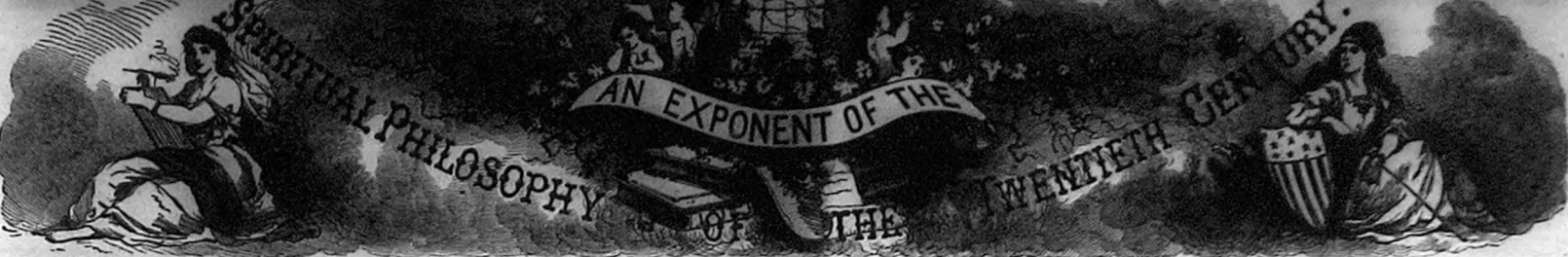


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 23

## EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Poe wins at once our heart affection—  
By shadows o'er his fortune cast;  
We take him to our warm protection,  
As stranger out from wintry blast:  
His story told, our eyes are speaking—  
Pure pity for his darkened fate,  
While flame, her box of ointment breaking,  
Still wind-like whispers, "He was great."

He had the wondrous Merlin magic—  
Acquired in fairy Pancy's court;  
The skill had he of stories tragic,  
Like Tiam in weird human sport;  
He opens out the hidden region—  
Where ghosts of fantasy abide;  
Where maiden sprites, whose name is legion,  
By mists of dream are beautified!

So wild imagination striving,  
Seeks something rich in realms beyond;  
Or down into Maelstrom's diving,  
Makes us in sympathy despond:  
'Tis hermit Melancholy choosing—  
To turn aside from haunts of men,  
Yet nature's charm of color losing,  
And writing with a wizard's pen!

Had he but loved the  
Majestic mind of Milton knew;  
Had he retained the feelings tender,  
That Robert Burns as artist drew,  
How would his music's mournful wailing,  
Have melted into tones sublime,  
And all our souls with cheer assailing,  
Been like some grand Cathedral chime!

And yet his genius was golden,  
Like sunshine on our weary way,  
In fair romance of charm enfolded,  
Like lands beyond the border of day;  
And over what to us is saddest,  
Like dew on grave we drop the tear;  
Accepting what is best and gladdest,  
As when the flowers thro' snow appear!

Fairhaven, Mass.

William Brewster.

## Psychologized.

BY VICTOR ILLUMINER.

Tell the majority of men that they are passing through material life psychologized by the thoughts of others, seeing what they are willing to see instead of all that there is to see, and they would indignantly deny the assertion and think you were deranged in your mentality to have entertained such an erroneous and extravagant idea. That assertion is so ridiculous to the larger number of men that it would afford them keen amusement, but nevertheless it is an absolute fact that the great majority of mankind are not free agents in the choice of their thoughts and deeds.

Before condemning the above, it would be well to pause and examine your own thoughts awhile. It is a well-known fact that there is no man who so quickly denounces or condemns some new plan, theory, or assertion as the ignorant one. A wise man considers and weighs in the balance of reason the new idea, even though it shall not meet with his exact approval; but the ignorant man at the first hearing will at once condemn it, thinking in his soul-darkened state that it is a sign of superior intellectual development to scorn and ridicule whatever is contrary to his acquired understanding. Only abject ignorance can generate such a degree of superb self-complacency. It takes wisdom to enlighten a man to his own fallibility.

If any man doubts that he is psychologized by the thoughts of others, truly believes himself to be the uncontrolled master of his thoughts and brain force, let him, upon reading this, take some particular thought and see how long he can hold that clear and distinct, without the intrusion of some other thoughts. He will be chagrined to find what a short interval will elapse before there are the impressions of thoughts intruding themselves, and try as he will to think only one thought, he is conscious of the influence of many. Where do these come from? They are not conjured there by his will, for the reason he wants to think only one thought, but his wish is proven weaker than the obtruding thoughts, and this should be proof to any man that his will is influenced by outside forces, which must necessarily be stronger than he is, otherwise they would not force themselves upon his consciousness when he neither desires nor welcomes them.

It is not to be wondered at that men will not readily believe their own mental weakness, for they are in the same position as a negative subject who has been thrown into a deep trance state by some skillful and powerful operator, with the suggestion, "You are suffering from extreme cold." That subject will endure and manifest all the discomforts and sufferings to be known by such a condition, while around him are gathered spectators laughing to witness his accurate portrayal of the sensations of extreme cold, while every condition about him is furnishing warmth and comfort, they realizing that his torture is simply the fiction of the operator's will, the conditions of cold having no real existence except in his imagination.

Imagine someone sympathetic and kind-spirited, desiring to witness such excruciating suffering when there was no actual need of it, approaching the sufferer who is shivering and

cold, telling him the truth, "There is no cold here; you only imagine you are cold; all of the rest of us are warm and comfortable; therefore stop your shivering and know the comfort we all enjoy." Do you imagine such a sympathizer could convince the subject of the truth so long as the will of the operator held that thought of cold? Certainly not; for the subject could only see, know, and feel as the strong, suggesting mind willed; neither could you convince him that he was hypnotized; he would think you were mentally irresponsible and everything but that he was held in forcible suggestion, that is providing the operator did not will him to see as you wanted him to.

No hypnotized subject while under influence believes that he is hypnotized, unless the operator tells him so, and no amount of logic and reason will influence him while he is held in forcible suggestion. Every man who has had any experience in the line of psychology will readily admit that the most negative, thus susceptible persons to magnetic influence, are the ones who upon hearing of the phenomena of hypnotic influence, wielded by a strong psychologist, either say it is impossible or that no one could do that to them, to the amusement of the psychologist, who knows that by a very few well-directed thoughts he could render these arrogant boasters totally oblivious of their present surroundings, compelling them to see, hear, and feel, not according to the dictation of their normal senses, but just exactly what he pleased to will them.

Truly there is nothing to compare with ignorance in its ability to generate superb self-complacency. How hardly is an ignorant man convinced of truth! He relies for his knowledge upon the opinion or belief of some influential man or society of men, seeing with their eyes, believing as they dictate, and cannot realize that he is psychologized by their influence. Every man is influenced to some degree by the persons around him, especially those whom he loves or fears, seeing such not precisely as they are, but as they impress him by their magnetism to see them. Those whom he loves he endows with graces and virtues which have no actual existence, but his love blinds him to defects; while those he fears or dislikes are endowed with powers exaggerated and magnified to accomplish evil, and these cruder propensities hide entirely the virtues which such may possess.

The public thought yields a tremendous influence upon individuals, deny it as they will, while no person can understand in its entirety what a powerful factor the thoughts of all the past ages of men are in determining the events in the present. It is easily to be seen how difficult it is to break the influence of past generations, when we witness the fate of every person who has dared to dispute the efficacy of past methods and thoughts, trying to inculcate a new and better order of things. Such men, instead of being encouraged and patiently listened to to see if there is actual value in their assertions, are reviled and condemned for presuming to question the infallibility of the past teachers, and every advance in social life, science, art, invention, and liberal thought has been accomplished only by the fortitude and courageous endurance of those men who had developed beyond the influence of the past thought waves, who saw with their own sight instead of their forefathers; and seeing clear could not be intimidated, even though they should be compelled to experience physical torture and social ostracism by those psychologized brothers, who could only see as they were told to see. After the new system was proven a success, it had no such faithful adherents as those who in the beginning condemned it; they now are under the influence of another operator and can see only in that line until another strong enough to conquer the first operator has arisen to attract them to him and so on.

Is it not every man's and woman's duty to endeavor to control and govern their own thoughts and consciousness, instead of being influenced to see, think, hear, feel, suffer, and succeed or fail, according as some outside influence shall dictate? The man who says, "My life is a failure," is psychologized by the thought waves of the public that declare, "Earth life is a failure; only the selfish succeed; it is no use for me to try to be successful; I will drift through this life and get my just deserts in another world."

