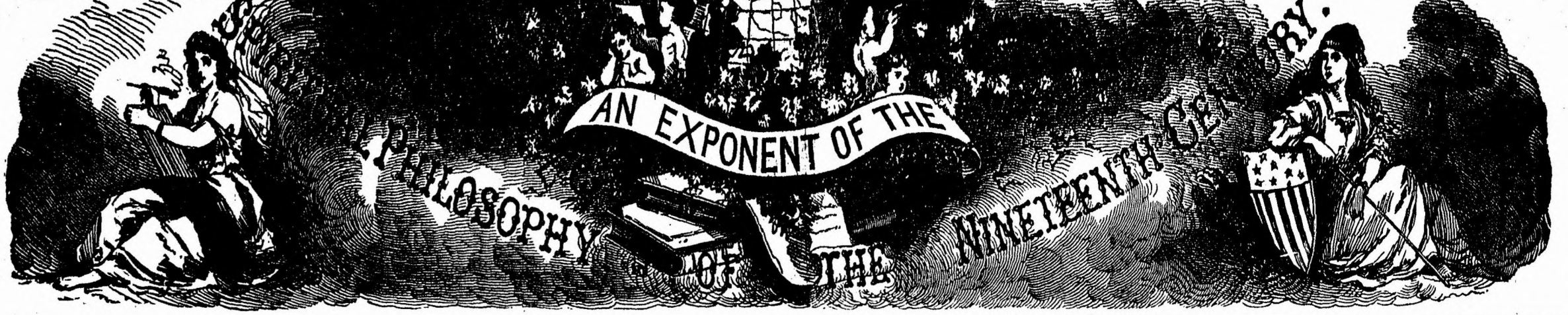


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NO. 3.

## THE BEING BEAUTIFUL.

BY DEVOTION.

There reigns a Wisdom-Presence on this earth,  
Who sanctifies the true aspiring soul  
With benediction-music from its birth,  
Tuning the Part to the Harmonious Whole.  
And he, who doth resign  
His will to the Divine,  
Knows, and is known, and like a star doth shine.  
O'ershadowing all a Soul-of-Good there is,  
Conscious and glad, immaculately fair;  
Faith, Hope and Love—the Trinity of Bliss—  
Betoken that great Presence everywhere.  
O truth, divinely clear,  
That makest life most dear,  
Teach us to know Our Father dwelleth HERE!  
The Infinite weaves and guides each life-design,  
Without beginning and without an end  
Like a true circle, and his hands divine  
The golden threads of love therewith doth blend;  
And, when Faith rules our days,  
Our prayers will turn to praise,  
And we shall bless the Hand that moulds our ways.  
No human mind can solve the "Whence am I,"  
Nor tell the ultimate "Whither" of the soul;  
These states of being, traced by the Eternal Eye,  
Are shrouded in blinding glory in Life's goal.  
Our lives, in God's own sight,  
Have shadows more than light  
And need more patience, faith, and love of right.  
An Easter-angel's kiss opens every flower,  
Spreading thanksgiving rapture through the years.  
Endowing the frailest, tiniest buds with power  
As holy and as infinite as the spheres.  
Within the faith-strong breast,  
Where patience dwells at rest,  
The voice of sure soul-knowledge soundeth best!  
There is a message in the rustling trees,  
In the wild winds, and in the silent night,  
In the grand thunder of the breaking seas,  
In the low bursting of the sweet dawn-light.  
O thou, who wouldst attain,  
Bear all without complain,  
And thou wilt hear the message clear and plain!  
At night, when star seems speaking unto star  
With voices far exceeding human speech,  
No more the Lord of Life is throned afar,  
For his Love, and Love is part of each.  
Dawn, noon, or midnight calm,  
We feel his sheltering arm  
Thrown round us with a peace of heavenly charm.  
We cry, "Our Father," and he answereth:  
"My son! My daughter! Lo, my hand leads ye;  
My Love doth flood the jewelled gates of death;  
Dwell with the Christ, for he doth dwell with Me!"  
Then the soul heavenward flies,  
With victory-lighted eyes,  
Through spheres and spheres to its own Paradise!  
Sydney, New South Wales, 1900.

## From Atom to Angel.

BY PAUL F. DE GOURNAY.

Whence and what am I? Whither bound?  
These perplexing questions continue to haunt  
the mind of man; no satisfactory answer has  
been given, although as many theories are to  
be found as there are races, nations, or even  
tribes in this mysterious world of ours.  
However grand, sublime, absurd or ridicu-  
lous these attempts to reach the truth concern-  
ing man's origin and destiny, a spiritual trend  
runs through them all which cannot be due to  
chance, but shows rather that the "god idea"  
and the notion of something imperishable  
which survives the body, are innate, instinctive  
in man, under whatever clime and whatever  
stage of development we find him. And every-  
where we find the god, however differently  
conceived, a creator, and man his creature.  
From all this mass of legends and dissimilar  
myths, the fact, uncontrovertible I believe,  
may be deduced that the first appearance of  
man on the earth was not confined to a single  
spot, but happened in divers regions, wherever  
and whenever the conditions were favorable.  
The question is, how did he get there? I in-  
cline to the germ theory of Lucretius, while I  
repudiate his atomic system, revamped and  
made still more objectionable by modern phi-  
losophers. What is the germ theory?  
It was observed that every plant grows from a  
seed, an outer hard substance inclosing and  
protecting the tender germ from which the  
plant will evolve when the seed finds in the  
soil the required conditions of heat and moist-  
ure. At the proper time the germ, quickened,  
bursts its shell and pierces the surface of the  
soil, in search of light, which is life's elixir.  
Now, the same process is observable in the  
auto-natal conditions of every living thing:  
the spawn of the fish, the egg of the bird, the  
foetus of the animal, of man himself, present  
the same phenomena as the seed; a life-germ  
imbedded in a plastic substance, enclosed in a  
protecting covering adapted to the surround-  
ings amid which it will submit to incubation  
or gestation.  
Because of this evident similarity, we will  
not admit that the plant germ evolved into a  
fish spawn, the spawn into a bird's egg, the  
bird-germ, through a mysterious selection,  
producing a quadruped of some kind, then  
another, until this single life principle evolves  
a biped—a human being. We can see no rea-  
son for these manifold transformations. We  
observe transformations in nature, but they  
are mysterious and beautiful means to achieve  
reproduction with strict integrity. Take the  
butterfly, for example, the emblem of Psyche  
—the soul: the graceful insect lays its eggs  
and dies. The life-germ in these tiny eggs  
manifests itself in the shape of an ugly cater-  
pillar; the crawling thing eats and grows to a  
certain size, when it shuts itself up in a self-  
made tomb, from which it will evolve in due  
time a butterfly, similar in all respects to its  
beautiful parent.  
How does Psyche come under the law of  
evolution? And, by the way, why is the in-

sect family ignored in this making up a man  
through a tedious process of successive trans-  
formations? If we may trace in some human  
countenances hereditary marks of the unfeel-  
ing jelly-fish, we know of darling specimens of  
the female sex who might claim butterfly  
ancestry—forgetting the caterpillar episode.  
But to return to our germ theory. Unless  
we imagine the Infinite Creative Intelligence  
as dropping every variety of seed into the soil  
and importing innumerable animals to people  
the earth after the farming operations were  
successfully accomplished, we must believe  
that everything having life came from the  
bosom of the earth, under the only form visi-  
ble, that of a seed, cell or egg containing in  
embryo the plant, bird or animal; said embryo  
being endowed with the power of development  
and reproduction. If all other animals, why  
not man? It is not only the Bible tells us of  
"Mother" Earth.  
While the anthropomorphic god and the leg-  
endary pair who forfeited his confidence and  
entailed untold misery on their unborn pos-  
terity are no longer acceptable to the modern  
mind, we should not reject all of that mosaic  
account of creation, but seek the esoteric  
sense of some of its brief sentences. We must  
remember that Moses had studied Egyptian  
science, was doubtless an initiate to the secret  
or sacred doctrine; his teaching must be word-  
ed so as to be acceptable to the Hebrew mind,  
unacquainted at that time. Moreover, tradi-  
tion transferring revelation does not tend to  
make it clearer. What says Genesis?  
"And God said, Let the earth bring forth  
grass," etc., etc. "Let the waters bring forth  
the moving creatures that hath life," etc. "Let  
the earth bring forth the living creatures each  
after its kind," etc., etc. Here we have a com-  
mand that something be done, and the inference  
is this command was addressed to some  
intelligent agent. St. Augustine, commenting  
on this passage of Genesis, says: "God created  
them by conferring on the material world the  
power to evolve them under suitable condi-  
tions." The method adopted by the "material  
world"—Nature, or the spirit of the planet—  
to evolve the wonderful and innumerable vari-  
ety of "living things," the learned bishop of  
Hippone does not claim to know, so the germ  
or egg theory is as good as any and more plausi-  
ble than any.  
The story of the creation proceeds: "At last,  
all the work of creation being done and found  
good, God said: 'Let us make man in our  
image, after our likeness, and let him have do-  
minion over... all the earth.' Ignorance  
and vanity combined to give a literal or exo-  
teric interpretation to this remarkable passage.  
What is the esoteric truth concealed therein?  
God being spirit, physical man could not be  
made in his likeness. (Considering the variety  
of types in the human race, some of the replicas  
of the original image, if we admitted the lit-  
eral reading, would be mere caricatures; the  
thick-lipped Hottentot or the almond-eyed  
Chinaman would scarcely impress us as a like-  
ness of Deity.)  
But the intelligent workman who was carry-  
ing out the designs of the Infinite Intelligence  
had finished his task; not in six days or six  
years—it took many centuries to transform the  
fiery revolving ball into a verdure-clad globe,  
to conquer and train the tumultuous cosmic  
elements which entered into the composition  
of the planet. Then the very production of  
the "living things" presented difficulties.  
Everything had been undertaken on a gigantic  
scale, uncouth shapes predominated, showing  
the unskilled hand of the tyro. But progress  
is the law, and the work of creation progressed;  
useless or hideous types were destroyed, more  
perfect ones substituted, harmony established.  
At last the work was done; the Infinite In-  
telligence examined it and "found it good."  
Then the purpose of creation was made mani-  
fest; man, like all the rest, was formed of the  
dust of the earth. "God breathed into his  
nostrils the breath of life; and man became a  
living soul." Here is the key to the story. As  
the rays of the sun transmit light and heat  
without diminishing the sun's splendor, yet  
carry life wherever they reach, so God's breath  
evolves living souls, souls endowed with ever-  
lasting life, without reducing his power, his  
greatness; without diminishing him.  
Why was this biped, this weakest and most  
defenceless of animals, crawling into life when  
the others had attained their full growth, why  
was MAN given control and supremacy over  
this earth, so pulsing with life-forces? Is it  
because he was the most perfect of Nature's  
works? Or was it not because, though inferior  
in beauty of appearance and in physical  
strength to some of the types already pro-  
duced, there was something in him, some con-  
dition invisible to the eye, specially adapted to  
the spiritual functions he was to perform?  
Nature had at its command only the universal  
fluid with which to animate matter, the "soul  
stuff" which would enable every "living  
thing," according to its kind, to perform life's  
functions, be that life a day or a century. Such  
a soul did Nature give man; God added to it  
an atom of divinity, a spark of the eternal  
light, and man became a "living soul." The  
distinction is awe-inspiring; everything has a  
soul, man only is a soul. His physical organ-  
ism is subject to the laws of nature, it will dis-  
integrate like all others; as a soul he will  
control those laws, he will survive this disin-  
tegration, he will continue to rule, to have  
dominion over the earth.  
As man did not make his first appearance on  
earth as a fully developed being, neither did he  
become at once a fully developed soul. The  
law of progressive unfoldment obtains in the  
spiritual as in the material. As the germ in  
the acorn contains in embryo all that consti-

tutes the mighty oak, so the divine spark, the  
germ of immortality breathed into man, con-  
tains in embryo all the faculties the soul will  
develop in order to attain to the rank of an  
efficient agent of the Infinite Will. As the ani-  
mal soul or vital principle permeates the phys-  
ical form we know as man, so the soul, taking  
upon itself a fluidic form or spiritual body  
modeled after the physical, which it also en-  
velops and permeates, constitutes the spirit,  
in which capacity it will enter upon its work of  
unfoldment. Its possibilities, viewed from the  
human standpoint, are unlimited. The earth  
is the school, the experimental field in which  
these latent possibilities must be worked out,  
ere the spirit, having graduated, so to speak, is  
received as one of God's workmen, and begins  
its duties in that great workshop and labora-  
tory, the universe, where ceaseless activity  
reigns.  
Short is one poor earth life for the task  
which is before the new-born spirit. He may  
or may not accomplish this task successfully;  
if he fails he will repeat the experiment; try  
again and again if needs be, until he wins his  
diploma, until he is a free spirit and visits the  
earth only as a benefactor. It is not our pur-  
pose to discuss here the doctrine of reincarna-  
tion, but when we pass impartial judgment  
upon self and realize our imperfections, our  
evil tendencies and weakness in resisting  
them, when we consider the Godlike possibi-  
lities of the soul it is our task to unfold, when  
we measure the distance which separates us  
from angelhood—the end to be attained—we  
must be vain indeed (if not discouraged) to  
think we can attain that end in one short  
earth life.  
Say a man lives the "three-score-and-ten  
years" allotted him on an average; deduct the  
years of irresponsible infancy; count the years  
given to unbridled passions; reckon the reigns  
of selfishness, of avarice, of envy, of anger and  
hatred, successively or collectively consuming  
so much of his allotted time; at what period—  
admitting that he has made his best efforts to  
unfold—will he be able to say: "I have con-  
quered vanity, selfishness, greed; I have con-  
quered self: I practice justice, charity, love,  
in their fullest meaning; there is nothing I  
have left undone; I have acquired knowledge,  
I know myself, I know the laws of nature and  
of man; I know to what forces I must submit,  
which I must resist, which I can control; I am  
wise."  
To take up our last life's task where we left  
it off, as we take up yesterday's unfinished  
work after a night's rest, is not retrogression,  
but a step toward completion.  
There is much to teach humility in the ques-  
tions which suggested this article: but there is  
much also to incite noble emulation and stimu-  
late a just pride.  
Man must feel his littleness and unimport-  
ance, when he thinks of himself as a unit, as one  
of the twelve hundred millions of inhabitants  
of this world; he is but a speck on the sur-  
face of this earth, a mere atom in the immensity  
of the universe; in the study of nature's laws,  
he has scarcely passed the a, b, c, and knows  
still less about himself, yet his progress since  
the days of his cosmic infancy has been im-  
mense. He has discovered, invented, perfected  
so much, while the animals, his predecessors  
and early companions, have remained station-  
ary, that his dominion is assured. He has mas-  
tered the strongest and most dangerous of the  
forerunner companions, but failed to conquer the  
infinitesimally small; the eye that tames the  
ferocious lion may be blinded by an insignifi-  
cant gnat. There is always something to re-  
mind him that he is not omnipotent. He has  
made everything contribute to his comfort and  
pleasure, he has harnessed electricity, annulled  
time and distance; but he has not been able to  
close the grave where he must lie in Mother  
Earth's embrace. So with the human being,  
man.  
But the spirit, the true ego? How invincible  
its power if it realizes the grandeur of its des-  
tiny! All these conquests will turn to its ad-  
vancement, they are not the end but the means;  
life's ways are spiritualized, the conquest of  
self is paramount, the one great object is never  
lost sight of; if the earth is man's domain, the  
whole universe is open to the angel. The  
treasures of the earth, the power, the glory, are  
but for a time, oblivion awaits them as the  
world revolves through cycle after cycle and  
generations succeed generations; but the treas-  
ures of the mind, the conquests of the soul be-  
long to eternity; the knowledge acquired is  
but an introduction to higher knowledge, the  
wisdom won through hard experience is but  
the germ of the unrevealed wisdom. The  
divine atom which made us a soul, has expan-  
ded as we labored and endeavored, as we suf-  
fered and loved.  
The task is done, the spirit, purified, radiant  
with the soul-light within, shakes off the dust  
of the last incarnation, it ascends, a brilliant  
meteor, leaving a luminous trail in the glorified  
heavens. Home! Home, to one of the Father's  
many mansions, home to new duties rewarded  
with ineffable bliss.  
The course is run. From atom to angel! A  
glorious course, open to all who with humble  
heart pulsing with love for their fellowmen,  
turn the hardest duties and saddest experi-  
ences of life into means of liberating the soul  
from the thralldom of error and wrong, of usher-  
ing it into the new life where truth and love  
reign supreme, where everlasting peace is  
found in ceaseless activity, where it will know  
God and yet not forget man, but turn to him  
with loving pity, whispering words of comfort,  
encouraging his aspirations and endeavors, in-  
spiring him with noble thoughts that lead to  
noble deeds, holding ajar, invitingly, the door

