

## SPIRITUALISM.

BY J. H. GRIMO.

Oh, mystery of thy power concealed!  
Thy meaning oft so vainly sought!  
So much to us must be revealed,  
Ere we can say: 'Thou art of thou art not.'

If thy secret lies in concentration deep,  
Of thoughts and mind by spirits led,  
Why do we vainly call and so vainly seek  
Communication from our dead?

And what can it be so often brings  
To us the anguished voice that knows  
Have those to whom food memory clings,  
And loving—cannot let them go.

And as fond memory tenderly clings,  
To those whom in life we loved,  
Is there transition beyond material things,  
Bearing the message to those above?

And can they our gentle thoughts receive,  
If in the spirit life they dwell?  
O must we endure and still believe,  
That whatsoever is,—is well?

When aching hearts no more shall beat,  
In responsive measure to joy or woe,  
And we feel life's mission on earth complete,  
Grant that happiness only the departed know.

And ever as in glory the setting sun,  
Stinks to rest at the close of day,  
Only to rise in beauty with the morn,  
We depart this life to enter Eternal Day.

Fitchburg, Mass.

LIFE AND ITS MADNESS—  
DEATH AND ITS MAGIC.

## A THEME IN TWO EPISODES.

BY J. J. MORSE.

## Episode the First—My Ignorance.

To the easy going, well fed, clothed and housed, life is little better than a comfortable sleep. The garment is silk, the spoon is silver, the bed is down, and the stately mantle of the night and the rosy curtains of the dawn mark with peace the passing of the night they cover and announce. Pleasure like a fascinating serpent winds its way across their days, and his slime surely infects the very springs of feeling and sympathy, until mild rosy dull and sympathies are calloused. All around are others' pain and misery; reeking wrong and weird injustice stalk abroad working their evil will, but the "good," who knows no evil, say: It has always been, God is great! So thinking, and falling into evil thinking as a consequence, I lay watching the stars, feeling that they too were cold and unfeeling, and wondering what end was before men on earth? Presently I slept, and dreamed of an age long dead, where a long procession of strange shapes passed before me, and I saw it all in a mark of gloom that entered into me and overbore all sense of hope for the creatures that I saw, until out of the horror of it I prayed that the Angel who kills would smite me and end the pain that entered my soul.

First came a sunny haired, blue eyed child. Smiles illumined its dimpled cheeks, grace and poetry were in its every motion. Its words were music, and the promise of beauty was as a bud to be unfolded in its heart. Then passed a shadow! Fell disease marked the child for its own, a bony hand snatched it away, and a river of tears washed the spot on which it had stood. The wallings of a mother bereft, and the stifling sobs of a stricken father fell sadly on my ear, and my soul gave forth an angry protest against God for blasting the promise of life. Alas! for my Ignorance.

Next stood before me a youth, ruddy and fair to see; comely in form and feature, resolute of eye, firm of courage; the idol of his home, honored abroad. A sudden chill blast passed over me, and the fair promise of a man withered in my sight. Green drops of rotteness exuded from him, and a nameless, indescribable stench arose and enfolded him in its poisoning embrace. Men cursed him, though I saw them not, the law exacted its toll, and the brutal spectacle of a bloated face with blood-trickling lips was before me, gruesomely swaying at the end of a rope! Was so fair a fruit rotten at the core? I thought so, reviling Nature for wasting her labors upon such a product of her garden! Alas! I knew not how ignorant I was.

The blackness opened again, and therein stood a man of years, abilities and parts. Hero, leader, ruler of men, a will indomitable, a mind far-seeing, a colossus among pigmies. The victor's laurel adorned his brow, men acclaimed him, the nation honored him, and even Fame enrolled him upon her scroll immortal! A man of blood and iron, yet, the irony of it, a man who loathed his fate and loved Peace! The world knew him as battle-scarred, I saw him soul-scarred. Duty had been his God, unyielding obedience his only religion, and for such he was honored. The memories of devastated lands and homes, of rivers of blood, the shrieks of wounded and dying, the curses of widows and orphans, smote him inwardly, and in my heart I hated him for his ruth and evil doing. Now I know I judged him ignorantly.

Then a picture unfolded, and I saw wretched men and women toiling desperately, snatching a fearful sustenance as their reward for the toll that killed them in the end. Stunted youths, maidens sinking in saddened paths, blood-wet with innumerable slaughters of life, love and hopes betrayed. For a time, dumb as cattle, they labored, then down fell their tools, and a strange horror, which they hailed with delight, mingled with them, and Ruin and Riot, twin henchmen of Revolution, spoke their flaming messages, and the lust of killing was liberated, only to be silenced by lead and steel. The remnants of the strife were hurled back to their tasks, more sullen and resentful than before. It is man's lot to toil, I said; how evil to contend against the eternal law! How crass my ignorance! I mistook convulsions for truth! Grinding toil and hopeless poverty are surely not gospels sent from God.

My dream still lengthened. Now the organ's solemn peal reverberated, decked altars, twinkling lights and the perfume of incense floated before my vision. Enrobed, with mitre and crozier, the solemn Priest stood revealed. He blessed these, banned those. He thundered his anathema. The life beyond was to him an open book! Glibly he descanted upon it, and the kneeling multitude listened with reverent awe, as to the utterances of a God. His glittering panoply fell from him, and lo! he was clothed in sallow gray, doubt and his darkness enfolded him, and he groaned in dire bitterness, for he was in despair, not knowing whether he spoke truth or not. I looked at the multitude thronging the sacred fane; they were drunk with hopes, as is a man with wine, finding such succor from sorrow as hope can give the weary-hearted. The Priest died, was laid in state and deeply mourned as one of the chosen, yet, in his dying, I saw he had neither hope nor surety, to him the end was but the end,—nothing more! The flame of hell, or the glory of paradise, interested him not in any way. Life's cup was drained, that was all!

I feared, and would have wakened, but a secret force held me in its grip, compelling my eyes to look, though my soul was aching at the utter sorrow of all I saw, when there came a form out of the black around me, one who was meanly clad, evidently abused, on whom was the stain of mud, disheveled and bruised as with beatings, for blood and cuts were on his face, and he badly limped as one who had been brutally assaulted. His eyes held me, they shone like stars in heaven, and naught had quenched their light. His voice was tremulous at first, then grew strangely sweet and strong. And as he spoke his tattered rags dropped from him, and the battered visage changed to a divine nobility. He seemed to hold the woes of the world in his bosom, having a balm for each. A light that lit the world radiated from him, his features were animated with a divine affection, and he stretched out his shining hands over the fields of human life, and as he did so I saw he had labored for ages with men, men who knew him not, nor would know him only when Death and Doubt gripped their heart strings, yet I saw him welcomed in secret and openly, the laborer's cot, the merchant's office, the prelate's palace, the dark places of toil and suffering, the student's closet, the ruler's chamber, in a myriad unsuspected places, he was known and welcomed, and many an altar was erected to his honor. I marvelled that one so seemingly at first abhorred should yet be so loved! Then he smiled, pointed upwards, and straightway there appeared a broad and shining pathway leading to a wicket, over which was inscribed: Through this the Ignorant pass to Wisdom. In a ring of glory he vanished, then I awoke.

## Episode the Second—My Enlightenment.

Death is Life's night time. I was in the Dawn, which is Immortal Life. The ivory gate had swung behind me on its silver hinges, and a radiance almost blinding was about me. If this was death then never had I known life! For the life I had lived was now more like death. There in unspeakable glory stood he whom I had seen last in my dreaming,—the Angel of Immortality,—and by his Magic my eyes were opened and my ignorance presently dispelled.

The "Child" was there, radiant as in its earliest days on earth. There stood by its side the mother and the father, no longer grief-stricken, but filled with a holy zeal to tell to men on earth that man's ignorance of and disobedience to Nature's Laws, not God's will, brings disease and death before their time into human life. I had reviled the Master One, as do millions, yet knowledge and obedience thereto, is all man needs to secure all of life and health that humanity is truly formed to gain. Let Parents, Teachers, Preachers and all who wish for human happiness heed the lesson, for the rightly born will need no regeneration before or after life is done on earth.

Next I met the "Youth," not now the fearful thing I saw dangling in that awful picture frame men call a gallows, but erect and fair to look upon. But the fearful secret of

his entry into life, when men only whisper on earth, was here apparent. Bred in hate, fed on murder, unenlightened and unloved, the inner causes of his ending were laid bare. He had freed himself from his inheritance, gained a holier birth-by-death than life had accorded him, he stood an emblem of what men shall be when humanity reaches to its true selfhood.

I saw the "Hero," stripped of the adornments he wore on earth, but now adorned more fittingly with a sweet nobleness. He, too, had gained enlightenment, learning that war was but the effort of the race to outgrow the inheritance of the old brute that still lingers in the blood of man and, also, and as it seems, it was one of the many means working for the outgrowing of the lower self so that man's true nature shall have freer manifestation on its higher planes of action. The founding of empires and the evolution of civilization come not altogether from the higher strivings of men, for even the brightest gold requires alloy when used in the arts and crafts of life. So lower means to higher issues tend.

Humbled and abashed, my thoughts were saddened, for now my ignorance was in process of disclosure to myself, the hardest penance man can pay. I comprehend the causes of things is to realize the need of care in forming judgments and venturing opinions. Alas! how slow we are to learn this lesson when encased in flesh. Now more remained, the problem on earth of such importance and reach,—the tolling and the suffering of Poverty and Labor! Then,—the right of those who suffer to amend their state! Ah! me, I called that right an evil name, now I found human nature was like a bow, once break the string and the wood returns to its freedom. Man's idols were wealth and place, money and power. Even those who rebelled had but small other thought than more of these Gods for themselves. Undeveloped ideals on the one hand, and inverted ideals on the other, led to oppressions and revolutions, and tyrannies and slaveries, yet in and through it all there was the movement that make for betterment. Inverted and perverted ideals may be conceivably better than no ideals, revolts better than helpless submission, while even tyranny is at times the lash that stirs the sleepers to wakefulness and action. Now I saw that out of the chaos order does come, and because of the thing I had failed to see,—the Divinity innate in man!

I had denounced him as fraudulent, deemed him hypocrite, his creed and his teachings a mockery and a farce. Yet here stood the priest before me, not in his robes, lacking his mitre, and the more a man for the loss of them. Yet he flourished on earth as will his successors for many a day to come, because he and they represent the cravings of men for that food and knowledge which is not of earth and its schools,—which concerns man the eternal and his life and work in the realms beyond mortality. The short sight of mortal men has obscured the light of the innermost, and to piece it out he has invented lights that are but will-o'-the-wisps, with scarce illumination enough to make the darkness visible. Yet, poor as is their light, man has received some aid thereby, and if at times dim and uncertain, the faith in things eternal has been kept alive. I now found that all priests, in all ages and lands, the wise and unwise alike, had their place, did their work, and that the innate and eternal good turned even they and their creeds to ultimate good and use.

Then the Angel laid his hand upon my brow, and behold he stood changed before me to as when first I met him in my dream! Swiftly my sight extended earthward, and strange things were seen. Into many a household the Angel entered, and straightway the dwelling became alight with heavenly radiance and music celestial rang within. By his side were others who mysteriously to me, appeared; they were of human form, filled with the old human lovingness, and they spoke of themselves as living not dead. They tenderly chided, wisely counselled, admonished and guided the people of the earth, with whom they claimed kinship and fellowship, and as they labored I saw the angel renew his beauty, and his glory radiated through each one present, and I greatly marvelled at this ministry to the living by the dead! Then said the Angel of Immortality, my mission on earth is known as Modern Spiritualism, and I am teaching the world that the Madness of its pain and sorrow is but the travail of its birth towards the higher and better. That the life of men is too short to enable them to rightly judge the problems they move among, for such press too closely upon them; they feel the pain but cannot divine, yet, its real cause or coming results. Remember your lesson, that in the higher life you will find that the madness of life is incident to the ignorance which is natural to undeveloped states, and that the Magic of death will bring enlightenment and compensation to all.

Then I awoke, for a voice sounding in my ear said it was dawn, and the rosy light of the coming day has abided with me ever

since, for the Angels of Immortality are my guides and sweet companions evermore.

## The Decline of Local Societies.

BY THE EDITOR.

This topic is one in which every true Spiritualist is vitally interested. Why is it that the audiences of today are so much smaller in the point of numbers than they were twenty-five, thirty and forty years ago? Is it due to the superior "drawing" (7) power of the speakers of that period as above that of the speakers of today? Is it due to the lack of forceful utterance on the part of those who occupy our platform at this time? Is it due to the failure of the officers of local societies to keep the standard at the highest order of excellence? These are legitimate questions, and every Spiritualist who is truly desirous of advancing the Cause of Spiritualism should earnestly endeavor to answer them in a satisfactory manner.

