



VOL. 88.

Banner of Light Publishing Co.,
204 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1901.

\$2.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 23.

A BRIDE OF THE SEA.

BY MARY HARRIS FINCH.

What flowers and groves in fields of the ocean,
That blossom in storm or calm;
The pulse of the deep knows glad emotion,
Stricken the branches of palm—
My lone spirit bows in fond devotion,
Ecstasied with islands of balm.

Has my soul once roamed 'mid the ocean-treasures,
In prehistoric dreams;
Scotching my life with rhythmic measures,
Wooing me out to its streams—
That my days are dear and few my pleasures,
I prize sea-glances and gleams.

Seeking my love in ocean groves straying,
While she treads her violet and grieve,
I hear sweet music in white temples playing—
Find shells 'neath drip of the eaves;
Her bride-maidens chaunt with choirs low singing,
Twining their crimson-braided sleeves.

That shallow of mine slipped from its moorings—
Love fled a sweet mystery;
The midnight grew dark—how dim were the dear
lamps—

My love was bride of the sea,
While I was bereft 'mid the settler's rude clearings,
Yet love plays sweet preludes to me,
Boone, Colo.

HEALTH, HYGIENE AND
HARMONY.

BY DR. J. M. PERDUES.

"Know ye not that ye are the temple of
God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in
you?"—Paul I. Cor. III, 16.

"Beloved, I wish above all things that thou
mayst prosper and be in health."—Third
Epistle of John, 2d verse.

"I beseech you to be well, and to keep
well."—Emerson, in a letter to a friend.

The human body has fittingly been com-
pared to a temple, a tenement, a house that
we tarry in while journeying as pilgrims
through the sunshine and shadows of mortal-
ity.

Tell me then, O fellow travelers, as I tell
you, of life's uneven voyage—its sicknesses,
blighted hopes, piercing storms, trials, losses,
defeats, struggles and bitter disappointments.
Tell them, to forget them. Now, in the closing
of this old century, toss them all behind
you. No doubt they were necessary experi-
ences—certainly they are. Evil is neither ab-
solute nor endless. It is but the shadow of
the good. Forget it. You have a right to be
happy and healthy. Let us study to know
ourselves—our origin, our capacities and des-
tiny. Let us be manly men and helpers one
of another.

God is "Infinite Intelligence," or what is a
better phrase, Infinite Spirit, embodying en-
ergy, consciousness, life, purpose, love, wis-
dom and will. God is incarnate within you.
Each is a potentialized portion of God, of
spirit, of life eternal. A golden future awaits
you—await it. Press on.

Let us contemplate this temple—this house
that we live in. The top coronal region is the
soul's parlor. The back brain is comparable
to the kitchen. Why not leave the cerebel-
lum kitchen and move on and upward into the
frontal department of this wonderful house?
Why not go up into the higher moral,
religious department of this marvelous human
structure, the region of hope, spirituality,
reverence, and the consciousness of immor-
tality? The cerebrum comprises about seven
eighths of the brain's weight, and is not
found in the amoeba and the lower forms of
animal life.

The frame work of this unique temple is
made up of some 204 bones aside from the
teeth. They are alive. The old have more
than the young because cartilages sometimes
harden to bones. In the movement of these
206 bones there is brought into action 522 vol-
untary muscles, varying in length, size and
shape. The muscles arranged in pairs, con-
stitute the lean meat of the body. The heart,
cone-shaped, dispenses vitality through nearly
a thousand arteries—the arterioles and capil-
laries, which latter connecting the veins and
arteries, are almost innumerable. The normal
weight of the blood is about eighteen pounds.

THE NERVES.

The nervous system is the most intricate
portion of this temple. A nerve is a hard
wire substance, filled with a fine, ether-like,
invisible fluid. Nature knows no vacuum.
These nerves are the avenues of the soul and
the soul's outflowing forces. More than 600
nerves are employed in carrying messages to
the brain. The brain, spinal cord, and nerves
all contain gray substance. There are 500,000
sensitive fibres in the optic nerve, and the
thinnest portion of the eye-ball is made up
of ten layers. The ninth layer, which is es-
pecially concerned with vision is composed of
rods and cones standing like bricks placed on
end; 3,000,000 cones have been estimated and
the rods are still more numerous. In the
brain and spinal cord there are supposed to
be 3,000,000 nerve cells. If we do not think,

we sense from all parts of the body. The
convolutions of the brain resemble an English
walnut. Phrenology is a science. Only those
oppose it who have receding, badly-shaped
heads, or are ignorant of its demonstrations.

THE HUMAN SKIN.

Who does not admire a clean, smooth, deli-
cate skin. The skin has three special func-
tions: protection, exhalation and absorption.
In the skin there are between 2,000,000 and 3,-
000,000 perspiratory glands. These empty
their secretions through minute spiral chan-
nels. There are 5,000 skin pores on the palm
of the hand, 3,000 upon the forehead, 100
to the square inch on the cheek. If these
were joined and stretched out lengthwise
they would be nearly five miles in length.
Does not the reader here see the importance
of the daily bath—the importance of keeping
the skin clean so that the effete debris may
continually pass off through the skin pores?
The greater part of sickness is self-caused.
The innermost soul is never ill.

THE LUNGS.

The lungs are the bellows to the house in
which we live, and they would cover, if
spread out, something like 2,000 square feet.
They are made up of lobes, the right lung
having three, the left, two. And these lobes
and lobules have something like 1,700,000 air
cells. Everything that lives, breathes. Trees
breathe and their leaves are their lungs. Fish
breathe and their gills are their lungs. They
do not breathe the water, but the air in the
water. People should lie on the right side
head to the north, and take frequent sun-
baths. It is sunshine or sun force that runs
Sir Wm. Crookes' radiometer. The sun is a
source of force, heat, light, and vitality.

THE ALIMENTARY CANAL.

Foods after having been thoroughly chewed
become chyme in the stomach, and entering
the intestines through the pyloric orifice, are
taken up by the lacteals and the little
structures in the mucous membranes called
villi. These number, so it is said, 10,000,000
in the small intestines. Foods and drinks
feed the blood. The blood is the body in solu-
tion. The blood makes the body and the
body makes, or at least affects the brain.
People that subsist largely upon hops natu-
rally become selfish and hogish; while lamb
chops make people sheepish and oysters make
them stupid. Oysters do not really live.
They exist—to absorb. The fifth char-
acteristic into the water from the brooks and
streams and the excrements of the fish that
pass over and about them, are all absorbed
by the oysters; consequently those who in-
dulge in oyster-eating, eat second-hand ex-
crements. The inspired poet said: "Man
grows to be like what he feeds on."

THE BLOOD.

Blood tells in more ways than one. In the
average man there are estimated to be 22,500,-
000,000 red blood cells and 53,000,000 white
cells. One class of molecules and seminal
fluids are mostly eluded from the white blood
corpuscles; hence the danger of exhausting
these forces. It has been said by a distin-
guished German anatomist and pathologist
that there are 26,500,000,000 cells in the
adult human organization,—what a wonder-
ful piece of machinery is the human body, and
through it all we see design, plan, purpose—the
adaptation of means to end. And withal
how important that human beings know
themselves, study themselves, comprehend
themselves, and learn how to take care of
themselves so as to be blessings to humanity,
and departing, leave the world better than
they found it.

THE MORE REFINED FORCES.

What is force? It is an absolute entity, an
etherial invisible substance, having but few
if any of the recognized characteristics of
matter, even in its most attenuated condition.
We repeat, force is a real, substantial entity,
because it produces vital, physical and psy-
chic results; and only substance, or essential
something can produce tangible and potent
results.

Mild, magnetized remedies may prepare the
way for such higher, finer curative agencies,
as psychic force, will power, psycho-magnet-
ism, thought, electricity, ozone, electrified
water, music, soothing social influences, and
beautiful harmonizing environments.

These forces, such as psychism and mes-
meric force, must be studied. I have a friend
who when rapidly walking across the floor on a
dry, cool day without lifting the feet from the
carpet, yet touching a metallic substance,
sparks will fly from his fingers, and with one
of his fiery electrified fingers he will light the
gas. While the human body is not naturally in
a state of electrification, it can be charged
with either positive or negative electricity,
and a permanent storage of it may be obtained
by placing the person in a chair with glass
legs and rollers; or it may be retained in the
body in a more attenuated and vitalized con-
dition by the will or combined wills of either
visible or invisible intelligent agents.