of the temple of knowledge and wisdom, and  
pointing to the way illumined by hope's rosy  
flame.  
**The Allegories of the Gods.**  
*Soliloquy of Theortus, a Priest of Athene.*  
PART I.—THE CREED.  
Before primitive substance there was the  
Divine Mind. This Supreme Intelligence we  
call Zeus. Of Him there is no sculptured  
image. In the Unity of His laws are dual-  
ities, trinities and powers innumerable. In  
the Orphic Hymns we sing of Him as a Tri-  
nity in Unity: Life, Wisdom, and Light, but  
one Power. The past, present and future are  
ensphered by the Holy Light which directs our  
oracles and illumines the soul.  
The terrestrial universe may be said to own  
the ruling power of a Trinity—Hephaistos,  
Apollo, and Eros: Hephaistos, the Father;  
Apollo, the Son, and Eros, the Spirit. And this  
Trinity is a Unity. Apollo, as our tutelary  
Deity, is the son of Hephaistos; yet, as primi-  
tively known to Zeus, he is co-existent with  
Hephaistos. Eros as before the heavens is co-  
equal with Hephaistos. Hephaistos, the Father,  
is also made manifest through Apollo, the Son;  
whilst even then Eros, the Spirit, is truly called  
generator. Apollo may be seen as Hephaistos,  
and Hephaistos as Eros.  
Here are three Gods, in senses co-equal and  
co-existent—partaking of one substance; three  
rulers as one ruler; three creators as one cre-  
ator. And here the nobility of language unites  
with the essence of truth. Hephaistos is seen  
through the force of fire; Apollo in light, and  
Eros in the Great Spirit of attraction between  
created things. Light is by "that what we call  
heat." \* begotten: Magnetism from the force of  
Heat and the principle of Light proceedeth;  
whilst Light, Heat and Magnetism are but  
varied modes of motion of an essence which  
involves all things: nay, of which, philosophy  
teaches, all things are formed, all life partakes,  
and all motion is produced. But above all is  
Zeus, whom we best worship and nearest ap-  
proach in reverential silence.  
PART II.—PHILOSOPHY AND REVELATION.  
The essence which we call ether, as the subtle  
and primitive form of the elements, may be  
called "Spiritual Substance," producing and  
governing all things in subordination to The  
Supreme Intelligence.† The Science of Egypt  
investigated this essence or principle, personi-  
fying it as Neith, a name we reverse, reading  
it as from the Omega to the Alpha—as men  
may reverse the name of Zeus and attach it to  
some new channel of thought. This subtle  
principle will enlighten, evade and mystify all  
generations, for the power of Zeus manifests  
through it.  
In our schools a Trinity is sometimes under-  
stood as Hephaistos, Apollo and Zeus. Here  
Zeus is The Thunderer; the electric force  
obeys him. But in our temples we understand  
by Zeus the Unity of Supreme Mind, willing  
into existence the universe and impressing  
His personality upon His work through the  
characteristics of what we call Eternal Law.  
Design everywhere speaks of Him. He is the  
theme of the universal harmony in what may  
seem the wilderness of worlds. His laws have  
compensations; and penalties that cannot be  
evaded.  
He gives special revelations through analog-  
ies and combinations of circumstances, and  
writes His supreme ordinances even in the  
whirls and mazes of solar worlds, the same as  
in the labyrinthine flight of the grains of the  
dust storm. In the snow-crystals is variety in  
Unity, and in the alternating spaces between  
the myriad leaves of the autumn wind are the  
outlines of pentagonal flowers; outlines  
which speak of harmonic ratio also even in  
the froth and flow of the ocean and in the  
refuse of highway and byway, keeping His  
Supreme Intelligence and over-ruling power  
ever before us.  
Instead of the coffin lid opening to a corpse  
or mummy, it is like the door of eternal life—  
like the curtain of Isis.  
We know of many mysteries and revelations  
closed from the eyes of the "vulgar," made  
vulgar through ignorance. Our oaths of invio-  
lable secrecy have locked knowledge from the  
multitudes, and who is there to explain and  
expound lest one come from Zeus among men  
like Hermes among the stars, appearing from  
the eclipsing darkness, as lightning which hath  
come from the fire of the celestial!  
Initiation into our "mysteries" is the knowl-  
edge of Holy laws, which men for government  
and self-glorification have obscured by Cabalas.  
The true initiate never in this life reaches the  
highest degree, although he may read in the  
history of the atomic particle the destiny of  
worlds. But some who accuse us of hiding  
Truth with our cloaks care not to search for  
her themselves! The years of unselfish devo-  
tion they will not give. Athene, who springs  
from the head of Zeus (His Wisdom, according  
to the allegories of the schools) speaks not to  
them. The word cometh out of His mouth, and  
they hear it not. We can only translate to  
them by symbols. The wise see beyond sym-  
bols, as through the lenses on the neck of the  
statue of The Isles; are described the far-off  
consta, so through the analogy of things are  
seen the immortal regions beyond!  
PART III.—THE IMMORTAL VIRGIN.  
We sing in our Orphic Hymns of Zeus as the  
"It is my opinion that what we call Heat is both im-  
mortal, and views, and thinks, and knows all  
things; both things that now are, and that are to be here-  
after."—Aristotle.  
\* Vide Aristotle.  
† A winding staircase ran to the top of the Colossus of  
Rhodes from which could easily be discerned the shores  
of Lybia, and the ships that sailed on the coast of Egypt;  
by the help of glasses, which were hung on the neck of the  
statue.—Lampriere's Classical Dictionary.

Primeval Father and the Immortal Virgin.  
As the Immortal Virgin he is Athene whose  
Immortality is in his own Supreme Intelli-  
gence. She becomes manifest through ether,  
the material analogy of Wisdom and creative  
power. She is then the "master builder," the  
builder of the Universe, who layeth the founda-  
tions of the heavens and the earth in silence.  
She gives perpetual fire which consumes not  
the altar upon which it is produced, nor the  
tree in whose branches it burns. "Her House  
cannot be moved," as they fable: it is every-  
where. Suns, moons and flaming meteors give  
it light. Out of their tracery of light and shade  
and rhythmic motion, their threads of silver,  
gold, ebony and rain-bow hues is her robe  
woven. She is the celestial Arachne—and re-  
volving star-and-world-systems are her spin-  
dles and shafts. Revolving axes, from atoms  
to suns, with their attractions and aversions  
(where Eros and Anteros are one) are her strength  
and her terrors. These are in her grasp.  
Rightly is her temple said to be hewn out  
of one stone, as symbolized of old!  
She is mystically connected with Hephaistos.  
A child Erichonius, the serpent legged, is  
born in wool. There are good serpents. His  
steeds run over the ears of corn and walk on  
the waves of the sea. The wool is symbolical  
of the light. He is the power of Apollo; the  
spirit of Hermes, that with magnetic, serpen-  
tine movement glides from star to star: for-  
ward from immensity; backward to infinity.  
Wrapped in wool and hidden, he is the "cave-  
born Hermes," the messenger of the Caduceus,  
in the darkness between the worlds.  
The Athenaeum is the place of Wisdom as  
the Lyceum is the place of Light. There are  
shrines of the Virgin and Child, in the temples  
of humanity. Here genius delights in con-  
tact, artificially sometimes, with "The Wisdom  
of all the Ancient," those early master-builders  
of all sciences in stone and parable.  
**FINAL REFLECTIONS.**  
Art with her symbolism advances herself by  
idealizing the attributes of the Supreme Mind,  
but when she attempts to fix the limits to  
symbolism she crushes the creative faculties in  
man, and destroys her own foundations; and  
when she obscures the idea by the image she  
forgets her high mission to beautify and gladden,  
and becomes the agent of tyranny and darkness.  
To describe the Infinite Mind we say, He  
resembles light and truth. Others have said,  
He makes symbols of Himself in Souls.  
London, Eng., Aug. 27, 1900. K. LEWIS.  
**Jesus the Man Not Perfect.**  
Speaking agnostically, "I am the way," said  
the Christ-inspired Jesus. "I came to bear  
witness to the truth," he added. He did not  
profess perfection. With the teachable humil-  
ity that inheres in and uniformly accompanies  
the really truly great soul, he said, "Of myself  
I can do nothing." When hailed by an ad-  
mirer as "God Master," he replied, "Why  
callest thou me 'good'? None are good but  
one, and that is God." An apostle declared  
that "he learned obedience by the things he  
suffered," and was "made perfect through  
suffering." That is, he was made more perfect  
through his sufferings, temptations and trials,  
on his thorn-paved way to ultimate victory.  
"Men saw the thorns on Jesus' brow,  
But angels saw the roses."  
True spiritual Christianity, so unlike Hindu  
transmigration, Hindu child marriage and the  
polygamic heathenism of the East, gives to  
home much of its sacredness, and to the peace-  
ful, loving family much of its highest joy. The  
family is the soul's first altar. Here youth and  
age alike worship. Here the fires of love and  
trust perpetually burn. Here centre the  
heart's warmest and tenderest affections, and  
between that ancient home of the poet Homer,  
between the sunny homes set up under the  
benign influence of an enlightened Christian-  
ity, and that Paradisaic home beyond us, in  
eternity, stand in white array the long suc-  
cession of happy earthly homes. Among such was  
the home of that scholar and statesman, Pres-  
ident Garfield, and I may add, a great multi-  
tude of the noblest souls that ever trod the  
green earth of God.  
The second coming of Christ is now. He  
has come as he promised in the clouds of  
heaven, his holy angels and ministering spirits  
with him. The coming was to be spiritual.  
Thus, also, the seers and savants of the elder  
ages have come, a very cloud of witnesses.  
Our loved ones have come, and are coming,  
bearing in their white hands sweet messages  
of peace and love from those higher spheres  
of ineffable brightness. Spiritualism is not only  
the religion of wisdom, but it is preëminently  
the religion of tenderness and charity. Spiritu-  
alism is the ripest, richest fruitage of the  
unfolded ages, being grounded in God and  
overshadowed by his ministering spirits. It is  
the only religion of peace—the eternal, unself-  
ish religion of universal love, purity and  
beauty, and will abide forever.  
"The longer I live and the more I see  
Of the struggle of souls towards the heights above,  
The stronger this truth comes home to me,  
That the universe rests on the shoulders of love,  
A love so limitless, deep and broad  
That men have re-named it, and called it God."  
J. M. PREBBLES.  
He is not forever fretting as to his progress,  
or looking back to see how far he is getting on;  
rather he goes steadily and quietly on, and  
makes all the more progress because it is un-  
conscious.—Jean Nicholas Grou.



## THAT OLD CORNER HOUSE.

BY THOMAS HARDING.

There's a little red house on the corner,  
Which has echoed my footsteps for years,  
So dear to my heart, that we never shall part,  
For it witnessed my smiles and my tears.

There's a room in that house on the corner,  
(Made dear by a last recognition)  
When I sat by his side till the dear fellow died,  
With my soul bending low in contrition.

There's a voice in that house on the corner,  
Which speaks as in accents of old,  
And the loves of the past return at last,  
To meet in the family fold.

There's a friend in that house on the corner,  
Who has loved me from childhood till now,  
Mistakes and "what not" I forgave and forgot,  
And we'll love on while time will allow.

From our room in that house on the corner,  
Ascended our prayers to the skies,  
And the angels drew near to our sufferings here,  
And brought to us Heaven's replies.

There are memories thronging that corner  
Too sacred to mention to-night,  
But gentle and true as the Heavenly blue  
They will calmly unfold in the light.

Ah! despise not that house on the corner,  
Although old-fashioned, battered and poor,  
For it did what it could to confirm the good,  
Never turning the bad from the door.

'T is a poor little house on the corner,  
But we smile in the face of the scorner,  
For faith is still there and there's hope in the air  
Of that little old house on the corner.  
Sturgis, Michigan.

## The Religion of Spiritualism.

BY IDA L. SPALDING.

Religion, as defined by Webster, is "to gather or collect again, to go through or over again in reading, in speech, or in thought, . . . to bind anew or back, to bind fast." "The recognition of God as an object of worship, love and obedience; right feelings of God as rightly apprehended; piety."

It is meet, then, that from time to time we review the past; that we fortify our position, bind fast our belief, and renew our faith by an hour devoted to retrospection, calling to mind the great and grand achievements of Spiritualism, and thus gain fresh courage and moral and spiritual strength to continue in the work of its dissemination. While, therefore, what I may have to offer you may not be new in any sense, only a repetition, in fact, of what has been stated many times more vividly and conclusively than I have the ability to present the subject, it is of as much value and as worthy your earnest consideration as if uttered for the first time. That which benefits mankind never dies; it survives in one form or other, the changes of the ages; and Spiritualism is as old as humanity. Not only is the Bible a most complete record of its manifestations among the ancient Hebrews, but the legends, traditions and histories of all nations teem with accounts of spirit revelation, guidance and guardianship.

That Spiritualism is a religion is a fact disputed by the outside world and by very many in the rank and file of believers in its phenomena. By the latter it is regarded merely as a proof of the continuity of life, a demonstration of the great truth that if a man die surely shall live in another state of existence. Having settled this question to their satisfaction, they are content to drop the subject there, assuming, apparently, that it has nothing farther to offer them, but that it has fulfilled its mission as far as they are concerned. However, to those who view it broadly, it has vastly more to present. It teaches man his duty to God, his neighbor, and himself.

Is the uncertainty not only of life, but of those conditions which conduce to man's material welfare, it behooves us not to depend too much upon what this world can afford us for our happiness. The spirit has needs far greater than those of the body or the intellect, and the hunger of spirit is far keener than that of the material form. With bodily wants ill supplied there is dissatisfaction, contentment and even joy in life here for those who are so unfolded spiritually that a contemplation of the beauties of spirit are a never ceasing source of pleasure and profit, whose spiritual perceptions are so developed that they never feel the loneliness of their isolated position though mortal friendships fail in the hour of adversity, that they never feel the sting of ostracism, though persecution and obloquy be their lot because of conscience's sake.