Awake from the trance of discouragement, doubts, and fears; look not to the past for your lessons of man's possibilities, but keep your eyes steadily fixed upon the future, taking no man's opinion for authority, but steadily and persistently demanding, "I will see truth; I will develop the full powers of my soul; I will succeed; I will gain wisdom and knowledge of the purposes and laws of life."

Such thoughts persistently held will gradually break the magnetic waves of influence that have hitherto held your mind in bondage to fictions and imaginations, just as much as the operator holds an entranced subject, and you will find powers springing up in your spirit strong enough to conquer every condition between you and your soul's desire. Just try it, and learn how much you have been

the slave of others' thoughts. Every person should demand freedom of choice and action, for it is his birthright from the Infinite Creator.

## The Lost Will.

BY FLETA E. CHRYMER.

When the hours of the day are numbered,  
And the voices of the night  
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight;  
Ere the evening lamps are lighted  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the still freight  
Dance upon the parlor wall—  
Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more.

—Longfellow.

Glad to escape the severity of our northern winters I had accepted an invitation to spend a few weeks with a friend in the South. We had been sitting together late that evening, my friend and I. The twilight had deepened into starlight, the birds had gradually ceased their singing, and only the chirping of the crickets was left to give harmony to our thoughts and produce that condition of retrospection which comes with such an evening.

"I cannot remember," said Marie, "when my thoughts did not shape themselves into realities on occasions like this."

I looked up, surprised. We had been sitting on a large rock near the lake, which was bordered by a fine grove of trees, just the place for startling ghost stories, as they are called, and I must confess to a feeling of intense curiosity, as I knew this friend to be deeply attached to one who had been suddenly called from earth, leaving her in a puzzled and distressed condition about certain papers which could not be found, and which meant to her the loss of home if not soon discovered.

As I looked up into Marie's face with a half-expressed wish on my lips my surprise was increased by the expression on her face. "Marie!" I cried, "Marie! What is it?"

She made no reply to my inquiry, but kept her eyes fixed on a certain spot in the grove where I remembered to have seen her often sitting in the twilight alone—I waited a few moments, for I knew that one of her temperaments was not to be misled by vagaries of any kind.

Slowly from a distance, just distinguishable, I saw what seemed to be a filmy cloud, which as it approached took the appearance of a woman's form, draped in silvery gauze. My eyes were fixed on the figure, and I scarcely noticed that Marie had pushed me aside and was moving toward the distant figure. Together they advanced to the spot where I had so often seen her linger as in a dream, and I watched closely that I might detect who it was that was coming to meet Marie in this guise. I had heard her talk of "communications" with those gone before, had even thought that I, too, felt their presence, but this was more than I had expected.

Gradually they approached their meeting place, and I saw the arms, draped with the silvery gauze, unfold her. I stood spellbound, and I longed to draw nearer to see this beautiful being, for I could now see distinctly the form of one who was tall and queenly, with a face radiant with light. The hands were lifted as if in blessing; they seemed to be conversing. All in silence save the chirping of the crickets and the gentle murmur of the wind through the trees. They stood there some minutes, when I saw Marie turn and come toward me, while gradually the white form disappeared as it had come.

"Why, Molly, what troubles you?" I heard her say, and then for a few moments I was speechless. I was not frightened in the way one usually speaks of being frightened, but I was spellbound, waiting for her to explain.

Marie was as calm as though she had been talking with a neighbor over the garden gate, when she told me what she had been told, and that only twice before had this strange heavenly being visited her, both times when she was in sore distress. I hurried her into the house, wishing her to lose no time in verifying the assertions of the strange visitor before the daybreak.

We hastened up the path and stole quietly in at the lodge gate and through a little-used door. The quest would take her to an old attic, and for this a candle must be used.

Cautiously we ascended the staircase, fearing lest some one should discover us, and proceeded, as Marie was directed, to an old desk which had been put away soon after the death of her mother. Her mother had died suddenly, and the aunts did not consider this old desk sufficiently attractive to be kept in its accustomed place. But Marie remembered how carefully her mother had cared for it, and she had as carefully treasured a little key which she had found in her mother's quaint jewel case, not knowing its value. Now came the test. This key fitted the desk. It was turned and the cover lifted. The desk was just as her mother had left it. Here

were papers touched with age; packages of old letters, some bearing a foreign stamp. She reverently turned them over till her eyes fastened upon one package tied with a violet ribbon. This she opened, and there fell into her lap one curiously folded and sealed. It bore evidence of being a legal paper, and Marie carefully examined it. It was the missing document. Tenderly she replaced each letter and package and turned the key in the desk.

I followed Marie down stairs and into her room. Once again she turned to me, and throwing her arms around me, exclaimed:

"Molly, those whom we have been taught to believe are dead are not dead! They live to help us, if we will be helped by them, and this is my proof of it. Here is the will which gives to me my home; and these cousins, who have been pressing for what they called their rights will now be the recipients of my bounty."

"Oh, Marie!" I whispered, "is this true? Can it be so?"

"Did you not see, Molly, the meeting in the grove?"

"Yes, Marie, dear; but what did it mean?"

"Did I not tell you that twice before my thoughts shaped themselves into realities? Twice before has this same gentle spirit come to me to guide and comfort me; and tonight, Molly, dear, you have been witness of the result. It will not be believed by the family; and why seek to have them believe it? The result is the same. And now, dear, tomorrow will mark the turning-point in my life. God grant that I may be worthy of it all."

The clock was striking a late hour when we separated—Marie to think over the result of her interview in the grove, while I was left to wonder more and more at the remarkable events of the past few hours.

The next day found Marie ready to act. She first broke the news of the finding of the will to her cousins, and then it was mutually agreed that a consultation should be held with the old attorney, whom I remembered to have heard sigh deeply the last time he had conversed with Marie.

Strangely enough no questions were asked as to the "idle curiosity" which led Marie into the attic at that late hour at night to look over the contents of the old desk, and Marie wisely concluded to keep the secret with me.

The old judge assumed the manners of a youth so far as his age would allow, and fairly laughed with delight, for Marie had been an object of solicitation since the sudden death of the father, and the earlier death of the mother, through whom, two generations removed, came the large estate.

The neglected old mansion was soon restored, the lake and the grove received special attention, and were often visited by Molly and myself. The cousins were now sharers of her bounty, but there was enough for all, and for many a poor sufferer who came to her door, or was sought out by the benevolent-minded Marie.

## Beautiful Cassadaga.

Our references to this charming resort have called many expressions of interest from Spiritualists and investigators, and we hope that many of them will feel impelled to make the camp a visit. Had not time and space been limited, we should have extended our sketch somewhat, and given more of the personal history of individuals connected with the camp. The work of Hon. O. P. Kellogg, the first chairman of the meetings should have received special mention. He filled this important post with credit to himself and honor to the camp for six seasons. He made an enviable record, and ennobled himself in the loving memories of many hundreds of people. His wit, his pathos, and his eloquence pleased, thrilled and inspired all who came within the charmed circle of his influence.

Of the present workers there, none have labored more faithfully for the good of the camp and the progress of Spiritualism than D. B. Merritt of Linden, N. Y., who for twelve years has been a member of the Board of Trustees. Mr. Merritt has had an unselfish wish constantly in his heart to do good work for Spiritualism. No duty has he ever been known to shirk, and every patron of the camp has found him a genial friend and trustworthy adviser. He has been honored by his townsmen at home, and during the second Cleveland administration, he held the position of postmaster. He is a good citizen, and a true friend to Spiritualism.

Hon. Arthur B. Gaston, another member of the Board, is also a devoted friend of Cassadaga. A Spiritualist from conviction, born of years of careful study and research, he has a reason for the faith that is in him, and the ability to defend his principles on all occasions. He has a kind word for all comers, and is never too busy to lend a hand to those in need. He is honored and respected wherever he is known, and is the present treasurer of the city of Meadville, Penn., where he resides. Meadville is politically opposed

to him by a large majority, yet he found no difficulty in defeating his popular Republican opponent at the last city election. His brother, Hon. A. Gaston, the President of Camp Cassadaga, served two terms as Mayor of Meadville, and has recently, and a term of service in the lower house of Congress.

Mrs. Minnie L. McKeever is another loyal friend to Cassadaga and is earnestly desirous of promoting its welfare. She is the daughter of the Hon. A. B. Caldwell, who, while in the form, was ever a staunch supporter of the Camp. Mrs. McKeever is interested for her own sake as well as for her beloved father's, in the prosperity of the Camp and labors with zeal as well as with singleness of heart, to further its growth. She is always ready and willing to do her part of the work, and is always among the first to render financial aid to every worthy purpose.