In the early days of our movement, the fact that Spiritualism was new no doubt induced many persons to attend the meetings held in its name. But curiosity was by no means the sole cause that led thousands of people to the halls where Spiritualism was proclaimed from Sunday to Sunday. Curiosity is soon satisfied, and after two or three visits, the curiosity-hunter seeks other fields of exploration to gratify his passion for the marvelous. The early teachers of spiritual truth spoke from conviction, and their scholarship, eloquence and unanswerable logic held the attention of the multitudes who thronged around them. The people then were in search of wisdom, and did not require signs and wonders galore to tickle their fancies with the pleasing delusion that by witnessing the same they were becoming wise. They heard the inspired words of the different speakers gladly, and considered the depth and profundity of their utterances to be all the phenomena they cared for. The idea of placing the platform workers on the level with a circus or dime museum entertainment, in the matter of ability to "draw a crowd" did not obtain.

In those days, long engagements varying from six months to six years, more or less, were common. The appetite for a change of spiritual diet each week had not been whetted into activity. Dr. Peckles, Dr. Willis, Dr. B. B. Britton, R. W. Emerson, J. B. Ferguson, and many others filled long engagements with the societies by which they were employed. They were uniformly greeted by large audiences and there was not any difficulty in the way of raising funds to carry on the work. Merit told, and the people were ready and willing to support that which gave them the mental and spiritual good they desired. The speakers of that period did not hesitate to attack error and injustice wherever they were found. The evils of slavery, intemperance, and all kinds of wrong that the people were called upon to suffer, found sturdy opponents in the speakers on the spiritualistic platform. The errors of Orthodoxy, and the indefinite utterances of the so-called Liberal pulpits, were zealously combated by sound, logical arguments, and an overwhelming array of facts. They did not apologize for being Spiritualists, but they put their opponents squarely upon the defensive wherever they had an opportunity to engage them in combat.

The above paragraph cannot be applied to the platform utterances of today. If a speaker attacks intended injustice, and pleads for honesty and reform, he soon finds himself without engagements. The officers of local societies are often constrained to warn the speakers not to say anything upon certain subjects, and to avoid all references to mooted public questions, lest they offend many of their hearers. They are also pliable told to stick to Spiritualism, pure and simple, and warned not to mention one of the reform issues of the day. When a clergyman preaches doctrinal sermons only, and seeks to avoid questions that are distasteful to his hearers, Spiritualists cry out that he has been bribed by the pews, and no doubt the charge is true. Yet in many a local society Spiritualists hold the whip over their speakers in precisely the same way, and seek to control their utterances by threatening to withdraw their patronage from the society. Any attempt to muzzle the pulpit always leads to its decline, and Spiritualism is no exception to the rule. Our platform has changed in its expressions because of the fear of material effects, and the result is that we now have very few men and women of the intellectual calibre of those of other days before the public.

It is true that we yet have a number of intellectual giants on our rostrum, but they are largely in the minority. No well informed person can truthfully claim that our platform ranks as it did two, three and four decades ago. The cause is obvious. Our ablest young men and women have virtually been forced into other fields of labor. The tendency to make phenomena the prominent feature of our meetings led to the withdrawal of the scholarly men and women from our assemblies. Their places were filled by those who delighted in the marvelous, whose chief de-

sire was to have their wonder-bumps easily smoothed by the deft fingers of some expert who claimed to be the agent of the spirit world. No body of phenomena workers has ever yet built schools, colleges, universities and established religions for their fellow men. Phenomena have been, icons of the era, while the teacher and philosopher have been the builders of the temples of truth and the educators of the race. Phenomena are necessary and are founded in fact, but no sensible person will dare assert that the reading of a glove, or handkerchief, or watch psychometrically, or a truthful, beautiful message, or manifestation of spirit power, constitutes all there is of Spiritualism. Do men and women grow intellectually, spiritually, morally, by witnessing the self same things every day in the year?

The appearance of the curiosity seeker is always followed by the disappearance of the student and philosopher. The turning of Spiritualist meetings into places of amusement for the thoughtless, caused the thoughtful to seek other places for spiritual food and light. Our thought was taken up by progressive clergymen, who sought to profit by the defection of the stable Spiritualists from their own organizations. These clergymen put forth great efforts to draw them into their churches, and in many instances succeeded, for they gave their hearers that which was denied them in Spiritualist assemblies. Many Spiritualists sought to use the phenomena in the right way, by endeavoring to find what laid behind them. Metaphysics, Spiritual or Psychic Science, Mental Science, Christian Science, and other forms of occultism came into existence. Their leaders had possessed themselves of the higher truths of Spiritualism, and gone on with the army of progress. In spiritualistic societies, in far too many instances, the people remained at the old goals, threshing over old straw, and rehearsing the familiar story of the "Rochester Knockings."

It is a fact that the higher teachings of Spiritualism have been taken up by the Unitarian and Universalist clergymen of progressive tendencies, and by the occult associations above mentioned. It is frequently remarked by many who are now members of these societies, or regular attendants at some liberal church, that they hear better Spiritualism there than they do at the average Spiritualist meeting. These persons are Spiritualists at heart, but do not care to stand still and perish from inertia. Our local societies have declined and will continue to decline until their officers and speakers return to first principles by placing progressive thought upon the rostrum. People cannot be expected to read by a rush light, when a brilliant electric lamp is shining only half a square away. Mediocrity on our platforms on the part of speakers and officers will send inquiring minds to those persons who are qualified by education and inspiration to instruct them. The demand for mediocrity because of cheapness, has already driven scores of our ablest youth into other avenues of service, either as teachers, or as occupants of the pulpits of other denominations. There are many noble men and women who are conscientiously standing by their local societies, and are giving liberally of their means, time and labor to sustain them. They can and do tell stories of their struggles and hardships, that make even the angels weep. They unanimously testify to the absolute impossibility of making bricks without straw, or of building societies out of people dominated solely by curiosity.

From the foregoing facts, the cause of the decline of our local societies is easily found. Unless emphasis upon one line of thought only always leads to a strong reaction in the opposite direction. Those persons who are today hunting for tests as truly as they were fifty years ago, cannot give us sensible reason for their belief in Spiritualism. They are stumbling-blocks in the pathway of progress, fossils from an antediluvian age. The end is not yet reached in the decline of our societies. If present methods prevail, stagnation must go on until the majority of them pass out of existence. New blood is needed. Reform must come, or Spiritualism will have to seek other avenues of expression. Take away the idea of "drawing" from the thought of engaging a speaker. Get the best that can be found and don't ask him to work for nothing. Put representative persons at the head of the local societies. Don't attempt to muzzle the speakers. Speakers, tell the truth in hard words if need be, and tell it true. The people want the truth and will sustain you. Give the best you have to your hearers. Don't be afraid that they won't comprehend metaphysics, theosophy, occultism, psychic science, and the reform issues of the day when you discuss them from the platform. Give them a chance to grow and you will be surprised at the results. Don't be afraid of progressive Spiritualism, and its higher thoughts. It means the salvation of our Cause. Local societies, secure good halls, good music, good business men for managers, choose your men and women, and settle up-to-date speakers, who have your needs. Through these means the work can be revolutionized and Spiritualism, restored to its rightful place in the world.



MILTON'S LAST POEM.

I am old and blind.  
Men point at me as smitten with God's rods.  
All eyes are directed by my hand.  
Yet I am not cast down.  
I am weak, yet dying,  
I murmur not that I no longer see.  
Poor, old and helpless, I the more belong,  
Father Supreme, to thee!  
O Merciful God,  
When men are farthest from thee art most near!  
When men have utterly by thy weakness slain,  
Thy chariot I hear!  
Thy glorious face  
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light  
Shines upon my lowly dwelling place,  
And there is no more night.  
O bended knee  
I recognize thy purpose clearly shown—  
My vision thou hast dimmed that I might see  
Thyself—thyself alone.  
I have naught to fear.  
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing.  
Beneath it I am almost sacred here  
Can come no evil thing.  
—True Light.

What is the True Life?

Question, Discussed at the Circle at 694 Wash. Union Street.

BY F. DE BOS.

It would be presumptuous in me to tell you how you ought to live. From the remotest antiquity the problem has been to discover the true purpose of life so that men could be redeemed from evil and reach happiness, as far as I have been able to discover, three methods or systems have been used, and strange to say, they have been advocated by three men who lived at about the same time (centuries before Christ) although in three different countries. Buddha in India, Confucius in China, and Socrates in Greece. In answering our question, Buddha says: "Who shall overcome the world and its evils? Who shall find out the path of virtue and happiness? He who knows that this body is but a bubble, that all things here are but a shadow, he shall break the arrow of death. Salvation is to conquer the flesh, to overcome all desires; a wise man should give up all possessions, shun all pleasures, calling nothing his own; he shall thus be free from care. No one can find peace in household love, in wife and in children. He who gives up all worldly attachment, clinging to nothing, having conquered all his faculties, he is full of light and peace; he is free from this evil world and its love. Give all to the poor and follow me. To find God and see him, to enjoy freedom from earth-life, that is the true life. Teach men to rise above their senses, to scorn love and to seek only God."

Socrates would answer: "I am greatly puzzled; I would like to know if I am as wise as men say that I am. (He might have asked Xantippe, his wife.) I do not know; all I know is that most men are fools and their judgment is not worth a rushlight. But my opinion is that those who adopt Buddha's ideas are conceited hypocrites. When they think that they have given up everything, then they are complete slaves to notions, whims, beliefs, and feelings, and that is as bad as the sensualist, he lives like a beast, but he is happy in his way; but the self-deceived is happy in a lie. The world is full of devotees who have given up the world, and they pray and look for another world, but I do not see that they are any better than the rest of us. I also pray, but it is simply to show reverence to the gods. My opinion is that men will be redeemed and made better only by knowledge—salvation consists only in finding out the truth, and one can do this by hard study, and by questioning all things. I would question trees and stones, customs and laws, and all sorts of men, hoping that I would find out something to a certainty; then I held that a man knowing something, will never rest until he knows more and thus he is on the road to become master of the universe. Becoming master of truth, he is no longer a slave, but he is free. Now this seems to me clear, that knowledge alone redeems man."

On answering the question, Confucius says: "I differ from these two opinions; you will not find salvation by prayer and meditation, nor by knowledge, but by doing. Do not ask me what mysteries you have solved, but what have you accomplished? For the real salvation is to enable the people to earn food enough, not to teach them how to go without food. The head cannot laugh at the stomach, but it can lead at the back of the head. I would teach men to labor, and to love labor, to be honest in the use of what they earn by their labor, to be patient, enduring and self-contained. Thus they shall conquer all things, the soil shall pay tribute and men shall live happily having abundance. I would teach them to be honest. I would give the gods a share, and no more, being convinced that prayer is a waste of time. A man will grow a peck of rice sooner than he can pray one grain of it in his bowl. My ideal is a nation where every man does his duty from the highest to the lowest. Nature and our mother, all we have to do is to find her breast and drink the milk she gives. Where praying abounds, idleness and poverty abound. There are four things that I believe in, scholarship, morality, industry and truthfulness. The cornerstone of all virtue is not to do unto others as you would not wish them to do to you." Buddha seeks to find God; Socrates seeks to find himself; but I would find my neighbor. The noblest reverence is not that which is paid to unseen beings, but to our father and neighbors. Neither do I see that knowledge always helps men to true wisdom, for learned men often make fools of themselves. Let us rather teach men to do the right thing at the right time, and to make this earth a place of abundance."

Such, briefly, are the views which I have gathered from my cursory study of those three men, they saw that the world was not what it ought to be and each sought a remedy. Socrates saw that men were or made fools of themselves; Confucius said that they were lazy; and Buddha said that they were sensual and unjust. Those three men, who lived about 2400 years ago, curiously enough, represent the three plans ever yet desired for saving humanity: the praying or religious method; the investigating or school plan; the working or moral method; and all the world has followed one or the other of these plans. The religious plan has unquestionably had the most influence and followers. I do not know why, only that mystery exerts a great power over human nature. There is more of the unseen about us than they seem, and we all desire to look into the God realm. Socrates has also had great power and he is justly called the father of philosophy, the schools of today, with their mighty influence are the consequence of the Socratic plan of salvation. Christianity, the Buddha or religious method, has so far controlled the ages; it has made praying, fasting and other observances predominant; its hope is in another life, not in this. With the revival of learning in Europe came the reformation under Luther, Calvin and others, schools and universities began to multiply, and reason dawned gradually. For 400 years the passion

has been to know, and education has been the sheet anchor of civilization.