The value of a cultivated intellect is not to be despised, and those not spiritually unfolded to the extent of realizing the presence of the dear ones gone before, it presents to its possessor much, very much that makes life bearable. Its riches are those we can take with us, as well as the treasures of spirit, where moth and rust do not corrupt. The richly laden mind is a storehouse upon which we can draw for intellectual sustenance. But even intellectual pleasure palls upon us. In the hour of the heart's sad affliction, when the very earth seems crumbling beneath one's feet the intellect loses its power to console. We turn to a higher source for comfort and hope, and here alone the spirit can aid and cheer us. Though the intellect stagnate, and the body starve by force of material conditions, the soul may grow brighter and brighter, until the fleshly garment drops from the individual, revealing the spirit clothed in habiliments more befitting its purer and beaty.

Modern Spiritualism came at a time of rank infidelity and atheism, the natural reaction from puritanical intolerance and the horrible ideas of endless torture and infant damnation. Like an angel of love and mercy to the fearing and despairing, with the light of knowledge to the doubting, that it has even been through all the countless ages of the past, it came to set souls free from the darkness of ignorance and superstition which encompassed them. As in the days immediately preceding the advent of Jesus of Nazareth, the world had reached a stage where a knowledge of the truth of immortality seemed absolutely necessary to the salvation of the race from the debasing influence of materialism.

But how has it been received? How do many of those who have been most blessed by the teachings and ministrations of Spiritualism regard it? As something too sacred to be idly spoken of, or as something too puerile and emotional to be acknowledged? It is not well to wear one's heart upon one's sleeve, to be pecked at by the thoughtless and idle throng; neither is it just and right and noble to discard, as something to be ashamed of, that which has assuaged our sorrow and rescued us from the depths of despair. Are we ashamed to be classed with those who have the moral courage to proclaim their religion and live in accordance with its teachings? If so, then Spiritualism may well be ashamed of such converts and be the better off that we do not boldly declare the knowledge that we possess. But if there be cause for shame in the conduct of some Spiritualists, it is our duty to reform them, to bring them in contact with all the refining and uplifting influences at our command here and those which we can attract from the spirit-land, for there is, alas! a large field for missionary work right among the confessed adherents of our noble Cause.

First, however, we must raise the standard by our own blameless lives, high aspirations and constant endeavors to live in rapport with the highest spiritual intelligences that can approach us.

The trend of religious thought is toward Spiritualism. It is knowledge that the world demands to day. With what desire that it may be true every one speaks of the proofs that Spiritualism offers the world, and shallow indeed is the individual who can treat the subject in a frivolous spirit. The difficulty in establishing a line of communication between this and the spirit-world seems no greater to

my understanding than that of establishing communication between the deaf, dumb and blind child and her friends about her, something that was first successfully accomplished in the well known case of Laura Bridgman and since in several other nearly as generally noted instances. Between the afflicted child and her friends there was but one sense by means of which such a result could be hoped for—that of feeling. Between the great beyond and a world ignorant of all spiritual states except such as had been revealed in the faint gleams of light that from time to time have been cast by aid of some inspired soul who has usually received the crown of martyrdom for his daring and heroism, was the terrible walling of nourishing hearts for some knowledge, however slight, of the whereabouts and condition of the dear ones in the vast Unknown—the soul's intuition that begets hope of a life after the death of the body.

The harvest is indeed ripe. How many human souls are hungering and thirsting for righteousness unsatisfied by the teachings of the church! It is your duty to comfort and cheer the afflicted. Turn their attention in the direction of the spirit-land; picture their loved ones surrounded by dear ones gone before. Teach them that what you tell them is not to be seen alone by the eye of faith, but that you have knowledge whereof you speak. In gentle assurances lead them to the thought of spirit-communication, and comfort will soon come to the bereaved heart and a knowledge of spiritual things as deep and gratifying as your own.

In this connection physical demonstrations play just as important a part as does the spirit in the acquirement of an education. Those who, from apathy, or any other ignoble cause, are content with learning the first great lesson that Spiritualism presents in its illimitable series, and refuse to turn another leaf in the text book are unworthy to bear the name of Spiritualists. The physical demonstrations are just as necessary to the proper inculcation of the truths of Spiritualism to-day as they were fifty years ago. There are just as many skeptics to be convinced as then, just as many so constituted that naught but the hand placed in the wound of a martyred Christ can convince them of their savior's identity. The rap is as significant as on that ever memorable occasion when it awakened the curiosity of a child who sagely but naively asked the question that set the world thinking and opened wide the gateway to that hitherto mysterious realm that the wise men of all ages had sought in vain to unlock. O cunning little girl with every prattle, where did you gain such wisdom! Verily, out of the mouths of babes have come the greatest and most important truths that have influenced the destiny of the human race and directed its wandering steps aright.

Spiritualism does not spur us on to the performance of good deeds by the fear of punishment, or coax us by the promise of reward hereafter. It teaches us to love goodness for its own sake. The path upward is often a very rugged one, a toilsome, weary journey over rough places; anon it winds along the very edge of dizzy precipices where a careless step would cause us to be dashed to atoms on the cruel rocks far below.

The path of idleness, selfish gratification, and even sin, is often very alluring, particularly at first, before we realize whether it leads. It is pleasant to lie in the cool shade and listen to the babbling of the sparkling stream, to watch the sun's rays glancing through the leafy shelter of our heads; the song of the bird flitting from bough to bough, so near that we could almost touch him with our outstretched hand, delights our ear. The hot, dusty plain just yonder, over which the path of duty leads, is not at all to our liking; but while we linger the sun goes down, darkness falls upon the earth, heavy clouds obscure our guiding star, and we are left in the last darkening recesses of the erstwhile pleasant woodland to listen to the terrifying noises of the night, to watch the beasts of prey steal forth, and to breathe in the deadly miasma of the unseen swamp. So the sins of omission often entail more serious consequences than the sins of commission, particularly those of a thoughtless character. We do not speak of the deliberate, premeditated sins that rank among those transgressions for which our common sense tells us there is adequate punishment, with little hope of mercy for those who have shown no mercy to the helpless victims of their hate, maliciousness or avarice, but there is regeneration for every human being.

"Religion will attend you . . . as a pleasant and useful companion in every proper place, and every temperate occupation of life," says Buckminster, the eminent Unitarian divine. This is especially true of the religion of Spiritualism. It is not too austere or too far removed from the plane of our every-day work and life to be our constant guest in our joys as well as our sorrows, in the hours devoted to our daily tasks as well as in the moments of meditation and prayer. Its companionship dignifies the most menial labor and beautifies the humblest abode. It never seeks to abase the individual, but all-inspiring, draws all men up to it. It points not to the noxious weeds of human culture, but rather to the fragrant flower that might bloom in its stead. In the religion of Spiritualism there is no gap, no hidden line, no chasm of doubt and despair. The chain is never broken, death loses its sting and the grave its victory. The darkness of an impenetrable veil no longer divides the two worlds. No great, terrifying mystery enshrouds the future life, for we live in the presence of our dearly loved ones constantly; day by day we are comforted by their blessed companionship, cheered by their encouraging words, and made happier and wiser by a recital of their own experiences; day by day new beauties of the life beyond are revealed to us, its grandeur becomes more and more impressive as we gain a faint apprehension of its purpose, hope fills our hearts to overflowing, contentment reigns, and we are more than willing to live out our allotted time here and faithfully perform our appointed duties.

Life is indeed worth the living, for Spiritualism makes of earth heaven, resolving, as it does, the last doubt, and assuring the future. No longer the vacant chair saddens the eye, for we know that he who sat there in the material form returns to aid and comfort us, bringing to bear more powerful influences than he could ever have exerted in our behalf while in the cumbersome mortal form, with its constant and pressing demands. Spiritualism reveals to us so vividly the continuity of life that we no longer doubt, grieve without hope, and give way to despair under the greatest affliction, for we are never without the comfort—we are never alone. Hope means more to the Spiritualist than to any other, even as life attains a dignity in his eyes unseen and unapprehended by the world at large. The spirit world is the realization of our sweetest dreams, our most ambitious desires. No limitations check our enthusiasm, and the best, the highest and holiest things we can aspire for are ours in the future.

In our childhood the horizon defined the limits of the world. To day our mental and spiritual horizon marks the extent of our development mentally and spiritually. To-morrow our view becomes enlarged, as other bounds circumscribe us, for we have advanced as far as we will or were permitted by our circumstances. We cannot stand still. Either we are better or worse, higher or lower in the scale of moral and spiritual unfoldment to day than we were yesterday, and the same will be true of tomorrow and the long line of morrows in our immortal careers. "To experience religion" is not the meaningless phrase we are wont to regard it when uttered by adherents of the Christian religion.

To experience religion is to gain that degree of spirituality where the individual is imbued with the desire to live uprightly. It is to feel within his soul the first stirrings of an unquenchable aspiration for better things than he has known. He longs for perfection so ardently that he worships that which he conceives to be the embodiment of perfection, and denominates it God, or good. It does not necessarily follow that his disposition is at once changed, or that any marked improvement is apparent in his outward life. It is but the beginning of the battle of self conquest, which he wages more or less successfully according to the strength of his newly-awakened desires, his earnestness and the fierceness of the conflict. He does not constantly advance. Very often a point is gained one day only to

be lost on the morrow, but, with his eyes ever fixed on the goal, his defeat is only temporary, and his progress is delayed but for a season. Like the sapling, he gains strength in the tempest that sweeps and bends him apparently at its will, and becomes like the sturdy monarch of the forest, fitted to withstand the onslaughts of the most violent storm.

Let us not, therefore, in our journey through life make the mistake of standing aloof from our kind, especially those possessing the same knowledge of spiritual things that we possess—I had almost said those of our own faith, such is the habit of thought and speech. Let us rise superior to the pettiness of exclusiveness and the absurd jealousies that mar so many otherwise flourishing societies. This Spiritualism teaches this we profess to believe; therefore, let us put our belief into practice. Harmony is the result of spiritual growth. Let us be tolerant and charitable, forgiving and self-forgotten, and full many a flower we may call by the wayside whose fragrance and beauty shall refresh and gladden our hearts. In the interchange of thought we grow; in the interchange of frivolous ideas we deteriorate. In solitude we stagnate; in the companionship of the angels we rise to lofty planes of thought and aspiration; but if we do not mingle with our kind, dispensing the blessings we have received and receiving the blessings dispensed by our fellow creatures, we grow over-sensitive and unfit ourselves for the every-day duties on earth, where we are placed to perform our appointed mission.

We are often asked what proof we have that the teachings and revelations of Spiritualism as a whole are to be relied upon as the absolute truth? The very best corroborative evidence is the fact that we receive the same story as to conditions of life in the great beyond, varied in details according to individual experiences, from every spirit who communicates through every medium of whatever mentality, from the child sensitive to the inspired scholar. It teaches that death does not end all, but is only the entrance to a higher state of being, where the possibilities of the soul are illimitable and inconceivably grand; that life is one eternal whole, an endless chain of progression; that there is an Overruling Intelligence, whose justice, mercy and love, displayed more completely to our comprehension as we advance in the acquirement of spiritual knowledge, wins our love, commands our admiration and adoration, and no god of selfish, human attributes, easily provoked to wrath and easily persuaded to indulgence by flattery and adulation. More than any other religion it teaches the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Spiritualism more than any other ism is the cause of humanity.

The so-called unreliability of some mediums, which is, rather, imperfect development, is not an evil unmixed with good. It not only calls for their tender guardianship, but it enforces independent thinking upon the part of the investigator, the great desideratum. In fact, the use of the reasoning faculties is urged by the exponents of Spiritualism, and blind faith is as strongly deplored. But the exercise of the reasoning powers need not make the individual unduly skeptical. Having proven the spirits and the mediums, let us give them sufficient freedom of action, in which case we are sure to receive finer and apparently more marvelous manifestations than we have hitherto dreamed possible, as has been proven in many instances among honest, earnest, sincere investigators. If we are requested to sit and wait unquestioningly a certain length of time in order that the spirits may have the opportunity to produce the best demonstrations the conditions will permit, let us not say or think that we are wasting our time if we receive not a single manifestation; and, above all, let us not blame the unseen workers, calling them will-o'-the-wisps.

We cannot bind the spirits, we cannot command the manifestations, neither shall we be permitted to persecute our mediums who have been such martyrs to the Cause in the past and receive that for which we ask. The phenomena produced by invisible friends and guardians are bestowed as a rich and rare blessing upon the children of men, revealing the existence of certain spiritual laws, that, understood and obeyed, conduce to our spiritual welfare, as even as the understanding of and obedience to the physical laws lead to our betterment physically and materially.

The moral courage, fidelity and confidence shown by our mediums are beyond all praise as they place themselves at the disposal of the spirit world before the public on the platform, in the materializing, physical manifestation or test séance. All honor to such heroism, such sublime faith in the face of the scorn, contumely and persecution that, if conditions prove unfavorable, so surely follow failure and very often thorn-crown success. The crying need of the hour is the proper support of the media instruments of the spirit world. You, as earnest, conscientious workers in the great and noble Cause of Spiritualism, are under moral obligations to educate as well as provide means for the development of their rare and beneficent gifts, and not leave the work to earth-bound influences and haphazard conditions. It is not Spiritualism advanced for the sake of sufficient value for you to make the greatest efforts of your lives in its behalf? Upon religion and morality rests the welfare of mankind.

Why, then, with this beautiful religion as your guiding star, are you not more in earnest to devote yourselves to the promulgation of its truths? Why are you not more eager to carry to other mourning hearts the tidings of great joy that turned your despair in the hour of bereavement to hope, dried your bitter tears, softened your grief? Why are you not more ready to work in the field where the harvest is so rich and ripe, but the harvesters, alas, so few? Why do you not take up your appointed task—ah, does not your conscience smite you in a systematic manner, as you would engage in any business undertaking, using your common sense, your keen, business abilities to bring the success you stand for your earnest efforts upon the material plane? Do you realize the results of such a course?

A whole world freed from the bonds of error and superstition. Knowledge, illuminating the understanding of man, would dispel doubt and fear as the sun's rays dissipate the mists of the morning. Man, taught the use of his reasoning faculties and the utter fallacy of a belief in salvation from the consequences of sin, would rise in the dignity of his manhood and assert his independence of all mortal self-delegated authority on all lines of religious thought. He would realize that he who violates the laws of his being, physical, moral or spiritual, must suffer the legitimate results, and if he would escape the pangs of remorse he must cease to sin altogether. In the development of his spiritual faculties he would become cognizant of new fields of study and research where the energies of heart, mind and sense could find ample employment, with abundant rewards. The lot of his fellow-man would grow more spacious and ennobling his nature, and in the endeavor to promote the welfare of his kind he would discover a source of happiness hitherto undreamed of.

Proselytism is a legitimate and beneficent work if pursued in the proper spirit and also in the proper manner. You do not possess all truth, even though it has been vouchsafed to you in a greater degree than to your neighbor. Therefore, preserve ever a spirit of true humility. Do not point to your neighbor's cherished idols and pronounce them naught but clay. Invite him, rather, to view your own treasures, and, in a contemplation of their genuineness and beauty, he will forget to worship at the old shrine for a time, and when he does pause and turn by habit to his false gods again, he assured the truth will appear to him as undeniable with a convincing force no condemnation or contemptuous words of yours could have conveyed.

Condemnation begets resentment; antagonism begets antagonism. The simple truth, simply unfolded, ever evokes a response in the heart, mind and spirit of an individual approached with conciliatory kindness. And what else have we a right to offer our fellow-man but kindness and consideration? Surely naught if our hearts are filled with brotherly love and it is our object to benefit him. We are indeed most presumptuous when we set ourselves the task, in self-estimated superiority, of telling another that he is altogether mistaken in his ideas and that we are alto-

gether in the right. The truth, simply presented, will appeal as truth to every unprejudiced thinker, and by the truth must all things stand or fall.