Major M. R. Rouse, T. J. Skidmore, the venerable Treasurer of the Camp, F. G. Newlin and President Gaston were all mentioned in our Cassadaga edition. With such an earnest corps of officers Cassadaga cannot fail to prosper. It has a glorious past, and will have a brilliant future. If its managers continue their efforts to present the truth in all its beauty to the people who assemble there, Cassadaga can be improved in many ways, but these improvements can only be made possible by the co-operation of all interested visitors in the work of reform.

The list of Cassadaga's friends is a long one, and we have not all of the names at hand. Hon. E. W. Bond was a faithful worker there for many years, also Hon. H. W. Richardson, J. W. Dennis, Mrs. A. L. Pettigill, Dr. E. O. Hyde and many others. They still retain their interest in progressive Spiritualism, and are earnestly striving to establish its claims before the world. Dr. Hyde is a faithful student of Occultism in all forms, and believes that all systems should be carefully studied ere they are accepted or rejected. What time he has outside of his profession, he devotes to the study of the higher thought, and his well trained mind is stored with information of the highest value. His skill as a physician is everywhere recognized, while his opposition to sham and pretense is as earnest as is his devotion to the truth.

The name of Mrs. A. L. Pettigill has been frequently mentioned in connection with Cassadaga Camp. This generous hearted friend of our Cause has long been identified with the movement at Lily Dale, and has spared neither time, labor nor money to make this camp attractive in artistic design, as well as in spiritual light. She purchased the Alden property outside of the grounds, refitted and furnished the hotel on the same, and named it "The Lodya." This hotel has become deservedly popular, and ranks high for its excellent table service and comfortable rooms. Mrs. Pettigill's chief aim has been to advance the interests of Spiritualism, and, believing that the harmony of beauty does much to attract the highly cultured souls in spirit life, she has labored zealously to make Cassadaga resplendent in its beauty for the noble purpose of making it the chief centre of spiritual thought on this continent. Her cottage on the grounds is one of the most beautiful residences at the camp, while the adjacent grounds are covered with choice flowers, offerings to the lovers of the Beautiful on the other side. Her Spiritualism is practical as well as æsthetic, and she is never so happy as when she is doing good to others. She is one of the modern Altruists.

It is a temptation to extend these items of personal reference to some length, but our time is short, and we know that the Banner's space is limited, so we must desist, and give way to the regular news of the camp, which is daily growing in interest and popularity.

[For Cassadaga news, see the report of our special correspondent. Ed.]

We are all and everything is ours. No one can take it from us if we but keep our eyes fixed on that Star of Hope which shines for everybody.

It is not the word, but the thought. A thought may not even "see a letter, word or page." The completed man sees beyond, to the real and beholds the inside life of things.—Brown.

Use is one thing, and understanding is another; God had need of irrational animals to make use of appearances, but of us to understand the use of appearances.—Spencer.

Spiritual emotions weaken the power for good and make the power negative. Such an emotion is an impediment to peace and growth.—Do.

When will talkers refrain from evil speaking? When listeners refrain from evil hearing.—Hare.

"If you make your life a success, you can afford to let the days back as you go by."

"Rebellion is useless for the law works on whether we woe or rejoice."



## AN ASPIRATION.

BY DR. T. WILKINS.

I used to sit and listen to the birds when I was small  
And I wondered why in lying not one of them would  
fall,  
And I'd stretch my arms out wing-like and motion just  
as they  
And wonder why the motion wouldn't make me sail  
away.

I'd climb upon the stable roof to get a better start,  
And when I found I couldn't fly it nearly broke my  
heart;  
My spirit sank within me, in those days of long ago,  
But it taught me this grand lesson: All beings are  
built just so.

But my aspirations led me towards the upper spheres  
of life,  
And old father Time has taught me to anticipate the  
strife.

That will linger round one's pathway on this birth  
place of the soul,  
As he tries to drag his burdens to a certain final goal  
I have had my fly quite often from the earth since I  
was small.

But I needed no such motion to prevent an earthly  
fall;  
I just need to pass my spirit out upon the journey free  
And the birds would fall with envy if their eyes could  
only see.

For the birds I have deep fancy and I love to hear  
them sing  
Till the woodlands with the warble and the echo loudly  
ring.

But I used to have an envy when I saw them rise and  
fly  
And that envy and my failure would quite often make  
me cry.

It was thus I learned the lesson that the inner soul  
could rise;  
Through an effort, from the body and sail out to  
wards the skies.

But I learned also this lesson that I never can forget:  
We must live as we intended and 'twill never do to fret,  
64 N. 2nd Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## Literary Superstition.

BY GEORGE A. DACON.

Superstition, as the word implies, is a term not confined to any particular subject, nor in its application is it limited to any one class. Not alone the illiterate, but the educated as well, are subject to its affliction, are guilty of manifesting its offenses. There is literary superstition, as well as religious superstition, and one is as censurable as the other. Both are alike objectionable.

When belief, held without investigation, is contrary to all reason; when bigotry is deaf and blind; when prejudice holds fast the mind in slavery—that man or woman, however otherwise intelligent, who thus offends against the Spirit of Intelligence, is but an abject worshiper at superstition's shrine. Its baleful impositions prevail with people in all conditions of life, and in every department of human thought.

Mr. Gerald Massey, the noted poet and litterateur, several years ago, lectured on the Shakespearean contention, in which he said, as epitomized by the late editor of his journal, that "Lord Bacon kept a book wherein was entered many choice sayings sucked from

Shakespeare's brain, which years afterwards he proceeded in his Essays," etc., etc.

More recently, Prof. John Fluke has elaborately re-echoed these views, that Bacon read the plays with great interest and culled from them his "elegancies," with no stinted hand, adding thereto many other statements that are as far from established verity as the poles are apart.

To show how one-sided these quoted extracts are, a reference to the facts in the case will demonstrate.

In the British Museum, forming part of the Harleian Collection, there are some fifty quarto pages in MSS., in Bacon's handwriting, called the "Promus of Formularies and Elegancies." They are in six different languages, and appear to be pearls gathered in the sea of literature. The date is 1594-95, though many were collected years earlier. They consist chiefly of wise and witty sayings, proverbs, quotations from the Bible, sentences and verses from the poets, lines from Seneca, Horace, Virgil, Ovid and others. A veritable storehouse of suggestive thoughts, quaint terms of expressions, etc., easily capable of expansion or turned into various forms of illustration, as occasion might require. Evidently they were gathered and arranged with a view of enriching one's vocabulary.

Through various turns of expression, these selected proverbs, metaphors, notes, hints, etc., appear, or are referred or alluded to in the plays, in several thousand instances. Of the two hundred English proverbs in the collection, three-fourths are found directly quoted in the plays, and hardly one to be found in Bacon's Essays. Of the 240 French, Spanish, and Italian proverbs, three or four only appear in Bacon's prose writings, while 151 are found in the plays. Of the 225 Erasmus notes, all but seven are reproduced in the plays, while not half a dozen are alluded to in any of Bacon's prose works.

Here is another fact: In Bacon's Advancement of Learning alone, there are more than five hundred quotations from Latin authors and from the Vulgate, yet excepting three or four texts, none of these quotations are among the Promus notes. Indeed, Mr. Spedding, Bacon's great biographer, says that Bacon himself did not use these Promus notes in his prose works.

Only seventeen of the 200 or more English turns of expression entered in the Promus have been discovered in any works written between the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries, excepting in the works of Bacon and in the plays. None of the texts from the Bible, none of the poems of the English poets, and only three or four of the large number of Latin quotations from the classics which are entered in the Promus have been traced in any of the several hundred works which have been read with a view to this question. It is broadly asserted that neither the English, French, Italian, Spanish nor Latin proverbs, which are noted in the collection, and quoted in Shakespeare, are found in other literature of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Now when it is remembered that not until 1593 (two to four years after Bacon's collection of these Promus notes) did Shakespeare's name appear on any title in the collection, and then only in imitation of it—the reader must see how absurd is the charge that the

\*This was written several weeks before his late illness and death.