But today the theory which is becoming supreme is neither that of prayer, nor that of study, but that of labor. The salvation by morality, honest deeds, justice and industry, is to have its day. Shall we not pray? Yes, most certainly. Shall we give up study? We shall study all the more; but our praying shall be the upward look of one who trusts in the victory of right doing; and our study will be to enable us to lend a hand in the skilled labor that blesses the world and hushes out misery. With this method the labor comes to the front; this is the dawn of the laboring man's day. With it comes less of faith in prayer, more of rationalism, less of priestly influence, less of the power of teachers and philosophers, more confidence in our ability of doing what our hands find to do. We see life looked at from three different standpoints. One shows us what it is to live for the glory of God, another what it is to live for the glory of truth, and the last what it is to live for the glory of humanity. These are all one-sided, partial views, so the real man will be made only by uniting the three methods. The religious plan alone will lead man to self-degradation, to a life of waste, to waste of time, and would turn men into beasts, and make the world a desert as celibacy is better than marriage, and the family is a sin. Should the study method have full sway, arts and sciences would bow down to sensuality, and licentious would destroy liberty. The work theory alone would reduce society to the level of machinery, each one playing his part as a cog, a belt or a wheel.

The three ideas united (1) aspiration, hoping, yearning, praying, seeking the divine, looking God in the face. (2) studying, looking in and questioning all things; seeking wisdom, worshiping reason, thirsting for knowledge; (3) honoring humanity, doing for others, obeying laws, regulating your life for the general good; these three things make a true life. Here, then, is the real trinity; aspiration, study, work; the three in one will enable you to live a true, well-rounded, full life. Did anyone ever live such a life? Yes, Christ Jesus, our brother, was a praying man; his life was a prayer; he saw the divine; he had knowledge; his teachings challenge admiration, and he spoke as no one else ever did; do unto others. As to work, he went about doing good, seeking the outcast, casting none away, and at last he laid down his life, so that even in death he became a blessing to humanity.

I am persuaded that he was enabled to live this full, true life by the power of love; love was the motor—and such a love! If we desire to be like him, we must first of all let love take full control over us, and all our actions; being born of love, our life will be full, true and abiding forever in the fulness of love.

Vocal Music as a Factor in the Cause of Spiritualism.

BY E. W. GOULD.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I am fully aware of your efforts and that of many others, to promote the divine art of Music, and make it one of the principal factors, or agencies in the promulgation of spiritualism. But from some undeveloped cause, it seems to have lost its potency, or been largely abandoned in the last few years, by many teachers and managers of spiritual societies.

While I do not like to be considered among that class known as "calamity howlers," as Brother Newman of the Philosophical Journal intimates, I must note what seems to me to be facts, if I say anything, and while I admit the efforts of those who have been striving to promote the Cause of Spiritualism, through material means, have been little to compensate for their efforts, I believe there are still important agencies that have not been exhausted, that by proper effort may be instrumental in accomplishing important results.

The cultivation and practice of vocal music, in all spiritual assemblies, as an elevating, spiritualizing agency, that all Christian nations have at some period practiced, and which was once, agreeable to my recollection, far more universally practiced in spiritual assemblies than is now done. This is in part, no doubt, the fault of managers and teachers. But if the people, the laity, felt the necessity of the spiritualizing influences of good music, and insisted upon it, means would be resorted to and better adapted music, for spiritual purposes, would be the result. But a lack of sufficient energy, and a spiritual demand, which is usually seen in most spiritual meetings at this time, except where the presence of the spirit is invoked; there music is known to be a necessity, but it is simply to show reverence to the gods. My opinion is that men will be redeemed and made better only by knowledge—salvation consists only in finding out the truth, and one can do this by hard study, and by questioning all things. I would question trees and stones, customs and laws, and all sorts of men, hoping that I would find out something to a certainty; then I held that a man knowing something, will never rest until he knows more and thus he is on the road to become master of the universe. Becoming master of truth, he is no longer a slave, but he is free. Now this seems to me clear, that knowledge alone redeems man."

A few years ago friendly criticisms were made of the character of the music, of its inappropriateness, to the sentiment embraced in the words, used in spiritual meetings, which resulted in calling the attention of several musical composers to the necessity of more and better adapted music, for spiritual purposes. Soon the market was flooded with good musical compositions, properly written, by such competent authors as Mrs. Lillie, Mrs. Mattie Hull, Mr. Longley, Mr. Booser, and several others. And while they embraced some of the old choice melodies, suitable words were attached, and no complaint is longer heard of the character, or the variety of music for spiritual purposes. But a more serious question presents itself, viz.: Who is to sing the new music, or buy the new books? The question is often asked: "Why are so few young people seen mingling with spiritual organizations?"

No other religious denomination, that I am aware of, attempts to maintain public worship, without paying particular attention to the music to be used, and it is always done through personal effort, and often at considerable expense. Young people without families are generally relied upon to furnish the material out of which choirs are composed. They are supposed to have the leisure and the taste to engage in this pleasant duty, and if well performed, many others will certainly be attracted, who attend the services for no other purpose than to be entertained. Does this in any way answer the question why so few young people are seen in spiritual meetings?

Any spiritual society, consisting of forty members, has sufficient "home talent," out of which, by proper effort, a good choir of singers can be made, by simply securing a competent leader to meet with them, two or three evenings each week, for a few months.

It is not necessary, however, desirable, to teach the rudiments of music to organize a choir that will make more harmonious and acceptable music to an audience of Spiritualists, free of cost, than any solo singers in America can do, at any cost. Not one solo singer in fifty attempts to entertain an audience of Spiritualists, and the object for which they are employed, viz.: to produce a harmonizing, an elevating effect, upon the speaker and the audience. Why they are employed by spiritual societies it is difficult to tell. It had its origin in wealthy congregations which were able to employ the best talent, and pay a handsome fee for classic music than for soulful music.

There are but few composers or singers at the present day whose music or style of sing-

ing is suited to solo singing, in congregations of Spiritualists. Our esteemed brother, Frank Baxter, is often thought to produce more spiritualizing effects from his solo work, than from his oratorical efforts, as a spiritual lecturer. With the two talents combined, he has no superior at the present day. But there is but one Frank Baxter. The question is, how can we duplicate him, or make singers that can and will restore to old songs, and give to us assurances of their ability, and desire to qualify themselves to furnish to the Cause of Spiritualism such new music as may be composed and found suitable for spiritualistic purposes, in the judgment of competent spiritual teachers?

Here devolves another duty upon the trustees of the National Spiritual Association, which, with their numerous other duties, they may not care to recognize. But the question I am discussing, one of the most important in the promulgation of the great Cause of Spiritualism, demands the assistance that seems impossible at the present time to be had from any other source. I need not say that I am a trustee of the N. S. A., only that I claim that every community, or society of Spiritualists of forty members, has sufficient musical talent in it, out of which a good choir may be formulated, through the agency of active leaders. It is not necessary they should be professors or even teachers of music, if they are given the opportunity to lead. There are a plenty of both sexes in our ranks that could fill the position satisfactorily, if brought out and instructed in the few duties devolving upon them, and assured of a reasonable compensation for their services. Right here comes in the value of the National organization. It is through the N. S. A. only that such a scheme can be successfully introduced. It has the missionaries already in the field, and they are authorized to do just this kind of work, not perhaps just in this manner. But every one, of course, knows that the half-dozen missionaries the N. S. A. has in the field at the present time, can do but little real work, in forty states, and while they may appreciate the necessity of an organized effort to establish a practical system of instruction and practice of vocal music for spiritual purposes, and there is no doubt they do, it would be entirely impracticable for so small a number of missionaries to attempt to carry out in detail the system that I have crudely outlined.

I respectfully suggest to the trustees of the National Board, if in their judgment the art of music is of sufficient importance in promulgating and in the practice of Modern Spiritualism, that they, at their first convenient meeting, if they have not already done so, give this subject serious consideration, and adopt some practical system, whereby a far more satisfactory and spiritualizing character of music may be enjoyed by all spiritual audiences that will interest themselves to secure it.

If they approve the simple plan I have suggested, and make the necessary provision for carrying it out by putting a competent teacher or missionary in the field, devoted exclusively to that work, it may be effectively done at small cost to the N. S. A., after a few months. It is fair to believe that societies accepting this method of instruction, will, after enjoying its advantages for some time, be willing to pay a leader at their own selection, and thus relieve the N. S. A. of all expense except that of a general superintendent. However, if they should even have to pay the sal-

aries necessary to secure a competent leader for one, two or three evenings a week, for a few months, it strikes me it would be the cheapest and the most effective missionary work ever done for the Cause of Spiritualism. And I am not mistaken in the value of suitable music in promulgating our Cause, and of the fact that there is, and has been for some years, a gradual falling off in the interest, the character and the practice, or use, of this important agency. I am quite sure the trustees of the N. S. A. will be more than justified in placing this important work among the foremost of its missionary efforts.

If I misapprehend its importance, and the desire of all sincere Spiritualists to see good music fully recognized as one of the important factors in all spiritual teaching, I am quite sure that Board will be able to show wherein I am mistaken, also why the N. S. A. is not the proper and the only party to provide all legitimate means to protect and promote the Cause of Spiritualism.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 19, 1900.

A Tribute to C. W. Sullivan.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
During my wanderings the two months of my absence from home, I missed some numbers of the Banner of Light. It is possible that Charlie Sullivan, who has done so much good and faithful service always and at all times; who has done so much to make people happy; who has been so much to Spiritualism, as medium, as impersonator, singer, and as an artist in so many ways, has gone out and a mere mention of the fact is all that is said? Or have I missed an article in which some one has tried to give something like a justly merited tribute to the memory of this versatile character?

I hope some one who knew him well has done this, and may I say that it seems to me a great light has gone out of the spiritual firmament of Boston and New England. It seems that Boston can never be Boston, nor the spiritual gatherings ever be what they once were, when Charlie Sullivan (as he was familiarly called) in Boston, with genial presence, versatile gifts, and generous spirit in the use of these gifts, he carried sunshine and happiness wherever he went, and his appearance on any occasion was a guarantee of a good time for all present.

It was my good fortune to make his acquaintance while in Boston on my first engagement with The Parker Memorial Society in 1879; acquaintance ripened into a warm friendship, which made us feel that he was one of "our folks." Pleasant memories arise of scenes along these years of our acquaintance, when we have met in the track in which we were alike interested. At Oquet, Queen City Park, dear old Lake Pleasant, and other camps, and best of all, in our own home and in his home, for at home we saw more clearly the marked peculiarities and individuality of the man, which made him so interesting. In his home he expressed himself and lived his life in a marked degree. He loved historical Boston and with a just feeling of pride traced the line of relationship from his mother back to Paul Revere, who that has known him but goes with me in memory and sees him costumed, and hears his voice ring out again as he sings "The Ride of brave Paul Revere!"

His impersonations were so perfect that

Weariness Get Strength and Vigor from Dr. Greene's Nervura.

TIRED TO STIR!

HE had planned to go out with her husband, but her strength failed her.

Her nerves were excited all day, and when night came she just couldn't find the courage. It is the old story of weakness and nervousness taking the pleasure out of life and filling it with discontent and suffering. It is not honest fatigue resulting from the daily task; it is weariness born of weakness and ill health.

The ideal strengthener for weak women is Dr. Greene's Nervura. It builds them up in every way by toning up the blood and strengthening the nerves. Nothing else in the world can do Nervura's work. It seeks out the weak spots and strengthens them. It enriches the blood and gives it a healthy circulation, thus putting new life into the entire body.

Strength to overcome the general discouragement is followed by the ambition to be well. A few nights of sound, refreshing sleep brings a new sensation of acquired strength. How ready now is this woman for every duty and every plan for pleasure! The new color in her cheeks shows the potent work of the vegetable elements in Nervura. This woman is now a

Dr. Greene's NERVURA FOR THE BLOOD AND NERVES.

cured woman, and such transformations are occurring in every community through the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura. If you are run-down and discouraged, here is the certain help.

MRS. OLIVER WILSON, of Northboro, Mass., says:

"I was suffering from nervousness, caused by female weakness and nervous prostration. I was so nervous and weak I could not go up a common pair of stairs without stopping to rest, and troubled to sleep at night. I took Dr. Greene's Nervura and have obtained my old strength and peace of mind. After creeping around for two years, hardly able to do anything, it has proved a boon to me truly."

READ DR. GREENE'S OFFER.