And what, think you, would be the results of this quiet, unobtrusive, but most effective method of proselyting? Again I ask. Not merely a heaven on earth, but the two worlds so perfectly blended that the dividing line, while discernible, would be practically obliterated. Then indeed would the children of earth sing a new song of joy and gladness, of praise and thanksgiving to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for the inestimable boon of life with all its sorrow and happiness, its temptations and victories, its struggles and achievements, its responsibilities and never-ending progression.

Mortal eye has not seen, mortal ear has not heard, mortal understanding has not conceived of the beauty and grandeur of the soul's advancement through the immensity of eternity, soaring heights of celestial power and glory, attaining unto vast plains of knowledge and wisdom, seeking mountain fastnesses for solitude and close and holy communion with the Most High, but never, in its onward course, forgetting the little day on earth of small beginnings, fraught, nevertheless, with mighty and everlasting consequences. Therefore, O Spiritualists, be ye up and doing while yet it is day, for the night cometh on apace when no man worketh, but must, in the gloaming, contemplate his earthly career with pleasure or with pain, with satisfaction or the bitterest regret and the keenest remorse.

56 Columbus Ave., Somerville, Mass.

## Sympathetic Vibration.

BY H. H. BROWN.

Facts are rapidly accumulating that testify to the power of the mental practitioner. The questions are: What is the power? And how is it done? Since thought is now known to be a mode of motion swifter and more potent than either light or electricity, it can readily be admitted that thought does it. This is easily understood when the power of one's own thought upon his body is recognized.

Thought transference supplies the needed link in the solution of the problem. All claims to the mysterious or the supernatural, and all claims to a monopoly or a patent-right, fall away before the present understanding.

All the various schools, whether called "Christian Science," "Home of Truth," "Divine Science," "Mental Science," "Metaphysicals," "Ontologists," etc., effect their cures by the same power, and telepathy, or what is also known as "Mind-Reading," is a potent and ever-present factor. The "Mind Reader" goes to the thing he is mentally told to by the operator, just as the needle is drawn to the magnet by its slower vibrations. He acts as the operator suggests, because he has become willing to do so. If, therefore, the operator thought "pain," the patient would feel pain. If he had a pain and the operator thought "relief," the pain would go. This is what the mental healer of whatever kind does, though he may rise to that realm of being where thought is not yet formulated—the realm of spirit.

This is the principle known in physics as "Sympathetic Vibration." Experiments illustrating this may easily be tried. Press down the C key of the piano, and then strike the C in any other octave, and the string of the first C will give tone, as may be discovered by letting up the key. Thus, a violin will, if lying in the room, vibrate with the piano. Since all nature is one, and all force is one, this principle of sympathetic vibration will explain the phenomena of mental healing, telepathy, inspiration and all occult phenomena. Thoughts are received by all minds in the same key, or, what is the same thing, are in sympathy with them.

A thought thus received has the same power in the mind receiving as it would have had come into it by the ordinary channels. And as thoughts control life, and can make one sick, they can also make one well.

Mental healing requires, on the part of the practitioner, a warm and generous nature and a concentrative mental power. His thought should in its influence be like the powder in the cannon behind the projectile, and not like that flashed in the pan.

As a people, we are becoming more sensitive every generation, consequently are susceptible now to the finer forces, as our fathers were not.

The faith curist, the mental scientist and the magnetic healer would not have found a field one hundred years ago. Now the field is ready, and they come in response to that sensitiveness which has outgrown not only calomel, but the high potencies of the homeopaths.—*Philosophical Journal.*

## Presentiments.

BY MRS. F. A. PROSSER.

This is a theme upon which much has been written, and much more has been related than written. All history teems with vivid accounts of many seeming strange occurrences, and scarcely ever does one of earth's inhabitants "wing its way" to the brighter spheres without one or more of these presentiments being related.

The philosophy concerning these happenings should be much more widely understood and their true import analyzed, that mankind might the better understand the workings of the immortal minds of men. Time and again have mortals striven to give just and reasonable solution concerning these happenings on a material basis, being loath to acknowledge that the souls of mankind could or did trouble themselves to take cognizance of the happenings of those left behind.

Oh friends, why will ye thus be blinded? Do you think your God a God of love and justice? If so, why ascribe to him so many unjust laws? Build for yourself an ideal, whose attributes of wisdom and justice shall outlive your highest ideals and pray to grow in knowledge concerning the power of the universe; with loving consecration of self to duties required of you, throw open the windows of your soul and let in the light of understanding concerning spiritual things. Thus shall you grow in wisdom and gather knowledge concerning the mission of the angel friends who strive to give you warning of the departure of your friends and loved ones from the physical tenement.

In many cases, these presentiments are given as a warning to take care, to avert a coming calamity, and thus lengthen the duration of the earthly pilgrimage of the one in peril. Could you understand the philosophy of these things, much more could be given and much done to guide earth's children away from the paths of danger.

If a few rules could be suggested and applied according to the best judgment of the ones for whom they were made, perhaps they might prove the initial step to greater understanding of vexatious problems and prove beneficial to mankind. We do not wish you to infer that there is anything bad about coming over here; but we do find it best, and in conformity to nature's laws, to fill the complete span of physical life before entering here. Now, you who have failed to keep your little ones with you to perfection of manhood and womanhood, do not despair or faint, fearing their fate, for they are most tenderly cared for and developed by similar stages of unfoldment to those of earth-life, and are finally perfected, even as those who have passed through the experiences of the material plane. Yet I charge you, keep the little ones with you when possible.

If will give you more accurate instruction concerning these things at a later date in a book called "Soul-Life in the Realm of Light."

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## Our Greatest Need.

A workman that needeth not to be ashamed.—1 Timothy, II:15.

That we are not satisfied with what we have done with our time and our faculties goes without saying. If the exact truth about ourselves were to be known, and all our hidden weaknesses thrown on canvas, we should call on the darkness to cover us. We have accomplished neither what we are capable of doing, nor what we fully intended and expected to do when we stood on the threshold of life.

Our young dream was to fill the air with the music of heroic deeds, to add a new victory to the cause of righteousness and another defeat to insolent wrong. But somehow our years vibrate with the tolling knell of failure; the brilliant vision has vanished, and in its stead the shadow of disappointment has fallen on our souls. We had an ideal, and strove for its attainment; but the cares and struggles, the ambitions and temptations in the garden have choked the flowers whose buds were promising but which never blossomed.

It is worth while to ask why we have hoped for so much and done so little. Wherein lies the secret of our unhappiness concerning ourselves, and how is it that as master workmen, intrusted with a difficult but glorious task, we dare not ask God to look at our day's toll lest we encounter a frown instead of an approval? And what is our greatest need that in our few remaining years we may do something that will give us a rightful claim to the companionship of the redeemed?

Of course, I could sum the matter up by the declaration that the religion of Christ will supply us with all we want, but I should deal in what is vague and indefinite. I must be allowed, therefore to speak in detail.

We ought to recognize the fact that all work is honorable, that a man is a high priest of God in whatever sphere he labors. No one is condemned to drudgery, and in its largest sense there is no such thing as drudgery. Who does his work grandly and does it with his soul as well as his hands is making the world better by living in it. It is nobler to lay bricks according to the plumb line than to lay a kingdom badly. The distinction between one man and another is not to be found in social position or the environment of wealth and power, but in the qualities of the heart. The humblest creature that ever lived, whose horizon is bounded by poverty and obscurity, has a wider prospect for the future if the soul is consecrated than crowned selfishness, though all mankind may look upon it with envy. The artisan, the merchant, the one with slender means, the other with means beyond the reach of arithmetic, are equally servants of the Most High, and there is more eloquence in their daily deeds than ever poured from the lips of the orator. To feel that the work you are now doing is God's work, and must be done with fervor and fidelity, is to stand on the throne of the Eternal and to wear the robe of authority.

Then, again, we ought to keep in view a high standard of honesty. The soul must not forget either its origin or its destiny. The incarnate breath of the Almighty must live a noble life. To live grandly is the result of thinking grandly. With no "other shore" where you will sometime come to anchor, you may drift in careless indifference, unheeding both compass and stars; but with heaven not far off, and all the dear ones whom you have lost filling your soul with their pleading love, you are under an obligation which enriches you and makes the petty temptations of the present time impotent. To forget that you are a King's son renders you weak, but to keep it in mind makes you strong.

I am sure, also, that charity of judgment is an element of success, and the want of it is a source of weakness. An ungenerous criticism is a crime. To think only good of others, to firmly refuse to listen when they are vocally vituperated, is to stand on a high moral level, and a kind word of admonition where only blame is expected may help to reconstruct a fallen life. Faultfinding, for the love of it, is a disease which may easily prove fatal to your own spiritual health. The helping hand is the hand of Christ, and no one can tell how far-reaching its influence will be. When you give, let it be a benefit always, an injury never. Souls are worth too much to be harmed either by word or deed.

All this is religion, and there is no religion which does not make these demands. To be a priest of God in your every-day work, to perform your task with honor, like one who has been assigned to it by the Father who watches over us all, and to judge no man otherwise than you would yourself be judged—this is to follow in the footsteps of him who went through sorrow to heaven and left the golden gate ajar that we might meet him after the sleep of death.—George H. Hepworth in N. Y. Herald.

## Immortal in the Flesh.

Your leader in *Light*, for Aug. 18, on Helen Wilman's idea of physical immortality was very good reading. It does not do to take these extremists too seriously. The undesirable of an indefinitely prolonged life here is well set forth in a little work by the Rev. N. D. Hillis, on "Immortality." He asks: "What would be the result if great men lived on for centuries?" and answers his own question by showing that very probably in two hundred years a Newton would make a complete map of the heavens, squeeze all the truths from the stars, and leave to young astronomers only a worn and beaten track. In two or three hundred years a Scott or a Dickens would fill the libraries of the world; Edison, if he could go on for a few hundred years, would be likely to concentrate most of the discoveries in his hands, and the accumulations of wealth would make society the vassal to a few families.

The young need the atmosphere of opportunity and the stimulus of the unknown. But, overshadowed by these enormous aggregations of wisdom, and wealth, and power, young men would shrivel, and pine, and perish. Under such conditions, the new ideas of youth could only be introduced by an earthquake shock or a revolution. If, on the other hand, the reins of power and government fell into the hands of a Nero or a Napoleon for several hundred years, freedom would perish, personal liberties would be strangled, and free institutions would be impossible. Death was ordained to wrest the incubus from the breast of dying nations, and is God's chief boon to humankind, both to those who march on and those who follow. We complain now of the weight of precedent and tradition, of conventionalities, vested interests, and heredity; of the "dead hand of the past" which oppresses us; but what should we do if it were the living hand of the past that held us in its grip?—An Interested Reader in London *Light*.

## What a Liberal Education Is.

That man has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic-engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order, ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamer as well as forge the anchors of the brain; whose mind is stored with the great and elemental truths of nature and the laws of her operations; who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all villainy, and to respect others as himself.—Huxley.

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# Children's Spiritualism.

## THE MONSTER "PRACTISING."

Wherever I may go,  
Whatever I may do,  
That dreadful monster "Practising,"  
Looms up before my view,  
And in a voice I must obey  
He calls me from my pleasant play.  
Each day, at half-past three,  
When I come home from school,  
In sternest voice he summons me  
Straight to the piano-stool;  
There while my chords and scales I try,  
I count the moments passing by.

If I am out of sorts  
And crossly strike a key,  
With discord most unbearable  
He then does punish me.  
He'll worry me with all his might  
Until my exercise goes right.  
They tell me that in time  
More beautiful he'll grow;  
There'll be a smile upon that face  
That now does scare me so;  
His ugliness will flee, and I  
Will grow to love him—by and by.

And so perhaps, if I  
Am good and persevere,  
And do my lessons right and try  
Not to offend his ear,  
Old "Practising" will grow to me  
As pleasant as they say he'll be.

—Margaret Frances Mauro (aged twelve) in St Nicholas.

## The "Home" Love.

My dear BANNER children, will you let "Uncle John" tell you a story which will help you to know the meaning of that love of home, both in yourselves, your playfellows, and, in fact, in all the animals you meet in the big world outside of home.

This great instinct is necessary to each and all, in some measure, for home is the place where social love can be enjoyed, and the good things of life stored and shared with those you love and with your "pets," where you can best learn to develop and use the mind and enjoy your social loves.

Such instincts as these are always found in the lower animals; even the fish have their favorite winter quarters and feeding grounds, also their summer spawning and breeding grounds in the shallow waters of the rivers. They are social as schoolfellows and keep together in shoals or schools, and they return to the same places year by year.

Many birds in the wild state, such as geese, ducks, martins, robins and others, whose songs are so welcome to boys and girls who love out-door life, return, season after season, to build their nests in the same places; they are sometimes caught, and little metal tags have been placed about their necks so as to know them when they return the next year. Thus they show their love of their season's home. The robins of Vermont are said to winter in South Jersey, and the Delaware robins in Virginia; the wild birds of Virginia go to Carolina, Georgia and Alabama. Wild geese, ducks and pigeons build in communities and thus show their social and fraternal instincts. Birds never "look" alone! How could they? But when the cold winter comes they fly away to a sunnier clime. As Adelaide A. Proctor sings so sweetly in "A Doubting Heart":

"Where are the swallows fled?  
Frozen and dead,  
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.  
O doubting heart!  
Far over purple seas,  
They wait in sunny ease  
The balmy southern breeze  
To bring them to their northern homes once more.  
Why must the flowers die?  
Prisoned they lie  
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.  
O doubting heart!  
They only sleep below  
The soft white emerald snow,  
While winter winds shall blow,  
To breathe and smile upon you soon again."

The cat, of whom you often hear, is a good illustration of the love of home. The cat loves home places more than persons, and if left to free choice will stay alone in an old home and let the family leave. While a dog, on the other hand, loves persons better than the home, and will desert home to follow his master.

This love of home inspires poets with some of the most lasting and popular poems and songs that we know. Witness, "Home, Sweet Home," "Woodman, Spare that Tree," "The Old Arm-Chair," "The Old Oak Bucket," "Down on the Farm," etc.

Note how strong is this feeling in the Irish people who, are almost heart-broken, in some instances, at leaving the "dear old sod," and yet the real sons of Ireland are often more jumpy of sour soil "without a ha'p'oth of warmth in their hearts though you stick them in the middle of the fire."

These home-loving sons of Erin will sometimes bring away as a treasure

"A handful of earth  
From the land of my birth,  
From the grave where my poor mother lies."

Children who live the first eight or ten years of life in the home of their birth, or inherit this faculty in large measure, are apt to be homesick or sad if away from home. They also have a strong desire to locate young; to have their "own" room, their "own" garden-patch, etc. They leave the old home with reluctance and return with much pleasure. The present growing custom of an "old home week" is a tribute to this organic instinct in New England folk.

It has inspired many poets at all times, and is well expressed by one of the English poets, Goldsmith, who sings:

"The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone  
Boldsly proclaims that happiest spot his own,  
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,  
And his long nights of revelry and ease.  
The naked negro, painting at the line,  
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;  
Bask in the glare or stems the tepid wave,  
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.  
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam—  
The first best country ever is at home."