\*See the Promus of Formularies and Elegancies (being Private Notes, etc. 1594, hitherto unpublished) by Francis Bacon, illustrated and annotated by Francis Bacon, by Mrs. Henry Pott; Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1883.

earlier author fished and appropriated from the later one. This, however, is only a modest sample of Shakespearean "folly." "No play by Shakespeare was published before 1597 and none bore his name on title-page till 1598," Sidney Lee's Life of Shakespeare, p. 59. Bacon's Essays were first published in 1597 "because," he says, "many of them had stolen abroad in writing."

So much for the canard that Bacon sucked from Shakespeare's brain, etc.

## HUMOR.

Dr. Fluke has further volunteered his opinion that the author of the Novum Organum, the Essays, etc., was "one of the least poetical and least humorous minds of modern times"; that "in Bacon's fifteen volumes there is not a paragraph which betrays poetical genius, etc." Regarding the parson's pardon, this has the flavor of some of Dr. Talmage's assertions—apparently not intended to be taken seriously.

This mal-a-droit notion of our critic is characteristic of a small class of literary extremists who affect to see in Bacon, whenever his name is mentioned in connection with the plays of "Shakespeare," nothing but the prosy philosopher, or the astute Lord Chancellor, who concerned himself chiefly with matters of state. At all other times nothing is too praiseworthy to be said of him. As Dr. Theobald justly observes, "While the critics have their eye on the comedian, they overlook the man of letters, the philosopher and poet. When they sincerely describe him, they and all assign to him Shakespearean attributes; so that if you cull the eulogies passed on Bacon you have a portrait of the author of Shakespeare."

It is both instructive and amusing to place in juxtaposition the two opinions of the "Macauleys," which outweighs that of the former ten to one. The Wisdom of the Ancients (published in 1609), Bacon says, was "written in the midst of a term and Parliament." "A work," says Macaulay, "which, if it had proceeded from any other writer, would have been considered as a masterpiece of wit of learning, but which adds little to the fame of Bacon."

Of the Novum Organum, Macaulay says: "Every part of the book blazes with wit, but wit which is employed only to illustrate and decorate truth. No book ever made so great a revolution in the mode of thinking, and so much of wit of learning, introduced so many new opinions."

Prof. Dowden says: "Bacon's frequency of puns and conceits, his wit and imagery, are drawn out to the point of exhaustion."

Of Bacon's Apophthegms, 1625, the Edinburgh Review, No. 122, says it is "the best jest-book ever printed in the world." Ben Jonson, an associate of Bacon and Shakespeare, says of the former that only with difficulty "could he spare or pass by a jest." And in his memorable list of the greatest wits of his day (published more than a dozen years after Bacon's death) he omits to mention Shakespeare's name, while Bacon is characterized as such a man that he appears to lead all the others and "to stand as the mark and acme of our language."

Another contemporary, Sir Robert Naunton, Secretary of State under James, author of Fragmenta Regalia, etc., says of Bacon: "He was abundantly facetious, which took much with the Queen."

From the author of "Hamlet's Note Book," p. 63, touching the charge that Bacon had no humor, we quote: Bacon without humor! He goes into an Elizabethan garden where there was a great number of nude statues,

throws up his hands, and exclaims, "The resurrection!" "I wish your lordship a good Easter," says the Spanish Jew, Gondomar, about to cross the Channel. "I wish you a good Pass-over," replies Bacon. There is no better jest in all Shakespeare. In fact, Bacon's humor was absolutely predominant in his intellectual makeup.

In view of the emphatic testimony of his contemporaries, and the testimony of the best and most competent of modern critics as to Bacon's sense of humor, how absurd for Prof. Fluke to deny to him the possession either of the humorous or the poetic element! Why not, with equal justice, deny him the possession of any or all his splendid faculties? When Bacon's distinguished associates openly testify as to his prevailing trait, his penchant for humor; and when such literary judges as Lord Macaulay, who had no love for Bacon, concede him to be the wittyest man of the time, this ill-tempered, dogmatic judgment of Prof. Fluke, too manifestly the offspring of literary pride and superstition, appears childish. Such is the irony of literary consistency, that often where culture abounds, where large toleration and broadmindedness are expected, prejudice the most irrational and dogmatism impervious to argument are strangely found. Coming from one, however, whose own writings have never indicated an approximate possession of any humorous instinct, it may charitably be set down as one of his deficiencies.

## THE POETIC FACULTY.

Elsewhere we have noted, somewhat at length, concerning the poetic faculty in Bacon, giving abundant illustrative evidence from his acknowledged writings, from his gifts to contemporaries and from many of the latter, to the effect that the exceptional quality and fullness of his poetic nature, which need not be repeated here. They include such names as Shelley, prince of poets, Pope, Thomas Moore, Alexander Smith, Addison, Carlyle, Macaulay, Sir Bulwer Lytton, Prof. Fowler, Nichol and Blackie, M. Taine, Spedding, etc.

Among Bacon's contemporaries which we before omitted to mention, are Francis Osborne, who declares that "Bacon was the most universal genius he had ever seen or was like to see." Miscell. Works. Ben Jonson said that he was a poet of such surpassing genius as to eclipse all antiquity. Sir Toke Matthew says: "He was a man so rare in knowledge, of so many several kinds, induced with the facility of expressing it all in so elegant and so abundant . . . a way of words, of metaphors and allusions, as perhaps the world had not seen." Thomas Fuller says: "We have no noble contemporary poetry worth his judgment; and I should not be surprised to find Bacon the concealed singer of some of it. May I live to have my expectation verified." The fuller Worthies Library, 121, London, 1870. And Cowley, who was born about the time Shakespeare died, says: "Is it not wonderful that he (Bacon) who had studied and practiced and governed the Common Law, who had borne the greatest burden of civil business, should yet find leisure enough for these retired studies, to excel all those men who separate themselves for this very purpose." Pindaric Odes, 1555. Surely nothing could exceed the fullness of the testimony of his contemporaries.

Such testimony is also true of many modern critics, expert judges of what constitutes real poetry. Witness the following: "Bacon, like Sidney, was a warbler of poetic prose. No English writer has surpassed him . . . in force of expression, or in richness and significance of imagery."—Chambers Cyc. of Eng. Lit.

efficacy of imagery."—Chambers Cyc. of Eng. Lit.

Campbell says of Bacon: "Few poets deal in finer imagery . . . his prose is poetry."

"He belongs to the realm of the imagination. His writings have the gravity of prose with the fervor and vividness of poetry."—Prof. Alfred H. Welsh.

"It is as an inspired seer, one of the greatest men of letters and the prose-poet of modern science, that I reverence Lord Bacon."—Sir Alex. Grant, Bart.

"The great glory of literature in this island during the reign of James was my Lord Bacon."—Hume.

"His mode of thought is by symbols, not by analysis . . . and to make the resemblance complete, he expresses them by poetical figures . . . almost in sibilant verses."—Hist. of Eng. Lit.

"Rarest of all resists a l'envie d'être poète."—De Maistre.

"It was the study of his life-time to restrain his imagination."—Spedding.

The value of this disinterested judgment from such a gathering of independent mentalities—which could be indefinitely extended—is not to be computed. Dissentients, weighted chiefly with their prejudice, affect not the balance. But what is it to be a poet? We are dealing with the subject in no narrow sense, but with those essentials that constitute real poetry from an enlarged view point—elevated thought, brilliant imagination, condensed wisdom, intuitive perception, bright fancies, happy conceits, etc. Whenever these appear, interpreting in measured form, idealizing in metrical rhythm or cadenced prose, you have the creator—the poet.

There are poets and poets—versifiers. The latter, however, are not necessarily poets. We have those to whom versification is as easy as eating, but unfortunately they give us only versification. This neither feeds nor strengthens us. As with confections, a little is sufficient.

Bacon's creative power, or faculty of invention (which Dr. Johnson, corroborating Dryden, says is the essence of poetry), his happy use of figures, the result of his imagination, with the interpretative power which belongs to the poet, were his distinguishing characteristics. The exercise of this inventive faculty, as shown in his use of symbols, metaphors, similes—every form of figurative speech—was a passion with him, always manifesting itself, always seeking expression.

In the Preface to Wisdom of the Ancients, he says: "If one wish to throw a new light into the minds of men on any subject, and that without harshness or difficulty, he must . . . betake himself to the assistance of similitude."

## DRAMATIC KNOWLEDGE.

To indicate to the general reader something of Bacon's knowledge of dramatic poetry, its nature, scope and service, we beg to submit, in briefest form, a few Baconian reflections, taken promiscuously from his Description of the Intellectual Globe, De Augmentis, and the Advancement of Learning. "We adopt," he says, "that division of human learning which is correlative to the three faculties of the intellect, History, Poetry and Philosophy; history has reference to memory; poetry to imagination; philosophy to reason." By poetry, in this connection, is meant feigned history. Of Poetry, again, he makes three divisions: "Narrative, Representative or Dramatic, and Allusive. Representative poetry

## MARK CHESTER.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

## CHAPTER I.

ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.

