again at hand, bringing happiness to many of the young, and sorrow and care to the vast majority of those of mature age. The children have been taught to look forward to this particular period of the year as the time when they should receive numerous presents from their parents and friends, through "Santa Claus" or "Kris Kingle," in which mysterious personage they were impressed to believe most implicitly by their elders. To a rational mind, it is nothing less than ridiculous, if not criminal, to teach young children to believe in the myth of Santa Claus. It impresses false ideas upon their plastic minds, with regard to some good genius, some bands of loving fairies, or good-natured brownies, whose mission it is to bring them whatever they wish for without any effort on their part being made to realize their desires through honest effort. Children soon learn to expect something for nothing through these false ideas, and seek in after life for opportunities to gain the desired end without having to work for it. Fairy-stories and their concomitants inflame the imaginations of children unduly, and not infrequently turn them into impractical, idle dreamers, always longing for the invisible sprites to bring them wealth in order that they may gratify their love for finery in dress, household furnishings, and food.

Aside from the foregoing evils, and far in advance of them in evil influence, is the religious myth relating to the person of Jesus of Nazareth. Millions of people are taught to regard December 25 as the anniversary of his birth, and are led to observe the day in honor of the gentle Nazarene. He, as God, on that date is alleged to have taken on flesh, in order that he might save the people of the earth from their sins. Because of God's great love for the children of men, exemplified through the gift of his son to save mankind, the people of earth should be in duty bound to give some token one to another of their love for each other. This was the theory of the religiousists, and they zealously sought to impress it upon the minds of their unfortunate dupes. They succeeded, alas! only too well, in fixing this error firmly in the minds of millions of honest, well-intentioned people. Out of this stupendous error numerous evils have grown, until to-day the holiday anniversary is a period of dread to the mass of moderate means or slender income, and works untold ill to those who are under the baneful influence of the myths they are forced to recognize.

It is acknowledged by the most careful historians, exegetes and archaeologists, that the birthday of Jesus was not Dec. 25, but at some other period of the year. The months of June and October are both mentioned by different authorities while some writers have fixed Dec. 6 as the day of birth, and allege that the date of observance was changed in order to placate the converts to Christianity from the ranks of paganism. These pagan peoples had been accustomed to the celebration of the feast of Saturnalia for twelve days from Dec. 22, and it was thought best to turn this pagan festival into a Christian memorial. It is true that the winter solstice occurs about this period; the sun, the day-light, pauses for a brief period in its journey southward, and begins to retrace its course toward the North carrying with him warmth and sunshine, betokening the coming

of spring and summer. No doubt the "pagans" so-called recognized this fact, and timed their celebration accordingly. Pig-killing, and other forms of blood-letting from animals, and not infrequently from human beings, were the accessories of this feast. Pig-killing is still followed in some Christian countries, as it is at the holidays that the home reared porkers are called upon to yield up their lives.

Rationalists argue that, granting the existence of the man Jesus, he could not be, by the very nature of things, the Saviour of the world. He is recognized only by a very small minority of the human family on earth, hence the millions of souls who never heard of him, could not be expected to look to him to save them. Then the denizens of other planets must be considered. It is the height of absurdity to consider for one moment that any one person, a resident of our little earth, could be taken as a moral teacher or guide, by the residents of sister planets who know nothing whatever of life upon this orb. It is decidedly wrong, therefore, to urge the observance of Christmas because of the birth of an alleged Saviour, and each recognition of the day in any respect simply serves to perpetuate the falsehoods of theology through the support of this ancient religious myth. Falsehood is ever the foe of truth, and no true Spiritualist feels that he owes any allegiance to the erroneous doctrines set forth in the name and under the system of Christianity. His duty is to the cause of truth, hence he rejects the errors of the past, and declines to slavishly worship that which enshined him in other days, and still enchains his fellowmen.

Apart from all of the foregoing facts is the practical side to this question. Families of moderate means are almost impoverished by the observance of Christmas. Last year they received some nice presents; throughout the year they plodded and saved in order that they might give costlier ones in return. Many people give hoping to receive something better in return from those upon whom they bestow their favors. Laboring men and women often stint themselves in clothing, food and fuel in order to take part in the annual bleeding (financially speaking) known as Christmas. Christmas trees, so attractive to some, are yet demoralizing in their influence upon the many. The rare and costly presents bestowed upon the children and friends of the rich cannot but be contrasted with the small candy bags and inexpensive toys received by the poor. Envy and jealousy are aroused in the minds of those less favored, and the seeds of future evil deeds planted in their minds. Then there is the demoralizing influence that always results from present giving. The recipients, in the course of time, are led to expect them as matters of course, and resort to rude and sometimes questionable methods to secure them. These evils can be removed by Spiritualists at least in their own ranks, when they refuse to countenance them by recognizing the Christmas holiday. Spiritualism teaches that all days in the year are holy days—days of forgiving and forgetting, days of doing good to others, days of rejoicing in and with the joy of others, days of aiding the sick and needy, days of giving the cup of cold water to those who are athirst, days of saving the weak from the errors of their ways, days of striving to add to the happiness of all mankind; and that there is no need of any one special day for present-making, for celebrating religious myths, for worshipping a fiction, for teaching a lie or for instilling envious and jealous thoughts into the minds of the poor and unfortunate. Spiritualism is a practical, common-sensed, uplifting religion, philosophy and science, hence needs no theological bolsters to uphold it, no caste distinctions to label it, and no discriminating ideas to mark the line of social division between the rich and the poor. It would have the hungry fed every day instead of one day in the year, and would minister unto the needs of the bodies and souls of men three hundred and sixty-five days during the reign of King Annus, and not give them one day of heaven and thereby make the tortures of hell harder to bear during the other days of the year. In the name of truth and honesty, right and justice, true religion and morality as well as economy, the festival of Christmas should either be abolished or so changed as to apply to humanity at all times in all days.