Electricity, remember, is an etherialized,
potentialized substance, and as such must be

administered scientifically, or it may prove
decidedly destructive. Static or frictional
electricity resides more on the surface of
bodies. It does not penetrate beneath the
skin, affecting the deeper tissues, and hence
it is of little value medically. A large amount
discharged irritates the surface and may blister
the skin. Lightning often kills.

Voltaic electricity, decidedly different from
the static in both production and effect, being
generated by chemical action in a battery,
is not only an aid at times to diagnosis, but
is a very potent remedial agent in the decom-
position and destruction of abnormal growths—
the removal of constrictions, the treatment
of paralysis, using the interrupted or alterna-
tive current—the transference of vitalized
force through the tissues, in promoting nutri-
tion by osmosis, in strengthening the uterine
ligaments and the many painful affections of
a nervous and muscular character. In essence
these kinds of electricity are doubtless one,
but the difference exists in the methods of
generating them. The application of a mild
Voltaic current with the positive pole upon the
goutre, or any portion of the body that is
painful, ultimately affords the desired relief.
It should be repeated, a mild continuous cur-
rent. The magnetic hand does the same thing.
The faradic form of electricity induced by
magnetism, and similar to the Voltaic alterna-
ting current, slightly stimulates the nerves,
increasing the circulation and intensifying
nutrition. The body, however, seems to be
quite insusceptible to this form of so-called
magnetism. It is not medically practical.
Electricity must not be confounded with mag-
netism.

The demonstrated interaction of mind and
body, the mind being the positive force, the
multiform methods of electrical energy, es-
pecially the Voltaic Current, together with
psycho-impression, auto-suggestion, mesmeric
manipulation, and the electrified, spiritualized
hand of the sensitive, are increasingly promi-
nent among the incoming forces that will ul-
timately displace drastic, and often deadly,
drug medication.

MEDICAL ADEPTS.

Adepts in psychism, in electricity, and
students of pathology and psychology, gen-
erally agree that man is a triunity in unity,
constituted of a physical body, a spiritual
body and the conscious immortal soul. Plato
and Paul taught this in the past. Theosoph-
ists make man a sevenfold organization. Ad-
vanced thinkers, psychologists, psychometrists,
and metaphysicians, generally treat man as a
three-fold being. Philosophically speaking,
the innermost soul, allied to the Infinite all-en-
ergetic Soul of the Universe, something as in
the glittering drop to the living, bubbling
fountain, is the real man. The body, as
aforesaid, is but the tent, the tabernacle,
the earthly house that, tortoise-like, the man
carries about with him and controls for a
season.

"Where shall we bury you?" said the dis-
ciple Crito to the dying Socrates. "Just
where you please," replied the inspired phi-
losopher, "if you can only catch me." Burying
the actual, conscious man was perfectly ab-
surd to that grand old Greek thinker. After
a moment he added, "Have I not told you,
Crito, and the wise men, that the body is not
Socrates?" Recognizing then the three-fold
nature of a man with the interrelating and
interacting vital, chemical and psychic forces,
of electricity, of magnetism, of vitalizing
faith, of thought-force, and will-force, chang-
ing the molecular action in the line of
health, these—all these become necessities in
successful medical practice. It is the physi-
cian's privilege and duty to appropriate the
good and true, regardless of the source de-
rived. The Oriental adepts were psychics.
Their modern mimics are frauds. The Ori-
entals healed largely by their will power. Jesus
said, "I will, be thou clean." Psychic science
is the crown and the glory of all true medical
treatment. It exalts, inspires, cures.

ENCIRCLING AURAS.

What is psychic science? It is soul science;
the science of the mind in activity, the
science of vibration, and of the ether-waves
that affect subjects present, and even at a
far distance.

The brain, alive with consciousness, is the
positive pole of the human body, and accord-
ingly a surcharged battery of psychic force.
An electric halo, or odyle light, surrounds it,
the color corresponding to the moral unfold-
ment of the person. If the individual is self-
ish, gross, and unclean, the aura enveloping
the brain and body is gray, cloudy, and re-
pulsive to the refined. If upright and intel-
lectual, merely, the aura is clear, cold and
rather bright; but if the person is pure mind-
ed, self-sacrificing, harmonious and saintly,
the aural emanation is soft, mellow and
white with a golden tinge. Clairvoyants see
this aural halo. It is the true revealer of
character. The sensitive psychic can by it
diagnose both dispositions and tendencies—
reading also with alacrity both disease and
character. There can be no cloaking of
these out-purting, enveloping auras. To the
psychic eye, all conditions being favorable,

the human organization is as transparent as
glass. Hypocrisy quails before the clairvoyant
eye.

This atmospheric aura encircles everything,
from atom to star, from insect to man, who,
as the crowning glory of God, stands upon
the very apex of earth's organic pyramid. It
encircles the rose and we call it the odor, but
it is vastly finer than odor. It encircles the
star Sirius and the glittering crystal. Baroa
Reichenbach demonstrated in his laboratory
this enveloping, odyle aura.

I repeat, therefore, around every human be-
ing there is an invisible, luminous aura—an
atmosphere, electric or magnetic—attractive
or repulsive. It extends off from a person
from one to three, ten, twenty-five feet, and
even further according to the mental force,
will power, and the moral dignity of the man.
Hence the common saying, "He is gifted with
great personal magnetism." It is pleasant
and health-giving according to the goodness
and moral purpose of the person. Some carry
health in their very presence. To sit within
the aura of their presence is to feel better,
stronger, happier. Health is catching. We
catch health from being with the healthy.
Others, if diseased, if immoral and gross, if
they are addicted to the liquor and tobacco
habits, carry and impart to others disease and
degradation. The tobacco habit is a nasty
habit. It has not a redeeming trait. No in-
sensitive person, no tobacco user, no beer
guzzler, nor one addicted to the use of liquors,
should presume to hypnotize, mesmerize, or
use in any way psychic gifts. Such persons,
however brazen and boastful, kill rather than
cure. Their magnetic aura is poisonous. Their
personal emanations impart grossness, illness,
degradation, and moral if not physical death.
They are vampires. No one should allow the
hands of such to be laid upon them, nor
should they be allowed to even breathe upon
invalids, because their breaths and their
aural magnetisms are impregnated with the
mental stench and the moral filth that charac-
terizes their stimulating habits.

PERSONAL MAGNETISM AND TOBACCO.

"Tobacco," said Dr. Trall, "has enslaved
300,000,000 human beings." Some of the
States have enacted laws against the vile
cigarettes. Many mercantile firms will not
employ smokers. To the unscrupulous instincts
of human beings nothing is more repulsive
than this poisonous weed. But when the vital
organism is once saturated with its proleptic
use, when the whole mass of blood and all
its secretions are contaminated by its pres-
ence, when the garments worn and the breath
stinks with tobacco, the victim is mentally,
magnetically and psychically unfit to pre-
scribe for, or treat invalids. Personally put-
ting their unclean hands upon them poisons
them, and many a good pure-minded woman
has been gradually killed by living in the at-
mosphere and sleeping with a beer-pickled
tobacco-user. Tobacco not only induces heart
disease and causes cancers, as in the case of
General Grant, but it weakens the life prin-
ciple, and deteriorates every part, organ,
structure and tissue of the vital machinery.
It depraves the whole nature. It perverts the
entire being. It debases the whole man. It
degrades the image of God in the human
body, and psychics and healing mediums who
use tobacco, disgrace their calling, eclipse
their profession and dishonor Spiritualism.

THE INFLUENCES OF AURAS.

These auras are like walls of etheric fire
around intermediaries. Sensitive persons are
distinctly sensible of these spheres or eman-
ations. They can detect their presence in vari-
ous material objects, such as a manuscript,
a book, a ring, a knife, or any article which
may have been carried about by the person.
And these magnetic emanations possess all
the distinctive personal qualities of the per-
sons who owned them.