Dr. Greene's advice is free to all who seek it, either by personal call at his office, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., or by letter through the mail. All who are broken in health should call or write without delay to Nervura's discoverer for free counsel.



each were almost realities. We cried with the old woman in "Over the Hills to the Poor House," laughed at the Irishwoman's troubles with "The Last Hair," and pitied "Bashful Billy" as real personalities. And when we say "Good Bye" on the mortal side to our friend Charlie, we feel almost that a whole troop of others have gone with him, out into the silence. But most of all do we feel this of the faithful Indian spirit, Eagle, who was in reality a distinct personality, and through whom we have often received messages of consolation, comfort and wise counsel.

From childhood he had possessed spiritual sight, prophecy, and other spiritual gifts, had always dwelt in the borderland, and had association with spiritual beings; he was spiritually minded, and had not far to go to enter the kingdom. A few years ago, in a very serious illness, he passed to the spirit side of life, conversed with his friends, saw his home, but was told he must return to earth. The work required of him at that time has been done, and he has been permitted to enter and abide with them. Many of us have seen him in fulness for ever more. I know that hosts of spirits will rejoice at your coming, and the spirit world will be the brighter for your presence.

"Farewell, friend, yet not farewell. Where thou art, we too, shall dwell. When we come where thou hast stepped, We shall wonder why we wept. We shall know by true love taught, That there is all and here is naught."

R. S. Lillie

The Foremost Teacher of all the Ages.

To the Editor:

At the conclusion of the Parliament of Religions held in this country several years ago, an able and scholarly clergyman declared the so termed Pagans were foremost—were superior in breadth and elevation of religious teachings. Only within the last half century has the lofty and comprehensive cult of Buddhism been known to European nations. When Buddhism is compared with some other faiths its superiority is apparent. While its teachings substantially embrace all of the essential features of Christianity, it covers the drink question and prohibits the use of intoxicants. It is a broader cult than the Apostles dreamed of, as it does not discriminate against women. As indicating its beneficent character, the following extract from a great poet, Whittier, is valuable:

"Once, on the errands of his mercy bent, Buddha, the holy and benevolent, Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look, Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook. 'O son of peace!' the giant cried, 'thy fate Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate.' The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace Of fear or anger, in the monster's face, In pity said: 'Poor fiend, even thou I love.' Lo! as he spoke the sky-tall terror shrank Into the form and fashion of a dove; And where the thunder of its rage was heard, Circling above him sweetly sang the bird: 'Hate hath no harm for love,' so ran the song; And peace unweaponed, conquers every wrong!"

Quaker.

"Swear not at all, but, if you must swear, swear off."



of the little bird and he assured me the flowers would be doubly dear to him, and as he enjoyed their brightness and fragrance he would seek for the message of love the little bird had sung into each flower cup.

Dear little children, the little bird had no fear of me for it knew the same loving father cares for us all.

Be kind, be gentle and loving toward all. Let your beautiful self shine forth and like the little bird, you will grow courageous and able to take care of yourself wherever you may be placed in life; thus through love, not fear, gladden the hearts of all you meet.

Emma B. Smith.

Lawrence, Mass.

#### The Most Healthful Foods.

Many of the leading newspapers are publishing a series of advertisements having for their theme the "Crises-Crosses-Corers" and some one had made note of a good thing and had marked it for ordering. These advertisements are the announcements of Farwell & Rhines, Watertown, N. Y., makers of "Gluten Grits" and "Harley Crystals," for breakfast; "Pammy Flour," for biscuit, cake and pastry; "Gluten Flour," for dyspepsia; "Special Diabetic Flour" and "K. C. Whole Wheat Flour." These products are the most healthful foods known—prepared from the choicest cereals and packed in the most cleanly manner. They are particularly desirable for children and aged people—all people that need nutritious food easy of digestion. These goods are known as the "Crises-Crosses-Corers" the crises-cross lines on the face of their labels being part of their trademark. Look for this mark, take no other—it is the assurance of Messrs. Farwell & Rhines guarantee of purity and quality.

#### Literary Department.

BY ARTHUR C. SMITH.

**THE WEIRD ORIENT.**—Rabbi Henry Hlowitz. The author, for a long time a resident at Tuxedo Park, N. Y., in the language of the East, the fables current among the learned Orientals, Moslem, Parsee and Jew.

The book contains nine stories, and their titles are indicative of the character and trend of the writings. They are: "The Doom of Al Zameel," "Shedda's Palace of Iron," "The Mystery of the Diamond," "The Gods of Exile," "King Solomon and Ashmedai," "The Croesus of Yemen," "The Fate of Arzameela," "The Student of Timbuctoo," "A Night by the Dead Sea."

In Al Zameel the Moslem sees the character known to the Christian world as the Wandering Jew; that poor unfortunate that since his curse by the cross-bearing Christ, had not known rest, is by the devout of the Prophet's flock believed to suffer earthly immortality.

He tries in vain to lose his life by rushing to places of impending ruin, by rushing into fiery conflagrations, by throwing himself from great heights, by dallying where tempests and floods sweep and rush, but all in vain; he may suffer bodily bruise and break and dismemberment, he may be buried in falling ruins, he may be scorched and flayed by the devouring elements, tempest, flood and cataclysm sweep and pour and rush, destroying aught else; but poor old Zameel survives, and once in a century gets a new body fresh and strong and indestructible. Oh! horror of fleshly immortality.

Once in the time-long life of the accused he rescued from a falling temple a fair young girl, nor for the moment thought to pronounce the admonition "Touch me not," part of the curse pronounced on this Moslem prototype of Acherus. The rescued maiden, a priestess, grateful to her deliverer, offers up a prayer for him, offers her life for his; for the first time in centuries he feels the inspiring touch of human flesh; but so strong is the curse upon him that while enamored of the new condition of his life, he feels the irresistible impulse to flee, to be on his unending journey. In Al Zameel's own words: "Even while these fervid words dropped from the sweet lips of the kneeling supplicant, the roving mania seized me deliriously. I turned my face toward the nearest exit, but felt my garment caught by the hands that had been folded in prayer. 'Flee not hence before I kiss the hands which brought me succor,' cried the maiden, passionately stirred. Burning kisses covered my hands; a thrilling warmth permeated my being; my being; I kissed the hands, the cheeks, the mouth of the one in the wide world who had offered to share my fate—her life for mine. But adamant chains could not check my madness to fly; I broke away from her embrace, whose lamentations cut into my heart."

"A pack of hell hounds yelping at my heels would have added little to the mad pace that carried me to the dreary haunts of the mountains—the walling of the girl, and her image, following me as new fuel to feed the fire of despair. Broken by overwhelming wretchedness, I fell where a steep rock barred my way, and then, after a chain of tearless cycles, wept—yes, and prayed, and prayed, until I was delivered as it may please Him, whom I displeased!" Love, even Faust's love for Marguerite, has a power to save; for the wanderer we entertain great hopes.

A new version of the crossing of the Red Sea by the children of Israel is here told; it is to the effect that Moses with his wand drove the banks while his people passed through, then a thaw, and in the flood the Egyptians were overwhelmed.

Solomon and the means by which he was enabled to build the temple without use of iron tools for fitting timber or stone, is told about; and because of the place in history, and in the annals of my fraternity, that the temple occupies, I will allow the story teller of the East to speak of the method, as the ingenuity of the Oriental finds the explanation.

"Eldad, the lonely dweller of the sacred caves, the reader of the stars, the wanderer of the desert, the recorder of traditions,—Eldad, who at the age of one hundred and nineteen years had no wrinkles on his face, and serving his faculties in all their strength by means of the occult sciences." This man being summoned by the wise monarch, tells how God "as creation was nearing completion, before the sun of the sixth day had withdrawn his last mellow beam from the earth, fourteen additional wonders were bestowed through the seraphic lips of thirteen; the last one only concerns us here, so it alone will I mention."

"The Shamir, a worm not larger than a grain of barley, but stronger than a rock, which it splits by the mere touch. The Shamir, O King, is the only might in creation to do the work in accordance with the divine behest."

After long struggles the Shamir is not; but never mind, we have not to do with the story, only to show the means by which, according to the legends current in the Orient of today, the desired end was achieved under the impossible limitations.

"The Gods in Exile" is a story of the nature of "Paradise Lost"; the old gods of the Norse and Graeco-Roman mythologies are lashed by the powers of the prevailing beliefs, battle for the choice of location in the outer spaces to which they had been driven.

The work throughout is marked by a wealth of coloring, a vividness of description, an ardor, and passionate fervor, coupled with the wealth and beauty created by an imagination developed by centuries of voyaging on those land seas, the deserts, alone up by a triple sun, with its beauty of colors, its traditions and its mirage.

It is the "Arabian Nights" over again, takes me back to the hours I pored over Sinbad's voyages for my benefit; well, you all can recollect as well as I the pleasure you derive from these stories, without my giving the names of the heroes, the situations, the beauties and all the wondrous characters populating the realm created by the doomed wife in order that she might live while her lord took interest in them and their doings.

These nine stories are like our old favorites with this point in their favor, many of the characters are those whom biblical readings and preachings have introduced to us. They are not strangers, and we take great pleasure in welcoming them in their Oriental costumes. —Illuminated cloth, gilt top, 350 pages, \$1.25.

**MEDIUMSHIP AND ITS LAWS; ITS CONDITION AND CULTIVATION.**—Hudson Tuttle. In the November 17th issue, The Banner, I made mention of the forthcoming book and quoted from the advance sheets; in a later issue, the receipt of the book was noted and Mr. Barrett gave it editorial mention, and now I give it a brief review, that our readers may be awakened to the knowledge of its value and the desirability of its possession.

Of all literary works, the real value may be determined by two factors, the spirit of helpfulness that projected them, and the ability of the author. This work has a large place, a great value, when judged by either of these standards of literary merit.

The author's introduction shows, the book came as an answer to constant, many-voiced call—in the language of the writer:—

"I have been in constant receipt of letters from those interested in the investigation of Spiritualism and kindred fields of thought, desiring personal lessons, often offering the exorbitant price which has become the usage of the advertising class of occultists, healers 'divine' or otherwise, Christian Scientists, etc. . . ."

"The results of my life-long mediumistic writing are contained in my publications, and all of these cost no more than has been asked by some teachers for an hour's lesson. If anyone is unable to purchase and desires to read them, I have invariably sent copies, as a loan or gift."

"I do not give private lessons, because I have nothing to give that I have not freely given to the public."

"Let it be once for all and forever effaced from the mind that there is an inner court, a holy of holies, in spiritual knowledge, which a few elect are permitted to enter, and thereby acquire wisdom which they may dispense to those less fortunate, at so much per head. Spiritual wisdom cannot be placed in the balance against gold. He who truly has it will not fix a price on it. The possession inflames the speech for its utterance, and history shows that it is as irresponsible as the flow of the tides, or the streaming light from the rising sun. At best, spiritual science at present is fragmentary and its facts often seem conflicting. The teacher must hold his theories tentatively, and be ready to change his views on points held essential. All he has to do is to follow the highest and clearest light."

"This system of spiritual knowledge is priceless. It admits of no priest, or holy saint, to stand between it and those who wish to learn—has no mysteries, no secrets, no grips or passwords, or favorite neophytes."

So much for the spirit that launched the book; as to the value of the scientific work of its author, a story is told of the use made of some of his utterances by a learned German professor, thinking that Mr. Tuttle was an instructor in a Western college:—

"The famous Dr. Louis Buchner read the book without reading this appendix, and somehow became possessed with the idea that the author was a professor in an American college, used Ohio. He used it freely in the composition of his renowned work entitled 'Staff and Staff, Matter and Force.' He selected passages as mottoes to head his chapters, quoted largely and embodied the thought without giving credit. He was engaged by the Turn Verein of this country to give one of the lectures in the principal hall. I have no memorandum at hand, but think it was in the winter of 1872."

"Dr. Cyriax, an ardent and aggressive Spiritualist, was secretary of the Cleveland Turn Verein, and to him was assigned the care of the lecture. The Doctor had been excited because of his activity in the revolution of '88, and he had more at the time than materialistic. He had become a Spiritualist by means of his own mediumship, and in after years returned to the Fatherland, and published a delightful spiritual journal until he passed over the border."

"When Dr. Buchner found that he was to visit Cleveland, he wrote Dr. Cyriax, saying that he had learned that I resided there, and that he wanted to meet and become acquainted with one who had given him so much assistance."

"Dr. Cyriax invited me to a banquet given in honor of the lecturer and the exiles of '48, and perhaps twenty-five were expected."

