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THE HERE AND THE NOW.

BY J. H. YOUNG.

(Air, "Sweet By and By.")

In the land in the here and the now,
Where the free man and woman should dwell,
To error or ignorance bow,
Nor worship when called by the bell.
In the here and the now,
All the good and the true thus apply:
Use the here and the now,
And never think of the sweet by and by.

Should the man and the woman agree
To improve and make use of the now,
Then a state or condition you'd see.
To which spirits and mortals could bow.
In the here and the now, etc.

Both the woman and man could then live
As Dame Nature did always intend,
True freedom to all we would give,
The hand of pure friendship extend.
In the here and the now, etc.

Then Heaven on Earth would be found,
No discord or envy appear;
But harmony echo the sound,
As angels and loved ones draw near.
In the here and the now, etc.

The Land of the Incas.

This fascinating subject was most ably handled by the gracious Senorita Carolina Huldobro, at 200 Huntington Avenue on the evening of November 6. Its purpose was to swell the building fund of the Gospel of Spirit Return Society, of which Mrs. Minnie M. Soule is pastor.

The pleasant little hall was fittingly decorated with palms, the nearest approach to Southern foliage within reach. The Melba Quartet provided music, each of their selections eliciting an encore. Mrs. Soule, in the pretty, confidential manner she always assumes towards her audiences, introduced the speaker.

"Again it is my pleasure," she said, "to come before you bringing you a pleasure. I always rejoice when I see a woman come out of the ranks, strong, firm and true, to work for the freedom of men and women and for the truth.

"It was my privilege a few months ago to introduce a woman who had for many years stood for all that is good, all that is true and noble; and I saw with something like sorrow that I was signing of age about her. I thought, as doubtless you did, who will take her place? Where can we find one who will speak with unfaltering voice, unswerving steadfastness, for truth everywhere?

"It is my pleasure now to come to you with one who I believe speaks as freely and firmly (and who has youth and strength on her side), as this one whose age we are apt to deplore. I bring to you my friend and your friend, Senorita Carolina Huldobro."

The senorita is a woman of commanding presence. Her voice is pleasant and clear, her accent almost perfect. Her language was simple and direct, and, while it contained no superlatives, so well described the beautiful, beautiful Land of the Incas, that her hearers listened with wrapt attention.

As she said, if one had not himself explored this land of fairy splendor, he would find it difficult to imagine that it ever existed save in the brain of some dreamer. An outline of the lecture will give our readers but a meagre idea, we fear, of its scope:

"Two years ago," she began, "I remember sitting on the south shore of the island of Nantucket looking seaward. One of the friends with me said:

"Of what are you thinking?"

"I am just wondering," I replied, "if I were to throw a line straight before me, what seas and islands, and continents I would cross."

"Then I remember quite a little discussion arose. Most of them laughed at me when I said that a line from where we were sitting would most likely pierce Cuba and skirt along pretty closely on the western coast of South America."

"When we went back to the house I got out the atlas, and sure enough, I was pretty nearly right. They asked me how it was that I made such a hit. In reality it was no hit at all, because you will remember that in leaving New York by steamer you do not have to put your watch either backwards or forwards very much. The greatest difference of time is right on your own American coast, as you go around Cape Hatteras, where the watch is perhaps fifteen minutes out of the way. Three or four days' steaming brings us into the Caribbean Sea. For the edification of those who have not crossed the Caribbean Sea, I will say that after you leave the sight of the coast of Cuba and steam for about three days, if you are not familiar with the description of hell by a few of the orthodox divines, that trip to Colon will give you a pretty accurate idea.

"Through the Caribbean Sea we reach the Port of Colon on this side of the Isthmus of Panama. We have not time to dwell on the beauties of the tropical scenery as we cross the Isthmus, nor to give you any description at all of the work of the much talked of canal.

"Reaching Panama, by means of a two or two and a half hours' railway ride, we again take the steamer, and after touching at many ports, and after a ten days' steaming, we reach the port of Callao. As we enter the bay, we cross the Island of San Lorenzo, which did not exist there at the time of Pizarro. This came up in a tremendous upheaval and earthquake early in the 15th century. It is worthy of note that on this island is a fortress, and it is on that fortress where the flag of Spain was hoisted for the last time on the continent of South America. Peru was the last country in South America that Spain lost.

"A few days' sojourn in the wonderful country of Peru will convince you that you are in a country of great natural resources. No other country settled by the Spanish in America possesses today so much interest.

"From the heart of the Andes Mountains in Peru, we could get communication with London in thirty-eight minutes. Under American enterprise and engineering skill, Peru built railroads between the 60's and 80's. Apart from the wonderful Aurora railway, which is 100 miles in length and built at a cost of twenty-seven billions of dollars, another remarkable one is 300 miles in length, besides three other lines covering several hundred miles.

"The land of Peru is divided into three parts, the coast where no rain falls, the plateau and the heights. The area of modern Peru is about three times that of California, with a population of over 3,000,000, which includes over 350,000 savage Indians, and 67 per cent. of the population is Indian descent.