Psychometry, telepathy, auto-suggestion,
and thought transference are integral parts
of psychic science. No thought can be trans-
ferred except by an act of the will, and good
thoughts—pure, prayer-like thoughts—in con-
junction with the will, are the main agents in
psychic magnetism. A certain person may be
positive to one and negative to another; and
some one nerve centre in an organism may be
positive to a minor nerve, nerve centre, or
cell. The solution of this is found in the
pitch of the vibration, which vibration, by the
way, is as much a law of the universe as is
evolution. The pitch of the human voice re-
veals the states of consciousness. The force
of the higher vibration controlling the lower,
is termed positive. The psychic should be
positive to his patient, and being thus sym-
pathetically positive, he imparts the odyle force
or vitalizing principle of life. The patient
from lack of sensitiveness may not be con-
scious of the least sensation, yet whether sit-
ting still, awake, or dropping asleep, he is be-
ing touched by the silent, shimmering waves
of those psychic waters of life which touch
to cleanse, to build up and to round out the
whole organism. After the sowing, the har-
vest comes. No pure thought and no good
word is ever lost.

PSYCHO-MESMERISM NOT HYPNOTISM.

Every article of furniture you touch, and
everything you handle, you magnetize. You
magnetize the room you occupy, hence the
necessity of consecrated rooms for special
purposes. You leave a portion of yourself
upon every letter you write, upon the hand
you shake, upon the door-knob you touch,
upon the baby you kiss. The psychic knows
this. The psychometrist demonstrates it in
both public and private. A grain of musk
will scent a room for years. The words psy-
chometry, mesmerism, hypnotism and psychic
magnetism should never be used interchange-
ably. They are distinct not only in degree,
but they are qualitatively and quantitatively
unlike. In my vast experience I never knew
a person injured by being mesmerized by a
good, clean, trustworthy operator, but have
known thousands upon thousands benefited
and cured by mesmeric psychism wisely ad-
ministered.

On the contrary, I have known very many
injured by hypnotism. It can excite, it can
amuse, and like Voodooism or black magic, it
can also kill. I have known the most degra-
ding suggestions left upon the minds of those
who became subject to hypnotic influence.
Their will-power was weakened, their vitality
was partially sapped, and their higher soul
emotions were tampered with till the mental
door was open for various vices, obsessions,
drunkenness, and insanity. These hypnotic
tramps that traverse the country, giving hypo-
notic "shows," should be shunned as one
would shun a den of slimy serpents. Though
having a smattering of hypnotic knowledge,
with motives in their minds of money and
mirth, they are a menace to health and hap-
piness.

Prof. Coates wisely writes, "Hypnotism, a
creature of circumstance, and the circum-
stance may be good or bad, indifferent or de-
moralizing, may be used to ruin health, per-
vert virtue, and destroy family relations. If
the hypnotist can suggest honesty, he can
suggest dishonesty, and so weaken the mind
as to have the subject perform the dishonest
act, and even commit a crime."

Let these advertising hypnotists, these cal-
low, experimenting hypnotists, alone, if you
value morality, sanity, health and happiness.
True, some good may have been done by it,
and evil also, a thousand-fold. Anything that
weakens or stupefies individuality and con-
fuses the person; anything that directs the
will from the right and the true, is dangerous.
Under all conditions a man should be him-
self-be himself!

On the other hand, psychic science or sug-
gestive mesmerism imparts vital force,
arouses the soul's activities, and inoculates a
serenity of spirit. It also exerts an interior
eliminating condition, a strong moral and
spiritual individuality, and opens the way for
clairvoyant illumination and a sublime in-
spiration.

THE DANGERS OF HYPNOTISM.

Hypnotism pertains to the will—will-power,
often connected with the lower animal side of
human nature. Doubtless the bodies of men
came up through evolutionary processes from
the fish, bird and beast kingdom. The serpent
hypnotizes, charms and then devours the bird.
Lion tamers are hypnotists. Horse jockeys
are hypnotists. All successful revivifiers have
great hypnotic powers. The traveling Rany,
the horse tamer, was a powerful hypnotist.
He breathed into the fractious animal's ear,
then stroked his forehead, controlling him.

Goats, cats, rabbits, as well as birds, may
be subject to this hypnotic and often injuri-
ous practice. It is the influence used in se-
ductions under the name of "love charms."
It is the secret of black magic. It is the play-
thing of amateurs, the suggester of parlor ex-
periments for mirth and fun, in opera houses,
and for a thousand selfish schemes connected
with lust, greed and gain.

SOUTHERN SCIENCE.

But psychism or psychic science with its
concomitants, psycho-magnetism, moral im-
pulses and healing gifts, functioning upon a
high spiritual, health-inspiring and conscious
harmonizing plane, is in its very nature di-
vine.

Psychic science encompassing mesmerism,
psychometry, thought-transference, clairvoy-
ance, inspiration, exalting ideas, and prayer-
blessings, practiced by the honorable and the
pure-minded, is decidedly health-giving, heal-
ing and redemptive. Its application distance
makes little or no difference. Thoughts flash
with lightning speed. One can think of Mel-
bourne, Australia, just as quickly as he can of
Chicago. Thoughts know little of time, space
or barriers, and all good thoughts are health
helpers.

As a child should not play with fire, so the
ignorant and grossly material should never
presume to use the finer forces in healing the
sick. Instead of stimulating and imparting
vitality to the proper nerve centers, they
might through non-acquaintance with phys-
iology, pathology and the human system, over-
stimulate a sensitive muscle, or wound or
irritate the heart arteries, checking the circula-
tion and producing, perchance, not only in-

generation of the things but the most serious of mental diseases, if not obsession or death. Spiritual mediumship is the crown of all the finer forces. There is nothing supernatural in it. Mediums are natural sensitives; psychically considered, they stand upon the mountain tops and catch the first sunbeams of truth. They are the hyphens, conscious and unconscious, connecting the seen with the unseen realms of immortal intelligences. They should sacredly guard the precious gift. It is above rubies and diamonds. It is the open door to the heavens.

Unreliable, disorderly mediumship comes generally from bad personal habits on this side of the river, or from sitting in large, promiscuous seances, the room ill ventilated and pitch-dark, with motives of curiosity, affinity-seeking and selfish, gaping wonder. There is much in the saying that like attracts like. The bleated auras of the seance largely determine the status of the inspiring, impressing, or entrancing influences that draw hither from the spiritual spheres.

Teachings from exalted spirits that people the higher heavens, are absolutely above all price. They demonstrate a future existence, describe the conditions and the employments of our departed loved ones, and give a sacredness to Spiritualism. Their inspiring words constitute the Bible of today; and yet, neither spirits nor their mediums are infallible. They are finite. They necessarily occupy different moral altitudes. Like rational mortals, they must be known to us by their works, and be judged by their fruits. If spirit intelligences improve the health of sensitive and sinner, if they enlarge the moral nature, purify the affections, lift up the mind spiritually, sanctify the home and beautify every characteristic of the higher nature, we accept them as glad messengers from above, and honor their mediums. They are the anointed. "Touch not mine anointed," said the old prophet.

The twentieth century is upon us, all alive with hope and the prophecy of the good time coming—the time of health, brotherhood and altruism.

"Lo! I see long, blissful ages,
When these Mammon days are done,
Stretching forward like a summer
Towards a never-setting sun."

None are perfect, few are perfectly healthy. There are skeletons in many closets; there are heart-aches that no mortal eye sees; and yet, God, the Infinite Father and Mother, presence, is good, and upward by ways inverse and diverse, all things tend. Never, O mortal, despair. Every winter has its spring; under the ice the crystal waters run; above the clouds the sun in splendor shines; after the darkness and dew of night, the spring-buds drip and glitter with diamonds. Be of good cheer, brothers, sisters,—all. It is better further on.

"Look up, look up, desponding soul,
The clouds are only seeming,
The light behind the darkening scroll,
Eternally is beaming.
The warm, glad glow of deathless youth,
Shall crown the true endeavor;
The tide of God's immortal truth
Climbs up and on forever.
Could we but pierce the rolling storms,
That veil the pathway sunward,
We'd see a host of angel forms
Forever beckoning onward."

Children's Spiritualism.

THE ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

Come, come, little one,
And stay with me,
In the land where love is true;
Life's work can be done
In heavenly fields,
Where we to love ever yield.
Be brave, little star,
Angels are near,
To breathe love into life's fear;
They come from afar,
To baby sweet,
To guide to the Master's feet.

The Legend of the Cotton Plant.

A Bit of Plantation Folk Lore.

It was a warm afternoon in July, and old Aunt Milly, seated under the water oak before her cabin in the quarter, was brought by little Sophie, the planter's daughter, for a story.