## The Fruits of the Soul.

Ere we greet our readers again the year 1899, S. E. 51-2, will be gone forever. The New Year is before the children of men, rich in possibilities of advancement to all who truly seek to find the road to wisdom. The old year, with its ruined hopes, blighted ambitions, its thwarted plans, its variant sufferings, its clouds of grief and sorrow, its pains and pleasures, its joys and disappointments, can now be reviewed in the light of history by each and every one who finds consolation in speculating upon what might have been. In this review many persons think they perceive opportunities of which they resolve to avail themselves in order that their experiences of the past year may not be repeated during the twelve months next ensuing. Firm resolutions to turn over a new leaf, and to do or not to do certain things, are made, only to be broken as circumstances arise to revive the old appetites or to recall the pleasurable excitements of other days. Many people enter upon the New Year determined to make the most of their opportunities, and to be ever so much farther along the pathway of progress when the New Year shall have become white with age under December's frosty smile—only to feel, when the twelve months are over, that they have taken a circuitous route, and have arrived at the very point from which they started.

But what becomes of these numerous resolves to be better, to do better, these determinations to improve, these desires to go forward in Wisdom's way? Are they lost forever to those who make them, and as useless as the blighted blossoms upon the fruit trees in spring? The unthinking would say "Yes," and argue that they are lost to view in the foam on the sea of being, even as the ocean closes over the fleck of spray that falls upon it from the mantle of a cloud. The hard work-a-day world cares very little for speculative philosophy, and is more concerned with that which applies to material needs, to material ends, than with the question as to what becomes of the invisible children of the soul—the unspoken thought, or the unrealized wish. Yet, in the economy of nature, these invisibles are of moment; they have their place, and are of as much account—yes, even of more account—than are many of the outward material reals to which they are obliged to give way. If nothing is lost in the great laboratory of nature, who has the right to say that a blighted cherry blossom is of no account, or has failed to fulfill its purpose? May not this

blossom be the epitome of a richer, fuller cherry in some other relation? Rather may it not be a sign of promise that a perfected cherry will be produced, in a country just out of sight, where wind, and storm, and insect and fire cannot interfere with its growth?

As with the cherry blossom, so with the blossoms upon the tree of the soul; the resolutions to be good and to do good, the tiny buds of hope that were early killed by the frosts of hate, the half-blown ideals that were knocked from the boughs by the hailstones of envy, the plans for improvement that were slain in embryo by the arrows of distrust, all are invisible turns here, and in the land that lies beyond the turn of the road of mortal sight, who shall say they may not, one and all, grow to fullest perfection upon the truly-trained and carefully-nurtured soul-tree? The sorrows, griefs, cruel pains, mental agonies and heart-woes—what of these invisible reals? Do we find them fully matured upon that same soul-tree? Yes, oh! sorrowing mortals, doubt it not! Each sorrow endured for another's good, each grief caused by a pure and wholesome desire to mitigate pain, each mental and physical pang borne in calmness of spirit, without hatred for others, or repining over what cannot be helped, each heart-ache induced by a wish to be of service—all are there, upon that tree, full grown and ready for the harvest at your hand! What! Are we to meet all of these ills of life again? Yes, but clothed upon in the raiment of the spirit, with the husk of the material removed, and only the wholesome kernel left to be garnered for future use. Each one of these untoward shadows of earth is shown to be an inverted ray of sunshine, confined within the prisonhouse of Doubt, whose windows are barred by the shutters of ignorance, and its doors bolted by the iron of prejudice. Remove these, and even the life that now is would see the fruition of many noble hopes and splendid ideals for the improvement of the world.

It follows, then, that those who feel they have but followed the circumference of a circle for twelve months, or for a lifetime, and found no power to set them off at a tangent in a line of progress, are really growing in their aspirations, in their thoughts, the fruit that is to hang upon the tree of the soul, after they have left the body. But if thoughts of good, if noble desires and honest efforts to do right that are blighted on earth are permitted to grow to perfection in the realm of the soul, what about their opposites—the hatreds, the envies, the jealousies, the sins and errors—that oftentimes bud and bloom in secret here, and are only prevented from growing to fruition through the fear of the law of man or the dread of public opinion? Are they allowed to ripen upon the tree of the soul? Even so, and mortals when living in the soul-world will be forced to eat of the fruit that they have grown, be it good or bad. Each quarrel and bitter apple of hate, each wormy cherry of mistrust, each acid orange of selfishness, each juiceless plum of malice, must be eaten again and again by those who have allowed them to bud and blossom in their souls on earth. Here, then, is the lesson: plant no seeds of evil in the fertile soil of the mind, grow no nightshade in its orchards and vineyards; rather let the seed of good, the fragrant flowers of love, be the objects of your care, and there will be no trouble when the fruit is harvested from the branches of the tree of the soul. Think purely, speak truly, act nobly, while here on earth, and the life beyond the cloud rift will be filled with the sunshine of perfected joy, and the golden fruit of true and worthy deeds will be the food of the soul until time shall be no more.

## Dwight L. Moody,

the evangelist, has taken leave of earth, and has solved the problem of life beyond the grave beyond the shadow of a doubt, so far as he is concerned. His was a busy life, and there is no doubt that his efforts to promote the education of the young have been productive of good. His theology was strictly of the old orthodox type, hence had little of rationalism in it. His fame as a revivalist was world wide, but it is doubtful whether any permanent good ever resulted from sensational revival meetings. For the time being, excitement runs high, only to recede as soon as the cause is removed, leaving those who are hypnotized by the preacher, upon a lower moral level than they were when he brought them under his power. Moody's life has been lived, and his influence as a man can only be measured by the good he has done. That good can only be known in the life of the spirit, where the record of good and evil is kept in full, and the one that has been most potent in man's life can be revealed by contrast with the other. Mr. Moody can now see himself as he really is, and is face to face with the record he has himself made by his efforts on earth. We hope his theological vision now has wider scope, and that he may at once enter upon progression's highway to go forward in the work of undoing the error he wrought through his false theology while on the earth.

## The State Convention.

The Spiritualists of Massachusetts should keep in mind the important fact that the annual convention of the Massachusetts State Spiritualists' Association will be held on Tuesday, Jan. 2, 1900, in Wesleyan Hall, Bromfield street. Three sessions will be held during the day, all of which will be of unusual interest. The reception of the officers' reports, election of officers for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before that body will be the first orders of the day. Addresses and phenomenal manifestations will be given afternoon and evening. The public is cordially invited, and the admission is free to all sessions. Every Spiritualist in the State, if he be a believer in progress, should see that his name is upon the roll of membership of the State Association on or before Jan. 1, 1900. "In union there is strength," therefore let us unite our forces and move on to victory.