Now, dear children—little Sunbeams—you may verify these facts and find other instances among wasps or bees and other forms of life. Wherever you may be, you can learn lessons of the great home, or inhabiting instinct, that suffices all creation, and help one another to learn these lessons from the great book of Nature, ever open to your bright eyes. With love to you all, I am your "UNCLE JOHN."

## LIFE.

Oh, Life! thy days of pain and tears,  
Whose pulsing throbs of sorrow  
Sweep out in waves through wailing tears,  
Each touch the bright to-morrow.

—Neo.

## The Concert in the Shell.

It was nearly sunset. Marjorie and Rob were out on the sand. Robbie had been building a fort, and now he was going up the shore to catch crabs. Marjorie was finding shells.

Just now Marjorie was bending her head to look into a big pink-lined shell that lay deep in the sand.

"Robbie, I wish we could see quite inside," said she. "I wouldn't wonder if a fairy lived in there."

"Ho, a fairy!" said Rob, with a laugh. "I'll crack it right open and see."

"Oh, no, you mustn't!" Marjorie hastily dropped down on the sand and spread her little skirt over the big shell. With another laugh Rob ran on.

Marjorie poked up the great shell and laid her cheek against it.

"You dear, pretty shell, I won't let any one crack you!" she whispered.

As she whispered she heard a soft voice, "Come in, Marjorie!"

She opened her brown eyes wide, for right around the curve in the shell she saw the edge of a pink skirt and a glimmer of yellow hair. Then a pair of laughing blue eyes peeped out, a small hand beckoned, and the same sweet voice called again:

"Come; around this way. I'll help you. It's a bit slippery, but hold my hand, and you won't fall."

"There is a fairy in there, I do believe," thought Marjorie.

It was difficult to get safely around that curve. Marjorie's feet slipped two or three times. But by keeping fast hold of the small, friendly hand she stood at last inside of a wide and beautiful room. Walls, ceiling, floor—all were shining with rainbow colors. Lights, bright but softly shaded, hung here and there, fountains of sea green water rose and fell, and the air was fresh as if a gentle breeze was blowing.

"We are getting ready for our mid-summer concert," said the fairy, for it was a fairy. "We never let any one come in who is not very good and gentle. Now, that boy Rob, he wanted to smash our house!" And the little creature shivered.

"Oh!" said Marjorie, "I think Rob was only in fun. He's a very nice boy. He's my brother."

"Hush!" said the fairy. "The music is to begin."

And now Marjorie saw crowds of other little people with happy, shining faces, some with sea-weeds twisted in their hair, and others with strings of pearls about their necks and arms. At one end of the room the singers were standing in rows, the big king shell fairies at the back, and down in front the wee spiral shell babies. The oyster shell fairy, a great plump fellow dressed in gray, stood up beating time for the others, but never singing a word himself.

Now came the music, sometimes like the rushing wind on stormy waters, and again like the soft lapping of the little wavelets on the shore. Marjorie had heard this in shells before many a time, but never dreamed that a fairy concert was going on within them.

When the concert was over, Marjorie's little friend led her out again and helped her safely past the difficult curve. On the edge she paused to throw a good-bye kiss to Marjorie, but seeing Rob coming with his crab she turned and hurried back.

The sun had just dropped into the water, and Marjorie held the shell close to her ear to try to catch just one more strain of the music. She heard inside, as if far, far away, these words sung softly but very clearly:

"On midsummer day,  
With the sun's last ray,  
Through the fairies one and all,  
And that child who can hear  
Fairy voices once a year  
Shall come to our concert hall.  
So listen, listen well,  
For the voice in the shell,  
That you may not miss the call."

—Grace Wickman Curran, in Little Folks.

## What Shall We Do with the Children?

Having attended the camp meetings and Spiritualist and secular meetings for a number of years, I have been struck with the exceedingly marked apathy regarding the children. Few, if any, are taught their parents' beliefs, and are given to understand the reasons thereof, and the majority of the younger generation of to-day are growing up in the densest ignorance of the reasons and motives which actuate their parents in withholding their support and presence at the churches.

In many cases these same children are compelled to attend Sunday-school, where they are taught doctrines which are totally at variance with the ideas of the parents.

How can any ism (or non ism) expect to thrive if this plan is followed by its advocates? Of course, there are the excuses, "We have no place for the children to go, and as we do not want them running wild on the streets, we send them to Sunday-school."

We answer, "Why don't you make a place of your own for them to go, so they will not have to run loose on the streets? Those same Sunday schools that you send them to were once made up of a few, very few, attendants. Start a Sunday school of your own and you will keep them in the same way and their minds will not be filled with ideas that you do not wish there."

Another says: "All of their playmates go to these schools and I wish they would not go, but they want to." True, but if you had that school of your own, you would soon have a set of playmates whose ideas would be more in harmony with your own, and the result would be that their minds would not be filled with ideas they will have to suffer to free themselves of in the future.

Spiritualists, especially, let me make an earnest plea, one that will reach down into the depths of your being, for the children who are growing up around you. You suffered from the criticisms of your supposed friends and in your own being when you learned that the ancient fables were not the revelations of Deity; you have struggled for years to shake off the old superstitions that you learned when a child; then, realizing this fact, do something for the children. Do not let them grow up absorbing the old ideas that have become obsolete, but open channels where they can be taught the glories of nature, the wonderful works done in her laboratory, the language of the stars, the mighty forces stored in her bosom. Contrast this with the punitive attempts at realization of Deity as taught by orthodox and aid its onward growth. Reader, will you help? A FRIEND OF THE CHILDREN.

—The Sunflower.

The human soul is a plant of matchless unity, whose branches, when the hour is come, all burst into blossom together. Unaided it can do but little. It is the flower of the multitude. —Masterlink.

So I say to you, if you would reap the purest pleasures of youth, manhood and old age, go to the birds and through them be brought within the ennobling influences of nature. —F. M. Chapman.

## This Remarkable Book.

The second edition of this book, "Death Defeated, or the Psychical Secret of How to Keep Young," has just appeared on fine cream-colored paper, revised and enlarged with Dr. Peebles' famous Fifteen Commandments—Moses had but ten.

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## What Has Spiritualism Done?

BY ALONZO DANFORTH.

Sweeps in between intelligence and bigotry, enlightenment and dogma, the church and materialism with testimony from the only realm that can declare anything about man's immortality—the life, the light, the power of the spirit-world.

What form of belief does it meet in its progress?

Materialism—which the creeds have been unable to reason with—with the only evidence that the world contains of man's continuous life.

What is Spiritualism?

The new inspiration of the hour, it is the open door of spiritual communion, it gives the living testimony of our arisen ones.

What does it declare?

That God is a God of love, that it comes not to destroy the spirit of Christ's teachings, but to set aside all that cramps in the creeds and forms of the Christian church.

What does it proclaim?

A more perfect truth, that angels and ministering spirits have not left the earth—that we are not permitted by any thin film of creed, atomism, or death-bed repentance to enter into a state of spirit life higher than our life here has prepared us for.

What is our salvation?

A pure life and good actions—over moral infirmities like diseases, that must be cured by the great healing power of knowledge, wisdom and love.

What is a law of Spiritualism?

That it is one of evolution and development, and extends into the domain of the future, and applies to spirit as well as matter.

What does theology teach?

That when a man dies his fate is forever decided—he becomes either an angel or devil.

What does Spiritualism say?

That death does not change the man, but that he remains himself, simply passing into another state of existence, where his chances for learning and advancing are enlarged and extended.

Of what practical utility is Spiritualism?

It settles beyond controversy the fact of the continued conscious existence of man as an individual.

What has doubt been in past ages?

The tyrant of unrest, unhappiness and the parent of despair, but with the fall of this tyrant falls an unnumbered host of crude and wild speculations concerning God and his visible and invisible creation.

What does Spiritualism give to mankind?

Rest—from the ceaseless turmoil of ages and the heart of the race—peace from the storms of doubt which have kept it tossed as upon a tempestuous sea.

What does the philosophy of Spiritualism disclose?

A spiritual universe broader and vaster than this material universe which we behold and of which we form a part.

Is matter and spirit under law?

Yes. There are no breaks in the orderly movements and processes of any part of creation emanating from the divine creating wisdom.

What is Prayer?

Upon our part it is sublime when it adjusts the soul and the life of the one who offers it in harmony with nature, but—it is a waste of words when it seeks a selfish and irrespective of fixed laws.

What feature in Spiritualism discloses the usefulness of Spiritual Philosophy?

It came to Earth with its humble manifestations of intelligence and force at a time when earth's students and thinkers were comparing the works of nature and the proclaimed nature of God, when life in all its manifold manifestations of joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, smiles and tears, shame and agony, succeeded by sickness, pain, death, and the tearing asunder of the holiest and best of earthly ties, were being tested in the balance of infinite mercy and love.

How have we embraced the eternal fact of spirit-communion?

1. A messenger comes with a message from the world of spirits, one we knew in mortal life with his identity still upon him.  
2. The teachers, the philosophers, the students of earth and of the heavenly spheres have returned with their additional knowledge and have found mediums of communication with mortals.  
3. They have given the facts of spirit-life, also a knowledge of that which has been blind and hidden to mortal observation or reasoning in earth-life.  
4. They show us a universe of Law, they teach us of the adjustments of both time and eternity.

5. In accordance with law the two worlds of conscious being meet, mingle and fraternize.  
6. The Spiritual Philosophy is one of the advanced steps in the orderly process of Evolution, and he who investigates and receives for himself a knowledge of the comfort and love found in these sacred communings of soul with soul which prove existence beyond the grave.  
7. It offers a true inspiration to a cleanly moral life here and the building of a true and harmonious character, mentally, morally, and physically—for character is an abiding guest of the Eternities.  
8. One who builds his life on those higher planes, from teachings which flow into the soul from the eternal shores builds it safely.  
9. That when the earth recedes and the clamor of material life is over, one mounts the air with wings of spirit-life, and his soul is in communion with the advanced immortal beings.

What then is it to be spiritual?

To shed the leaden feet of materiality and rise to the other spheres of life—to take hold on the eternal verities of that existence where the glory of an unselfish purity, envelopes like an endless sea the souls of the departed and immortal—these are the real crowning of our harmonious spiritual philosophy of life.

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### Body of a Medium.

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A. Letter from Mlle. Hjelt to Mous. Aksakof.

B. Letter from Mous. Aksakof to Mlle. Hjelt.

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## Thoughts Heal.

In a private note to the Editor, Lyman C. Howe offers some suggestions so pertinent and luminous, that we take the liberty to give them the "wings" of THE BANNER as his thoughts "are things" we delight to send forth "with healing on their wings."—Ed.

He writes: "I note a writer in the Progressive Thinker makes a text of your notice of Bro. Bach's illness, and my suggestion that we send him on the psychic ether thought waves of healing, etc. But the writer, while making a very interesting article, makes a queer hash of my suggestion and all that pertains thereto. I have never maintained, or implied, that 'thoughts are things' and fly with wings, and like birds 'go forth and roost in a physical organization miles away.' On the contrary I have frequently criticized the assumption that 'thoughts are things.' They do not need to be 'things' to do all the good (or bad) works assigned to them by the most sanguine devotee of 'mental healing, faith-cure, or thought-transference.'"

Light is not a "thing," but after traveling ninety millions of miles through abyssal space, it is able to execute a marvelous amount of work of great variety, among them killing bacteria and healing the sick. Yet light, as interpreted by science, is but motion of ether, but it translates the sombre hues of bleak and barren fields into the beautiful shades of green, and evokes the blushes of millions of flowers from the shaded silence and cold, dark sod. Are thought waves translated through the psychic ether, less vital, less potent in executing changes in the psychic atmosphere of a living body, whose chemistry is so closely allied to the thought-sphere, than are luminous waves in the physical ether propagated over ninety millions of miles away?

Whether sick (?) thoughts or weak thoughts, strong thoughts or weak thoughts, thoughts with wings or thoughts that need no wings, thoughts that "fly like birds and roost in a physical organism miles away," or thoughts that flash along the ether sea, inspiring it with the mind-motions laden with moral sympathy and spiritual energy evoked by love and hope, or whether thoughts never travel, never thrill the ether with their own motions and emotions, never bless or curse beyond the solid shadow of the physical audist's mechanical impress, the cheering fact looms up from the darkness that Bro. W. H. Bach is convalescent, and that his gain was coincident with the blending of strong purpose and hopeful love that his friends endeavored to send to him by a concentration of interest, directed by sweet good will and healthful sympathy.

It may be coincidence and good doctors and gentle nursing of a loving wife. At all events he is up and out, but not yet well. Who can be well in such a meteorological roast as this season has given us?

Yours for the Cause, LYMAN C. HOWE.

## Sunday Meetings at V. S. U. Home,

Waverley, Mass.

The Sunday meetings held at Waverley under the auspices of the Veteran Spiritualist Union the past summer, have been



## 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 Seance held Aug. 9, 1900, S. E. 53.  
MESSAGES.

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

## Arthur Wheeler.

I see a boy about fourteen years old. He is tall and broad; his hair is light, his eyes are blue, and his hair is in little rings all over his head. He has such a pretty little way, as though he was full of joy and life and love. He does not make much noise, but he smiles and smiles as prettily as can be. He has books all around him, as though he wanted to read every single thing that he came across. His name is Arthur Wheeler, and he comes from Harrisburg, Penn. He says: "Here I am, and I have a good time. I just made up my mind when I found that I could not do what I wanted to do that I might as well do what I could, and so I went with the people who are here with me, and stopped my fussing to get back to my father and mother. I have found many things that are pleasing and that I have been able to do, so that I would not come back to stay if I could. I only come to give this message because I am anxious to make myself known. I want to get to my sister. Her name is Ida Wheeler, and while she would not quite understand how I could come, she would be more than anxious to find out if I really did; and my grandmother says that that is about all the spirits can do in this kind of a message—to inspire enough curiosity on the part of the ones they come to to have them go and search and get better evidence of the presence of those they love. Is not that a pretty good sermon for a boy of my age?"

## Matilda Harris.

There is now a woman quite old, I should think seventy. She has blue eyes and gray hair, is quite short and rather affable: "My name is Matilda Harris. Most of my people are with me, but we all thought we would see if it were possible to come back, so I am making this effort for that purpose. I lived in Long Island City, Long Island, N. Y., and I was very much interested in church work, and believed, of course, that one could not get into the kingdom of heaven unless he had passed through a church door. It was a great surprise to me to see all my neighbors and friends in familiar garb and with familiar manners standing about addressing me, seeming to have the same liberty that I did. And while it may seem strange to you—you know so much of this philosophy of spirit-return—it is a fact that I felt I was only half-way on my journey, that I must soon come to the place where my Lord was, and it was with no little feeling of unhappiness that I discovered I was living, and could not come into the glory I had anticipated. I believe it is very wicked to allow this farce to go on, because I have suffered from it; and you who have never placed all your hopes on any special event, cannot understand what it is to a soul to step out into the future life and find a lifetime of ideas overthrown by practical reality. It is not a question whether it is a better belief or not, or whether it is better for the people or not, but whether it is true. And it is true that I stand here to-day and desire to speak to all those who were associated with me in my life. I tell them that I still live, and still find opportunities for work, for service and for growth."