"How I grieve 'member a tale dis hot day?" grumbled the old Negress, as she mopped up a bit of sweat from her forehead. "Reckon I'll hatter tell yer how folks come to have cotton. Ole Mammy Jane tole me de story when I was a little gal on Marrow Willoughby's plantation in Massasy. Maybe I've forgot some o' de names, but I 'member de tale, an' hit run mighty high lak dis:—

"Way back yander—dunno how long ago—a little Sperrit lived on de aldge o' de swamp.

"What was her name, Aunt Milly?" "I done forgot what dey called her, Honey. But Mammy Jane say she was so teeny she could wash her face in a dew-drop; an' ever 'mornin' she riz by sunnup to do hit. If she'd a laid in bed, lak you does, de blackberry leaf, which was her washcloth, would 'a' been empty; an' if she had n' kep' her han's clean she'd a spiled her pretty work, which was so beautiful hit made all de bees an' de butterflies in de swamp flutter an' buzz wid jealousy."

"What did the little Sperrit do, Aunt Milly?"

"Dar now! I knowed you'd be a wonderin' what she done; an' axin' yersef how a little critter no bigger'n a chipmunk could make anything worth lookin' at. Dat's what I gwine tell yer now. She worked at a spinnin' wheel, de teachest one dat ever was in de work. What dat wheel was made out o' I'd tell yer if I knowed; but hit turned so fast nobody couldn't tell. De spile was a present from de little Sperrit's dead uncle, who was a bumble bee, an' de crosscut dat ever buzzed. He was dat cross an' grumpy dat when he come to dis he got skeered less'n he gwine whar de bad bumble bees go; an' wiahin' to do one good thing, 'fore he lef' de worl', he sent for de little Sperrit, an' give her his stringer, an' tole her to put hit to some good use. So de little Sperrit, she made a spile out o' hit for her wheel."

"What dat you ax me? Whar did she git de stuff she spun? Bless Gawd, Honey, dat's whar natch de brains of all de bugs an' wing critters in de swamp."

"De Yellow Jacket, he say dat she gathered hit from de sunbeams. But dat couldn't be, kaze she sot at her wheel all de day spilin'."

"Dee de Mothay, he 'lowed dat de little Sperrit stole hit from de moonlight, which was de color of her beautiful thread. But dat couldn't be neither; kaze she worked in de dark o' de moon some as in de light o' hit. So de bugs give up guessin', an' dey started 'bout dat wonderful wheel from one end o' de swamp to de uther, an' hit made all de wing critters jealous—an' some dat didn't have wings, as I gwine tell yer."

"One mornin' de little Sperrit woke an' towe' dat a dreadful Spider had moved next door in de middle o' de night. Nobody ever

did see a spider lak dat Spider. He was as big as a hummingbird, an' all red, an' yellow, an' blue lak my headhankercher. He was a spinner too; an' his thread was powerful fine, but it wasn't half as fine as de little Sperrit's, kaze he spun hit outer de bodies o' dead flies—de nasty critter!"

"Now de ole Spider wondered at de little Sperrit's thread, same as de bees an' de bugs, an' hit made him de maddest kind to see dat hit was finer'n his'n. However, he put on grin an' rolled his goggle eyes, an' tried to make up to de little Sperrit, kaze he wanted to know all about dat wheel o' hern. But she never said nary word, an' kep' on a spinnin', though her teeth was a chatterin', an' she trembled so she mighty nigh broke her beautiful thread."

"When de ole Spider seed dat de little Sperrit wouldn't notice him he lef' off his ugly smile an' put on a terrible frown. Still she wouldn't look at him, nor say a word. She was dat skeered she couldn't say nothin' if she'd a wanted to; an' she kep' on a spinnin' jes' kaze she forgot what she was a doin'."

"Den de ole spider swelled up wid madness till he seemed three times as big as he raly was, and he fetched a jump at de little Sperrit, but lo an' behole, when he jumped, de little Sperrit wasn't dar, for sperrits can see through de backs o' their heads, an' she seed what was comin'."

De Spider, he was mighty spried, an' when he looked aroun' he seed de little Sperrit flyin' off through de leaves. Lordy, how fast she flew! Rou'n' an' rou'n' de swamp dey went, de Spider swingin' from limb to limb by his thread, an' de little Sperrit a scottin' wid all de strength she had, an' carryin' her wheel under her arm—for she wouldn't a lef' dat behind, for all de worl'—an' away through de blackberry briars an' de rakin vines she went, a bruisin' an' a tearin' her flimby wings; but nothin' didn't stop de ole Spider. He was dat close she could feel his pizen breath on her back. By an' by her strength 'goun to fail, an' she knocked at de Mousse's door."

"Please, Miss Mousse, take me in 'hide me!—you don't de Spider will kill me!" "No," said de Mousse, "Ise 'traid o' de Spider." An' she slammed de door in de little Sperrit's face."

"Den she flew to de Tree Toad's hole."

"Please, Mr. Toad, let me in—let me in!" "But de nasty toad shot out his long, keen tongue to swallow her, an' de poor little Sperrit flew on, cryin', wid de Spider close behind."

"By dis time night had sot in. It was so dark dat de little Sperrit couldn't see de way, an' she thought dat her end was sholy come; but rathern he ketched an' killed by de Spider she made up her mind to take an' drown herself in de creek, when a kindly come along carryin' his lamp. Now de Firefly wasn't cruel lak de Mousse an' de Toad, an' he catch de little Sperrit jes' as she's gwine to jump in de water."

"De Lawd-a-massy! don't drown yersef," said de Firefly. "I'll save yer if you'll follow me." An' de little Sperrit an' de good Firefly flew out o' de swamp, wid de Spider a chasin' an' a gainin' on 'em ever 'mornin'."

"Now de little Sperrit's breath was mighty nigh gone, an' when dey got in de flit she say: 'Tain' no use; I can't go no farder.' "Cheer up; hit ain't far now," said de Firefly. An' in a minute dey come to a beautiful pink blossom, de shape of a cup. "Jump in an' 'hide," say de Firefly, holdin' up his lamp to light de way."

"Jes' den de Spider catch up wid 'em, an' de little Sperrit giv him a jab in de leg wid de spile o' her wheel, an' jumped into de flower, an' hit shot up behind her. At dis, de Firefly flew away, leavin' hit all dark; an' de Spider, he boller'd an' rubbed his leg, for de spile made o' de Bumble Bee's atleg, was powerful sharp. An' all nigh he beat on de shot up flower; but hit wasn't no use, he couldn't tetch de little Sperrit. Den when he found dat he couldn't git in, he spun his web all about de flower to ketch her when she come out. But lo an' behole, when de sun riz, de withered flower cup dropped, an' de Spider's web wid hit, an' there was no little Sperrit. An' de ole Spider hit hisself, an' went away an' died of his own pizen."

"But, Aunt Milly, what became of the little Sperrit?" asked Sophie breathlessly.

"Chiles, can't yer guess?" "Was she hidden in the flower cup?"

"No, bless Gawd!" "Then I give it up. Where was she?"

"When de flower cup dropped," resumed Aunt Milly, "behind hit, on de stem, was a little shinin' green ball—"

"Oh, Aunt Milly, the cotton boll!" interrupted Sophie. "Was the little Sperrit hidden in the cotton boll?"

"Dat was her new home, Honey; an' she sot up her teeny wheel dar, an' spun her beautiful thread, an' her house swole an' swole till hit couldn't hold no more, an' one fine day in de fall hit popped wide open, an' hit was full o'—"

"Cotton!" O Aunt Milly, is it true?" "Course hit's true, Chiles. Didn't ole Mammy Jane, whar's gone to glory, tell de tale to me?"

Samuel Minturn Peck.

The First Emancipation Proclamation

Was issued by a Vermont officer. That little paper has drifted down to us as a leaf from the tree of liberty, of the fathers' planting, and it has no much intrinsic or historical interest that I may pause to read it. When in November, 1777, a slave woman with her child fell into the hands of a company of Vermonters commanded by Ebenezer Allen, he gave her this writing and set her free:

To whom it may concern. Know ye: Whereas, Dina, a negro woman, with her child of two months old, was taken prisoner on Lake Champlain by the British troops the 12th day of last November, by a scout under my command, and according to a resolve passed by the Honorable Continental Congress that prizes belong to the captivators thereof, I, being conscientious that it is not right in the sight of God to keep slaves, therefore obtaining leave from the detachment of my command to give her and her child their freedom, I do therefore give the said Dina and her child their freedom to pass and repass anywhere through the United States of America, with her husband as becometh, and to trade and traffic for herself and child as though she were born free, without being molested by any person.