## The Mayer Fund

for the N. S. A. is about half pledged. Treasurer Mayer now extends the time for raising the other half to April 1, 1900. It should not take ten days to raise the required balance. Mr. Mayer's generosity is unparalleled in the history of Spiritualism, and should inspire every Spiritualist in the land to do something for the "good Cause." Needs count, therefore let us act. We ask nothing of others that we are unwilling to do ourselves, hence we will pledge the sum of ten dollars toward making up the amount stipulated. Will not seven hundred forty-nine others do likewise? Who will help us?

## Mrs. H. Morse-Baker.

This veteran worker has become weary through many years of service in humanity's advancing army, and has stepped aside to take a needed rest. She entered the world of souls a few days since at an advanced age, leaving a rich legacy of good deeds to her loved relatives and friends. She was a Spiritualist in thought, word and deed, and never was ashamed to say so. She has earned her rest in spirit-life, where she received a warm, loving welcome from her many friends who had gone on before her. Peace to the memory of this true friend and loyal servant of humanity.

## Pandit F. K. Lalun,

Of India, has been giving a series of instructive lectures on Vibration and Concentration, at Hotel Pelham, and will close his course upon the Essays of Emerson this week, at his rooms, 6 Oxford Terrace. Pandit Lalun is a scholar, an able teacher, and a most genial gentleman. His students speak in highest terms of praise of him and his work. We are pleased to learn of his success, and trust that he may find an opportunity to throw the light of truth with regard to the people of the Orient upon the minds of many people.

## The Gospel of Spirit Return Society

Gave a free dinner and Christmas tree to the children of the poor that the members were able to reach, at its hall, 200 Huntington Ave., Monday evening. Quite a number partook of the edibles that were prepared by loving hands, and many sad little hearts were cheered by the remembrances found upon the tree. Such work is practical Spiritualism, and does more to prove the moral worth of that great movement than all of the transcendentalisms the world has ever known, have wrought, when taken together.

The angel, Life, once found resting place for his feet upon the top of the icy peak of Doubt. Alone he stood and gazed around, over the hills, plateaus, plains and vales of earth. Over the vales brooded the dark clouds of Despair, while the plains and hills were barren through the malevolent spell of Hate. Life looked down again, and saw within the cave of Hope the luminous figure of Love. With the potent power of the soul he softly called her name. Love, hearing, looked up, smiled and stretched her hands up toward him. Life bent down and clasped her hands in his, and drew her up to him, and lo! the ice melted from the peak of Doubt, the clouds of Despair vanished like mist before the sun, and the hills, vales and plains were covered with verdure of radiant beauty. Thus Life and Love redeemed the earth from waste, and saved alive the souls of all mankind.

"The poor we have with us always," say those who accept the doctrines of absolute fatalism. Spiritualism has come to show mankind a truer way of living, through which may be evolved a leveling up process, whereby the poor will be given an equal opportunity to labor for their own good, and a chance to receive the income from their toil. There is no need of an extremely rich nor an extremely poverty-stricken class of people on earth. When each man has enough for himself and his loved ones, and no more, none will be in want, and none will be over rich.

A viper, when unable to sting the object of its hatred to death, buries its fangs in its own body, and expires, a victim to its own poison. So it is with men who, unable to work an injury to others through hate and prejudice, distill a mental poison that sooner or later permeates the system, and destroys them. The moral will deduce itself.

Miss Ella Robbins, the well-known vocalist and instrumental musician, formerly of Toronto, Ont., is now located at 294 Columbus avenue, Boston. Miss Robbins is a thoroughly competent instructor in both vocal and instrumental music, and we trust that she will be remembered by all Spiritualists who are desirous of employing one of their own number as a teacher or as a leader at their public meetings.

The man who is sincere in purpose, honest in soul, and truthful in action, need have no fear, even though the rills of envy, hatred and revenge be discharged at him a thousand times each day. Truth serves her own purpose, and never fails to reward her faithful servants according to their deserts.

Error is always gaudily arrayed, boastful of speech, and malicious in spreading tidings of ill. Truth is her own interpreter, hence simply dressed, modest in speech, and bears only words of love to all who serve her. When Spiritualists remember this fact, they will be less prone to bear false witness against one another.

The Salvation Army gave a free dinner to seven thousand persons, regardless of their religious beliefs, in the city of Boston Dec. 25. Feeding the hungry is a practical sort of a religion, and does a great deal of good.

The Light of Truth announces that its subscription price will be \$1.50 per annum after Jan. 1, 1900, an increase of fifty cents. The enhanced cost of paper is said to be the cause of the rise in price.

## A Splendid Book—Old but Good.

[At the urgent request of a valued contributor, we republish the introduction to a work by Josiah A. Gridley, first published in 1853. It is said to be a work of merit, and this brief introduction will give the reader some idea of its contents as a whole.—Ed.]

INTRODUCTION.  
This little work is now presented to the public in the confidence that it will prove acceptable to a large class of readers who could never comprehend how a righteous God could damn the heathen to an endless hell or not believing in Him of whom they had never heard; or how, on the other hand, infants could pass at once from earth to the highest heaven, equally ignorant of Him in whom alone is salvation. It solves the puzzle how a God of Love may permit souls to be lost without being Himself unloving or revengeful, or in any way answerable for their choice. It relieves the orthodox solemnity that teaches that mankind go at once to heaven or hell, because God has no other place to put them, and then, after ages of suffering or bliss, they are called up on trial for acquittal or condemnation. In short, the narrative maintains the great doctrines of Christianity, draws them from the unnumbered absurdities that professed teachers have gathered around them, unfolds their philosophy, and makes all clear as light. To all believers in the New Testament who think for themselves, it cannot fail to prove refreshing; while to Spiritualists it will be acceptable as presenting a phase of Spiritualism new in many of its aspects and far out of the channel of spiritual communications as they have been generally received.  
J. A. G.