## Thomas Sinclair.

After that woman, comes rather a strange-looking man. He is very old-fashioned in the first place. He is tall, has dark gray side whiskers and heavy mustache. His hair is a little long, and that is gray, too, out square round the bottom of his head. He has a very important air, as though whatever he said had some weight with people. His name is Thomas Sinclair, and he came from Wilmington, Vt. He says: "I was one of those strict men who believed that everything must be done according to law, or else it was no good. I think I held the reins pretty tightly over my boys, so I feel like coming back and telling them that I made some mistakes. My boys—one of them was named George, the other Henry—as soon as they had the liberty that comes from age, just out loose from the old man and did as they pleased. I felt kind of sore over it, but since I have seen things from the spirit, I am glad that they did as they did, and sorry that I could not have seen earlier the error of my method. Give me a lift, however, and let me help them to come to an understanding of their father's interest in them, and I shall be forever grateful. I was not much of a traveler when I was here, so that this little journey has seemed quite an effort for me to take. But just the same I am glad to come, and I thank you for the help you have given me."

## James Byrnes.

Here is a spirit from Georgetown, Mass. It is a woman about forty years old. She is very nervous. She has blue eyes, brown hair, a slight, delicate frame, and says: "Please help me all you can because of my anxiety. I have a husband and children left. My husband's name is James Byrnes and my name is Lizzie. Ever since I came over here I have had such an intense desire to speak, because I know how hard it is for James without me. He has had so much to do and he has had to be a mother

and father combined until he has been almost beside himself at times. Tell him I appreciate all that he has done. And my mother tells him to be of good cheer, for brightness will come to him by-and-by. He will not have so much to do, and better times are coming. Dear, dear Jim!"

## Isaiah Atkinson.

The next spirit who comes to me is a very old gentleman, with a long, white beard; he has soft, blue eyes, and thin, white hair, which looks like silk. It is so shiny. He comes along with such a kind, sweet way, and stands right beside me; when he does so I see that there are tears in his eyes. He says: "Little one, I cry because I am so glad at last to gather force enough to send a message to my loved ones. I knew more or less about this, but I did not realize that it took so much strength and spiritual energy to overcome conditions and speak out as we often would like to; and now I come acknowledging my weakness, and desire so much to get out of my own weak condition, where I may breathe a blessing on the dear ones left. My name is Isaiah Atkinson, and I have children and a sister who are still in the body. I have one named Sarah Atkinson, who lives in Portsmouth, N. H., and to her I would go when I leave you, to comfort her as best I can, for from her I have come here, and have seen such a desire on her part to connect with the other life and to get strength that she may stay a while longer. Her days are not long in earth life, and while she would like to stay for many reasons, the new life will be such a joy to her that I am sure she will not regret that she has taken the step across the way. There are those who love her who will be comforted by this message from me, because they will know that she goes into loving arms where the sweetness of the new life will be showered upon her. Tell them not to mourn; tell them to do as they think best about anything that she wishes to have done, and that I will be satisfied and so will she when she comes to see it in the light of the spirit."

## Phoebe Hall.

After that one comes a woman who is quite tall and rather thin. Her eyes are blue and her hair is brown with a little gray mixed with it. She has a strong face, and looks like a woman who if she undertook to do anything would just push it to the end, regardless of how much it cost her, or what the price might be to those nearest her. She speaks so plainly and distinctly, and says: "My first desire is to say that I have never severed my connection with those who are in the body. I have lived along with them, taken up their burdens, lived in the joy of their joy, and feel to day as much one of the family as I did when I was here. My name is Phoebe Hall, and I come from Thomaston, Me. By many people there I shall be well remembered, because there was nothing done that amounted to anything which I was not anxious to do a part of, and to day I have the same interest and the same unflinching will to go forward with any movement that has growth in it. Say to Susie I wish she would not grieve so much; better days are coming to her. It is not any use to sit down and feel badly because the sun does not shine every day. It is better to do something else that does not need sunshine when it rains, and you will find many things to take up your mind and attention until the sun comes out for you once more."

## Josephine Cumstock.

Here comes a woman I think between thirty and forty years old. She is about medium height, has very dark eyes, dark hair and very sweet face. Her name is Josephine Cumstock, and she laughs so sweetly and prettily when I speak her name and has such a childish little way of clapping her hands together, as though she was so glad that she had really at last given it. She says: "Oh, dear! I was so frightened when I came here, and I saw so many who were anxious to speak; I was afraid that I would not say my name correctly and that I would have to try again. I came from Greenville, R. I.; I lived there quite a while. All my life was not passed there, but it was the last place I lived. I feel like calling it my home. I have friends all around. Our family was much scattered, but I find little difficulty in getting to them all, and it does me so much good to be able to look in upon first one, and then another; even though they do not know, I give them a little bit from the spirit that somehow brightens up their lives. And so I come with joy to-day, and I want to send this message to Herbert, with the last name like mine."

## Freeman Worthington.

Now I see a man, and there is a woman with him. They are right close together. The man is quite tall and old; he has a short gray beard and dark eyes. His name is Freeman Worthington, and the woman's name is Lucy. She is quite a little shorter than he, and plump; she clings to him as though this was entirely new to them. Their desire is to go to their children—they went away nearly together into the spirit life. He is the one who speaks and says: "Oh, how often I have tried to express myself through mediums and through channels that were apparently open for the transmission of thought from the spirit, and how often I have been surprised to see the result of my efforts. It seemed like turning clear water into a muddy river, and the clearness of the water became so lost in the muddiness of the river that no one could ever tell that anything clean had ever been poured into it. I do not mean by this that there was an unclean medium, or influence or spirit; but that the spiritual expression is so much clearer and cleaner than the expression of earth-life that sometimes the purity of it is lost, and one cannot trace from where it came or from whence its source; yet it is there making a part of the expression that is given out in the world. And so while I may have been surprised, I felt that I had no desire to be discouraged, because I had made the effort and no effort is ever lost. I want so much to send this word to Warren and to tell him that we are happy; that we are waiting until all shall be gathered together, the happy family that we used to be. We lived in Wheeling, W. Va."

When we are unhurried and wise, we perceive that only great and worthy things have any permanent and absolute existence—that petty fears and petty pleasures are but the shadows of the reality.—Diary.

There is a region of man that is never sick, and cannot be made sick; and to call out the reign of that region would make the sick man well.—Hufeland.

## Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY NINE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.

It seems to be the end and aim of some Spiritualists to take away every ground of hope that we shall retain our personal identity after going through the change called death. Some of the more transcendental of these make it a consummation to be devoutly wished for that when this body perishes, our present soul is merged into the over-soul, and all memory being dissolved we shall continue to live, not as conscious individuals, but swallowed up in the mighty whole. This is the view taken by the author of "The Story of an African Farm."

This little novel is one of the most melancholy I ever read. All the persons in it long and wish for something which they never attain, or if they do reach what they at first desired, it turns to ashes in the mouth. The two most interesting characters die in their youth. Both of them have been denied the granting of every earthly hope. One knows that she is dying, and dislikes the thought. She is utterly alone, except for her little dog who is lying on her feet, and shivers as his mistress grows chill in death. The lady props a little mirror against the pillow, and looks into her own eyes, realizing that she is to part from them, and thinking that soon she will know no more. The author's comment is, "Had she ceased from being? Who shall tell us?" When I read that, I felt like saying, "Well, if you don't care to go to every-day Spiritualists, why in the world don't you go to the Society for Psychical Research?"

The other character, after a most painful, disappointed life, dies all alone while he is sitting out of doors in the sunshine. He did not know death was near, nor would he have feared it if he had. He was happy, and rested close to the heart of nature. He loved the little plants, and the small animals and insects near. The author's thought is that by death he is swallowed up into universal nature; and that all will sooner or later find an ineffable sweetness in the same.

Some Spiritualists hold views similar to these, but for my part, what drew me first to Spiritualism was the thought that it proved the conscious, living personality of our departed friends, and the natural inference that we should retain the same, though denuded of the body of flesh. If Spiritualism could not give me this evidence, it would be no more to me than the thousand and one theories that float through human mentality on this mundane sphere. That the thousands of persons whom I have known and loved on earth are living consciously in the freer, purer beyond, and that I shall join them by and by and recall with them some of the things we used to do "in the lower earth, in the years long still," and that we shall ever retain enough of the past to prove our identity, is ineffably sweet to me.

I lately wrote to a beloved brother on his birthday something like this. Though it might seem strange to some that he with frosted hair and crowned with honor could possibly be the little boy who was taken from his mother's arms at the age of six, yet memory had strung all these years on her golden thread, and proved to him that he was indeed one and the same. Pursuing the thought I reminded him that by and by he would rejoice that angel mother who has dwelt in the home of the soul for just fifty-five years, and be her own little boy again, while she teaches him how to live the new kind of existence in the spirit world. It is such considerations as these, Mr. Editor, that make Spiritualism inexpressibly dear to me.

I have never thought, however, that we shall be and live there just the same as here. "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." Nor do I now think that it is possible for us to have a proper conception of life in that state. We can no more conceive of it while here, than can the unborn babe comprehend the life of us who breathe the vital air. But, as the breathing baby is the same individual as the little unborn one, so are our arisen friends the very same personalities that they used to be on the earth plane. And oh! how they love us!

"Fair as the morning, bright as the day,  
Dear ones in glory, looking this way."

I am here reminded of what a lady said to me when I was spending the summer at Lake Brady, in 1894. She is a very brilliant woman, and one of our most eloquent speakers. Late one evening, we were walking arm in arm on the campus, and she told me that she was not of the race of earth, but was from the planet Mars, had been incarnated on this earth several times before, and that high spirits on her native planet had sent her here in order to instruct the people of earth. She told me that the doctrine of re-incarnation is true, and that I must accept it. Somehow while she was talking thus to me, I had just the same mental attitude as when, many years before, persons used to say to me, "You must be born again," "You must lay your sins on Jesus," "There is only one way of salvation." In other words, I listened politely, presumed that the speaker was sincere, but could not understand how she could possibly think such statements were true.

After most of the campers had gone, I saw more of this lady in a private way, and she told me a great deal about my own previous incarnations. At one time I chanced to speak of my great interest in Scotch people, said I loved the Scotch accent and dialect, admired their poets, and especially Burns, and loved to think of Bonny Doon and the heather. This lady took this to be the positive proof that I had once been incarnated in Scotland. I said I had a similar feeling, though less intense, regarding the French; that I had a deep admiration for Victor Hugo, loved to repeat French hymns and to talk in that language. In this she found proof that France had been the scene of one of my previous incarnations.

But I said that I also had an extraordinary interest in the Chinese, that I thought Confucius was one of the greatest and most useful of men, that I knew a number of his wise sayings, and used to teach them to my pupils. Of course to her mind it was proved that I was once a dweller in China, but she said that was very long ago, and probably near the time of Confucius, whom I perhaps knew when there.

That I remembered nothing whatever of these various pre-existences weighed not a feather in her mind. My interest in these nationalities and in many more she took to be in line with certain theories which she had formed, and took it as evidence to support her theories.

I should explain my interest in various nationalities and ages in a very different way.

Most persons live in one country alone, and do not go about much. I was born of American parents, under the English flag, and under its protection in a half-civilized country. My parents had dear English friends who did them great kindnesses. My earliest lover was an Englishman. My kindest nurse was a Karen woman, and I was very fond of Mah Boko, a Burmese, and have felt her faithful attendance since I became a Spiritualist. Some Chinese in Burma were very polite to my parents, and I have always remembered their round hats, pointed at the center, and their dainty little cups of tea. Later I learned to love the Scotch accent of Captain Hamlin, who petted us children, and carried us all from Calcutta to the Isle of France in his good ship. On that island, I was petted by some French women, who taught me French words, laughed at my accent, and were so bright and sweet that I could not help loving them. And at St. Helena, another Scotchman, Mr. Burtram, was most kind to my father and all of us, when my precious mother left us, and we had to lay her form in the lone ocean isle.

"Mourningly, tenderly, gaze on that brow,  
Beautiful is it in quietude now.  
One look and then settle the loved to her rest,  
The ocean beneath her, the turf on her breast."

So, Mr. Editor, there is personal ground for my deep and abiding interest in some nations, distant in space, while a long course in teaching history has made some others seem like personal friends. Soul-kinship makes Socrates and Zoroaster, John and Savonarola seem near and dear. The fetters of flesh and nationality and even of race drop away, as of but little consequence, though it must be that those whom we have personally known on earth, and loved for their worth, will be our nearest and our dearest for many ages to come.

No doubt there is yet another reason for personal interest in remote lands. Both my parents had sympathies that were world-wide, and their progress in spirit has no doubt deepened this feeling. The Jews have always interested me greatly. This is because my father used to talk about them and pray for them a great deal—not because I was a Jew or a Jewess in some previous incarnation. And as my parents influence me much from their side of life, they no doubt touch the springs that make the whole world kin.

With regard to my kindly feeling for England, I received a number of unpleasant letters from Spiritualists, after I wrote in her favor, and pointed out the narrowness of the Boers and their upholding of slavery. In "The Story of an African Farm," alluded to above, the author, who has lived among them and knows their characteristics, makes an amusing statement. The Boer-woman who rules the farm did not allow the Kaffir servants to be present at the Sunday service, on the ground that they were descended from apes, and needed no salvation. On the same ground, they have held them as slaves, and treated them with a cruelty that no right-minded person would show to a dumb animal. They had Scriptural warrant for it, too: "Cursed be Canaan." See Gen. ix. 25 and Gen. x. 6.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,  
ABBY A. JUDSON.  
Arlington, N. J., Aug. 31, 1900.

## Purpose in Life.

BY FRANK OSBORN LYNCH.

I used often, when a boy, to stand on the shore after a storm and watch the sea pour into a great basin among the rocks. It often brought in with it great quantities of driftwood, pieces of wrecked and sunken vessels, or planks and rigging washed from some ship at sea.

When the sea had filled the basin it seethed and foamed and worked itself into a great fury, and the driftwood was tossed up and down, hurled this way and that, left on the rocks by the receding waters only to be picked up again and hurled about by the incoming waves.

Eventually it would be carried out to sea again and lost in the waste of waters or washed up beyond the rocks to be buried by the shifting sands.

I have often thought how much like this sea-tossed driftwood many a human life is. All purpose (if there ever was one) is gone. The will has become feeble through disease, so that it is powerless to call energy into being. That light of vision which belongs to the free, uplifted soul of man is lacking, and only brute sight remains. The mind is become dull and thick, faculties are blunted, and passion rules the life because it is not held in check by the dominating power of some high purpose. All individuality, all force and personality, all independent self-assertive free existence are lost.

The man becomes as all other men, is merged into the mass and can be known from others only by a name or label. It is the denial of manhood.

Such a life must of necessity become listless and indifferent, for to-morrow is to be the same as to-day, and the months are all alike in promise. So he lives on blindly, grasping, achieving nothing; the end finds him where he was at the beginning. He passes away, and no one asks who or what he was, more than he asks what bits of wood were lifted for a moment on the crest of the sea and then drawn back into its great bosom.

We should ever have some intense, unquenchable purpose in our lives, not content with merely existing, but should strive to be moving day by day into vaster fields and higher realms, growing into larger stature, realizing an ideal. It is only by such living that we can realize that fullness of life which is intended for us to realize, which makes strong and brave and true characters, and bring the peace and satisfaction which men who are content to live a drifting, purposeless life can never realize.

Peace Dale, R. I.

## Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 31, after a short illness, Mrs. JAMES SHUMWAY, aged 81 years.  
The funeral took place on Sept. 4. Mr. Samuel Wheeler, Vice-President of the Philadelphia Spiritualists Society, delivered a beautiful discourse over the remains. Mr. Shumway had been a devoted Spiritualist and an earnest worker in the Cause for over forty years. His wife, who was also a Spiritualist, passed away about two years ago. Mr. Shumway was a man highly respected by all who knew him, and he always had a kind and sympathetic word for every one. Quite a number of his old friends were present at the funeral services.  
JULIA R. LOCKE.