In witness whereof I have set my hand and subscribed my name.

Ebenezer Allen,
Capt. in Col. Herrick's Regt. of Green Mountain Boys.

In Massachusetts, slavery was extinguished by a simple decision, when a case was brought into the courts, that it was inconsistent with the Declaration of Independence and the constitution.—Ex.

MEMORY.

The Springlike broke its vase of sweets—
All in the House of Time on morn;
Now everywhere my spirit greets—
The beauty then in childhood born!

William Brunton.

Do not talk too much, silence often is the richest eloquence. The infinite process never speak words, but they everlastingly act—they never die, or stop to rest.—Ex.

YOU'RE WEAK Instead of Strong!

Make Yourself a New Man!

Dr. GREENE'S
NERVURA

BLOOD AND NERVE
REMEDY.

Will Give You the Strength
and Vigor of Perfect Man-
hood. Renews, Vitalizes and
Invigorates Weak Men.

Old before his time! A broken-down, miserable wreck—weak, nervous, discouraged! The world to him seems a place of mist, peopled with ghostly beings, whose flitting to and fro about their daily tasks serves but to irritate him. He sneers at healthy amusements, and finds no comfort or pleasure in life.

He is sick and he does not know it. He drags about, and therefore thinks he is well. He is despondent and peevish, and weak, and he does not know that there are merely signals—some from the stomach crying for aid—others from the nerves beseeching strength—still others from the great life-current—the blood—meaning that it is so impeded and clogged with impurities that it cannot move.

He, and all others like him, will find immediate relief in Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. This is just what it was intended for. It never fails to make weak men strong and vigorous, puts new life, vim, strength, power and energy into them.

Dr. Greene's Nervura is New Life,
Hope and Strength for Weak Men.

Mr. J. D. Barry, electrician for the Thompson-Houston Electric Co., of Lynn, Mass., says:—"When a man has been sick and is cured, it is his duty to tell others about it, that they, too, may get well. Three years ago I had been working almost night and day, could not (at regularly) and could only a few hours sleep at a time. No man can stand that long, and I soon began to be prostrated. I could not sleep when I tried, and my food would not stay on my stomach. I was in a terrible condition, and was much alarmed. I went to doctors, but they did me no good. Learning of the wonderful good done by Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, I determined to try it. It cured me completely of all my complaints. I eat heartily, sleep deeply, and thank you for this splendid medicine. I believe it to be the best remedy in existence."

Dr. Greene's Nervura is the
One Great Restorative
Which Cures.

Dr. GREENE, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., is the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. He has remedies for all forms of disease, and offers to give free consultation and advice, personally or by letter. You can tell or write your troubles to Dr. Greene, for all communications are confidential, and letters are answered in plain sealed envelopes.

Literary Department.

BY ARTHUR O. SMITH.

Books Here Reviewed are Sold at *Danvers of Light* Bookstore.

MARY MELVILLE, THE PSYCHIC.—Flora MacDonald. "This is a story of Canadian home life, of the struggle, the sorrow, the seeming failure of a man, the disappointment of a woman, the evolution of belief and the wonderful, brilliant, sweet life of their child Mary, whose phenomenal scholarship charmed and puzzled all those with whom she associated."

"Pigmies are born in palaces, and the roof of thatched covers the child of genius." Mary, born in poverty, astonished and dazzled by her brilliance, and refused her only outlet, the weak duce, son of a millionaire; there's a regular beyond the power of wealth to buy, or the power of arms to win.

A medium for the higher powers, the child advanced rapidly in her school work, taking examinations in branches she had never studied, getting high rank in all her work. She remained a playful, childish girl at an age when others are wives and mothers, interested in home and the sordid affairs of everyday existence.

In the home affairs of the Melville's, things went from bad to worse; the mineral claims which the father based his hopes found no purchasers. The father's one partner, a shifty, politic man, got himself elected to a good position, then refused to help the man he had injured, because of Mr. Melville's belief, or lack of belief. And Mary and her father, in thorough sympathy, misunderstood by all the rest of the world, wandered through the woods together, hand in hand, made experiments in chemistry or solved knotty mathematical problems, happy children; when together, care-free and blissful, whether there was food in the house or no.

Little wonder the thrifty mother scolded, but Mary smiled the father and blamed him not, though she suffered by his course of action—seeking some way by which to manifest perpetual motion, rather than earning support for his family.

Of the characters introduced, I will say but little; they are real, and help to give the proper setting to the scenes of Mary's life. The two Scotch farmers, quitting their work to discuss the five points of Calvinism, or one of them hurling a stool at the head of the minister, and carrying from the church the coat containing the form of the infant child of the other when the pastor said that "Those not baptized shall be surely damned"; Mrs. Brown, neglecting Mary because of her poverty, and not sending her an invitation to the school party; and Beside, that we all love because of her kindness to Mary; "Old Ben," who could stop blood and find lost cattle; "Old Ben," that said the "sperrits" chased him when he spent the night in a tree where the wolves drove him; the kind instructors in the college Mary attended; the old nurse, and the narrow-pattern minister that would smuggle Mary into heaven by lying about her belief; all these are true to life, and I doubt not were known by the author.

Mary's power as a speaker was shown on the occasion of a visit to her home of the well-known evangelists, Moody and Sankey, when she carried her audience by the power, unaided through her; Robert Ingersoll lectured in her home, and the story told of their

meeting is true to the character of the great questioner.

Mary earns a high place in the congress of mathematicians held in Philadelphia the year of the Centennial exhibition, and has no suitable dress in which to appear; but that matter is attended to, her expenses are defrayed, and she is made first speaker of the congress her rank being highest of the competitors.

She is taken sick and returns to her home, nor is she as well after her trip; and a few months later, her mother being away in the woods to nurse a sick boy, her father being gone from home longer than she expected him to be, Mary, on retiring, quits her body to go in search of her father, is found by her brother warm, but not breathing, and neighbors being called, pronounce her dead; the windows are opened, she is bared to the cold of a Canadian winter, and after four days of trance inaction, the spirit, after once looking through the material eyes upon the face of the father, goes from the body forever, and the slight confined form required the strength of eight strapping fellows to move it.

We Bostonians have not forgotten Bishop, and the wisdom (?) of the doctors, and we hope that sometime, well, we can wait,—but that sometimes science will recognize that the far-paying, bartering, jail-building man is not all there is to an individual.

"The golden bowl is broken." "Mary Melville" not being a novel, the author does not tell how George Melville grew rich through the wealth of his mines; it closes with one of the characters with whom it opened: Mary's grandfather, Robert MacFarish, no longer arguing the five points of Calvinism, but just labor, sitting by a big pine tree soliloquizing thus: "Aweel, how plain it's a' gettin'! And a' the big men o' the church are becoming heretics! Aweel, the world does na' seem to know that only now they can believe, and see the reason o' it a'. The synod, the conference and the hierarchy are doin' nothing, for the brain is developin', and understandin' is comin' to men. Hoot, toot! Hoot, toot! I ha' spent ma life wrestlin' w' gloomy creeds, and now through the lives o' Ithira I see it a'."

And we feel that Mary's brief life has been a power for good, a sunburst through the dark clouds that made dim the ways of man.

"WISDOM OF THE AGES" as transcribed automatically by the hand of George A. Fuller, M. D., is before me. In view of the thought within it, it is least of all important to say that it is an honor to the highest and best attempts of the printer's and binder's art. It is a book of authority and not argument. Its authorship is a profound centre of spiritual truth.

The second chapter is a picture of the highest type of humanitarian socialism. The third chapter is a psalm-crescendo, a poem of evolution—a brush just dipped in the most beautiful coloring, the colors spread upon the canvas by the hand of an artist. The law of the restoration of Nature is most tersely stated in chapters four and five, while chapter six will prove of great assistance to all who wish to have a clear and concise definition of religion. Chapters nine and eighteen are most helpful for soulful responsiveness, and should be daily read, committed to memory, and made a part of each day's reflection.

Chapters twenty and twenty-one are respectively songs of charity and exultation. For any who may be held in fear of death, chapter fifteen will prove an emancipator from

such fear. Chapter twenty-six beautifully and forcibly reveals the power of assertion—the power of an affirmative spirit.