## Personal Responsibility—Some Sound Advice.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the last BANNER there is an able editorial in review of the deplorable condition of that once popular medium, Henry Slade, in which you point to an object lesson for Spiritualists.

I happen to have had several peculiar experiences with him, and know from personal knowledge of his depraved life; therefore I believe I can speak understandingly.

I believe there is a lesson in his life, and not only his, but many of lesser magnitude, who claim (or others do for them) that they should not be condemned for their seeming shortcomings, "for they are sensitive and are subject to the influences of all kinds of spirits."

While I fully agree with you as regards the care and influence of all mediums by the Spiritualists, and that there ought to be a fund to provide for worthy, indigent and superannuated mediums, I believe also that there should be some such fund to help struggling societies, so that worthy active mediums and speakers might be kept busy, knowing that they were sure of work with a decent compensation.

But where is that fund to come from? Those who have money will not contribute more than they are obliged to, to ease their consciences; and those who have none, or little, sacrifice much to pay for what little they receive. Such mediums as Slade (and in fact all who have been before the public for five years) have had all the teaching necessary to inform them that spirits are only counterparts of the same individualities they meet every day in this material life; therefore they should accord them no more consideration or respect.

The above is corroborated by all the teachings of every Spiritualist leader since Modern Spiritualism was born.

If this be so, then the following lesson, to be derived from the lives of the mediums who have been led astray by spirits, must be regarded as the true teachings of what to me is the only holy thing ever known by mankind, viz., Modern Spiritualism.

When one becomes aware that a spirit can influence or control him it is not necessary to give up his individuality.

We often hear a medium say: "The dear spirits want I should do so and so," or "They compel me to do so or so. I know it is not right," or "I know the people will laugh at me or say it is wrong, but I can't help it." They do not try to help it; and here is where the great lesson of the failures of mediums under such conditions comes in.

Spiritualism as taught by a Davis, a Brittan, a Sargent, a Tuttle, and many other illustrious advocates, is that each one must rely on self; must control self; must ever reach out toward an ever ascending plane of development, and NEVER allow undeveloped influences to retard his progress or drag him down; its greatest injunction is, "Man, know thyself."

But does the result of fifty-three years of close contact with the spirit world show that those who are advocates of the spiritual philosophy are any better able to combat evil influences than those theologians whom most Spiritualists ridicule so vehemently? As a rule I think not.

It must be, then, that if Spiritualism teaches anything it is that mediums especially, and all believers in general, must be self-reliant, and not allow any one, whether in the body or out, to influence them in the least in any way contrary to their own best judgment of what is right or wrong at all times and under all circumstances.

According to the story in the Bible, when the man Jesus was taken to the top of the mountain, and told if he would fall down and worship the evil influence, etc., he said, "Get thee behind me Satan." What was the result? Simply that the evil influence left him. Do many of our valuable mediums ever think of doing or saying anything of the kind under their most trying conditions? And yet their temptations are much of the same order; many of them profess to believe the Bible story, yet even from that they apparently learn nothing.

The names of Lottie Fowler and Henry Slade have been mentioned several times as examples by whom sad lessons are taught. If all public advocates of Spiritualism, either on the rostrum or in the editorial chairs, were to tell all they know, they could tell of scores of those who are in the same boat, and every one will lay their wrong doings to spiritual influences.

There seems to be but one solution of the problem, and that is for the advocates of our holy cause to preach less of the beauties of spirit life, and to emphasize more than any other the imperative fact that no one can escape personal responsibility.

If one does anything reprehensible, and offers the excuse that the spirits influenced him to do it, simply say to him, then your excuse is lame, for you have no more right to allow a spirit out of the body to influence you wrongly than you would to allow one in the body to do so. You would be ashamed to acknowledge that you could not prevent a man or woman influencing you contrary to your own better judgment.

There are none in this life to-day who are qualified to be mediums, who are not also qualified to judge whether it is right to kill, to steal, get drunk, or do other things which only animals of a lower order do; and yet some do one or more of these evils, and offer the paltry excuse that the dear spirits made them.

Bahl they are not Spiritualists, they are spiritists! they have no spirituality.

Is it any wonder our opponents ask us where we display any better qualities than other sects of religion?

It is a very serious thing for a person to accept Spiritualism as a fact and become a Spiritualist; it creates a great responsibility—far more than for one to embrace any theological religion. A person with a knowledge of Spiritualism, and especially a medium, should be on a higher plane of development so far as self-control is concerned than any other person, for such a person can claim no Bible to give him consolation, no personal God to lean upon him, and no crucified Savior to atone for him. He must go it alone; he is wholly responsible for his every thought, word or act; being responsible, he should ever be so afraid of doing injury to himself here, or what he may do here will retard his advance in spirit-life, that he will control self against the influence of spirits of all sorts at all times. Thus his greatest study will be self; if he makes himself his only study, he will ever avoid evil or seeming evil from whatever cause, and the influence he will then exert will reflect a light which must help others to seek for the same cause, that they too may be able to bring themselves to the same plane of development.  
M. F. HAMMOND.







## SPIRIT

## Message Department.

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

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides, or that of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a 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 Séance held Dec. 14, S. E. 32, 1899.

## Invocation.

Oh, Spirit of Life and Truth! at this hour we turn our hearts to thee. Whatever may have been in our lives of error, of darkness, or misunderstanding, may something of the light of truth shine in at this time, and so enable us, inspire, and lift us out of degradation, despair and unhappiness, that we may go forward as free souls bearing the stamp of truth through all our future existence. We ask that our eyes may be opened wide that we may see clearly, and understand our close relationship to everything that speaks of thee. Out of our sorrow and despair, we yearn for some manifestation, for some thought of thee, that will satisfy our hunger and lead us to apprehend thee more fully. When we are overwhelmed with grief and stand again in the valley of the shadow of death, we ask that the light of thy truth may guide us on henceforth and forever. Amen!