From her home in Sturgis, Mich., at 2 o'clock on the morning of Sunday, Sept. 2, Mrs. HELEN C. FRANCIS.  
Mrs. Francis had been a Spiritualist almost from the time of the Rochester knockings. She had been a member of the Harmonical Society of Sturgis, Mich., almost from its formation to the hour of her death. She was a niece of Millard Fillmore, once President of the United States, and inherited a large portion of her uncle's wealth at his death a few years ago. She leaves a family of daughters. Her husband and her father have both passed away within the last few years.  
T. H.

(Obituary Notices not over twenty lines in length are published gratuitously. When exceeding that number, twenty cents for each additional line will be charged. Ten words on an average make a line. No poetry admitted under the above heading.)

## Timely Topics.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

"The invasion of China seems to show how 'Christian nations' fight when the adversaries are 'benighted heathen.' At Peking it is said to be a favorite pastime to shoot peaceful non-combatants, to butcher women, to toss children from one to another on bayonets, and to steal everything of value. It was so at Tien-Tsin. At Amoy an epidemic of suicide has fallen on the population; whole families, hundreds of inoffensive people, hang themselves to escape the tender mercies of the Christian invaders, which most certainly are cruel. Meanwhile, it is found that many of the accounts of Chinese massacres of missionaries prove to be either fictitious or grossly exaggerated. In fact, the Chinese are a peaceable people, and have not been engaged for centuries in war, except when it was forced upon them. If, as General Sherman said, 'War is hell,' they who make war are simply diabolic. In war all moral law is set aside, all human compassion is made crime, all right is the power of the stronger. Nothing degrades a people like war; the sense of right and wrong is blunted, and even obliterated."

"If a man does not want to think," says Schopenhauer, "the safest plan is to take up a book the first spare moment." The man who reads many books may know a great deal of what other men think, but nothing that he can call his own; for except as the result of thought men cannot know anything.

Every man is a dialectician, be he a scholar or a boor, in so far as he tries to use no words which he does not understand, and to sift his own thoughts and his expression of them, by that reason which is at once common to men and independent of them.—Kingsley.

It is told of Mr. Joseph H. Choate that he went into a bookshop in London and asked for a copy of Dante's *Hell*. The clerk replied: "I am very sorry, but we have not got 'Hell' by Mr. Dante. But we have got 'Twenty Years in South Africa' by Cecil Rhodes, if that will do as well." Mr. Choate says: "Feeling that that was practically the same thing, I took the book."

"The Real Old Age."—"It is sad to think," says Charles Kingsley, "that the day may come to each of us when we shall have ceased to hope for discovery and for progress; when a thing will seem *a priori* false to us simply because it is new; and we shall be saying querulously to the Divine Light which lightens every man who comes into the world; 'Hitherto shalt thou come and no further. Thou hast taught men enough; yea, rather, thou hast exhausted thine own infinitude, and hast no more to teach them.'"

China bristles with contradictions. The Sick Man ought to be in decay, but he is not. His innate cheerfulness is scarcely disturbed by our repeated assertions that he ought to be dead, and he faces the future which we prophesy for him, without misgiving. On the whole, peace, order and a fair amount of prosperity prevail throughout the empire. The gains of labor are secure; taxation, even with the squeezes attending it, is rarely oppressive in the country, and in the towns it is extremely light. The phrase "ground down" does not apply to the Chinese peasant. There complete religious toleration, Guilds, trades-unions and other combinations carry out their systems unimpeded, and the Chinese genius for association is absolutely unfettered. The Chinese practically in actual life are one of the finest peoples on earth. They are free in all trades and industries, to make money and to keep it; to rise from the peasant's hut to place and dignity.—Mrs. Bishop.

**Arsenic a Compound.**—M. Fittica, a French chemist, makes the announcement in the *Revue Generale de Chimie* of interest to scientists. Arsenic, he professes to have demonstrated, is not an element, but a compound of phosphorus probably with nitrogen and oxygen. It had been before known that white phosphorus under the action of gaseous ammonia changed into a black substance, considered as an allotrophic form. This has since been shown to be nothing else than arsenic; and led to the supposition that it was present already in the phosphorus. But now M. Fittica claims to have effected the same result with red or amorphous phosphorus, and thus to have shown that arsenic is not an element, but probably a compound of nitrogen, protoxide and phosphorus, P<sub>2</sub>O.

This would place arsenic in the same category with ammonium. Doubtless, future experimentation will transfer other substances into the list of compounds that have been regarded as simple elements.

Statistics reveal a considerable reduction of the percentage of births in European countries during the last ten years. In England the falling-off is five per cent.; in Germany, three and one-half per cent.; in Austria, two per cent. in twenty-five years; and generally about three per cent. Norway and Switzerland have the least decrease. Russia is an exception; there the birthrate is increasing.

The latest fad in serum-therapy has been exploited in France. The craw-fish in several rivers are said to be dying, and search is said to have been successfully made for the mischief-making microbe. Now a serum has been duly cultured. The plan is to inoculate the craw fish at nine months old and turn him loose. Then at four years he is caught again and a second dose injected. After this he becomes suitable for eating. Truly humbug is mighty, and in medical circles it is certain to prevail.

A traveler in a Western State, passing a house, observed a lad balancing himself on the gate, and asked him some questions. The boy thought it was his turn to make inquiries. "What's your name?" he asked. "Lord," was the reply. "Oh!" exclaimed he. "I heard of you before. You are the fellow that Pop reads about in the Bible."

Two colored citizens of pronounced religious views were engaged in a vehement discussion. Mr. Johnson was a Calvinist, and Mr. Ransom an Arminian. Mr. Johnson succeeded in arguing down his contestant by texts from the Scripture. "I don't care," declared the discomfited Ransom; "the fact is, the Bible is like the big fiddle in the meetin' house. You can play on it any tune you are a mind to."

Most persons can prove to themselves what they wish to prove. The successful orator is always the man who imposes his frame of mind on his audience.







Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1900.

Etna.

The bright September sun glints through the leaves of the grand old forest trees at Camp Etna, Me., and the week of spiritual worship is fairly begun. On Monday morning, Mrs. Nettie H. Harding and Mrs. Ella Hewes gave us words of cheer and messages of comfort from beyond the veil, followed at 2 p. m. by J. S. Scarlett, whose able discourse on "The Coming Religion" brought the benediction of Hones Thought to the audience. The social meeting in the evening was led by the same speaker, whose theme of Tuesday morning was on the "Unfoldment of the Soul of Man." In the afternoon Bro. H. D. Barrett gave us a thrilling discourse on "The Better Way," leading us along the avenues of achievement in progressive thought to the higher life of the present hour.

The social meeting in the evening was led by Mrs. Nettie H. Harding, followed by J. S. Scarlett, Chas. A. Brown and others. The high wave of spiritual advancement was very evident at this meeting, which ran along the shores of brotherly love.

On Wednesday Mrs. Ida P. Whitlock greeted us with words of cheer on the practical value of "The Facts in Nature" as applied to our lives. Mr. Scarlett followed with some very convincing platform terms which were well received. At 2 p. m. H. D. Barrett spoke upon "Our Duties as Spiritualists in the Home and in National Life." The social meeting at 7 p. m. was led by Ella M. Hewes upon "The Evolution of Man," followed by Chas. A. Brown, whose remarks on "The Evolution of Love" were succeeded by J. S. Scarlett upon "The Power of a Mother's Love." Then came Mrs. Whitlock who gathered up the tangled threads of life into the skein of true usefulness through the discipline of Kindness and Intelligence.

Thursday, Sept. 6, a very interesting and impressive Memorial Service was conducted by H. D. Barrett, the beautiful and appropriate songs by the choir adding much to the sweet sadness of the hour as the tender memories of departed days were recalled by Bro. Barrett's earnest tributes of love. In the afternoon was held one of the most successful Annual Concerts ever given in the Pavilion. A long and brilliant program was faithfully carried out, and many complimentary remarks were heard regarding the talent employed; the best harmony of inspiration was afforded by the music of the Newbury Cornet Band, which assisted on this occasion. In the evening Mrs. Ida P. Whitlock spoke very eloquently on "Cost of Truth," her poem beginning "Great Truths are dearly bought," being especially fine. She was followed by Mrs. Effie I. Webster of Lynn, Mass., whose work as a platform medium is of high merit and honest worth.

On Friday came the annual business meeting, which resulted in but little change of officers and passed off harmoniously, being succeeded in the afternoon by the children's concert, which, under the kind and efficient management of Miss Nellie Chase, was very interesting and entertaining. In the evening, Bro. H. D. Barrett spoke again to a large and attentive audience on the necessity of organized effort, his theme being, "Each for All and All for Each." At the close of his thrilling address Bros. C. A. Brown and J. S. Scarlett were called upon. They responded with an interesting account of the Chicago Convention and the grand and beautiful work of the N. S. A. Mrs. Whitlock followed with an appeal for funds to carry on the good work, and a collection was taken.

Saturday morning, Sept. 8, Mrs. Whitlock again took the rostrum and lectured on "Humanity's Search for the Infinite." She said: "The wisdom of the stars, the beauty of the sea, the golden glory of the sun-kissed hills, can never compare with the Infinite Intelligence written in the face of man." J. S. Scarlett lectured at 2 p. m. on "Modern Spiritualism as a Factor in the World's Progressive Thought." He took the ground that all improvement came through the application of active human thought, and his audience were with him. In the evening occurred the last social meeting of the session, led by Ella M. Hewes, and calling to the front much local talent, which made it very interesting. This meeting closed with a ten-minute talk by Charles A. Brown upon "The Power of Human Sympathy Applied to the Realm of Spirit."

Sunday morning opened fair and bright, and nearly two thousand people came to Camp Etna to listen to the grand truths of Spiritual Philosophy. Mrs. Whitlock spoke in the forenoon, taking for her theme, "The Religion of Science": "Not through the book, but through the brain, come those vibrations that elevate humanity by scientific thought. Geology is a better bible than theology." At 2 p. m., H. D. Barrett spoke again, taking for his text a saying of Paul: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard what God hath prepared for those who love him." It was an able argument: "The angels guide, but they do not carry us. Ancient and modern revelation are in harmony, or the universe is a lie. Drawing the contrast between the scenes of the Old Testament and our own time proves spirit return sacred, and Theology, not Spiritualism, is at fault."

This closed the public exercises at old Camp Etna, except the farewell meetings in the evening. Long may the flag of Truth and Harmony wave over our Camp! CHAS. A. BROWN.

Queen City Park.

Sept. 2 was the closing day at this favorite camp ground. We have been highly favored this season with fine weather. The six Sundays of our meetings have all been pleasant, with not a cloud in the sky, an omen of good in the future.

Saturday evening we had our last concert; a very excellent musical program was rendered, which, with readings and recitations, made a most enjoyable hour of recreation.

Sunday morning Mrs. Webber addressed us and gave descriptions of spirit friends after her lecture, which were well received. Mrs. Reynolds spoke in the afternoon to a large audience, giving many tests or delineations at the close of her address, which were all recognized. The usual farewell meeting was held in the evening, and it was most harmonious. Dr. Smith, who had been ill all day, the result of overwork during camp-time, rose from his bed to be present, and he must have felt gratified at the many expressions of kindly sympathy extended toward him by the friends present, who one and all assured him of their earnest wish to help and support him in the work to be done here, and their purpose to strengthen his hands in every possible way to keep the beacon-light burning on this beautiful camp ground, where free speech and progressive thought, no matter under what creed or ism, are welcome to its platform. The occasion was certainly a pleasant winding-up of our sojourn at the Park this season, and the kind words spoken will be sweet to remember and carry with us to our several homes. In reviewing the work of the past summer, we feel there is very much to be thankful for notwithstanding many discouragements and much hard work. We know we have made some progress, heard many beautiful truths and received much food for thought. Our speakers have served us well.

The hotel has been well patronized; the landlord has given excellent satisfaction, being most kind and attentive to his guests, and we hope to retain him for another year. Let us rejoice over the good that may have been done and the seed that has been scattered, forgetting unkind words which may have been spoken or evil thoughts that have been entertained, for we do know that "ever will the right come uppermost, and ever will justice be done."

We believe our beautiful Philosophy is

spreading—its glorious truth permeating every pulpit in the land—and better than all, the wheat is daily being separated from the chaff. The spirit world is aiding us, the friends we so dearly love on the other side are near us to comfort and bless. Why should we fear that the work will not go on? May we not hope that we, too, in our feeble way, may leave footprints on the sands of time, and that the seed sown here in weakness may be raised in power? Our children's children may feel our influence for good. Let these thoughts give us comfort till we meet again in this most pleasant spot.

Harmonial Society of Sturgis, Mich.

The annual meeting at Sturgis for the election of officers was held in the Free Church of that city, Sept. 3. The attendance was unusually small, it being Labor Day, and many excursion trains carried off a goodly number of our people to an adjacent city to attend a political meeting. We noticed at the meeting that the following-named persons were present, whom neither holiday nor politics could keep away; let us give honor to whom honor is due. These were Mrs. Lydia P. Wilson, Mrs. A. D. Howard, David A. Kribbs, Miss Ann Baker, Mrs. C. Cressler, Mrs. Hannah Buck, John and Mrs. Rapp, Miss Agnes Cressler, Thomas Collar, Thomas and Minnie Harding.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Thomas Collar. The minutes of last year's meeting were read by the Secretary pro tem, Thomas Harding, who also read aloud the names of all existing members of the Society. The number of names on the Secretary's book is one hundred and nine, but some have died or moved away or resigned; four have died during the past year, the remaining number being eighty-three, whose names were read. These figures, however, give but a faint idea of the extent or number composing the audiences which usually attend our spiritual meetings in the Free Church. The names of the four members who have passed on during the last year are Dr. A. D. Howard, G. Wilson Parker, Dr. Ira F. Packard and Helen C. Francis; all were residents of this city.

It was decided after some discussion that "as the representation at the meeting is so small, the present officers be permitted to retain their places during the coming year, and that we proceed to elect a Secretary and two members of the Executive Board to fill vacancies of those who had moved away." Accordingly a ballot was taken which resulted in the election of Thomas Harding for Secretary; he remonstrated, however, saying that his bearing was quite imperfect, and as he was on that very month of September seventy-seven years old, he thought they could easily find a better man for the office. David Kribbs expressed a different opinion and hoped the election would be permitted to stand, and it was confirmed.

The vacancies on the executive committee were filled by the election of Mrs. Barrows and Mr. Kribbs. Before closing, the President, Thomas Collar, returned thanks for the confidence which the Harmonial Society of Sturgis reposed in him, that being the fourth time it had entrusted him with the presidency. He considered that to be elected to serve a Spiritualist society in the capacity of president was the highest honor which could be conferred upon him, and more particularly so when that society is the possessor of the first spiritual meeting house which had ever been erected and which still holds its meetings in the venerable structure. He felt himself unworthy of so great an honor and again thanked the society for its confidence.

The newly-elected Secretary, Thomas Harding, spoke of some of the difficulties which the President had to encounter during the past year. "A President," he said, "can accomplish but little unless his hands are held up by a united fraternity." He hoped that the Harmonial Society of Sturgis would, during the year now entered upon, be more "harmonious" than it had ever been before. He thought it a good exercise to read over the names of existing members in order that all our brothers and sisters should know each other. He considered that it would be well to repeat it at every annual meeting, that every one of our members might understand where and to whom to look for a friend when one was needed and for sympathy in the hour of despondency. "In this small audience," he said, "I can perceive three persons whom I did not know were members of this society (or even that they were Spiritualists at all) before this afternoon," and he hoped that in future we should all be better acquainted with each other.