It was New Year's eve. The bright golden sun of Southern California was rapidly sinking toward the horizon. The sky was clear and cloudless—too cloudless, in fact, to suit the ranchmen and fruit-growers of this semi-tropical land which was parched and arid, thirsting for the cloud and the rain which would not come.

The waters of the Pacific lay clear and placid; but very few people were straying upon the beach at this season, especially at this time of day. Although the afternoon has been sunny, and comparatively warm, yet all Californians knew that the instant the last rays of the sun disappeared, the night would be clear and very cold.

Redondo beach was nearly deserted: two or three small fishing boats were being drawn ashore by weary fishermen and one after another of these men hastened inland, a couple of long "yellow-tails" dangling from each hand.

The sun, by this time, had disappeared, and the cold, uncomfortable night was fast approaching; the twilight being exceedingly short in this part of the world.

The beach is now apparently deserted—no, not quite—one solitary figure is sitting motionless on that far-off bench, the very last beach toward the south. It would seem that this person, whoever he may be, wishes to escape observation. As he cannot see us, however, we will observe him as closely as possible.

It grows darker and darker each moment, and now he is swallowed up within the darkness and becomes invisible, not to us, however: we can see, and hear, and understand. Is he a tramp that he does not seek home and warmth on this chill New Year's eve? He scarcely looks like a vagabond. He is a young man—not over one and twenty at the most—with a fine, intelligent face, high, broad brow, large, dark blue eyes, firm chin, broad shoulders, strong, supple, and well-built; his expression is frank and genial, his clothing, and general appearance clean and respectable. The night has set in cold and dark. He shivers as the chilly air penetrates to the very marrow of his bones. He looks slightly dejected, still there is a brave, determined air about him that is irresistible: we find ourselves in love with him at once. Putting his hand into his pocket he draws forth an old, obsolete coin—one mill. Snapping it lightly into the air with his thumb and finger, he mutters:

"This mill constitutes all the wealth I have in this world—a present from Santa Claus ten years ago—found it among other toys in my stocking—was sure, at that time, it was good old Santa Claus himself who filled my Christmas stocking with gifts; but the fast fleeting years have dispelled my boyish illusion: the gifts were from you, my dear sainted mother, trying to make your boy happy. How well I remember, after pulling out all the toys, feeling something still left in the extreme end of the toe of the sock; and after feeling, with clumsy fingers, for some little time, drawing this mill forth triumphantly. It was carefully wrapped up in a note—my precious little mill! The note was in my mother's handwriting. I will remember my surprise at this. I should like to see Santa Claus with my own eyes. I thought: but the note ran thus:

"Dear boy: This is all the money I can give you. There are so many thousands of children that even a mill to each would be more than I could carry: My sleigh would be too heavy for the feet reindeer and I

should not get round in time, I fear; but this mill shall yet prove a fortune to you. All you have to do, when you desire anything while you live, is to take this little coin from your pocket, where I hope you will always keep it and, while gazing upon it intently, repeat to yourself this formula or prayer. "Dear mother: wherever you may be, within the limitless universe, come to your boy! I need your love, your help. In the name of Santa Claus, I conjure you! Come, oh, come!" Your mother shall hear your prayer and come to you. This is the last and best gift of Santa Claus."

"This is the first time, since my dear mother's death, that I have been utterly destitute and forlorn—the first night of my life that I have ever found myself without food or shelter—this, the first time that I have found it necessary to take the little coin in my hands, for the purpose of repeating the prayer.

"Mother, dear mother! Do you still live somewhere within the limitless universe? If so, where, oh, where are you, my mother? My mind no longer accepts the myth, Santa Claus. How well I now know that it was the hands of my own mother that had stuffed the little sock with toys, that had placed the mill, with the note, in the toe of the stocking.

"This coin, then, is to be the talisman between her soul and mine. This little mill, is all the wealth I have in the world. Perhaps it may prove to be of more worth than the millions of a Vanderbilt, or a Rockefeller.

"Soul of my mother: come to me now! I know not what to do! I cannot remain out in this cold all night, and without money I cannot obtain shelter and a bed. I would sooner freeze and starve than beg. No; beg I never will! Certainly, I may be able to find employment when the morning comes. The boat arrived here late and my last cent was expended. They told me it was some eighteen or twenty miles to Los Angeles, the city I wish to reach. To be sure I might start and walk all night, but I should present a sorry appearance in the morning. Cold, weary, unkempt and hungry, my appearance would not be very prepossessing. I should simply be looked upon as a tramp, and then, I am sure, all hope would be gone.

"No! I much prefer to remain here and improve any opportunity that may present itself in the morning.

"Ugh!" he muttered. "How exceedingly cold it is! Really, I am thoroughly chilled. Not a human being in sight, anywhere. Ah, the moon is rising over yonder hill! The sand-dunes out there look as cold and desolate as my own heart is at this moment. The face of the full moon seems as clear as crystal and as cold.

"I wonder if the people in this part of the world are as cold and sharp as their atmosphere? If so, I may not expect much sympathy.

"How startlingly clear all objects are, now that the moon is up. I would much rather the darkness covered me.

"When at home, I could, at least, hide myself within a London fog. The nights were warm in Africa; in China the people were sympathetic; in India they took me by the hand and called me brother; but I know absolutely nothing about this new world—the America. If my life here should prove as cold and barren as this, my first entrance into this country, it will be desolate indeed.

"What a number of little shanties there are all along this beach, to be sure; besides, a good many tents, but that great hotel over there looks like a palace, or the grandest bungalow in all India. Palaces, mansions, cottages, shanties and tents, seem to make up this town. Ah! yes. I remember. This is a sea-side resort. One of those smallest tents, and a bed, would make me happy tonight, at least; but even that I cannot obtain." He rubbed the coin smartly between his thumb and finger: it glistened softly in the bright rays of the moon.

He sat gazing steadily at it. A mist passed over his eyes as he gazed. The features of his own dear mother became distinctly visible to him, and her soft, loving eyes were gazing directly into his own. He thought that her warm arms enfolding him; her long hair swept about him, and as it did so, glowing warmth filled his entire body. A mother's soft, warm kisses were pressed on cheek and brow; and all this seemed as real to him as though she had actually been there in a mortal form. A soft voice whispered:

"My son—my own dear boy! Behold, I am here at your call. The Universe is not so vast that your cry cannot reach me. My soul is not so impotent that it cannot protect my child. My son, there is only a thin veil between us, and your earnest desire has rent even that asunder. The veil is not impenetrable. You have come but a little way to meet me, and, see! I am here. Cheer up, dear boy; food, shelter, and a bed shall be yours this cold night. Your body shall not suffer. Keep your soul pure and bright. Brighten up that little coin, dear; let not a spot or blemish be upon it. It shall be a token between thee and me, and when you desire my aid, gaze upon its bright surface intently; this will help to part the veil between us and we will converse together.

"I will aid and comfort thee, my child, far more now than I should be able to do if I were still in the mortal form. It is better as it is, for if I were but within the body I might not be here to assist thee, but now wherever thou art there can I be also.

"Dost see that little boat heaving toward the shore? In it is a belated fisherman. Upon him I will throw my influence, and he will be kind to thee. I have hypnotized thee, my son. I will also hypnotize him.

"Farewell for a space."

## CHAPTER II.

"AN' WHAR DID YE CUM FRUM?"

The young wanderer started. Had he fallen asleep and dreamed of his mother? Perhaps; he could not tell. He replaced the coin in his pocket.

Directly in front of where he sat, a solitary boat was rising and falling with the stubborn shore waves; constantly beaten back by them, still advancing nearer and yet nearer with each incoming wave. At last it grated on the sands. A sturdy fisherman leaped out and seizing the boat, tried with all his strength to force her high and dry beyond the reach of the waves.

The young man gazed at him for a moment, abstractedly. The lusty fisherman perceiving the solitary form seated on the bench, called in stentorian tones: "Hullo, thar! Can yer help a feller a little? Molly's a stubborn critter when she's a mind ter be. She's like some hosses, bouter ter hev her own way."