## MESSAGES.

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

## Albert Foote.

The first spirit that comes here to me is a gentleman. He is quite tall, and has a long, thin face, with a gray mustache but no beard. His hair is quite gray in front, and drops down on his forehead. On the back part of the head the hair is very thin, and he has very large ears. It seems as though everything about him is larger than it is about an ordinary person. As he comes toward me he holds his arms and looks at me, and says: "Well, well! Is this the way I come? My name is Albert Foote. I came from Biddeford, Me., and I used to go to Saco a great deal. I had quite a lot of business there. I felt that I could look after my own affairs better than any one else could, and if there was anything that needed my attention I went, no matter what time of day or night it was. So one day I found I had used up all of the energy I had and was on the spirit side of life. That means that I died very suddenly; in fact I was found dead; and it was as much a surprise to me as it was to the people who found me. I did not really know that my spirit had left the body until some one came and spoke to me, when I found I could not answer. It was a strange experience, I can tell you, and reminded me more of a case of a bad dream than anything else; but as soon as I realized I was gone I turned and found many friends waiting to receive me. I found my wife—her name was Frances. She had been gone quite a while before I went, but she was little changed. She looked so natural and so good that really I felt glad I had gone, and I tell you it was quite a relief to know that it was not as bad as I had pictured to myself many times before. I have a good many friends left, but every one of them will tell you that they knew that when I said a thing I meant it, and that if it took the last dollar I had or the last bit of strength I would carry it out. That is the kind of man I was. And so when I made up my mind to get back here, I just kept at it until I got here."

## Clara Harvey.

Here comes a woman. She was in a hurry to get here, and seemed to fear she would forget what she wanted to say. Her eyes are real dark and so is her hair, which is pushed back from her forehead in a plain way; her face is round, and she has pretty little short hands. She folds them tightly as though trying to conserve every bit of her energy until she gets through with her message. Then she puts them to her eyes and begins to cry, and says: "No wonder I cry. I did not want to go one bit. It seemed to me a terrible thing to do. I thought I never could get used to it. My name is Clara Harvey. I lived in Free mont, Mich."

She is very nervous. As soon as her spirit had left her body, a little smile came over her face, so that no one knew afterwards or would have guessed how much she dreaded to go. She was a Christian girl, but she was afraid just the same. It was not because she had been bad, but it was the horror, the uncertainty of death that frightened her. You can face most anything when you are sure of it; but when you are not it is awful. Now she turns around, and says: "Oh! this is such a comfort to me. My own people are still living and they do so want to hear from me; but they do not know anything about Spiritualism, and if they could only hear even though in an indefinite way that I have come, perhaps it would do them good." She says, "I want to get to him," referring to a man whose name I think is William Harvey. "Please do not forget to say that my brother is with me, and is safe and sound and sends his love back to our own people."

## Jennie Stone.

Next comes a stately old lady. She is quite stout, and she walks along with her head up as straight as a queen. Her shoulders are thrown back with a sort of a commanding way. Her eyes are as blue as the sky. Her hair is grey, and combed down, but it is not smooth; it has some waves in it, and it is as white and pretty as can be. She has a clear complexion, but she does not smile at all, as though she was on parade. She turns around in a stately way. "Will you please say for me, if you can (as though she had doubted that it was possible to do it) that my name is Jane Stone, Mrs. Jennie Stone. My husband's name was C. L. Stone, Jamestown, N. Y. She folds her hands in a kindly way. She has a black satin dress on, and says: "This was what I was laid out in." As she moves it rustles, and I think she had a way of making things rustle everywhere she went. She says too: "I tried to be a good mother, but everybody who knew me knew that my heart was nearly broken because of my son. He was not a bad boy, but he was easily influenced. His name was Charlie too. In one of his hours of estrangement from me he was killed, and I

never felt like smiling again; so here I stand with him to tell you that we are united in the spirit, and that I am happy, if for no other reason than he is with me, and I am with him."

## Willie Maynard.

Here is a little fellow. He is about eight years old. His eyes are brown—a bronze kind of brown. His hair is the same color, and he has freckles on his face. He is dressed a little old fashioned, and it would seem that he went to spirit life a long time ago. First I find him a little boy, and then grown up in spirit. He says in a sort of lisping way: "My name is Willie Maynard, and I came from Coohituate." He shakes his head as though dissatisfied with the way he was speaking. "I have been gone so long I suppose everybody will have forgotten me, but I hope not, because I have not forgotten them. I had a sister Emma. She is grown up now, and she is very mediumistic. Often I go to her and make her swing her head around faster than she would if I was not there. It is to her, Emma Maynard, I would like to speak."

## Willie Woodworth.

Here is a red-headed boy. His eyes are sort of brown, and he is quite tall. His name is Willie Woodworth. "Isn't it strange," he says, "that I cannot come as clearly as I want to? I want to find Lizzie. I tried and tried to speak to her. My mother is with me in the spirit, and she often goes and brings a loving thought and tender sympathy to those who are left. You need not ask me if my father is alive, because he is not; he is over here. His name commences with J. Lizzie will see this because she knows about Spiritualism. I want to tell her that there is a good deal she wants to look out for that I have not been able to tell her about, that if she is not careful she will be out under so that she will not be able to accomplish what she is trying to do now. It is a pity, but it seems as though every time she feels that she is getting into the right condition, and things are going to be smoother, something happens, and cuts the string that holds her, and she falls; but I will try to help her now, and give her the strength that she needs so much."

## Ned. Eoynton.

A Boynton man comes; he gives the name of Ned. His face is awfully wrinkled, as though he noticed a disagreeable odor. All at once he straightens up and unfolds his face so that I can look at him. He has eyes as black as they can be. His hair is dark, with a few streaks of grey in it. He has a thin face and thin hands. He says: "Don't talk much about me, but tell what I have to say, and let it go at that. God only knows how I have suffered since I have been gone. It seemed as though everything went to destruction from the time I left the body. I want to reach Mary. She knows that if there is anything I could do for her, I would; but it is enough to grind me to pieces to find I have not the power to undo some of the things that I did when I was here, and I have to stand still and see them work out the result. If one wants to believe in purgatory, he can all right, because I have been there, and I know what it is like." He seems to belong in Brighton, Mass. "And nobody in Brighton has very much good to say for me. I wish they had, but they have not."