The book as a whole is indeed a revelation. No soul, aspiring to the truth, can afford not to read it. It is all profound, but it is so simply written as to make of every page a delightful help.

Dr. Fuller is indeed honored by the ministrations of such a guiding spiritual wisdom, and in turn all readers of this book will be blessed by its influence upon them.

F. A. Wiggin.

DR. TALKWELL: A PREACHER PREACHING TO HIMSELF.—Dr. C. S. Carr. Paper 25 cents; first series. In this book are given a series of talks by a minister who, becoming convinced of the emptiness of the claims of the people of the world to lead the life of Jesus, of his own life more than of any other, gives up his pastorate,—quit making sermons, but continued to talk.

"This book contains a large number of these talks. They are short and to the point. They deal only with the living questions of today. And because of its form the book is hard to deal with in the way of a review. The review of this work to be complete should be like the review of an army corps, a view of the body, entire; but space forbids, so I will, as the most feasible plan, show you a few individual thoughts, that you may see the quality, the dress, the forwardness, the direct movement, no flowers, no needless flattery. They move in good form, in light marching order. They have a point to gain and they arrive; in homely, but forceful, easily understood language, they get there, and conquer."

From the talk, "A Practical Beginning," a quotation will be taken to show the intention of the converted clergyman's plan of campaign, as it were: "Let me tell you briefly what I am proposing to do. . . . I am going to leave the ninety and nine sheep that are safe in the fold, and I am going out to hunt for the lost one, and I shall not be at all surprised if I find ten where I was looking for one. I mean by lost sheep simply those who are getting the worst of it. . . . Ninety are on the chariot (of progress), ten are under its wheels being crushed to death by its progress. We who are safe have no cause for egotism or boasting. The reason we are aboard instead of being ground under the wheels, is the accident of hereditary endowment, early education, and other peculiar circumstances over which we have no control. I want to go to my lost brothers not because they are worse men than I am, but because they are suffering."

Some of the subjects considered by the Doctor in his Sunday morning talks are "Evolution and Christianity," "Love the Only Religion," "Following the Master," "Real Christian Work," "Public Charities," "A Modern Heresy," "Impotence of the Church," "Missionary Heresies," "A Sermon on Cleanliness." These are a few only of the topics, but they serve to show the wide range, the variety of subjects considered; belief and life, theory and practice, creed and act, these are all thought about and talked about, plainly, direct and in a way that should prove helpful to every person that reads what the Doctor teaches.

For a finish we take a quotation from the talk on "The Sunday Morning," wherein the matter of Sunday amusements is considered, and the thought may be a good one to use in opposing the bigot that would forbid you and

20 The Soul-Self projects only a manifestation of itself into expression through the form of man. That finite expression is often taken for the all of being, found only in Man's Higher, or Soul-Self. This finite being is that which makes itself known on earth, and when it applies itself unto wisdom, when it grows in goodness and power during its sojourn on earth, the Soul-Self is made greater, stronger and better by the action of its child on earth. When this child seeks evil only, then the Soul-Self is lessened in power, weakened in strength, and rendered unhappy in spirit. Spirituality came to keep men in harmony with their Soul-Selves, and is, therefore, the true educator of mankind.

[illegible]

1

SPIRIT Message Department.

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

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides, or that of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a special representative of the Banner of Light, and are given in the presence of other members of The Banner staff.

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 Seances held Jan. 3, 1901, S. E. 13.

Invocation.

May we come into the presence of these children and bring something of the sweetness of the life eternal to them. May we stand in their presence to voice the words and the messages of those gone on, and with love and trust we hope to speak with tones that shall make clear the messages that shall carry the word of Peace, Love and Fellowship into the homes and the hearts of those bereaved. May the blessing of truth shine down upon this company. May the hope which comes from doing duty and doing it faithfully be ours, and may the peace which crowns successful effort shine round about us all. At this hour we feel no division; earth and spirit-life are so closely interwoven; hearts beating in each life so clearly attuned that the dividing line is slight, and we stand as one united family speaking to each other of our love and of our trust. May the evidence of this life so real to us go on and on until all hearts are healed of their wounds, until all spirits have the aspiration to know more and to live better, and until death has lost its sting and the grave has been swallowed up in victory. Our special mission is to those who suffer through death, and this being our mission, we ask that the truth and nothing but the absolute truth of the present condition of these dear ones may be made known to them. May they understand, if never before, that those who have passed on still love, still hunger and thirst for the sweet companionship of those they love, still yearn to fold their arms about them, still long to express their sympathy and tenderness to them, and when this becomes a factor in their lives, then, and then only, shall the terrors of the world be wiped away. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Thomas Barry.

I see the spirit of a tall, slim man, with gray beard and blue eyes; his hair, which is gray, is all tossed about his head in disorder. He doesn't seem to care a bit how he looks, but has an independent air as though a man's jacket or his person doesn't count after all, and I believe he is right, although an orderly spirit will always express itself in an orderly fashion. He says, "Come, come, don't give any lectures about me, but just speak right up to the point and say that my name is Thomas Barry; I used to live in Nashua, N. H. I often go back to the old place and look everything over, and feel like making a fuss over most of the things that have happened. Seems as though everything has been turned upside down since I died. Martha hasn't known where she was. Just seemed to be knocked about from place to place, and now she is almost discouraged and about ready to come over to me. I don't like the way the boys have managed. They might have had more respect for their father than they have, but perhaps, after all, I can see where I was to blame, because I was too strict. I have all my family with me this morning, stretched out like a procession in their desire to speak back, as I am speaking to those that are left, but as only one from this family is able to speak at a time, I am going to take all the time myself. I want to send word to my sister, Sarah, and tell her that if she would get a new doctor, I think she would find herself getting better. That man don't seem to understand anything that is the matter with her, but just keeps experimenting until, if she don't look out, she will lose her leg. That is all I have to say this time. I wish it was more, but I close with my best will to those who are left."

Jim Barker.

I see the spirit of a man who is short and stout and very dark. His eyes are black, his hair is black, too, and not very heavy, he has a dark mustache and a nervous way of twisting it. He comes over to me, takes my hand and looks at me with such an air of anxiousness as if he would give anything to be able to speak as I am speaking for him. He says, "First I want to say that I came from Clinton, Ia. My name is Jim Barker. I have struggled many times to get back and every time have been beaten back. I am more anxious to give my word than you can dream of. It isn't because it will satisfy me, but it is because I can help those who are dear to me. I am needed, and when a man is needed, it doesn't make much difference what the barrier is that is put up between him and his duty, he is bound to break through; if the difficulties were twice as hard, I would find a way to send my word I know. I want to go to Mary and I want to help her. I want her to stop fussing and fretting; I know if she could hear me speak to her that she would stop. It is awfully discouraging the way things are going, but we will pull out if she will only try and only understand that I am helping her."

Elizabeth Drew.

Now I see a beautiful lady. She is about the medium height, very slight, with blue

eyes, and gray hair; it is crimped and brought down in a pretty fashion. She has a rather low forehead, a sweet mouth, small features and such a kindly voice. She says: "Will you please say that my name is Elizabeth Drew, and that I belong in Lakewood, N. J. I am not familiar with the methods of communicating, but asked permission to come this time to see if it were not possible to attract the attention of those I love. When one is on an island, they can't expect to get attention until they put the signals out, and so I fling out my signals this morning to the breeze of heaven, and pray that a favorable gale may bring a ship by sight, and that my dear ones may come to me. I am not unhappy, but still I long to give the happiness that is mine to those who have it not. It seems such a glorious thing to stand in this knowledge that I wish those who are left could have it before they come over. I want George to know that I am with him. He half realizes it, not in the way I would like to have him, but as a sort of an influence that is in the air. I want it definite, that he can speak to me and I to him, and all my effort shall be to bring it about that way. To Ada I would say, 'Ada, don't get so nervous and run away when you are at the piano. You are drawing the influences near to you, dear, every time you make harmonious conditions, and so when you sit there it helps us to be strong, and I shall be able to manifest to you if you don't get frightened and move away.'"

Sophia Bennett.