"The Peruvians, after a hard struggle, with the help of Chile and Argentina, threw off the yoke of Spain in 1821, which had weighed very heavily under Spanish rule for many years.

"The real glory of the land was in the time of the Incas. The first authentic accounts date back to about the eleventh century. It is now agreed that the Peruvian antiquities will present two distinct periods, one being very much earlier than the other. William Prescott, the historian, believes that there existed in this country a race of civilization before the time of the Incas.

"In the works of the early Spanish chroniclers it is stated that a critical examination of the monuments indicate two very different epochs in Peruvian art, at least so far as concerns the architecture, one before and the other after the arrival of the first Incas. Whence came that old civilization? This question has brought forth many theories; the last tribes of Israel, the Phoenicians, the lost Atlantis, etc., and last of all, and that most accepted by the later writers, is that it was a generic or original civilization. Each and every hypothesis, as the writer presents it to the reader, has in it plausibility; and whichever way the writers present it, certain it is that the real origin of the people who first inhabited this land will forever remain a mystery. There really at some time existed a Utopia in a perfect form of patriarchal government. It has been found, without a doubt, that there existed a civilization here while Europe was barbaric, and the ruins reveal an architecture that far surpasses that of Egypt.

"If any of you visiting New York at any time will go to the Museum of Natural History, you will find one of the most wonderful collections that has ever existed, which was obtained from one of the old families of Peru. One of the most striking things is a piece of tapestry many centuries old, and in a better state of preservation than those found at the present day. By viewing that collection, you can see for yourselves that what one reads is not, after all, a myth.

"The attacks made upon these gentle Indians, the Incas, excited indignation early in the time of Queen Elizabeth; and their brief struggle for independence led more than one gallant Englishman and American to shed his blood for Peruvian liberty.

"In the war with Chile in '79 and '81, Peru yielded up most of what was valuable to her. The area of the Land of the Incas is estimated to be four times what France is now. It is about 400 miles long and from 150 to 400 miles wide.

"The vast plains form one endless triumphal forest; sandy deserts, fertile stretches of fruit gardens, as we go towards the Pacific coast. In the central portions the mountain ranges are broken up in deep ravines, producing scenery of great splendor.

"I remember some years ago being one of a party in that land. As we sat on the edge of what was once an old Inca garden, we looked over the vast expanses of vegetation on which the sun made various colors and shades, at the mountains tinged with reds and yellows from the setting sun, and we were speechless until one of our party said: 'This is worth coming eight thousand miles to see.'"

"The scenery is ever on a scale of sublime grandeur, and of most exquisite beauty. Rich indeed is this wonderful country about which so little is known.

"It is by tradition rather than history that we know anything at all about the origin, customs and ways of living of these ancient

cities that preceded the founding of the Inca empire. It is not easy at this time to get anything more than an imperfect knowledge of their development and progress. It has been necessary to supply history with ancient mythology and fable.

"Our knowledge of the character of the Incas in the northern part of the country is very slight. But the case is very different with Peru. This vast, well ordered State, with its imposing monumental works and highly developed interests excited the wonder of the conquerors and their successors, who have handed down to us in detailed account both the history of the Incas and their own observations of the state of the land. There is much myth and legend, of course, and offensive exaggerations have been presented either as historical truths, or as—conscientiously, perhaps—lies.

"Certain it is that the explorers found a civilization for which they were ill prepared. The industry of these Peruvians had, by artificial means, converted into fertile land the sandy plains. They enriched the land by the manure of sea fowl.

"To a great knowledge of architecture was added that of breeding four distinct species of sheep. I may say here in passing that goats were unknown to the Incas. The wool of these sheep, as also the cotton grown on the plains, were spun and woven into various fabrics and tissues, the superiority of the texture being enhanced by the dyes imparted to them. So great was the proficiency of the Peruvians that at the time of the Spanish conquest pieces of the Peruvian cloth were considered fitting dresses for the Queen of Spain.

"These people so well understood the art of dyeing that they could firmly fix the colors, and some colors have never faded in these lapse of years, even when exposed to the sun after being buried no one knows how long. All their dead were very well wrapped up in beautiful fabrics. (A curious thing about the Peruvian mummy is that it is buried in a sitting posture.) A chemical analysis made of pieces of cloth proves that the Peruvians extracted all their colors from the vegetable and not the mineral kingdom. In fact, the natives of Peru now in the mountains, grow these plants and they are totally unknown to any one but themselves; and they produce the most bright and lasting colors. They will receive the wool and cloth to dye, but will not divulge the secret of their dyes.

"They had great skill in the art of working metals, gold and silver. They also had copper, tin and quick silver. Iron seems to be wholly unknown to them, though here and there you will find a mention of it, but it is supposed that was in a previous age.

"In the large cities the health of the people was promoted by large open spaces, and the cities were protected by large fortifications. So thick and solid were these fortifications that one thinks they must have had some other kind of weapon than the bow and arrow. They must have known the resistance of steel. These walls are so massive and so marvelously constructed that they stand today as great a mystery as to how they got there as the Egyptian monuments.