## John Robinson.

Here is a spirit named John Robinson. He has blue eyes and light hair and is as bright as a dollar. I do not think he had so many friends, but those he had he was very devoted to. He was quite a good business man. I see him writing, as though he used his hands and the pen a great deal. He has a way of running his hands through his hair and scratching his head as fast as he can, as though he was thinking, and when he thought, he had that nervous way. He says: "I have not anyone so very near to me except a friend, and that friend will know. It is a lady; I will not give her name, but I would like to make this experiment and see if she knows me from this description. God help her. She is a good woman, but she is in a transition state. She does not know whether she belongs in the church or in Spiritualism. But she will find out pretty soon that she belongs in the broad field."

## Reuben Cole.

This man is named Reuben Cole. He is an old man, and he passed out with apoplexy. His face is puffed up and as red as though he'd burst, and something in his head did burst. He says: "Oh! the first sensation was something terrible. When I looked about I found my child, and that made me very happy. She was Lizzie, and she had been gone so long that she had grown up like her mother, tall and slender and graceful. She said: 'Father, I am glad you have come.' With that it was as though the whole earth condition was relieved, and I straightened up and took her arm and walked away with her. And now when I come back I want to tell her mother, who is Elizabeth the same as the girl, that we are both ministering unto her as much as we are able."

## Henry Sinclair.

Here is a spirit from St. Albans, Vermont. He is a big man. His name is Henry Sinclair. As he opens his eyes now he looks like a big, good natured boy. His face is as clean and smooth as a baby's, and so is the top of his head. He has broad shoulders, and he looks fat and good, as though he enjoyed life and life enjoyed him. He says: "Nothing ever troubled me much. Burdens came, and I laughed them off. Other people's sorrows counted more to me always than my own. It was not anything that I should have credit for, because it was natural to me. I never remember fretting over the loss of money, or friends, or position, or anything that might come, and I think it was my constant good nature that made me my friends and kept me my place in the line of march. I started out a poor boy, but I had quite a good deal of money when I went to spirit. I had a good deal of trust money. People had put their money in my hands for investment. I was a pretty good business manager, and I feel that if I did not make the money bring as big returns as some other brokers, I always made sure investments. Didn't have much of the gospel according to the church calculation in me. Kind of made me think that they knew too much when they tried to run my business and theirs too, and so I used to tell them that they had better let Henry Sinclair alone, and if he needed any of their assistance he would call on them. Then I would laugh, and of course they could not get mad. So I say to-day, when I come back, that it is best for every man to run his own

affairs, get his religion where he wants it, and feed at the table where he is best fed. I would not undertake to interfere with any one's belief any more than I would with his business. I would like to get to my brother. He and I were pretty good friends, but were quite different in our understanding of things. His name is Addison Sinclair. He has Aunt Lucy with him."

## Grandma Taft.

Here is a spirit called Grandma Taft. She is a little short woman, and has a little black cap on, with kind of fluffy hair over it. She is fixing herself all up, as though she wants to be sure that she looks all right. "Well, of course I knew I was going to see a good many people whom you would not see, and I thought when I came I would like to look as well as I could. I am just as particular about myself to-day as when I was here, and I was always fussing if I could not have everything that I wanted." On her cheeks are little red spots. They were Grandma's roses, which never faded. The eyes grew dim but the cheeks stayed pink. She wants to get to Charles Taft. He is a Boston man. She believes if he once heard from her he would be very glad. Her name is Sally.

## Ernest Nelson.

Here is a spirit who gives me the name of Ernest Nelson. He came from Farmington, Me. He is a boy about twenty years old and is as quiet as can be. He moves in and stands here as though he would not do the least thing to disturb anybody, but he is very anxious to speak. His eyes are a soft blue; his hair is brown, and his face is long, but it is filled out pretty well. He says: "I was drowned, and I feel that if I could come and say it was an accident, no one was to blame and nothing could have been done to prevent it, perhaps the rest of the people would feel better." There is some one he wants to speak to by the name of Millie. It was winter time when he was drowned, because I see the ice all around. I see him go down, and it is quite a little while before they get his body; and finally, when they do, it is all bloated with water. It seems almost as though it would break open. He could not be seen. Everybody felt dreadful over it. There were others who were nearly drowned, but not quite, as though the rest were saved but he went down; and he did not make much of a struggle either. It was said if he had made the least effort he could have gotten out; but he said he was dazed, and did not seem to know enough to make the effort to escape.

## Nellie Williams.

Quick as can be he is pushed aside, and there comes a girl, and she is Nellie Williams. She is pretty. She has brown eyes, brown hair. She is a young girl; I do not think she is over twelve or fifteen years old. She is as slight as a little fairy. She puts her head on one side in a pert way, and dances around as bright as can be. "I have been gone quite a while, and still I come from the spirit as often as I can, because most of my people are back here, Moltenboro, N. H. Everybody knew me there." She was going to school when she was here, and she passed out quickly.

## Alexander Williamson.

Here is a man who was paralyzed—all one side of him. His name is Alexander Williamson; he lived in a place called Ridgeway, Pa. His tongue is all twisted so he can hardly speak, and one arm hangs down at the side. "For years I was in this half-paralyzed condition; it seemed as though my body died, and my spirit was chained to it. Although I could not talk much about it, I suffered excruciatingly." He has a brother whose name was John Williamson, but his mother is with him—went out before he did. She was an old lady. His brother is a pretty old man and almost blind; looks out of little cracks in his eyes. This spirit would so like to tell him what a comfort it will be to him when he gets in the spirit-world.

## Moses Hinckley.

This one is Mr. Moses Hinckley. "I promised my wife that I would come here for her satisfaction. So I come to give this account of myself, and to say I used to live in South Boston. My wife is not there now. I passed out after a short illness, and after suffering quite a good deal. I have tried several times to come here, but have not been successful, and now I feel that I have been helped to speak in a clearer tone than I ever have before. She is Sadie Hinckley. She needs me more to-day than she ever did before. I bring her my love, and tell her that I will come to the table whenever she sits for me."