"After the introduction, Dr. Cyriax said in substance: 'My dear doctor, you have spoken in highest praise of the "Arcana of Nature," you have said it was far in advance of the profoundest scientist of the day; you have quoted it largely and followed its lead. Now, do you know who wrote it?'"

"I suppose this young gentleman, though I confess disappointment in his years, and I had taken him for a professor in your college."

"No," replied Dr. Cyriax, "he did not write it. He was a boy at the time, uneducated, working hard on a farm, and when weary from labor, at night, the power I call spirits, and you scoff at, came and wrote it through him. He had no library, no books even, nor access to any."

"With a great 'hai ha' Buchner said that was 'too good a joke!'"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Teime, editor of the German paper, "it is a very good word true, and you must not say it is a joke."

I will not quote at much length from the book, since the advance notice already plainly characterizes the work. The matter already quoted in this review shows the place the book was designed to fill, and the quality of the thought forces the project on the general reader.

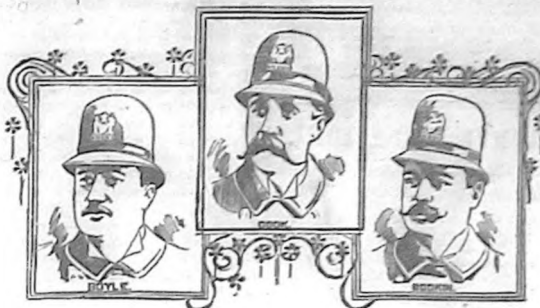
What is Spiritualism? and Phases of Mediumship, are the two general divisions of the work; in answer to the first, the following quotation may be accepted as an answer:—

"It is a religion and a science. Science the classification of facts, the co-ordination of cause and effect, the limiting in broad generalizations. It is the search after truth. Religion is devotion to and for the truth for the soul's sake; the abnegation of self for the good of others. Spiritualism, spanning the gulf between the two, is the science of the soul."

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

## WONDERFUL CURES BY SWAMP-ROOT.

To Prove what this Famous New Discovery Will do for YOU, Every Reader of "Banner of Light" May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Absolutely Free by Mail.



65th POLICE PRECINCT, GREATER NEW YORK.

October 11th, 1900.

DR. KILMER & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.:

GENTLEMEN:—In justice to you, I feel it my duty to send you an acknowledgment of the receipt of the sample bottle of Swamp-Root remedy you so kindly sent me. I had been out of health for the past five years with kidney and bladder trouble. Our best physicians prescribed for me. They would relieve me for the time being, but the old complaint would in a short time return again. I sent for a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, and I found it did me a world of good. Since then I have taken eight small bottles purchased of my druggist, and I consider myself perfectly cured. I do not have to get up during the night to urinate, as I formerly did, three or four times a night, but now sleep the sleep of peace. My back is all right again, and in every way I am a new man. Two of my brother officers are still using Swamp-Root. They, like myself, cannot say too much in praise of it. It is a boon to mankind. We recommend it to all humanity who are suffering from kidney and bladder diseases.

For the blessing you have brought to the human race in the compounding of Swamp-Root, we remain, yours very truly,  
Officers of the 65th Police Precinct,  
Greater New York.

JAMES COLE,  
HUGH E. BOYLE,  
JOHN J. BODKIN.

Among the many famous cures of Swamp-Root investigated by the "Banner of Light," one which we publish this week for the benefit of our readers speaks in the highest terms of the wonderful curative properties of this great kidney remedy.

It used to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs.

The kidneys filter and purify the blood—that is their work.

So when your kidneys are weak or out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected and how every organ seems to fall to do its duty.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the famous new discovery, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince you, and you may have a sample bottle free for the asking.

When your kidneys are not doing their work, some of the symptoms which prove it to you are pain or dull ache in the back, excess of uric acid, gravel, rheumatic pains, sediment in the urine, scanty supply, scalding irritation in passing it, obliged to go often during the day and to get up many times during the night to empty the bladder; sleepless-

ness, nervous irritability, dizziness, irregular heart, breathlessness, shallow, unhealthy complexion, puffiness or dark circles under the eyes; sometimes the feet, limbs or body bloat, loss of ambition, general weakness and debility.

Swamp-Root is used in the leading hospitals, recommended by physicians in their private practice, and is taken by doctors themselves who have kidney ailments, because they recognize in it the greatest and most successful remedy that science has ever been able to compound.

To prove its wonderful curative properties, send your name and address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., when you will receive, free of all charge, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and a valuable book by mail, prepaid. This book contains many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who owe their good health, in fact their very lives, to the wonderful curative properties of this world-famous kidney remedy, Swamp-Root.

It is so remarkably successful that our readers are advised to write for a free sample bottle, and to be sure and mention reading this generous offer in the "Banner of Light."

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere.

amount of stuff, which ought to have been removed before. Then instruct the parents to give the following:

B. Hydrarg. chlor. mit. . . . .  
Sodii bicarb. . . . .  
Pulv. ipecac. . . . .  
Pulv. aromat. . . . .

Mix: fl. chart. No. X. Sig. One or two drops every hour till bowels have moved, which will occur surprisingly early after the hydropneumonic treatment.

I have never lost a case, and, on the contrary, each and every one of these little ones has enjoyed better health since the treatment than he did for a long time before it.—December Humanitarian.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day**  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

**A Prayer with Meaning.**  
Offered by the Rev. B. S. Bigelow of Cincinnati, July 4, 1900.

"Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name. If we have any claim upon thy favor or any right to call thee Father, may it be because we have not knowingly trampled upon the rights of any of thy children."

"Thy kingdom come, may we speed its coming by making the acts of our legislatures accord with the eternal laws of that moral government which is supreme above the nations."

"Thy will be done on earth as in heaven. May we prove the sincerity of our faith by practicing in senate chambers the lofty precepts which we profess in the sanctuary."

"Give us this day our daily bread. We ask not for the bread of others. Give us the bread that is ours by right of useful labor. May the claims of justice be so completely satisfied in the laws of the land that all may have bread; that the starving millions may be fed, not by charity but by the labor that wears no chains and knows no master."

"Forgive our debts as we forgive our debtors. In the name of eternal justice grant us only that measure of liberty which we accord to the weakest of our neighbors. Give us the means to turn our backs upon the alluring visions of the kingdoms of this world and their glory."

"Deliver us from evil. Now, when the chains are being forged and golden padlocks are being fastened for our lips, when men are forgetting the faith of the fathers to put their trust in the might of armies and the majesty of fleets, now, save us from the thrice accursed power which kills in the name of the Prince of Peace."

"Before the sacred altar of our Father's God, we pledge renewed devotion to the principles which have made the flag we love an emblem of hope to the oppressed of all the world."

"May we never covet the gold which drips with the tears of sorrow. May we never feel strong enough to do wrong. May we do justly and love mercy, and walk humbly with our God, and to thee shall be the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever. Amen."

amount of stuff, which ought to have been removed before. Then instruct the parents to give the following:

B. Hydrarg. chlor. mit. . . . .  
Sodii bicarb. . . . .  
Pulv. ipecac. . . . .  
Pulv. aromat. . . . .

Mix: fl. chart. No. X. Sig. One or two drops every hour till bowels have moved, which will occur surprisingly early after the hydropneumonic treatment.

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He who has no conception of decency, deserves neither company nor the regard of others.—St.

## Children's Spiritualism.

### THE OLD YEAR.

Twinkling stars are winking, blinking,  
Whirling and bounding with d-light;  
Making a path of golden light,  
For fairies—with robes a-schimmer—  
Slipping, dancing, laughing, striding,  
All the air with music ringing.  
The happy Old Year heralding,  
As he winds his way to Heaven;  
Hiding from earth on bright star beams,  
In the chariot of the moon,  
Drawn by two ones dressed in cloud fleece,  
Harnessed fast by golden moonbeams,  
Into the glittering field he whirled,  
Bowing thanks to the merry wights,  
Tilting on toes, nodding bright curls,  
Blowing kisses, eyes, shining lights—  
Ah! what a welcome for Old Year,  
The brave, strong, hard working Old Year.

### Two Prayers.

God hears and answers our prayers, no matter in what way we may ask for what we desire. There are people who stand a stick of burning incense upright, by putting one end in the ground, and, as its sweet, perfumed smoke ascends to the heavens, they think their prayer goes up with it to God. But it is far away across the Pacific Ocean that people believe that.

Light here, in our own country, we have many ways of asking our Heavenly Father to grant our desires. I know two dear little boys who wanted to go to see the play, "Little Red Riding-Hood." So, their grandpa and they went up to the theatre to attend the matinee. But when they arrived they found all the seats sold. And two very disappointed little boys had to go back home. But Grandpa said: "If I'm not kept too busy this evening, we will go then. But I am not sure I shall be able to get away from my office."

So, Frankie and Clinton began to watch the clock, when half after seven came. Pretty soon it was quarter of eight—and no grandpa. Two minutes of eight, five minutes of eight—two little boys sat very still, watching the clock. Two minutes of eight—and then the telephone rang. I answered, and Grandpa called to me through it: "I've sent the carriage for the boys. I have the tickets. Tell them to get ready right away."

When I repeated this message—my! wasn't there a hullabaloo! The boys capered and pranced, while getting into their top-coats, and Clinton came running up to me, and said: "Mother, Mother, there's power in thought! I said to myself: 'Grandpa, you can go, and nothing shall stop you from taking us. Some of God is within you, and God can do anything.' And, you see, we're going."

Now, Frankie hadn't heard Clinton say this, and he danced over to me, crying: "Oh, Aunt Flo, there's truth in Heaven! I said a 'Hail, Mary!' three times, and just after the third time the telephone rang—and we're going!"

I'm glad they have such firm, beautiful faith; aren't you?—F. P. P., in Mind.

## The Message of the Humming-Bird.

Dear Banner Children:—

Last fall, in the latter part of September, while on my way to visit a dear friend who was ill, I had a delightful experience with a little humming-bird. Perhaps by relating it, you may perceive the lesson it brought to me, for, you know, dear little friends, all experiences through which we pass have enfolded within a lesson for us to learn, that we may unfold day by day the beautiful self that dwells within us. It was after tea and nearly dusk, when, having plucked a bouquet of large and fragrant nasturtiums, "a favorite flower with the one whom I was to visit," I started. On the way I was obliged to stop at one of the shops, but was detained but a few moments in attending to my errand.

I had placed my bicycle against a post from which was suspended a large electric light. Just as I started to remount the wheel, a little bird came flying at a great speed and in passing touched my hand which held the bouquet. Immediately it turned, and almost before I was aware of it, plunged its bill into a flower. I was amazed at its courage, but as it went from flower to flower, sipping the sweet from its centre, I talked to it and gazed at its beautiful plumage.

It was brown green and brown in color. Its tiny little wings on the under side were gold or bright yellow and the outer edge of the wings were just tinged with this brilliant color. Its head had a tuft of bright feathers in the centre and its whole body did not seem larger round than my thumb.

I knew it was a humming-bird by its long bill and all the time it was sipping from the flowers, its little feet were cuddled up to its body and hardly to be seen.

Having tasted the sweet from each flower, it rested on my arm a second, then flew away. Taking the bouquet to my friend, I told him



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ments will not find their occupations gone. In the United States alone over eight hundred million acres of land are to be reclaimed from the desert wastes through irrigation, or perhaps regularly induced rainfall. The question of good roads is of equal importance, and it is even now an idle dream in the mind of some impractical visionary. Means of facilitating foreign and domestic commerce must be devised, and there will be plenty of work for the instructors of mankind for many years to come in this especial field.

The reclamation of the arid lands of the United States is a question in which all thoughtful people should be interested. Our cities are overcrowded with persons of small means who are more or less dependent upon charity. The cost of living in every large city or town is beyond the reach of the very poor. It is a struggle between those of moderate means to make both ends meet. The introduction of labor saving machinery is constantly increasing the army of the unemployed. This army must be provided with means whereby they can live. It would be the wisest charity to make husbandry attractive through the recovery of waste lands for settlement by those who have been thrown out of employment in other divisions of labor. The cost of living must be lessened, otherwise there will soon be but two classes of people in the United States—the aristocracy and the paupers. It will not do to accept the statement of the doughty warrior, Col. Roosevelt, that our government should employ its surplus laborers as soldiers, in long, useless and expensive wars. The poor cannot be all killed off in this way. Agriculture must be made attractive, by giving the rural citizen the same advantages socially, educationally, and otherwise as his brother in the city enjoys.