I see the spirit of a woman about forty-five years old. She is very nervous and has been gone a long time, because I see old fashioned clothes on her. Her eyes and hair are brown, and she has a thin face. She comes right up to me and says: "I want to say a word or two. My name is Sophia Bennett, and when I was at home I lived in Swampscott, Mass. I never took any stock in this sort of thing. I cared more about what everyone does, and this seemed to me like a lot of nonsense that was good for children or superstitious people, but had no real meaning. Now I come back with the feeling that if I had paid some little attention to it, I might be communicating on my own responsibility, instead of coming in this public fashion. I have some friends left. If I hadn't I wouldn't be coming here; I'd be doing something in the spirit. I want to go to my sister. Her name is Jane, and she will know what I mean when I say that I am just as careless of myself now as I was in earth life, and I spend all the time I can get over the plants. I don't care for books as she does, but I would rather work out in the garden and take care of the plants. Father and mother are both with me and they send word to Jane. Tell her that she will find a very warm and cordial welcome when she comes over here where they are. Her eyesight is very poor now and she can't read as much as she used to, but the days are spent in activity of some kind, and the nights, when the lights are lighted, are spent in thinking of what has been and what is to come. Tell her that Aunt Judith is with me."

John Leland.

Now I see a sailor. He is dressed in sailor clothes, and I am sure he was drowned. He is short, stout, very light, and not over twenty-eight years old. He comes along, oh, just as if he were trying to show me the full conditions of when he went out, and he is dripping with water. He says: "Oh, don't keep me standing long, but just say, will you please, that my name is John Leland, and that I did pass away, but in foreign waters. I never expected to die that way. I always thought that I would be with my people, but the agony of such a passing out, no one can know until he has been through it. I have a mother, father, brothers and sisters left. They didn't want me to take that trip, but I was just bound I would go. I always wanted to be a sailor and it seemed to me that there was no other life for me. My mother's name is Matilda, and she has always had a half hope that I might return sometime, and so I have, but in a different way from what she expected. Tell her that her boy came to her as soon as his spirit was free, and that the dream she had was really a vision of me, and that if she would just understand that I can return only in this way, she could be more settled in her mind. I can't express my love. It is pretty hard when I have never been in the habit of saying things, to all at once break out with a love letter, although I might feel it more than anyone could understand. That is the way I feel this morning, as if I want to talk so much about my love for them, and yet as if it would be improper in this place."

Lillian Gay.

I see next the spirit of a girl. She is young, pretty and about eighteen years old. She has light hair, blue eyes, and the sweetest little way. She just trips about here as though very happy. She says: "I am not only happy over coming, but I am happy that it is all true that I thought. My name is Lillian Gay, and I used to live in Springfield, Mass. I have many, many people there now, but I want to go to my mother. She is like me, or rather I am like her, and she has such a bright influence that everyone is drawn to her and is helped. No one would ever dream that she had been through the trials that she has. They seem to be brighter here up and make her shine all the more beautifully, but I want her to understand that her Lillian, although she has been gone a long time, is just as much her child and just as much interested to do everything for her, as she would have been if she had stayed with her. The little boy who passed out before I did is with me. His name is George."

William Moulton.

I see now a man about sixty-five years old. He is tall and very fine looking. He is dressed with great care and precision, has a tall hat and carries a cane. He walks around as if he had been a man to whom everybody looked up. He has gray side

whiskers, and that helps him in his distinguished air. He says: "My name is William Moulton and I came from Grand Rapids, Mich. I come with all the strength that I can summon to send my message to the people who are looking for it from me. I promise to make this effort, and I wish that they would be as true in their promise to me to send back their understanding of my coming. I am working every day as hard as I ever did in earth life. The management of spiritual conditions takes understanding, perception, and a spiritual energy, and that I am exercising, and I desire to extend the work wherever it may be possible. Mr. Harrison is with me and he says that we will yet be able to do for those friends of ours the things that they are expecting, and that whatever their degree of unfoldment may be now, they can by application and earnest endeavor, attain the best results that have ever been vouchsafed to anyone."

Abby Noyes.

Now I see a woman. First she says, "My name is Abby Noyes and I used to live in Chicago." She hasn't any airs, but just a simple, motherly way and she says, "I have to send my word to Albert Noyes, to tell him that I want him to go right on in what he has undertaken, because it is from the spirit he receives the impression, and it is from the spirit he gets the word to go forward. I don't know that I need to go into any particular details of my past life. I just want to express myself in this definite way to him, and to let him know that he is neither forsaken nor forgotten, but is helped by those who love him today. Susie is with me and tells him that she is more than anxious to make herself known to him in a way that he will understand, and the little boy is with her, growing strong and sturdy in the spirit life."

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

What vivid imaginations Spiritualists are supposed to possess! This mental faculty is bestowed on all, though in varied degrees; but when a person has espoused this unpopular Cause, his opponents think that all his other faculties are moribund, while his imagination reigns supreme. To himself, he seems still to be endowed with reason, perception, memory and judgment, but to those who oppose his views, he has become devoid of these powers, and to be wholly a prey to fantasy.

It is quite useless for him to mention what he has seen clairvoyantly. They laugh him to scorn, would fain think that he is consciously deviating from the truth; and when forced to believe him in earnest, return to their favorite assumption—that he has imagined it.

Their mental attitude reminds us of what Hume said of miracles. His position was that a miracle contradicts nature, and is therefore impossible; and if all the persons in the world should declare that they had seen one, their testimony would weigh nothing at all with him. Many of our opponents persist in thinking that all spiritual manifestations must be either false or else miraculous. When we say that we accept nothing that contradicts nature, and seek to explain that all spiritual phenomena accord with natural laws, now beginning to be understood, they fail to comprehend our drift, and believe us to be hopelessly lost on the sea of imagination.

What shall we do with such persons? We would gladly let them alone, and bide the time when they mature to a better comprehension, but, alas! they will not let us alone, and try, by innuendo, by sly jeer, by open scorn, by compassion for our folly, in short, by every means except solid argument, to lead us to think differently. Argument they seldom seek to employ.

We can meet argument and reason on an open ground, but slurs, jeers, scoffs, and contempt are best met by silence. Let them enjoy their fancied triumph, and "wait till their reason grows," as Prudy used to say of Dotie Dimple.

I once invited a gentleman to sit at a small table with me in my own home. While I am not used in that way very much myself, I was certain that he could be easily developed in that way, and I hoped some of his spirit friends, whom he longed to hear from, might manifest themselves to his satisfaction.

We chose a convenient time, the lamp was placed in an adjoining room, and we sat down. I noticed that he acted very nervous and strange. Later he said he felt as if he were doing something very wicked, something which Jesus could not approve, and it seemed best to give up the sitting.

He told me subsequently that after we had sat a little while at the table, he felt a foot, or something, pressed against his leg, and he was certain that some devil was trying to get the mastery over him, so as to ruin his soul. This was what made him so afraid.

This friend attributes all my experiences to my imagination. But he thinks that it was a real devil that touched his leg on this occasion, and he is glad that he was enabled to resist him.

We have all met such incidents, in our endeavors to extend the knowledge of the phenomena, with a view to proving the present existence of disincarnate human beings, and leading our friends to accept the consolations and the physical information afforded by Spiritualism.

I have a strong partiality for the gift known as clairvoyance. While fine proofs of identity are given through entrancement, yet I must confess to some prejudice against the notion of a person's being hypnotized or controlled by another individual, whether incarnate or disincarnate. It is painful to see this done at psychological entertainments. And when we reflect that he who has once been psychologized by another falls much more readily into the same condition, and is exposed to being controlled by all sorts of spirits, it makes one

tremble at the possible results. One would need to have a very pure personality, and very wise and powerful guardians on the other side of life, to be willing to run any such risks as these.

Some are so anxious to be "controlled" that it would seem as if they would rather be controlled by a bad spirit than not at all. Many of the so-called seances are held in bondage by undeveloped, non-progressing spirits. They have held them so long that it requires the aid of outside and strong wills to reinforce the will of the patient, in order to dislodge these malign workers.

My brother had several such controls. They accompanied him from the hospital to my little home, and it took all my own will-power, aided by angel ministrants, exerted for several months, to expel them from our home.

"I've got him, and I'm going to hold him!" snorted one of the fercest of these to me, when I told him to leave the place. Another was obscene, another was profane. But all were conquered one by one, and during the last months of his life, "the enemy was as still as a stone," as Bunyan says in describing how Christian and Hopeful went through the river of death.