The young man hastened to the side of the fisherman. "Molly jest loves them waves, she does. Stubborn ole gal! She hates the sands like pizen. Here, you jest catch her by the head here, an' hold her steady like, an' I'll jest run around ter the stars, an' push. Here, take hold of this rope here in her nose, an' hold on like Jehu, fur she'll try hard ter git away, yew bet!"

The young man did as directed, and held on "like Jehu" for the boat was heavy and the waves quite powerful. The fisherman was bare-headed; his brown legs and feet bare to the knees. He rushed into the breakers, which dashed about him to his waist, and with his brawny arms he pushed with all his might at the stern of the boat, the young man, at the same time, putting forth his utmost strength at the bow; and, while doing so, his eyes caught the name "Molly" which was staring at him blackly. With many twists, gratings, creakings, and heavy groanings, together with backward slings, rearings and forward pitches, Molly

was at length conquered and landed high and dry on the sands, very unwillingly on her part, and more unwilling still were the roaring, ardent waves that desired to retain her within their rollicking embrace.

"Thar, my beauty!" exclaimed the fisherman, "thar ye air, at last, safe an' sound, high an' dry. But yer a kicker, my bonnie belle, an' a high kicker at that. Wall, now fur the speckled beauties. Why, some o' them's as long as yer arm an' longer. A hundred yaller-tails, if thar's one; some rock-od an' croakers thrown in, an' two or three fat halibut. Jerusalem! though, but I'm tired. Ben out sence the dawn, pard. It must be nine o' the clock, sure; an' I'm dead beat. Sun's jest burned me up all day, an' now it's a reglar Klondike, yew bet!"

"Jewhiteker! aint it cold though? Say, pard, can ye help me fur awhile? Or air ye too much of a dandy? Yer party strong though fur a bardless boy. Ye pulled at Molly right smart."

"I should be very glad to help you," answered the young man, "and I hope you will find that I am no dandy."

"No!" cried the stalwart fisherman. "How do ye happen ter hev on a billed shirt, wedge toes, razor collar, an' top coat as nearly trails on ter ground, then?"

And the long-legged, bare-armed, hatless fisherman squared himself, with dripping arms akimbo, eyeing each article of the young traveler's attire with scornful lip.

"I landed from the five o'clock boat," replied our hero, "and have not yet changed my dress."

"Wall, now, of yer s'koin' tew help me, ye'll hev ter take off that thar togery. Guess yer up at the hotel thar, aint yer? Wish thar was somebody else round 'at I could git. But nary a critter's about. Say now—ye'll hev time ter run up an' change them thar clothes, an' while yer gone I'll light a little fire yer an' git dried up some, an' eat a bite. Tell yer, pard, ha! hot coffee ter eat a bite sence mornin'. Guess a cup o' hot coffee 'il not go amiss. What yer say, now'll yer dew it?" seeing the young stranger hesitated.

"I am not staying at the hotel."

"Wall, never mind whar yer a stayin'; can't be fur off, else ye'd not be a settin' moonin' on the thar bench, in the cold. What's thar matter with yer? Air ye love-sick? Jest thar kind o' feller as gits spoony; soft-like an' pale-like. Ha! cut away from apron-strings yit, hev yer?"

A sob rose in the youth's throat, but he swallowed it.

"Cum, hurry up, now, ef yer a golt' ter help me! Go long an' git off that thar togery; an' mind now, put on an old flannel shirt, ef yer hev one, sum trousers as yer don't keer about, an' an' ole pair o' thick shoes. It'll take both on us 'till midnight ter take keer o' them purty beauties."

"I cannot change my dress," said the young man, "for this, which I wear, is all I have in the world."

"Wall, th're purty good clothes; but, why in thunder don't yer hev a change o' 'um? Tew clean fish fur a man, while yer dressed like a dude, without nary a change o' rags! Wall, all right, pard; as long as yer'll help me perhaps we'll make shift. So, now then, I'll make a fire an' git on ter coffee-kettle. You jest take this ere canteen an' run up ter thar thar well, yender, an' fill it with water, while I git sum sticks an' seaweed together an' light the blaze."

(To be continued.)

A kind word is the cup of water that prevents the earth drowns from shivering some beautiful soul growth, and liberating it from its prison-house of clay, sending it heavenward to distill its fragrance into our awakened word—into infinity of being.—E. D. Casterline, in Mind.











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## 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 July 3, 1901, S. E. 54.

### Invocation.

Oh spirit of infinite love, we come this morning with aspiration after all that is best and wisest and sweetest in life and we reach for some expression from out thy life to guide and direct us. So often we stumble and struggle and fall, so often we are held with fear and distress over our failures with hardly courage enough to rise again; we can but pray for strength for light to see the way. Today we would put aside all thought of self, all desire for the small things of life, put away our fret, our worry and our care, and throw ourselves into the great sea of truth and bathe and be blessed and come out a blessing to all others. Oh make us so loving and good that we may be strong and true to those less fortunate than ourselves. Help us not only to see the light but to be the light and to go forward steadily always leading, inspiring, and helping those who are still in the darkness. Our special mission at this time is to give strength to those seeking souls who desire above all else to express their love, to give their word, their evidence of the reality of life, and we would put our arms about them and strengthen and help them. May their expression be no feeble one; may it come strong and may the heart for which it is intended be opened to receive and understand. Amen.

## MESSAGES.

### Harry Meader.

The spirit of a boy about fourteen years old comes to me. He is not very pretty, but he has a real good, honest face. His hair is almost auburn and his face is fair with quite a few freckles on it. His mouth is full and strong looking and he doesn't look very delicate, but still he doesn't look like an out-door boy, seems more as though he studied too hard and stayed in the house too much and that is what took him to the spirit. The first thing he says is, "If I could only go where I want to it would relieve me a great deal because I have such a burden on me. I want so much to get to my mother and father. My name is Harry Meader and I came from Lockport, N. Y. I want my mother, Jennie, to know that I know how she cries and I can't stand it. It makes me unhappy. Everybody here tries to take me away. They tell me not to stay, not to watch her crying, but I can't help it. It seems to me that I have to stay and try to soothe her. I wish she would come over here. If I only had her over here I am sure we would both be happy, but I can't take her and I can't leave her and so I just try to send this word to her. Tell her I have seen Emma and that Emma is pretty well but can't write to her because of the condition that exists. I can't say any more. My head is spinning like a top and the old dizzy condition comes over me. I wish I could say more, but this is all. Goodbye."

### Henrietta Dalton.

The next spirit that comes is an old lady about sixty-five years old. She has black eyes and a round full face and such a sweet manner. She is short and stout. Her hair is white and she is just as particular about it as she can be. She brushes herself a little and fixes her hair to be sure that she is all right before she comes in here. She says, "Bless me, I didn't know that every move I made could be seen by the people who are not in the spirit land. I had an idea that we lived apart from you people but I see that you are watching me, so I will be careful what I do. My name is Henrietta Dalton and I used to live in Montgomery, Vt. I lived in that vicinity all my life and I never had the least inclination to make any investigation of Spiritualism. It was further from my thought when I came over here. I thought that if I did my work as best I could and served my Lord and neighbors that I would probably be well taken care of when I left my earthly tenement of clay, but when I came over here I couldn't seem to find that I had passed through any very great change. I was not shocked but I kept looking for some other condition to come as though I had to go a step further and then I would find what I had expected. Instead of that, my friends began to walk around me. Enoch came to me and when he came and put his hand in mine and said, 'Here we are together,' I can tell you I felt queer. I began to ask what it all meant, if this was all that there was to death,—and he said, 'You are certainly dead as far as your body is concerned, but very much alive to conditions here.' So I have come to add this testimony to whatever else has been given. Seems kind of like an old fashioned prayer meeting where the thing would not be quite complete until all had their say and the others listened to the expression of their belief in a certain condition, so I give my testimony that life is real to me. My friends can take it for what it is

worth as coming from me and they know very well that I said nothing that I didn't believe and I wouldn't tell a wrong story now, and if I am safe and can send word to them the chances are that they will be safe too."