The year 1901 should initiate a movement that will cause our National Government to squander less money in the armaments of war and the maintenance of an expensive navy, and invest the capital thus saved in labor upon the highways of the land, and in reclaiming our millions of acres of waste land. This investment will be the wisest ever made by the American people, and will in the near future yield a splendid income of good morals, fine intellects and happy, contented people. Now is the time to put into practice the precept of old that the spear has been turned into a pruning hook. Besides the improvement of the highways, the matter of canals and waterways also needs attention. There is far less need of a fortified Nicaragua canal than there is a free canal across the isthmus of life for the toilers of America. Let interstate roadways, canals, etc., be constructed, and the money that will be squandered in ship subsidies turned in that direction.

The twentieth century has inherited the labor question from its predecessor. It will require the wisdom of master minds to solve it. So long as the employer gets seven or nine-tenths of the results of the toiler's labor, just so long will there be trouble between the two. The adjustment of their relations is one of the most delicate questions man has ever been asked to solve. Through direct legislation, and the Government ownership of all public utilities, we are to find the means to the desired end. Arbitration of all labor difficulties will also come in as an aid in the settlement of this important issue. The extension of internal improvements on the part of State and National Governments will do much to allay the discontent of the toilers through permanent employment, whereby they can be helped into better conditions in their daily lives. All reform issues are linked with this great question, and its settlement will give the American nation a state of tranquility hitherto unknown, and lead to the highest possible civilization for the race.

But the nineteenth century made rapid progress in religious matters as well as in great material achievements. Creeds and dogmas were outgrown and forgotten. To be sure the clergymen of the past quarter of a century have been quite familiar with the creeds of their respective churches, but we venture to assert that seven persons out of every ten belonging to the Partialist Churches know nothing whatever of the creed to which they outwardly ascribe. In the early part of the last century man's social, political and ethical position depended solely upon his membership in some church. Today less than one-third of the people of the United States are church members. Men are rated for what they really are—not for what they profess to believe. The tyranny of the church and of death has been overthrown in the larger freedom now enjoyed by man's intellect in every walk in life. The reaction in some respects has been too great, for many individuals have been carried into a belief in materialism by the commercial spirit of the age in which they lived. The new century will have the delicate task of finding the happy medium between Partialism and Materialism.

The nineteenth century bequeathed its developments in Modern Spiritualism to its young successor. But that legacy will be of little use to mankind unless it is divided among all of the members of the human family. The people of the twentieth century have a most important work to do in this direction. If Spiritualism were to be given indiscriminately to the world, many persons would mistake liberty for license, and would be led into the wildest excesses. Judgment and reason are absolute necessities in the teaching of the truths of Spiritualism to the world. The reverent spirit of Partialism, together with its recognition of Duty, and its affirmations of morality, must be conserved and given to those who embrace Spiritualism as principles of right by which they must be guided. The affirmations of Materialism in respect to the exercise of Reason, for the part of man must also be strictly adhered to. In order to do this, education in all spiritual matters is an absolute necessity. This is the work of the Spiritualists to engage in as they enter the new century of effort and progress.

They are the ones to whom the world's people are looking for absolute evidence of life beyond the grave. Mere faith of the Orthodox, abstract speculation of the Unitarian, wild assumption and ridiculous goss

work of the Spiritualist will no longer suffice. The children of the earth want the indisputable evidence of fact. The facts are to be found in pure, unadulterated Spiritualism. First of all these Spiritualists must reduce their facts to orderly form, and bring them into a system upon which psychic science can be founded. The phenomena must be classified, studied, witnessed and then recorded. Having demonstrated the continuity of life through spirit return, their next work will consist in this—the affirmation of the truth to the every day life of man. The law of consequences must be emphasized; the creeds of selfishness banished, and the rule of Love established. There yet remains for Spiritualists the cultivation of the world's fields of religious thought. The noxious weeds of envy, pride, hatred, malice, revenge and all forms of selfishness must be supplanted by the sweet flowers of Altruism. The seed has been sown in the souls of the few who have caught the onward spirit of the age; they have towered far above their contending brethren in the narrow spheres of self interest, and are today standing upon the mountain tops, with their radiant faces turned to greet the rising sun of the coming century. The name of that brilliant sun is Altruism, and Altruism, through a redeemed and rejuvenated Spiritualism, is the hope of the world that the twentieth century will fulfill.

## Religious Intolerance.

Ancient the discussion that has arisen over the opening of Trinity Church, Boston, for the funeral services of Ex-Gov. Wolcott, many secular papers have taken occasion to rebuke the pious Episcopalians who feel that the church in question has been desecrated by such action simply because the Governor was a Unitarian. It was an act of courtesy on the part of the rector of Trinity Church, that was much appreciated by the many friends of the arisen statesman in all denominations. Had Gov. Wolcott been a private citizen of moderate means, it is possible, even probable, that the church could not have been obtained for love or money for even a funeral service. Gov. Wolcott's friends would have been refused a quarter of a century ago, and the Episcopalians would have coldly ignored any request from any person outside of their own denomination.

That the favor could be and has been granted in the case of the good man who has taken leave of earth, is a sign that the Episcopalians have made some progress in the direction of religious toleration during the past few decades. Those who criticize the opening of the church simply reveal their own littleness of soul and intolerant spirit. They belong to a bygone age, and should be labeled religious derelicts, placed in the category of bigots, and considered as fossiliferous remains from the antediluvian world. There are spirits, so says the ebullient Talmage, that are so small, that a million of them could stand upon the point of a cambric needle, and never come in contact with it. When we read the criticisms of the disgruntled Episcopalians over the case in question, it is evident that Talmage had them in mind when he spoke.

But the Episcopalians are not the only bigoted and intolerant Christians on earth today. A prominent citizen of West Roxbury, one of the officials of the City of Boston, ex-member of the City Council, a thirty-second degree Mason, and a noble man, passed to spirit life Dec. 27. His many friends desired to attend the funeral and the relatives endeavored to secure a church that would be large enough to accommodate them all. Three Orthodox ministers refused to open their churches on the ground that the deceased gentleman was not a church-member! This is religious intolerance of the most disgusting kind. A Congregationalist clergyman was at last found who was willing that the funeral should be held in his church. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, and perhaps could not refuse one of his brethren so small a favor as this. He may have been perfectly willing to open the church in any event, but if he is to be judged by the actions of his brethren, it would seem as if he may have needed the influence of Masonry to induce him to make his offer.

At this point, the question may well be asked: If the men who declined to open their church doors are representative Christians? If they are, then it would seem that the men named who opened the doors of their churches to Gov. Wolcott and to our friend from West Roxbury. Bigotry and intolerance belong to the age of Torquemada and Alva. To find it so rampant at the opening of the new century is to cause a serious questioning as to the future condition of man on earth. If these preachers who were so uncivilized as to insult the friends and relatives of the two prominent men to whom we are referring, are true representatives of Christianity, then, it behooves all who are not members of some church to look well out for their rights hereafter. The action of the ministers shows what Christianity would do if the preachers had sufficient power. We believe that the true hearted men and women in all denominations should seek to find the points of agreement, rather than those of difference in their relations one with another. Should they do this, Bigotry would depart, and intolerance would be known no more.

It would be well to ask what church buildings are for anyway. Are they for use only on Sundays? Are they to stand idle six days out of every seven, simply because the preachers do not wish to have the costly edifices used to benefit humanity? A funeral service is a mere incident of every human life, but it is one that every mortal will have to meet. It is the one occasion when the heart is most cruelly wronged, and the soul most deeply touched, and should be so met by men that the least possible agony should accrue to those who mourn. Christianity was supposed to be given as a passport for human suffering. The course the Boston preachers have taken, indicates that they believe it to be an instrument of torture they are called upon to use without mercy. If

these men are sincere in their actions, if they actually believe what they say, if they really feel that Christianity is what they interpret it to be, then there is but one possible conclusion, they are either two centuries behind the times, or are mentally incapacitated to comprehend the meaning of the word religion. Such men have no business to pose as teachers at the dawn of the era of progress and soul illumination.

## Worship.

The average man usually prays to an enlarged edition of himself. He can conceive of no one better fitted to rule the universe than he himself would be, if he had the power of a God added to his present superior wisdom. Thus the God man worships always possesses the characteristics of the one who worships him. If God be jealous, envious, malicious and revengeful, the man who worships that God always is found possessed of those very attributes. It therefore follows that man creates his own God, and that that God is but the man himself, swelled in his own mind to infinite proportions. In Unitarianism, God becomes abstract intellectually, personified so far as to assume that the said intellectuality is an expression of the mentality of the individual, expanded into infinitude. In Universalism, there is perhaps a more definite form of anthropomorphism, than is now found in Unitarianism, yet abstract intellect, with or without capital letters, is today receiving the homage of many who follow this form of religious worship. In Partialism, Unitarianism and Universalism, there is the same concept on the part of the individual worshiper. The object of his adoration is either an elaboration of himself, or an enlarged expression of his own intellect so comprehensive as to embrace the Universe.

How is it in Spiritualism? Many Spiritualists have cut loose from worship of all kinds—at least so they assert—and have constituted themselves the judges of their fellowmen, as well as of the starry firmament above. They have become so thoroughly "individualized" as to be able (in their own minds) to solve all problems, to command the Universe and to create the cosmos. Frequently a Spiritualist is heard to exclaim, "I defy God," "I am greater than God," "I possess all wisdom in myself." This type of Spiritualist has returned to the ancient worship of man, and has made his own personality that man. It is said of the God of the Christians that he prayed to or swore by himself because there was no one who was greater. So the Spiritualist to whom we refer has begun to pray to and swear by himself, for in his supreme egotism, he finds nothing in the Universe that is his equal, let alone his superior. This class are Ego-worshippers in the fullest sense, and are as much in slavery to the God-idea as are the devotees of Christianity whom they so vigorously oppose and condemn, with this difference, the Christians are more modest in their claims, and make the being they worship considerably larger than themselves, while the Spiritualists of the type under discussion make themselves all there is of value in the Universe.

But this class by no means represents the great body of Spiritualists. Those who belong to it have succeeded in casting obliquity upon Spiritualism through their extravagant statements, and caused the multitudes to overlook the higher teachings of those who are truly spiritually illumined. That wonderful seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, speaks of the "Great Positive Mind," the all inclusive, all pervading presence that fills all space. It may be likened to a principle of Life, diffused throughout the Universe, expressed in matter (so called) force, and law, also, in body, spirit, soul. This concept is pantheistic, but it is a spiritual pantheism that recognizes intelligence as embracing the all of existence. Through the involution of Power, there comes the evolution of Love; through the involution of Wisdom, the evolution of Truth ensues. All who take this view of the Universe have no wish to pray to themselves, nor to enlarged editions of themselves. They simply endeavor to relate themselves harmoniously to one another and to the world in honor preferring one another. They reverence Truth and Goodness, and express their worshiping tendencies in pure lives and helpful service to their suffering fellowmen.

## Ignatius Donnelly.

This brilliant yet eccentric statesman passed to spirit life very suddenly Jan. 1, 1901. Mr. Donnelly's career has been a peculiar one. He won enviable fame in scholarship, achieved a national reputation in politics, and became known to the whole world as an author. He originated the peculiar and to us wholly unfounded claim that Lord Bacon was the author of the plays of Shakespeare, and maintained that view by arguments that were original with him, and satisfactory to very few outside of himself. His peculiar views attracted attention on both continents, and convinced a few people at least to the idea of the Baconian authorship. Mr. Donnelly was especially at home on the great question of Capital and Labor, and in him the toiling masses of America ever had a firm and steadfast friend. Although a humanitarian in theory, he was yet a most careful husbandman of his own finances. He demanded and received good prices for his lectures, and frequently refused to keep an engagement unless he was paid in advance for his services.

He was a free thinker in religion, although he did not keep wholly aloof from the Church as an institution. He felt free to speak for any society that was willing to employ him, and was engaged by all sorts of clubs and associations as a special attraction. It is claimed that he was interested in Spiritualism to some extent, but it is certain that he never made that interest generally known. He was sneered at and often abused by the secular press throughout the nation, yet his chief offense seemed to be that he compelled men to think for themselves upon all ques-

tions with which he dealt. He was called an all around man, because of the originality of his views and of the independence and fearlessness with which he expressed them. Mr. Donnelly was a unique character in nearly every respect. He was a man of talent, and has made his mark in the world. It is possible that he might have had a greater influence for good had he been more of a conformist to the ideas and sentiments of the majority. But he was in all things essentially himself, and has lived his life as it seemed best to him. His life has by no means been a failure, for it is and will continue to be an inspiration to thousands to be honest with themselves in all of their relations in life. His age was about seventy years.