These experiences with my dear brother, with many more, are described in detail in my book entitled, "A Happy Year." The "happy year" was the one after his liberation, when I rested in the joyful knowledge that his woes were forever past, and that he was safe in the spirit home of our mother.

As was previously remarked, clairvoyance is more valued than entrancement, by the present writer. One is entranced by another will, the person's own will is submerged. It no more betokens spiritual advancement than does the ordinary process of being hypnotized. Clairvoyance, on the other hand, is such a development of the visual organs of the spiritual body, as enables the soul to see spirits or into the spiritual world. This is clairvoyance in its highest form.

We think, however, that we are justified in classifying clairvoyance into three varieties:—The first is when the spiritual sight is directed to scenes on and in the earth. By it, ore and treasures are located in the earth.

By it, the medium sees the position of the drowned body. By it, we see our friends in other places, note what they are doing, what they wear, and the objects by which they are surrounded. This power is capable of enormous development. As the faculty enlarges, the time will come when all human beings will see all things on the earth by this visual telepathy.

The second variety of clairvoyance is where a person sees what another wills him to see, being of course hypnotized to do so. We have seen the psychologic "subject" describe what the operator wills him to see. In like wise, a disincarnate intelligence shows to his subject scenes and persons either mundane or of the spirit world. He seems to see these things. To him, it is like seeing, but it is not really seeing.

Once when I was worried, my father made me see him leaning on my pillow, and wearing the dressing-gown he used to wear when he came to the bedside of his little daughter in Burma. He does not wear that dressing-gown now, even its spiritual counterpart. But he impressed that semblance on me, so that he might seem natural and near.

By this kind of clairvoyance, some mediums think they have been to other planets, as Mars, and seen the inhabitants thereof. They have not really been there, but some controlling spirit has shown them these scenes by psychologic power, and impressed them that it was another planet that they visited. They could not really go to Mars, for even their spiritual body is not attenuated enough to go through all the ethereal grades of our spirit world, and through the fine ether between the spirit worlds of the different planets. They would be obliged to do all this, in order to get even to the outer limits of the spirit world of Mars. For a spirit still on earth to go to another planet is an impossibility. Advancement and progress depend on actual development. Natural law cannot be violated.

The third kind of clairvoyance is when our spiritual body is so freed from the fleshly one that the soul really uses it in making excursions into spiritual realms, and seeing the spirit bodies of disincarnate souls. In cases like this, the vibrations of the spirit body correspond to the vibrations of the plane beyond the earth plane.

Once I supposed that all my clairvoyant visions were the seeing of spirit scenes and of spirit bodies. Now I know better. To classify our own visions is an interesting study. To decide just how much is our own actual seeing through the visual organs of the spirit body, and how much is the result of psychologic control by disincarnate spirits, is a difficult thing to do.

Independent clairvoyants are apt to yawn, to become passive, when they begin to "see." Most of my clairvoyance comes when I am quiet in my bed. And this, by the way, gives my opponents their much-craved opportunity to say:

"Ah! you were asleep. You dreamed it." But as I know sometimes that I was not asleep, and so did not dream it, so I also know that sometimes the visions came to me in sleep. It is all in accordance with nature.

In sleep, the soul in its spiritual envelop goes out of the fleshly body for awhile. It mingles with other mortals similarly conditioned, and on awakening remembers "dreaming" of going to other places, and seeing different persons.

Sometimes it goes into spiritual realms, and actually makes visits in the spirit world. Whether Swedenborg and A. J. Davis actually went there, or whether they were psychologized to think so is their own affair. Paul, an experienced psychologist, said: "Whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell; God knoweth, such an one caught up to the third heaven."

Paul puts it that way, in all sincerity. What he did not know was whether he actually went there, or was psychologized to think he went there. If he went there, he certainly

went in his spiritual body, being temporarily out of his fleshly one.

I know that I have been many times controlled to see by disincarnate spirits. And I think that I have been a few times actually in the spiritual realms, seen some of its exquisite beauty, seen some of the dwellers therein, and held sweet converse with them. These are fore-glimpses of the happy time coming.

"When faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love."

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.
Arlington, N. J., Jan. 19, 1901.

Passed to Spirit Life

Mrs. Isabella Carleton of Rockport, Maine, Jan. 12, 1901, at the age of 79 years, leaving one son and three daughters. Mrs. Carleton was one of nature's loveliest women—a true, firm and consistent believer in the spiritual religion. She was the daughter of a Baptist clergyman and belonged to that church until her thoughtful and progressive mind led her out into the green and beautiful fields of the spiritual Eden.

F. W. S.
Mrs. Elvira P. Heywood of Rockport, Me., aged 63 years, Jan. 9, 1901. Sister Heywood was an old pioneer in the glorious truth of spirit return. She has been prominently identified with Verona Camp since its first organization in 1833.

F. W. S.
In Berlin, Dec. 12, 1900, Jesse E. Bliss, aged 74 years, 11 months, 12 days.

Mrs. Emma Amelia Swank, daughter of Lewis and Alice James, of Volinia, Cass County, Mich., Jan. 6, at her home in Volinia, leaving her companion, Daniel Swank, her father and mother, one sister and four brothers to mourn her loss. Deceased was in her 32d year, and has been a Spiritualist from girlhood. The funeral address was delivered by Mr. H. L. Chapman, local Spiritualist speaker, from the subject, "If a man die shall he live again?" An appropriate, impromptu poem was offered at the home in place of the customary prayer, which, together with the address at Oak Grove Church, set forth in simple manner some of the truths, beauties and consolations of Spiritualism. Although a cold rain made the day disagreeable, yet the church was filled beyond its seating capacity, indicating a large circle of friends. The audience was very attentive and we really believe that many good thoughts found lodgment in minds outside the ranks of Spiritualism.

From Greenwich Village, Mass., Jan. 13, Mrs. Jennie Hoyt, wife of Mr. Samuel Hoyt, aged 64 years. Mrs. Hoyt was also a worker in the Society of the Independent Liberal Church, and will be greatly missed by a host of friends. She was firm in her convictions, true to what she believed to be right, and as a friend and neighbor ever to be depended upon. The funeral services were under the charge of Rev. Fannie Austin (Universalist), of No. Dana. May the husband, relatives and friends be sustained and comforted by the knowledge embodied in our spiritual philosophy. Geo. A. Fuller.

From Greenwich Village, Mass., Jan. 7, Mrs. Rebecca Spooner, aged 73 years. Mrs. Spooner was called suddenly to the higher life, although for some time she had been failing in health. She had been one of the best workers in the Society of the Independent Liberal Church, from the first year of its history. She was ever ready to assist, both with her advice and her means in its work. She was a woman of strong convictions, yet of kindly intent and purpose, and will be greatly missed both as a neighbor and consistent worker in the church. Her funeral was largely attended by friends of all religious denominations. The musical selections touchingly rendered by Mrs. Lincoln, Mr. Kelley and his mother, were especially appropriate to the occasion. The services were performed by the writer. Geo. A. Fuller, M. D.

The Regality of Death.

BY SYLVANUS LYON.

In Memoriam.

"The death bed of the just is yet undrawn,
By mortal hand, its scenes all undimmed;
Angels would paint it—angels over there—
There on a post of honor and of joy."

"Oh, death, where is thy sting; oh, grave,
where is thy victory?"

Well and truly the inspired poet of old gave this glory and beauty lesson. If we can only see and judge rightly, a more than princely regality or monarch's glory—a supreme power greater than crown or diadem is death.

His flat ends all earthly things. His touch loving, if we see aright, for each member, each atom, his enduring embrace transforms, changes and beautifies. With the mysterious process of decay comes the spirit birth to a higher life of love and beauty, for

"Life is the faller of the soul
The filthy prison, and death its only deliverer;
What we call life is a journey to death—
What we call death is a passport to life."

Death comes like a princely Howard with rest and joy for the weary mortal, from earth's cares and labors. He brings sweet peace with the enduring promises of a more glorious hereafter. Death gives the spirit release—freedom—and true beauty.

Lesson as we may, here with life's cares and work, the mortal at times must fret and worry the spirit; our best hopes must go unsatisfied and we can only catch glimpses visions of the beautiful.

"Here we can only see and know in part,
not realizing the soul's higher, purer love and truest bliss."

Like prison barriers, the frail mortal controls and blinders and the spirit dies daily in vain sighings and longings; t.