### Charles Bean to Mary Brackett.

Now I see a man who is very tall and thin. He has gray side-whiskers, gray hair and a large, firm mouth, prominent nose, and good strong eyes. He is rather a striking looking man. He was a lawyer when he was in earth life for he walks over to me with that air of being in a court room as if he had something to say, and says, "My name is Charles Bean and I came from Portland, Me. I have been considering this matter a good while. Whether I considered a truth or not does not make any difference to the truth, but I couldn't speak for a truth until I became convinced that it was such, and now that the conviction is upon me, I have an earnest desire to work. I am not simply content to give my message through you people, or return to my friends, I would like to take hold and work for the Cause. I am not alone in this ambition. I have found many men, who like me had to be convinced that they were dealing with a great truth, and now feel that they would be glad to carry forth the word to those less fortunate than we. It is but natural that I should feel my greatest interest in Maine because I lived there. I shall find a way to express myself clearly and explicitly, but I want to say this for the encouragement of the Maine people, that the truth cannot go down. That those who carry the banner in my native city will have their hands upheld and will be strengthened and encouraged to go on. I'd like to send word to Mary Brackett that I will work on as long as she will and will give her any power that is possible for her to receive. God bless you people for your effort, not only you who are gathered here in this little circle, but the company which you represent,—the people who are so loyal in speaking for what is given to them every day and everywhere. I thank you for your patience for I know I am slow. Goodbye." (Speaks very slowly and deliberately.)

### Edith Chamberlin.

I see the spirit of a lady who looks to be about twenty-eight years old. She is very fair, with blue eyes, light, light hair, and a round face with delicate features. She looks just like a little piece of sea-shell as she holds her face up here to me and she is dainty and slight, just as fragile as a shell would be. She says, "Oh do help me to get to my people because I too am one of the anxious ones. I should think you would be tired hearing us all say that we are so anxious to get back, but it is really true. We come in great companies, each one seemingly more anxious than the other to speak to his friends. My name is Edith Chamberlin and I lived in Ottawa, Kansas. I want to get to Mamie and Daisy, and also I want to say to Fred, whose name is like mine, that I have been with him. It was a jolly company that I used to have about me and we were all so happy, seemed as though never a shadow and never a cloud came to us. My mother has been so disheartened for the last six months that I felt I must make an effort to get to her and cheer her up. My father is with me and he says, 'Tell mama that I come to her. I know the step she premeditates, but she is to take it slowly, not to try to decide too quickly nor go into any matter hastily. I have seen what they have done to the store and while I think it is a big improvement, I am so glad they were able to do it.' I am just as fond of my music as I was when I was in earth life and have a greater opportunity to hear than I ever did before. Thank you."

### Susie Arnold.

The next one I see is a woman about fifty years old. She is a bustling and comes in here bristling with business. She is quite stout and quick as a flash. She says, "Come, come, come, I am not going to take too much time but I am just going to speak what I have to say and have it over with. My name is Susie Arnold and I came from Bangor. I have, oh, quantities of people down there, more there than anywhere else in the world. I want to go to Bert. I want Bert to know that I don't like what he has been doing. It is of no use to make light of everything that is done just because you love people, and I don't like a bit what has been going on. If I had my way I would have things changed. It would be better for him and better for everybody about. I would like to say a word to Nellie. If I could say to her what I feel I think I could make her understand that there is no need of her being kept back as she is. I think if you would say to Thomas that I have found his mother and that her head is better, he will understand. She had such trouble with it before she came that she was dreadful for everybody about, but she is as well as any of us now."

### George Leland.

Now I see the spirit of a man about twenty-five years old. He is tall, thin, and light. His eyes are blue and his hair brown and he has a light mustache. His hands are long and slim and he has a kind of graceful way and is dressed very well indeed, seems to have been very particular about himself. He speaks very well, too, has the most beautiful voice and can sing like a bird. He comes over to me and says, "My name is George Leland and I lived in Hartford, Conn., and I sang a great deal. I came suddenly over here, had not the slightest idea that death was hanging over me. That morning when I left the house, I expected to return at noon. Instead, I never went back again. It was a dreadful shock to my friends, more so to them than to me. It was all so quickly over with me that I did not realize that I had been shot or hurt, but to them the sight and the constant going on without me was something dreadful to bear. I knew everything that was done and said. I knew when Walter went into the house. I knew

what he said and how he tried to tell it in a way that would not disturb them and yet would give the news. I saw Minnie when she fainted and I was conscious of what they did with me. I stood like one in a dream, it didn't seem to affect me much. I saw it all and knew it, yet didn't seem to realize what it all meant, and expected every minute to wake and find myself with them. My father has helped me more than anybody else and while he comes with me today, I give this word back that it is easy for me to see, easy for me to understand the conditions, but it is not easy for me to stay unrecognized. Do please open the door in the home. Have a circle, ask some medium to come there. Do something that will give me a chance to speak the word I want to. I would be very much happier and I am sure you would if you would only just make it easy for us to come."

### Ruth Stevens.

The next spirit is a woman past the middle life. She looks as though she had suffered everything before she went to the spirit. She is thin as she can be. Her hair is black and her eyes are black, too, and she is about the medium height. She keeps wringing her hands and says, "I find myself taking on the old condition of pain as I try to come so I will just try to send the message, not try to give it personally. My name is Ruth Stevens and I lived in Columbus, Ohio. I was sick so long that instead of being sorry to die, I was glad. I think everybody must have been glad to see me out of my suffering. My life was just eaten away bit by bit and every minute was one of torture. I don't like to think of it and I only send this as identification. I want to get to Lucy because she has such a horror of having this same thing happen to her. It can't; I will do anything I can to save her and if she will keep it out of her mind I am sure it won't happen. Mother comes with me and says to tell her that if she will just go out and stop dwelling on it, she thinks she will be better. Tell Bennie that I am all right. I don't blame anybody, have no thought of anything except to be reunited. I am sorry that they made such a fuss to put expensive things over my grave. It doesn't mean anything to me. I would much rather have a flower in the home than all the costly marbles in the graveyard. My dearest love to all my friends and bless you all for helping me."

### Verification.

Dear Mrs. Soule,

I see in the Banner of July 13 a message from Fred Dyer. I do not know him, but I do know it came in answer to a request of mine, so hasten to thank you and the controlling spirit. I know full well what he meant.

Love to Sunbeam.

Lizzie H. Rollins.

Globe, Maine.  
Thank you so much and Sunbeam sends love and says she will try and find you in your home and become acquainted with you.

M. M. S.

### Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIVE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

"He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything," said the practical Samuel Johnson. This thought connects itself in my mind with the first nursing that Florence Nightingale ever did.

One morning on a walk she saw a large dog that had been severely wounded. His master had applied to a doctor, and did not feel like doing much of anything for the animal. The latest nursing instinct of the little girl was aroused, and she asked the doctor what ought to be done. He explained to her how to wash the wound, and to apply ointments with hot water. The child made it her business to attend to this treatment faithfully and constantly, and was rewarded by the complete restoration of the dog.

In this way did Florence enter on a career that made her one of the most famous and self-denying nurses that the world has ever seen. She began by nursing a poor wounded dog on the hillside, and at the zenith of her career led an army of fifty nurses to the Crimea, who relieved from terrible suffering and death thousands of soldiers who were wounded and starving in the trenches of Sebastopol.

She won a name of glory, but such a reward was never sought by her. She began by doing a small deed of kindness that no one else thought of doing. In process of time, she added more and more to those for whom she cared, and many a suffering soldier watched for the ray of her night-lamp when she made her quiet rounds, and blest her unawares. With her, it was work first, and no thought of what the world might say, while women of a different calibre take up nursing with the design of making a good livelihood, and if they long for fame, dream of being a Florence Nightingale before fairly starting on their career. It is not the reputation that one may obtain that counts. It is the work itself, undertaken with the simple object of relieving pain or doing one's duty that enriches the soul.

Some who teach will not do it unless they have a high salary, and can do their work supplied with every modern appliance of library and laboratory. But one who teaches for its own sake is willing to work for smaller pay, if she can only obtain knowledge and the germs of good into the minds and hearts of the young. Such teachers are born to be good ones, and embrace the simplest opportunities to do the work they love.

I believe it was Garfield who said that he would rather sit and study on a log with Mark Hopkins on the end of it, than study in a famous and well-endowed university with some one else. It is not the paraphernalia that matters. It is the eager, searching mind bent upon imparting its own acquisitions

to those who learn that makes one succeed as a teacher. It would be better to be one of a dozen pupils located in some remote farmhouse with Mary Lyon or Lydia Maria Child than to pay \$1200 a year at Osgood with its palatial home and its superb surroundings. "The life is more than meat."

"Do noble things, not dream them, all day long," was written by a wise poet in the album of a young girl. But in doing them, it is not necessary to think whether they are noble or not. It is only necessary to think whether the things we do are right and useful, and to do them carefully and thoroughly.