## The Princess of the Dawn.

This charming poem appeared in the Banner of Dec. 29. We have a few extra copies of that issue that can be obtained at the usual rates. Orders should be numerous, for this poem is clearly one of the finest offerings of the nineteenth century. One slight typographical error occurred in connection with one of the cuts. The word "awake" was made to read "away," which completely changed the euphony and meaning of the stanza. In the second poem, "A Child of Destiny," the second stanza, next to the last line, the word "place's" should be omitted. It was inserted by mistake, and completely spoils the perfect meter of the verse. The words of "The Princess of the Dawn" will soon be set to music and sent forth into the musical world as one of its finest offerings. It will be deservedly popular, and we confidently predict a large sale. There is little doubt that the poem will find its way into the popular eulogatory works for public and private entertainments. Many compliments are paid Mr. Convers Wyeth upon his excellent work in illustrating this beautiful poem. Mrs. M. T. Longley and her guides should receive the sincere thanks of all lovers of real poetry for this most excellent production. It is a credit to its authors, and will be deservedly popular among the masses.

## Gen. B. B. Shepherd.

In the transition of this philanthropic citizen, the Spiritualists of Maine have lost one of their best friends. Although he was not identified with them in society work, he was yet with them in spirit and rendered them many favors that have been of signal service to the Cause in the Pine Tree State. Gen. Shepherd was active in the business world, and had large interests in many directions. He was one of the owners of Lakewood Park, Madison, Maine, where the Spiritualists hold a prosperous camp every year. His last offer to the Spiritualists of Maine was made to the State Association. He proffered the largest hall in Skowhegan, rent free, and entertainment for four speakers at one of the best hotels, if the next annual convention was held in Skowhegan. His offer was accepted with thanks, but he has gone on to spirit-life ten months in advance of its assembling. He will be remembered for the good he has done and for the noble example in generosity he has set the Spiritualists of Maine.

## Vaccination a Curse.

Have you read this splendid work from the pen of the versatile author, Dr. J. M. Peebles? It is full of solid facts, and should be read by every true blue Spiritualist on all continents. An extended review of this great book will soon be given in these columns. Dr. Peebles has written in his usual vigorous style, and he handles his old enemy, the vaccination scourge, without gloves. It is a book for all classes of people, and deserves well at the hands of all lovers of right and justice. It is for sale at this office. Send in your orders.

Dr. George A. Fuller's new work, "Wisdom of the Ages," is now out of press and will at once be forwarded to those who have subscribed for it. It is worth more than double the price charged for it, and no well-informed Spiritualist can afford to be without it. Read the advertisement in another column and then send us an order for the book. It is only one dollar per volume.

We wish to extend thanks to all of our friends who have so kindly written us appreciative notices of the last two numbers of the Banner of Light. Their words encourage us to persevere in our efforts to make the Banner more attractive than ever. Mrs. M. E. Williams' congratulatory telegram was a thoughtful and graceful tribute to the Banner's enterprise and appearance.

The Massachusetts State Spiritualist Convention was largely attended and was a decided success in every respect. The addresses of all speakers were of a higher order than usually obtains at a gathering where so much talent is placed before the public. Each speaker made the most of his few moments, and put a wealth of thought into them that did his hearers good. We hope to present a full account of the proceedings in our next number.

The annual meeting of the Massachusetts Medical Rights League was held at 94 St. Botolph St., Boston, Wednesday, Jan. 2. The following officers were elected for the year next ensuing: Immanuel Pfeiffer, M. D., North Adams, Mass., President; Charles A. Day, Dorchester, Vice-Pres.; Charles E. LeGrand, Salem, Secretary; Mrs. B. W. Belcher, Marlboro, Treasurer; Dr. F. A. Denette, Dr. F. J. Miller, Dr. Charles Johnson, and two others whose names are not at hand, Directors. All friends of Medical Freedom should join the League.

Our readers will do well to notice the offer of the proprietors of Suggestive Therapeutics, advertised in another column, to give away a copy of the work entitled "Farmer Riley's Mediumship," under certain conditions. Read the advertisement and then secure a copy of the work.







## SPIRIT Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF  
MRS. MINNIE H. 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.

These Circles are not public.

### To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seance held Dec. 16, 1900, S. E. 53.

### Invocation.

Oh, spirit of infinite love and wisdom, with confidence and humility we come this morning into this little circle and ask that the influence of the dear ones who are ever anxious to reach those loved ones looking out through tear-dimmed eyes, may be strong and steadfast at this moment. Instead of weakness, may the strength of their love bear them on like the wings of morning. May they find ready and free expression. May the life so real to them make them ever ready to go out to others and to find expression for what is now theirs. Help us always to look up, help us always to look out, help us to be brave in adversity, sweet through trial, steady in the conflict, and always cumbering up to the heights where peace dwells. May we not forget at this moment all homes all over the world where sadness and darkness reign and may something of our love and our trust be theirs. May something of our understanding of spiritual unfoldment be theirs and though our circle be small, our influence limited, wherever it may go, may it go as an indwelling of light and of purity. Amen.

### MESSAGES.

#### Cyrus Stone.

I see the spirit of a short, small, gray-haired man, with little bird-like eyes; he is wiry and energetic. He says: "Come, come, come, don't stop to describe me too much. Let me say what I have to say. My name is Cyrus Stone; I know all about Boston; I was in Brookline and the place is as familiar to me as anything in my own home. I have not been gone long enough yet but that I am still familiar with every book and corner of the place. I was interested in real estate and I have many friends on earth and many over here with me. It seemed to be the thought of those over here that I should be the one to send word back. I want to tell Nelly death did not do very much to me except to close my eyes and stop my voice. There was an awful mixed-up condition in my affairs. I never seemed possible that I could die. I guess I thought I was going to live on and on forever; anyway, I was not prepared for it in my business conditions or in my life, and I come back in a state of mixed conditions; my one desire is to straighten out and fix up whatever is troubling those who are left. I found Willie over here and he is stronger than I am. He has been here ever since he was a little boy and through that long experience has learned much, and is really a better man than his father."

#### Flora Travers.

Now I see a girl. I should think she was about fifteen years old. She is very fair indeed. Her eyes are blue and her hair is light brown. She is a delicate, pretty looking little girl and she says as she comes to me: "My name is Flora Travers and I came from Brockton, Mass. I feel as though I must get back to my mother, whose name is Sarah; she is reaching out for some word from me. She knows something of Spiritualism, but nothing that is definite or clear, and I thought if I could come here today and tell her that I know how she cries, how she wants me, that perhaps she would have faith enough to come and find out more about me. I wish she would not feel so. It disturbs me so much when I come where she is. I see her crying and working about as if there was nothing more left in life for her and if you will tell her please that every tear she sheds adds a burden to my life, that I can't bear it any better than I could if I were here, perhaps she will try and keep from doing it. I know that my father doesn't seem to understand how she feels, but she is just making herself sick and she says she would just as soon die as live, but although I want her to come, there is so much for her to do, so many things she ought to be understanding, it will be better for her if she waits awhile. Grandma comes with me and she says, 'Oh tell Sarah that she must be patient and not be so sure that no one ever had such grief as hers.'"

#### Carrie Hunter.

Here comes a woman about twenty-five years old. She is dark, with dark eyes and hair, and very pretty indeed. Her hair is brushed back from her forehead and it is all fanned up and put up carefully and prettily. She is dressed very prettily, too, and seems to take such an interest, not only in what she wears, but what everybody else wears. As she comes over to me in her dainty way, she says: "Well, I always thought it was a good thing to be particular, and I don't see why it isn't now, if one doesn't spend all her life doing those things. My name is Carrie Hunter, and I came from Stinson, W. Va. I was married very happily, had everything that one could wish for, and everybody said, 'Oh, what a shame that she had to go; but after all it

seems better that there should be some over here who don't come just because they are tired of life and discouraged. What an awful thing it would be to have all the spirits over here the kind who never had anything or any happiness or joy,—all old people who had outgrown life. We have to have all kinds, just as you do. I want to get to Charles to tell him that I see him and help him many times when he doesn't realize it. He is awfully busy and I just work right around whatever I can to make his life better and better; I have to walk pretty fast to keep up with him in all his duties."

#### Robert Clarke.

Here comes a man of medium height, with blue eyes and gray hair. He has a full beard and he is gentlemanly and nice. He says: "My name is Robert Clarke; I used to live in Farmington, Me. I don't get away from the place very often, because it holds me through association, but this morning I felt that I would make an effort to see if there was any way in the world that I could report. I find it much easier than I expected. I suppose it is because I came without anxiety, because I notice that those who come with the most tears and the greatest desire to get to some special person have the hardest work and are most exhausted. I am so happy it seems to me that the very fact of being able to come buoy me up and makes me strong. Mother is with me and she says (she always calls me Robbie, and always will, I suppose, although I am a man big and strong): 'Robbie, send a word to Ella that we are all right; we are helping her and when her lungs ring out, it is like a merry song to our lives here. Tell her, too, that we love to see her going about here. That it is good for her and good for us all.' We have two with us this morning, little Beatrice, who came over before I did. She is a bright little spirit to see and sends love and kisses to her mother and father."

#### Frances Rogers.

Now I see a spirit named Rogers. It is a woman. She is stout and strong looking, her hair is snowy white and is combed down in full puffs over her face. She looks like a picture, she is so sweet and strong, too. Her hands are crossed and she sits up here as though it were a familiar pose of hers to sit right up straight with her hands crossed one over the other and talking away in the most animated fashion. She says: "If you will, please say that my name is Frances Rogers and that I used to live in Scranton, Pa. I belonged to an old family there who was connected and interested in all affairs of importance in the place and naturally whatever happens there is of interest to me today. There have been several circles formed in that place, but I concluded I had better come to headquarters and send my word in this way. My husband is with me; his name is George Rogers. He isn't as strong as I. He suffered too much before he came over to get his strength readily, and I, although I have come since he did, feel that I am stronger and an easier speaker. Sending this message to Lilla, I would say, 'Be brave through the trouble that has come to you, because the light soon comes out of the dark and while at present it makes it hard for you, it isn't long before you will see an easier and better condition.'"

#### Etta Leonard.

The spirit now comes right up to me. She is about thirty-five years old and walks fast and comes in an eager, nervous way. She says: "Let me tell my name first thing, as quickly as I can, because I am afraid I will lose my power. My name is Etta Leonard, and I came from Everett, Mass. I have often tried to talk, but it seems as if I can't say half I want to. I want to go to Frank to say to him that he must not do what he is thinking about. It will upset his whole future life if he does. He always was headstrong; it seems as though he always does whatever he pleases in spite of consequences. I must send this word because I see what will come. Tell him to be good for my sake and I mean by being good to be patient and not try to jump into conditions that he is not sure of."

### Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY SIX.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

"Oh I to be nothing, nothing,  
Only to lie at His feet,  
A broken and empty vessel,  
For the Master's use made meet!"

So many sing in the church prayer meetings. And as these words are sung to gentle and swaying music, a soothing influence is exerted on the mind, one becomes oblivious of the outer world, and is a fit instrument for the use of the choir invisible.

The heart is attuned to the upper regions of the spirit world, and whether it be God, or Jesus, or our angel mother, or the host of the spirits of just men made perfect that we invoke, the effect is the same. Earthly anxieties, cares, and ambitions are laid aside, the cup of our inner being is wholly emptied, and waters from unseen fountains fill it to the brim, the whole nature is harmonized and quieted, and the sweet waters overflow, and bring refreshing to other souls that are weary of the carking cares of earth. The unseen world, which is always near in reality, seems nearer than before, God fills the soul, and the dear incarnate ones, who have learned to dwell nearer than we do to the light ineffable that brightens as the sights and sounds of earth recede into non-perception, pour lessons of comfort and aspiration into our waiting hearts.

This frame of mind is very different from that of making a fluent prayer with floods of tears running down the cheeks, and getting proud that God must be pleased to see us so earnest, and becoming so excited that when we meet other persons afterwards we feel puffed up, and are easily irritated by the slightest unappreciative word or look. We may well suspect the good of our devotions

and our spiritual communings if they do not leave us in a tranquil frame of mind.

The ideal smile of an angel is tranquil. The smiles of a babe have this likeness. But their tranquillity comes from their ignorance of the coming trials and storms of life, while that of an angel, is in reality that of a human spirit who has become strong by struggling, and has ascended the heights which lie like mountain tops far above the clouds which mantle the slopes below.

There is also another sort of angel. It is the spirit of a little child who passed into the vast beyond untroubled by the experiences of earth life, and has grown up into maturity in the spirit world, receiving only lessons of wisdom and love from those who are fitted to inform and train such buds of earth.