## A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND TWO.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

"While with ceaseless course the sun  
Hasted through the former year,  
Many souls their race have run,  
Nevermore to meet us here.  
Fixed in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below;  
We a little longer wait,  
But how little none can know."

Lines like the above, Mr. Editor, formed my hymnal diet during most of my life; and if any of our readers should go to church on the first Sunday of 1900, it is more than likely that they would hear this hymn, or one like unto it, sung by the choir or congregation.

To dwell in subjection to thoughts like these is like dwelling in the valley of the shadow of death, where Bunyan's pilgrim walked on a very narrow pathway, with a ditch on his left hand and a quicksand on his right, with the mouth of hell yawning in the middle of the valley, and a company of fiends ready to drag him in. "Over that valley hang the clouds of confusion; death also doth always spread his wings over it."

Look at the fourth line quoted above—"Nevermore to meet us here." Is that a line fit for a Spiritualist to sing? It expresses a downright falsehood; for, if we know anything at all, we know that they do sometimes meet us here; and that when they find our soul is congenial to theirs, they look over our shoulder (the psychic shoulder, not the physical one), read the spiritual essence of what we read, give us their illumined thoughts, and aid us to sift the wheat from the chaff.

Look at the fifth and the sixth lines:

"Fixed in an eternal state,  
They are done with all below."

There we find the dreadful essence of the old theology—the statement that our condition is eternally fixed—and, as some one has well ex-

pressed it, "forever incarcerated in either heaven or hell." This view flatly contradicts the doctrine of progression, and we wonder not that many a person who has dwelt under this gloomy shadow has gone melancholy mad.

The hymn was written by John Newton, an intimate friend of the poet Cowper. It is no wonder that the latter thought to kill himself through fear that he had committed the unpardonable sin. Thus environed, thus beset, the gentle, humane and devout Cowper walked the earth as one who walks a gloomy vale, doubted the love of the All Father, and sank at last into the insanity of melancholy from which death alone could free him.

The angelic Mrs. Browning pictures him as awakening in spirit-life from life's fevered dream, to find himself clasped forevermore in the arms of loving angels, the ministers of that Infinite Power whom he dreaded and feared as "moving in a mysterious way," when beclouded by the mists of earth.

Millions will watch the old year out and the new year in, many of them in fear and trembling lest they are not saved, and that the new year may bring

"A point of time, a moment's space,  
That shuts them up in hell."

For me, I do not expect to attend any watch-meeting, but to go to bed as usual, to sleep or do as ever in the encompassing arms of angelic love, and to wake in the morning feeling quite the same, except being refreshed by the night's repose. I do not see why Jan. 1, 1900 should be greatly different from Dec. 31, 1899, though its day may be a minute or two longer. It will be the first day of a new year, I shall begin to record its events in a new diary, and those who find it necessary to use a calendar will begin on a new one. But it will not be the first day of a new century, though I often meet persons who contend that it will be so. I suppose it is because they live in New Jersey. If Jan. 1, 1900, were the first day of a new century, then some century since the beginning of the Christian era must have had only ninety-nine years in it. No; for still another year we must remain "fin de siècle" men and women.

I well remember in the long gone years how my mates and I used to draw up resolutions, plainly written out, for our governance during the coming year. These sometimes read:

"Resolved, Not to get mad; not to use slang words; not to eat too much.

"Resolved, To read my Bible, and say my prayers every morning and night, and learn all my lessons; to be punctual at school and at class."

There was ample space after each resolution to record each violation of it. This paper was pinned on the wall of the room, and frequently consulted for a few days. Then it was neglected, the pins came out, the paper went into the waste-basket, and was forgotten till the end of the year, when the process was repeated.

As time passed on, and I had taken the vows of a Christian upon me, the years became more solemn, and I many times wrote out an absolute dedication of myself to God, over which I prayed, signing it upon my knees. But even these solemn dedications lost their effect in time, and I fell into the way of doing all my work thoroughly, for the work's own sake, and with a feeling deep in my heart that God cared not for me, that I might never know anything more when death came, and that if I did go on living, I might be very unhappy on account of the misdeeds of earth-life.

Then Spiritualism came, tingeing the gloomy clouds that overhung earth's valley with the roseate tints of hope, yea of an assurance that is more than hope; and I need not detail to you, Mr. Editor, nor to our readers, how Spiritualism has ennobled my life and made its eventime the happiest years that I have ever spent.

The days do not seem very different the one from the other, as they used in the old days. To be sure, the mail some days brings loving and friendly letters and on others worrying and non-comprehending ones, sometimes the milkman neglects to leave the milk the night before, or the baker-cart forgets my bread, or (worst of all) I get up and find the coal fire is out, or the dogs chew up my beeswax and spoils or the pencils that were ready sharpened to write the Banner Letter. But these are outer matters that make only a few little ripples on the surface of the lake. They do not disturb the calm that pervades its depths. They do not shake the pillars on which all things, both heavenly and earthly, rest.

It was the separation between time and eternity that used to hurt. Now that we know that the two belong to one complete and wholly natural whole, ruled by similar laws, pervaded by the same spirit of progression, and not haunted by the ghosts of lost or demonized souls, we can rest secure, and listen for sweet Pippa's voice as she carols in the early morning.

"God is in his world,  
And all is well."

Yes: that is the thought that makes for our peace. Once, we thought God was in heaven, but that the devil was in the world. Now we know that heaven and earth are one, that the outside circumstance of having a fleshly body or not does not alter our amenability to natural law, and that getting out of the flesh does not bar our way to progress.

As to the use of the word God, we use it for want of another. We mean "the power that makes for righteousness." And if any of our readers think that expression does not fit "the steering apparatus" of the universe, then we think that such have a God to whom they give the attributes of a demon, of whom one of course could not say that he "makes for righteousness."

We think that God is manifested through all that exists, and that there is no antagonism between life as it is here and life as it is there. And, as we are not afraid to live here, where all is so natural, so we shall not be afraid to live there where all is also natural.

It is much to me that

"The angels come and walk with me,  
And sweet communion here have we,"

but it is more to me that the power working through all worlds and through all states of souls works for righteousness.