You may be washing the dinner dishes. When done with them, clean and rinse the sink, rinse the dish-cloth in plenty of clean water, and hang it where it will be aired, and be sure to brush up every particle of food from the floor. So doing, only pure, clean smells are perceived, and the dreaded, persevering and prolific water-bug will not think it worth its while to take up its abode with you.

A very lovely woman is Mrs. Sutton, the gifted author of "Light on the Hidden Way." She was brought up a Hicksite Quaker and is the wife of a Unitarian minister. I visited them twice in Athol, Mass., some years ago, and it seemed like a glimpse into some ideal region. The quiet simplicity of her bearing and dress, and her exquisite tenderness to her invalid little daughter whom she was then holding from the freedom of the "spiritual body" for which the tiny sufferer pined, made an ineffaceable impression on my mind. She is an inspired speaker and writer, and when her husband is ill or absent, she takes his place in the pulpit to the great acceptance of the parish.

In her little book alluded to above she relates the following incident, prefacing the statement that she sees and talks with the dear departed as freely at times as if they were still denizens of the mortal plane.

When she was about ten years old she was setting her room in order one Saturday morning, and being in haste to get out, had swept around the rug, and dusted in like manner. As she started to go, she saw her father standing on the rug, looking down on it intently. Raising his solemn eyes to hers, he told her to lift one end of it. She could never forget her mortification, or his charge to remember that no act or thought is hidden, and that every slightest duty is a sign against the ideal life.

What a sweet and comforting thought that we may even here, hemmed in by the clay, live the ideal life! And what is an ideal life? It is one conformed to the perfect image that arises in our mind. This image is not one that is imparted to us by some fellow mortal or spirit. It has always existed within us, and when it arises to us it is not a new creation, but only comes to the surface from the undiscovered depths of our own inner nature. It rises to our present perception as the water lily rises from the undiscovered depths of the lake. The plant and its roots are there, and when the appropriate conditions take place, the beautiful head of the flower rises and floats upon the surface in its exquisite ivory and gold. It is not a new creation. It existed long before, and its germ was in the seed from which the plant sprang. So it is with all our ideas, and among the rest is that of the ideal life. And when once perceived, it becomes our dearest joy to conform ourselves to its wonderful beauty.

These ideas are in themselves of exceeding value, but the chief grandeur that attaches to them lies in the fact of their origin. We did not invent them nor make them. They are innate with us, and this is because they are a part of the infinite source from which we sprang. They thus become the main link between us and God. Because the over-soul possessed them through all eternity, then all its sons and daughters possess them too, and they will arise to our perception in all their beauty sometime—there, if not here.

In this sublime fact lies the earnest of our own immortality. Because God is forevermore, so have we, and so shall we, live forevermore. Each individual soul descends into matter, and then it begins its ascent towards its primal source.

"So, the soul that's born of God  
Pants to view his glorious face  
Upward tends to his abode  
To rest in his embrace."

We fancy that the poet who wrote those lines thought that it was souls who had been "born again," according to the old theological notions, who would ascend this sublime pathway. A larger, and therefore a truer view, is that all souls are born of God, and for purposes of individualization make their descent once for all into matter, and then with one effort after another, and clinging to the cords by which divine love holds them forever in its own, they ascend with ever increasing joy towards their source.

Some of our readers may think these views too ideal. They are indeed ideal, and that very fact shows that they are true. They belong to spiritual existence, and not to the shadow world of materiality where we are placed, not for the purpose of letting the material triumph over us, but rather to use material conditions as stepping stones on which we tread our ascending pathway. And having once used these stepping stones, we are not obliged to come this way and use them over again. If any souls ever descend again into material conditions they must have abused themselves far more grossly than the patient and faithful animals.

If any souls have so abused their privileges for advancement while in material conditions that they have no consciousness at all on leaving the fleshly body they might make the descent again. In such a case, they would make it because they had to, by pure gravitation. But souls who have the slightest spiritual consciousness, on finding themselves freed from the old fleshly body, will surely never return to tread the mortal pathway again. Spiritual consciousness is not a thing to be despised and forgotten by those who have a spark of it. Instead of descending again into matter, they will in accordance with the law of progression, enter upon still more spiritual conditions, and this process will at last lead to the result that the events

of material existence in a mortal body will seem like a dream.

It is pitiful to see mortals still in the clay demand from long-progressed spirits, who approach the earth temporarily, for the sole purpose of teaching spiritual things, to identify themselves by giving the forgotten name they were known by on earth, or the date of the year they began to breathe.

Long after the time of Christ, monks adapted the events that occurred before that time to their way of reckoning, and settled how many years they happened B. C. It would be unreasonable to ask Socrates, or Zoroaster the date of their birth B. C., or to ask Socrates what became of that old garment he used to wear both summer and winter.

When such noble souls come to me, I would be ashamed to ask them to identify themselves by the relics of a long-forgotten past. Let them rather hold out a ray of some spiritual truth of which I can get a glimpse while here below, and say to me ever, "Child, look to the light."

Yours for humanity and spirituality,  
Abby A. Judson,  
Arlington, N. J., July 17, 1901.

### "Be Good."

BY AUGUSTA ADAMS.

How sounding little are the words! I am wind and play the harp of God. What more are you?

If I in struggle of myself see not the mountains of your height, should you cry down your ladder my littleness to bequeath me shape like you are known?

I am told through ways that sound me on and goodness is not written to proclaim it forth. My shape is spelled unto your eye through body you but feebly guess, and I to tell you true my greatness should mount the soul of all myself to stamp its measure on your own.

Think you I grieve through spell of years to be beguiled by your cry? Think you the far eternities will serve me table with no food while you go feasting? Your hand is held for that God gives, and so I catch his presence through hold you ne'er may guess.

I am seated in a car where wisdom shines her sun as I go riding on, and you in great balloon of all yourself may cry the stars a nearness, still we are told with presence whose shape is never found in words where weight doth balance good or bad.

My soul is souled in ways you ne'er may guess, and I am standing on these shores of pain to watch it forth to gods who haunt me with their presence.

"Be good" doth stand upon the lips as candy sweet to name a soul above a soul. What more can any soul be named than soul? Then should you haunt me with your words well meant, perhaps, but sounding illy told?

I am drowned in waves of passion or I am stood above the wrecks that sound their own death knell. But know you not that souls leap on through vast eternities to birth themselves where they are told?

I may go vibrating through the years my weakness, but taste you not the lessons learned where I am poised? See you not my hell and guess you not my heaven that souls itself through my darkness? Think you I pain myself forever to beget myself with naught but makes me seeming weakness?

Your march across the continents of Time is marked with flags a telling plains of utter weariness and valleys of all dead despair. Then sing to me your love, naught else. Tell me not your goodness nor preach to me my badness. I am sinner sold to all myself and I do pay the price. My bells will ripen onward to my heavens, and you on ground of earthly goodness will fatten from that fruit, but please not forth as angel beguiling heaven falsely told, for hell is greater walk to heaven than heaven all righteousness made without a hell can ever heaven be.

My appetite of body may ring me forth as one who dollars not the years for gain but poises me a ne'er-do-well who vibrates passion as my birth. But you in all your cleanliness of mairking sound go taunting me with rapture of your goodness, while I in hell of all my birth go trying to become the thing I know I am. Now who is judge between?

The fainting days go telling me a story you ne'er have dreamed, for I am water stirred with mighty storm, while you are inland lake a crying out your calm to my becomen tempest.

I fly where you but creep, for though the years may speak me not a throne I am Lazarus of old attuned anew, for all your goodness stamps you not a wisdom like my unvirtued virtue.

Now, this is dream whereof I speak, but dreams in dreamland of the soul will rise themselves a mighty truth—when jars of Time are rinsed with waters pure to cleanse their foulness.

"Be Good." I heed it not.

You mouth a littlest word and I do catch a little meaning.

I am not a one to stand at any door a-creeping up the door-latch to try my entrance. You open wide, you open true or else I go not in. Now shouting of your kingdom within my land may have a pleasant sound, yet do I hate the sky that shows it forth. I cannot match your weight to make a case o'erfraught with seeming wisdom, but I can smile my love to fellow-mortal who stands in furrow of his plough a-ringing death a knell when he doth smile me back without a word of goodness.

I can heart myself to homesick ones who crave through all their bells a little heaven where they may know some kindness without goodness of the owner advertised thereon. So bars a-put across my soul to hold me down to body false, are told through all my dreaming, but sing me not your sorry "Be Good."

I haunt myself with goodness which speaks where words are not, and you may go a-haunting other realms with—make of that you tell as goodness.