But a tranquil spirit is by no means an indifferent one. Some alas! are forever undisturbed by the thorns that prick the feet of others, the briars that cling to their neighbor's clothes, and shackles that hamper the hands of another. This is born from hardness of heart, or ignorance, or, to put it mildly, from their want of ability to put themselves in the place of another, and to thus realize what he may be undergoing.

The tranquillity we covet is not indifferent, but it is full of sympathy. Its well-spring thrills and bounds to the joys and sorrows of other souls, and its source lies in its own unflinching confidence in a power transcending that of mortals, and everlastingly "working for righteousness."

Christians who have attained this height rest unswervingly in an almighty savior, who loves all men, and wishes no one to perish. A Spiritualist may perhaps write with the lofty lines of Tennyson,

"Oh! yet, we hope that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill;"

or, more advanced, he may rejoice with the sublime Plato that from God we come, and to God we must ultimately return, or he may unite himself heart and soul to what Achsa Sprague inspired Lizzie Doten to sing:—

"To feel those grand upliftings  
That know not space or time;  
To hear all discord ending  
In harmony sublime;  
To know that sin and error  
Are dimly understood;  
And that which man calls Evil  
Is undeveloped Good."

A tranquillity that is born from intuitions and reasonings like these is founded upon a rock which holds firm against any shock in either the material or the spiritual universe.

Our personal sympathy is with the notion of Infinite Intelligence as steering the course of the universe, but we do not feel that the matter can be decided nor even adequately discussed by beings who are themselves finite. The attempt to do so reminds me of Gilbert Hamerton's suggestion of how a dog must regard a human being, to wit: that a man must seem to him as a prenatally cunning and very elongated sort of a dog. The higher can comprehend the lower. The lower cannot comprehend the higher; it can only apprehend it.

So, as it is impossible for a dog to take in fully the nature of a man, are we unable to take in fully what God may be, call it Infinite Intelligence, or know it by some other name.

But, where direct knowledge fails, and where mortal comprehension may not grasp, intuition, which is a modern name for faith, boldly treads; and though we may not be able to prove God, yet we can say as the little girl did to the learned skeptic who sought to shake her trust:

"Sir, I feel him in my heart."

A knowledge of the limited space known to us by the human eye, assisted unspeakably by the telescope, leaves us still sure that there is infinite space beyond. A knowledge of the limited span of our own life, and of the vast periods of time revealed by the testimony of the rocks, gives us to feel that even these great periods are enclosed by an eternity behind and an eternity before. In the same way, our personal knowledge of our own limited intelligence, our partial glimpse of the minds with which we come in contact, and the tremendous records of intellectual activity afforded by books and the traditions of the past, afford good ground for the intuition that there is an infinite one which encompasses and swallows up every movement of finite mind, just as the intellect of Shakespeare held in its vast embrace, as a child holds a toy, all the brilliant intellects of the Elizabethan era.

One can more readily conceive that space is endless, than picture a spot where it comes to an end; can more readily grant that time is eternal, than fancy a period to it; can more reasonably postulate the infinity of intelligence, than put a full stop at the point where any finite mind has reached a limit with no possible mind beyond.

My painful eyesight prevented me from actually reading General Parsons' article on "Infinite Intelligence the Active Cosmocrat of the Universe," which you published in a late issue. But a cursory glance over it shows that he wisely refrains from attempting to prove what no finite mind can measure, but confines himself in the main to showing the concurrence of the mightiest minds of the human race with his view of the subject. From Greek to Englishman, from Persian to German, from Chinese to Hebrew, all claim that there must be an infinite power that expresses itself with an intelligence as measureless.

Some take the ground that those who accept the notion of Infinite Intelligence are bound to think, with the ancient Hebrew, that God existed before matter, and created matter out of nothing. We see no such necessity. It seems to us that matter and soul are co-eternal, that soul expresses itself through matter in an intelligent way, and that as soul and matter are both illimitable, we may well deem that the intelligence with which soul moves matter is also illimitable. In this view, we accept the notion of Infinite Intelligence.

As to the word "God," we are not a bit afraid of it. It is a well-known word, and we do not see why it should be discarded as

the progress of human intelligence causes a deeper and a broader conception to be attached to it.

Some think that Infinite Intelligence cannot be "The Cosmocrat of the Universe," because finite beings do dreadful things like the massacres in China, and the terrible reprisals taken by the Russians on the Chinese.

Soul works on matter intelligently, and the way in which it works makes what we call natural law, in either the material or the spiritual world. Every cruel, as well as every righteous act, is committed—must be committed—in accordance with natural law, which, as before stated, results from the way in which infinite soul operates on matter.

But, as many finite souls are in existence, all of which must be the offspring of infinite soul, and as these finite souls are at very different stages of development, some having advanced from the selfishness and animalism which still characterize some of the others, it follows that dark crimes and cruel acts are perpetrated by incarnate souls who will by and by loathe themselves for having committed them.

All souls must work out their own salvation. To say that no illegal act can take place under the reign of law, is to say that no finite being is able to act as a free agent, but makes all his motions like an automaton. By persistent and repeated efforts, souls, whether incarnate or disincarnate, can rise to higher planes of development. They can do so, because infinite soul works intelligently. Were it otherwise, and if no such natural law had any potency, it would be useless for aspiring souls to make any effort to rise. But law is potent. In other words, God is immanent in matter on the plane we now inhabit, on planes that we now call spiritual because they do not seem material to our present senses, and on planes so far remote from the surface of the material planet that even very progressed souls might deem them wholly immaterial.

But, whether near or far, whether grossly material, or with matter spun to its finest shred, God is still immanent, in accordance with the notion previously alluded to, that infinite soul expresses itself intelligently through infinite matter, and must of course be in and through the whole.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,

Abby A. Judson.

Arlington, N. J., Dec. 29, 1900.

### THE STORMY SEA.

When wind and rain are wild,  
And darkness falls intense,  
I'm led like little child—  
O'er ocean's vast immense;  
As bird in helpless flight,  
I'm driven to and fro,  
An outcast of the night—  
All in a world of woe!

I see the ships at sea,  
By mighty waves swept down,  
Coast-rocks appear to me—  
Where hapless sailors drown;  
It fills me with a fright,  
These scenes of wreck to know;  
In blackness of the night,  
It is a world of woe!

—WILLIAM BRUNTON.

### Faith.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

The great questions of theology have to be studied over again by people without professional bias. The ministers have had their say, their chief purpose being to build up a church, and to hear them you would think that there was nothing else but churches in this world, and a great big one of their kind in the next. This kind of talk has spoiled religion for the average man, and he takes little or no stock in it.

Very well, to cure this neglect we must study the questions of faith from the standpoint of general human nature and its needs—and I think that will give us back the great affirmations of faith, but make them sweet and lovable for our daily living.

For an artist it is a great thing to know where to select his picture. It is pleasant to wander abroad, while he is making summer sketches, and watch the process. You think if you could do it, you would take this bit of landscape; but the artist chooses differently, and when it is on the canvas, you approve his choice.

Now, I like to talk to religious men and women; it is just as good as the making of pictures to hear their speech. I like them to tell me what they most value in their faith. It may not be the thing I would select, but for their living, perhaps it is better than what I would choose. It is what gives them strength, and therefore will win my admiration.

Faith is one of the abiding qualities of religion. It belongs to all religions. It makes them, as the rainfall makes the river. It is the ground of piety everywhere. We are born with faith—it is the native power of belief in the invisible, in things spiritual, in things beyond the range of the senses, and we adopt or receive their reality on what we call faith. It is a sense of its own, and as much to be credited with authority as eyesight or hearing. It is all right to trust it. Without it we could not get along in the simplest things of home and common life, for by it we have faith in each other and in the sentiments and high principles of the mind. The eye does not see these, but faith beholds them as the great realities. By faith I admire and love the true. I need make no mystery of it—it is the natural instinct of my heart. I am by nature religious like this. Man was so made as to have reverence, worship, praise, and love of duty. As the expression of the mind of God, he could not be different. A rose was made to be a rose, a nightingale a bird of song, and man the crowning glory of our planet. Faith is the taking hold of this prime fact of his being and living up to it. It is the uplifting vitality of his mind, and as natural to him as wing-power is to the bird.

I get hold of it this way. I think of the ground in the later days of April; the sun has smiled upon it, and the rain has carried its

greenness beneath the soil, and there it is in a state of faith expecting great things, and the seeds in its bosom begin to swell and grow, and beauty comes. The seasons will do the rest.

Faith is the feeling for what is right and true. It is not credulity or foolishness of any sort, although it has been sadly hoodwinked and made to do ridiculous things. It carries with it the sanity of common sense, and it applies the test of reason wherever it can to verify its expectations, and it works on the lines of experience. It is the spiritual sight that knows the difference between a rock and a tree, between the promise of love and the promptings of hate. And it leads us to refinement and progress.

It is the first step in the divine life, in the square life, if you please. It is getting out of the domain of the flesh into the kingdom of the spirit. And man has made great strides in this direction, so that he feels the naturalness now of the spiritual world, and sees that he can trust its leadings—for it impresses itself upon him, as surely as the heavens rule the growth of things in the earth.

Here is a parable to illustrate this. Two seeds in early May in the garden ground, awoke after their long winter sleep. They were near each other, and one said, "I am tired of being in the dark; I am going to climb to the light."

"Climb to the light!" said the other. "What are you talking about? It is as dark as pitch here, and how do you know there is any light?"

"Well, I feel it by faith; I must have grown in the light, and I need it to unfold, and I am going to find it again to make the most of what there is in me."

"Oh, well, if you like to be foolish, go ahead; but I have no faith in your faith."

So the unbeliever one staid there because it would not respond to the whispers of the sun; while the other sent out roots to hold on by, and then feelers after the light, and it came up as a morning-glory; and the trellis was there awaiting it, and a whole world of beauty, with which it found itself in friendship; once. It came to its own like a man who walks by the spirit of faith, and is ever seeking the higher and the better.

### An Inspired Artist.

Miss Sarah S. Stillwell, of Philadelphia, a very young girl who, less than a year ago was a student at Drexel Institute, is achieving the most remarkable success as a painter special—of childhood, says the Philadelphia North American.

"Her paintings themselves, aside from their merits as illustrations, are extraordinary. They display a vigor, force and power of conception that is rarely found even among those having years of experience and training. Only in part does she attribute her success to her love of children and her art."

"For this young girl, with the face and eyes and heart of a child, who has attained at a bound the height for which some strive a lifetime, is an unconscious mystic."

"I do not paint the picture," she continues. "Of course, my hand does the mechanical part, but a power infinitely greater than myself is responsible for its conception. I really cannot explain this mystery exactly. Although everything is perfectly clear to me, I cannot put my thought into words."

"In justice to my art, however, I want this point clearly understood: My individuality is something entirely apart from my work. My art is so much greater than myself, so far above me, that I do not want it identified with my personality. To do so would belittle it."

The spirit artists have not lost interest in their art; more than one painter, sculptor or musician is acquiring fame and fortune, who fails to feel, as Miss Stillwell, the irresistible influence that controls their mind and hand. So with writers and even preachers; genius is but a power transmitted by a higher intelligence who superintends the work he wishes done for the delectation or benefit of mankind.

### Truth.

BY F. H.

The great weakness of the present age is insincerity. There is too great a conformity to the usages of a society which is based upon false principles. If we would attain the highest spiritual unfoldment, we must have the most absolute, uncompromising sincerity with self, and be receptive to truth, in whatever guise it may be presented to us. "Truth is a light that will never perish," and the sublimest desire is a quest for truth. If we approach the quest for truth with preconceived opinions, we will never make much headway, as preconceived opinions tend to prejudice the mind. Rendering an impartial view on any matter so affected is a practical impossibility. Neither should we as earnest seekers after truth, underestimate the effects of early training. Opinions formed in childhood often create prejudice, thereby placing obstacles in the way of our spiritual progression. A sincere and earnest quest, based upon a love of truth for truth's own sake, will reveal much, and cannot do otherwise than advance our own spiritual unfoldment. The earnest students of life who are guided by the divine light of truth and who improve their opportunities for growth, encouraging, as they pass along the highway of life's journey, all the nobler impulses within, attain an individual growth in the spiritual consciousness of the truth and must in the natural order of things come into a fuller realization of their perfect unity with the great over-soul called God.

Kissing the hands of great men was an old Grecian custom.—Ex.

A Roman woman in full dress in A. D. 300 wore bracelets from wrist to shoulder, gold bands on her ankles, a ring on every finger and on every toe.—Ex.



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