The meeting was then closed by the President, T. H. Sturgis, Mich.

Lake Brady, Ohio.

Sunday, Sept. 2, the nine weeks' session of meetings was brought to a close, and excursions came in from all the surrounding towns. All the local speakers and mediums took part in the exercises of the day. Mrs. Amanda Coffman of Grand Rapids, Mich., was the last speaker in the regular course, though D. A. Herick, Chairman, practically closed the camp with a farewell address.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague, who have been with us during the season, have given forty-seven lectures and séances, besides holding a number of developing circles. Mrs. M. McCaslin spoke several times in the regular course, also conducting a series of mothers' meetings for the ladies of the camp. D. A. Herick gave a number of inspirational addresses and presided at all of the regular meetings.

The Womens' Lake Brady Association, by means of a fair and other entertainments, increased the receipts of the season ninety-eight dollars.

The Lake Brady Dramatic Association, composed of professional entertainers here for the season, gave as their closing entertainment a new version of "My Friend from India," specially prepared by Mrs. McCaslin. It introduces the Fox Sisters, both in earth and spirit life, exalting Spiritualism above mere occult science. The weird incantations of India, with the picturesque costumes, were a striking feature. The play is said to be well adapted to Spiritualist societies.

Mrs. McCaslin.

Bill Nye on Appendicitis.

A case of appendicitis required an operation some weeks ago, and the surgeon never tried it before. When he had removed the inflamed appendix on account of some typographical errors that he had found in it, he began to put back the other organs, but after three or four days and an apparent healing of the wound, "by first intention," he found an odd looking organ behind the lunge that had evidently been left out. The other doctors have worried him a good deal about it, and at the funeral of the patient tried to get the clergyman to make an allusion to it in the sermon. A doctor cannot be too careful in that way. Once knew a young surgeon to operate for appendicitis on a large, rosy man, and had it not been for a timely autopsy, he would not have known to this day that a good twenty-five-cent cigar dropped out of the physician's pocket during the operation and was sewed up in the patient's annex. Had it not been for the post-mortem the cigar would have been a dead loss.—Medical Liberty News.

What would the Age of Chivalry be if the chronicles had recorded only the butchery, the brutality, the filthiness and coarseness of their contemporaries? The wearing of underclothing unwashed till it fell to pieces; the utter lack of soap; the eating with fingers; the drunkenness and foul-mouthedness that drove women from the table at a certain point, and so inaugurated the custom now continued merely as an excuse for cigars.—Paul Leicester Ford.

It is common with persons of limited information to overvalue what they know, and undervalue and condemn what they do not know.—A. W.

Mrs. Pinkham's Advice

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Read the letters from women appearing regularly in this paper.

Local Briefs.

BOSTON.

Commercial Hall, Mrs. H. T. Nutter, President. Morning circle, Sept. 9, was a very interesting one; several good mediums present gave evidence of the continuity of life; singing, readings, and invocation by Miss Brehm. Mediums taking part throughout the day: Mesdames Gilliland, Howe, Nutter, Mosier, Chapman, Snackpole, Strong, Weston, Erwin; Messrs. McKenzie, Baker, Howe and Jackson; Dr. Schlesinger gave some very fine messages.

Appleton Hall, Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street.—Sunday, Sept. 9, the first meeting of the present season was attended by a small but very intelligent and interested audience. After the usual song service Mr. Taylor spoke briefly on the subject of "Spirit Control," and related some personal experiences. The guides of Mrs. Annie J. Banks gave independent messages with one or more names to all present, with four exceptions. All were fully recognized. Mrs. Lovering, pianist.

Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont street, Boston. The meetings of Sunday, Sept. 9, were conducted by D. H. Hall of Brighton, Mrs. Gutierrez being away for a short rest. There was a good attendance at the services. Mediums assisting: Messrs. Henry, Pye, Thompson, Cohen, Taylor, Gilman, Whittemore, Dearborn; Mesdames Brown, Pye, Snackpole, Wheeler and others. Solos by Mrs. D. H. Hall. Good music.

Massachusetts.

The Malden Progressive Spiritualist Society will reopen its meetings Sunday, Sept. 9, 7:30 p. m., at its hall, 70 Pleasant street.

Temple of Honor Hall, 591 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridgeport.—Sept. 9 meeting was well attended. Mediums assisting: Mr. C. H. Dearborn, Mrs. Pye, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Kenny, Mr. Graham, L. J. Akerman, while blindfolded, gave many messages, all correct; good music by Mrs. Pye. Mrs. Akerman, Conductor.

The Hopkinton Society closed its summer grove meetings with a largely attended meeting at Claffin's Grove, Sunday, Sept. 2, when Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kenyon, of Onset, occupied the platform, and, as usual, gave great satisfaction at both services. The Society begins its fall and winter work with a comfortable sum in the treasury, and holds its next meeting Sunday, the 16th, with Mr. and Mrs. Cheever, at North Milford, 2 p. m. All are welcome. L. D. Drawbridge, Sec'y.

Lowell.—Sunday, Sept. 2, was a banner day for the First Spiritualist Society. The large number present listened with great interest to the many speakers who occupied our platform. The meeting was opened with a poem and invocation by Mrs. Annie L. Jones of this city, followed by Mrs. Whitehead of Lawrence, who gave an interesting lecture upon "Love." Mr. A. E. Jordan, our Vice-President, gave some practical suggestions as to the course a true Spiritualist should pursue, at the close of which Mrs. Hewes of Lawrence gave a number of spirit communications. Mr. Sprague, until recently President of the Britton Hall Society of Haverhill, followed with appropriate remarks, after which Mrs. Anna M. Coggeshall of this city gave many communications in her usual pleasing manner. The services were brought to a close by Mrs. Jones, who gave a short account of her experience with spirit-power. Sunday, Sept. 9, was the last Sunday at the grove. We held another basket picnic Saturday, Sept. 1, which was largely attended. BANNERS and Thinkers are for sale at all meetings. F. H. Coggeshall, Acting Pres.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association.—The annual meeting of the Lynn Spiritualists' Association was held Sept. 3 at Lower Cadet Hall, and the following were elected to serve as officers for the ensuing year: President, Dr. Alex. Caird; Vice-President, Amanda Robinson; Secretary, Miss A. Averill; Treasurer, E. P. Averill; Directors, E. F. Metzger, C. J. Butler and Effie I. Webster. Eight applications for membership were received. The regular meetings for the season will open on Oct. 7, at Cadet Hall, with Mrs. May S. Pepper speaker and medium. A. A. Averill, Sec'y.

New York.

The Women's Progressive Union held a very harmonious meeting, Sunday, Sept. 9. Mr. Altemus gave many very convincing messages. All were readily recognized. Owing to the extreme hot weather many of our members and co-workers are still away from the city. The evening session was largely attended; beautiful flowers adorned the platform and the singing was very fine. Many new faces are seen at each gathering. Mr. Altemus is making many friends during his stay in Brooklyn. All are anxious to become acquainted with "Tim," his favorite control. We shall not get into our regular working order until October, when the Lyceum opens and our social unions begin. We are looking forward to a very successful season. Mrs. N. B. Reeves.

Other States.

Orient Hall, Portland, Me.—The work for the summer has been quite satisfactory under the able ministrations of Mrs. M. B. Redlon, although the physical presence of Mrs. S. E. De Lewis was greatly missed. Mrs. M. A. Brackett, Sec'y.

Columbia Hall Society, Providence, R. I.—Sept. 9, we had for our speaker Mr. Van Brooklin, who delivered two very interesting lectures on "Destruction and Construction." Next Sunday we shall have W. Scott Stedman, of Somerville, Mass. D. F. Buffinton, Sec'y.



LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE. THE ORIGINAL & GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE. Butlers in best families and all first class cooks can tell you that soups, fish, meats, gravy, game, salads and many other dishes are given an appetizing relish if flavored with Lea & Perrins' sauce.

Camp Progress.

Sunday, Sept. 2, a large audience gathered to enjoy the services. At the morning meeting Mr. Arthur of Chelsea, Mr. Smith of Cliftondale, Mr. Snow of Malden, Mr. De Bos and Mr. Jackson of Boston took part in the exercises. In the afternoon, after a song by Mrs. Merrill, the President gave a fine invocation and remarks; Mr. Proctor and Dr. Huot of Boston, Mrs. Baker of Danvers, C. H. Webber of Boston, Mrs. Merrifield, Mr. M. Graham of Boston, Mrs. M. C. Chase of Lynn, made interesting remarks; Mrs. L. D. Butler of Lynn gave messages; Mrs. Merrill sang several solos, and the quartet rendered fine musical selections.

About twelve hundred people were present at the Labor Day picnic, and a general good time was enjoyed by old and young—swimming, potato and running races, and cake walk. Music for dancing was furnished by an orchestra of four pieces. Friends were present from many outside towns.

Sunday, Sept. 9, about three thousand people were present at the meetings. At the morning service Messrs. Graham and Smith spoke; Mesdames Smith, Hare, Jameson, Mr. W. A. Estes, Mr. Arthur Brown, spoke and gave messages; Mrs. Cameron sang a solo; congregational singing, led by Miss Laura Metzger, who presided at the organ. In the afternoon, after a song, "Signal Bell," by C. H. Le Grand, the President, L. D. Millikin, gave an invocation; Mrs. H. A. Baker, remarks; recitation, Marion Martin; remarks and messages, Mrs. Wilkinson; essay, "The Capital Punishment Ever Justifiable?" by Mr. Shaw; "Duty of Spiritualists," W. A. Hale; reading, "Panthers in Blue," Mr. J. Smith; remarks, Mr. Denby; recitation, "Mary Ann," Marion Martin; remarks and messages, Mesdames Gilliland, Howe, L. D. Butler; remarks and poem, Mr. Charles Gorus; solos were rendered by Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Merrill, Mr. Holden and C. H. Le Grand; Mrs. Merrill gave an organ solo, and Mr. Martin of the Excelsior Club of Boston gave a fine violin solo, winning applause. These meetings will be held the remaining Sundays of this month. Mrs. H. O. Merrill.

The Truth at Last.

Churchmen are not permitted to monopolize all the glory for literary "finds" in aid of their theology. The Hindus have just dug up a valuable work, said to be written in Sanscrit, the English title of which is "The Surging of the Ocean of Time." An English scholar has made a translation, from which we learn for the first time how it chanced a woman was made, and how she gained a footing among men.

The narration commences with the information that the Hindu Vulcan, Twashtri, had exhausted all his material in making man, not an element remained. After profound meditation he took the roundness of the moon, the gliding motion of the serpent, the clinging of the vine, the velvet of the flower, the lightness of the leaf, the glance of the fawn, the gaiety of the sun's rays, the tears of the mist, the inconstancy of the wind, the timidity of the hare, the vanity of the peacock, the softness of the down on the breast of the swallow, the hardness of a diamond, the sweetness of honey, the cruelty of the tiger, the warmth of fire, the chill of ice, the chatter of the jay and the cooing of the turtle dove. Blending all these in one, he formed woman and gave her to man.

Only eight days passed when the recipient of Twashtri's bounty put in an appearance, and said:

"My Lord: The creature you gave me poisons my existence. She chatters without rest. She takes all my time. She laments for nothing, and is always ill."

Eight days later the man visited the god again, and addressed him:

"My Lord: My life is very solitary since I returned this creature. She danced and sung before me. Glancing at me from the corner of

her eye she played with me, and clung to me." Twashtri returned the woman to him. Three days after the man called again, and said:

"My Lord: I do not understand exactly how, but I am sure the woman causes me more annoyance than pleasure."

Twashtri replied: "Go your way and do your best." To which the man: "I cannot live with her." Then Twashtri: "Neither can you live without her." Then the man, sorrowing: "Woe is me! I can neither live with nor without her."

This version of woman's creation may be relied on as authentic, for it has been "dug up," quite recently, and carries on its face the evidence of its genuineness.—Ex.

Spiritualist Camp-Meetings for 1900.

The reader will find subjoined a partial list of the localities and time of sessions where the convocations are to be held.

As THE BANNER is always ready and willing to give all the Spiritualist Camp-Meeting proceedings free of cost to those interested in these pleasant gatherings, we hope the MANAGERS will bear in mind the importance of freely circulating it among the visitors as fully as possible, and that the PLATFORM SPEAKERS will not fail to call attention to it as occasion may offer—thus cooperating in efforts to increase its circulation, thereby strengthening the hands of its publishers for the arduous work which the Cause demands of all its public advocates.

Camp Progress, Mowland Park, Upper Swampscot.—June 3 to Sept. 30.  
Niantic, Conn.—June 25 to Sept. 8.  
Los Angeles, Cal.—Sept. 2 to Sept. 20.  
Colorado Camp, South Boulder Canon.—July 1 to Oct. 1.  
Marshalltown, Ia.—Sept. 2 to Sept. 16.  
Etna, Me.—Aug. 11 to Sept. 9.  
Madison, Me.—Aug. 31 to Sept. 9.  
Summer Beach, O.—Aug. 26 to Sept. 9.  
Seymour Grove, Los Angeles, Cal.—Sept. 2 to Sept. 30.

Hope for the Blind.

W. O. Coffee, M. D., of Des Moines, Ia., has discovered a new home treatment by which he cures cataracts, all diseases of the eye and blindness by the use of mild medicines and without the use of the knife. Thirteen thousand cases of cataracts of the country were cured last year by his wonderful treatment. Read his announcement on page five of this issue.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Woman's Progressive Union of Brooklyn holds meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at 3 and 8 o'clock; Lyceum Sundays at 2, at the N. H. 323 Classon Ave., between Lexington Ave. and Quincy st. Elizabeth F. Kurth, President.

SCIENCE OF THE SOUL.

A Scientific Demonstration of the Existence of the Soul of Man as his Conscious Individuality independently of the Physical Organism, of the Continuity of Life, and the Actuality of Spirit-Return. By LOREN ALBERT SHERMAN. The full title of this new addition to literature very fully states the objects of the able author. He has certainly made a "scientific demonstration" of the subject, and has done it in a manner which reflects credit upon him and his work, viewed in any relation the reader may regard it. It is held that the soul is individually born of the thought, the Spirit of God, which is the sole life of the universe, by the processes of physical birth, the physical body being only the mold in which the real man is cast. The author cites testimony to prove that the incarnate soul can project itself from the body, and can communicate with other souls. The change from physical to spirit-life brings no change of the soul or its individual characteristics, as Mr. Sherman clearly defines.

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These complete instructions, mind you, will be sent for only 10c., actually enabling you to thoroughly master all herein described, without further charge. This book also contains methods for Self-Hypnotizing that will that when coupled with the can cure cannot touch at all. Any one Occult Arts who reads this Mail very latest discoveries, which can sleep in themselves almost instant time, and thereby cure all known can induce this sleep in himself at the minds of friends and enemies, with disembodied spirits, visit any tions and problems in this sleep. This so called Mental Vision Lesson note Healing, Control of the Sub-

not fail. I absolutely guarantee not fail to cure diseases that medicine can be a practical operator in all Course. This book contains my able all to induce the hypnotic ly, at will, awake at any desired diseases and bad habits. Any one first trial, control his dreams, read see absent friends, communicate part of the earth, solve hard questions and remember all when awake, and four others—one in Self-Hypnotism, and one in the waking Conscious Mind in the waking

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