As to preparing for a future state, that preparation is best made by studying the conditions of healthful living here, on physical, mental and spiritual lines, and adapting ourselves to those conditions. By making the most of ourselves in every way here we can make the world better than we find it by our sojourn here, and shall, on that account, enter the life to come on a vantage ground.

That Kate Field's remark, that she "looked to see science prove immortality," is already in process of fulfillment, is an immense advantage to the civilized world of to-day. With that unproved, the sensualist could say, "Let

us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," and the sad hearted agnostic could say, "Let us do all the good we can, for we may soon fade into non-existence." But with immortality rendered probable by the proving of man's surviving the death of the body, the view of our life here is immensely widened and ennobled. It also becomes more intensely practical as we see its bearing on our individual condition in the life that is to come.

So living in the last part of this nineteenth century attains more significance and more sublimity than at any previous stage of man's history on the planet. And though those who will live on in future ages will have a still grander outlook, resulting in still grander incentives to righteous living, we may well rejoice that we live in the world to-day rather than at any previous era.

I was selfish enough to sadden some of our readers by saying that I was not permitted to eat Thanksgiving dinner with some of my kith and kin not far away. So I feel it a duty to add to this letter, perhaps already too long, that I am lovingly invited to Christmas dinner with my best loved brother and his wife. Surely blithe breezes from the heavenly shore have wafted me this blessing, which will make this Christmas tide truly a Christmas to me, and those of our readers who love me need not think me lonely on that day, but as happy with those so dear to me.

And for those of our readers who have to be always lonely and always sad on the bright days of the year, I can only say that my heart bleeds for them and tell them the day is surely coming when they will be united, with no need of separation, to those whom they hold most dear. Some, alas! have had to live their lives uncheered by human love. But that sadness, too, will come to an end, for, as Achaia W. Sprague so beautifully wrote through Lizzie Doten:

"Lonely hearts that famished for sympathy and love  
Will find a free affection in the angel-home above."

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,  
ABBY A. JUDSON  
Arlington, N. J., Dec. 15, 1899.

## Answers to Questions

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

W. J. COLVILLE.

Ques.—[By Arthur Flushing, London.] A long and close study and experience has impressed me with the conviction that earthly, calcareous or mineral matter, in combination with uric acid, which is supplied to the body by the flesh-eating habit, is the cause of rheumatic symptoms in their various forms; and, further, that the treatment adopted by the orthodox medical men adds to the evil in the most awful manner conceivable, until the subjects become frequently like veritable pillars of stone. I will not presume to say that mental science, as taught by Mr. Colville, would not reach and remedy these ailments, or I should be putting a limit upon omnipotence; but I will declare that, even supposing such patient be radically cured by such means, all the sad evil would again overtake the patient providing all his previous experience be re-exhausted or tainted. So also do injurious foods produce vast and bodily ailments or diseases, and it must be acknowledged in respect of children, quite independently of mental attitudes. Does mental science reconcile itself to such facts as these? Will it writing the foregoing I am quite aware, by personal experience, and humbly seeking the aid of mental conditions upon the bodily health, the chief reason for studying mental science is the hope that I may thereby become more truly master of myself.

Q. 2.—[By the same.] I am a "Pisces" man, and am wedded to a "Virgo" woman, one of the best of that sign. I am bound to acknowledge a true, constant, loving and faithful wife, and my absorbing desire is to be the good and loving husband she deserves; but that we are not complements of each other I am forced almost daily to recognize. It is shown by the, I must confess, most trifling and insignificant circumstances, of which, unfortunately, the importance and effect to myself, my wife, my children, and the family, is not appreciated. I plainly see my duty, but I have not yet succeeded in making such ill effects upon myself. I am aware that these otherwise trifling inconveniences are to me the most serious with which I have to contend, and in respect of which my wife is quite unable to afford me the least sympathy which in every other respect is all my own. This, I see, a mental condition which can only be met by a mental remedy.

NOTE.—The foregoing appears to me to be illustrative of two sets of conditions, one proceeding from the violation of nature's material physical laws, and but for which violation most of the physical ills from which mankind suffers at the present day would soon cease to exist; and the other from purely mental conditions which are more particularly subject to mental treatment. If it is asserted that the great difficulty is to know precisely what are nature's physical laws, I am bound to say they are not to be found in the dictations of our so-called scientific men, nor by any means are they usually taught by our doctors; but for all that, as it seems to me, they are to be learned fully by those who earnestly and humbly seek the same of nature's hand; and my experience, also, that of numbers of people whose testimony is always available, has been that health is always the sequence of obedience, and that disease is merely the remedial penalty of disobedience, and therefore, that the proper teaching of obedience to physical laws cannot be separated from the true Mental Science of Healing.

ANS.—The many questions involved in the above inquiry can only be answered in brief space by means of a short essay on the scope and limits of practical mental healing. A few of the most salient points in our questioner's interrogation we will not proceed to examine. We wish our readers everywhere to understand that we are not in sympathy with any fanatical theories which are opposed to hygienic law, and though we refrain from taking extreme ground on the diet question, we have always steadily maintained that flesh eating is a vestige of savagery; and that with the advance of true civilization flesh will be entirely banished from the feeding-places of humanity.

As to the use of mineral salt, it has long been conceded by most reliable authorities that a plentiful supply of fruit which contains all the salts necessary for introduction into the human body does away with all taste for those minerals which produce calcareous deposits in the system, and thus hasten old age with its characteristic decrepitude. Dr. Geo. Dutton of Chicago, in his admirable new treatise, "Etiopathy or the Way of Life," gives excellent reasons for abstinence from mineral salt as an article of diet.

We are also fully in sympathy with the present inquirer as to his attitude concerning fresh air, wholesome exercise, and every other sanitary measure, also with reference to the health of children being greatly affected by observance or non-observance of sanitary rules; but these admissions are far from constituting a purification of the reasonable claims of intelligent mental practitioners. Let us all agree that mental things being equal, the well fed, housed, clothed and exercised child will display a decided advantage over one who with equally good constitution to start with is not only deprived of these blessings but subject to a highly inclement atmosphere.

The other side of the situation now demands close attention, viz., the demonstrable effect of mental states upon physical conditions. It