"The materials used for all their building is porphyry, granite and sun dried bricks. In every case the walls of the buildings are of very great thickness, but do not as a rule exceed twelve to fourteen feet in height.

"The porphyry and granite used were frequently of tremendous magnitude, on one side left in rugged shape, but on the other beautifully polished. So skillfully were these put together that the joining was undetectable until at last it was discovered that a peculiar cement was used. The roofs of these edifices were covered with rushes in a manner so cleverly devised that they would last for ages and ages. Those that remain are of a curious bell shape formed of small stones embedded in clay.

"The compartments in these houses did not communicate one with the other, and there seems to have been no provision made for light or air. This is accounted for in the examination of the mummies which one of your doctors made some years ago—the formation of the parts of the body indicate that consumption and lung diseases must have been very prevalent.

"In the study of these primitive houses, one cannot fail to notice one curious feature, that in Spanish edifices the architecture is all on the same principle. Another strange coincidence is the style of building the doorposts which is exactly like that used by the Egyptians in the building of their temples. The doors are inclined towards the top, making the lintel much narrower than the threshold.

"However inferior they may be in architecture, the interiors of the edifices so greatly surpass anything on record that, were not the testimony of the old Spanish writers borne out by many evidences still extant, we should be inclined to think they borrowed their descriptions from legends and not represented at all to us what they really saw.

"The interior walls of the palaces were covered with silver and gold, sometimes laid on massive plates and wrought to represent many things, such as plants and animals. In

the corners were placed images of animals and also men and women. The palaces were surrounded by immense and beautiful gardens. These people also understood the art of making artificial flowers, in both silver and gold.

"The Incas had an artificial garden, the soil of which was made of pieces of fine gold, and this was artificially sown with different kinds of maize. They made flocks of sheep, etc., from the finest gold.

"It is no wonder that Peru has been called the land of gold, for nothing is more constantly mentioned by old writers than the vast amount of it found everywhere. Of course we all know the story of the last of the Incas, who offered as a ransom for his liberty the room in which he was confined full of pure gold.

"When one visits the temple of the sun, founded at a place where the golden arrow is supposed to have fallen from heaven, he will find it is still in good preservation. Mr. Prescott, in describing one of these, tells us that the interior of the temple was literally a mine of gold. A representation of the deity had a human countenance. The figure was a massive plate of gold, of immense dimensions, and all studded with precious stones.

"Another significant fact concerning the architecture of the homes, is that they opened to the East. They were all sun worshippers, and they wanted the sun to come in early in the morning. All the doors of this beautiful temple thrown open on a glorious morning and the sun shining in upon the walls covered with silver and gold and precious jewels made a dazzling spectacle.

"The representation of the sun was put right in front of the portal so that it would catch the first rays of the sun.

"Gold, in the figurative language of the people, was tears crystallized by the sun.

"Joining this large temple there are a great many other smaller temples, not perhaps so beautifully outlined with precious stones, but each one having its idol or deity much after the same shape as the one in the larger temple, but of course not so magnificent. That they had great religious ceremonies is borne out by the existence of the plate and ornaments and utensils of every description which must have been appropriated to the uses of religion. These were all gold and silver.

"Even the agricultural implements used by the Incas for the gardens of the temples were made of silver and gold.

"Nothing in ancient Peru is so remarkable as the public roads. No one people ever left traces of works more astonishing than these, so vast was their extent and so great the skill and labor required to construct them. One of these roads lies from Ecuador to Chile, and the remains are still to be seen. They are built over wonderful heights. The width varies from twenty to thirty feet. In many cases macadamizing or pulverized cement seem to have been used. It cannot be discovered what bituminous article they had for holding it together. On each side of this road was a wall in some cases more than a fathom in thickness. These roads stopped at nothing. They went over marshes, sometimes tunneling under a river, went over chasms, through rocky precipices and mountain sides, so that it is calculated that it must have taken hundreds of years and hundreds of thousands of workmen to have accomplished anything like it.

"It is calculated that the builders of the Pacific railway might reasonably have shrunk from the difficulties of such an enormous work as the road building of this land of the Incas. I have heard engineers wonder how in the world these people did it, because there existed none of the mechanical appliances which you have today for lifting immense weights. One thing is true beyond a doubt, that these people knew the power of hydraulics.

"The ancient Peruvians, it is said, had two ways of expressing themselves, one evidently older than the other, hieroglyphics, colored strings, beads, etc. The reading of these latter was not given to every one, only to the teachers. That is one reason why the secret died out at the time of the conquerors.

"Their knowledge of astronomy was far more limited than the knowledge the Aztecs in Mexico possessed.

"They certainly had a year twelve months in length. By means of cards they could closely calculate. They watched the shadows of the sun as they would fall at different times of the year between the mountain passes. Even today out there you never can fool an Indian as to the time of day it is. He will tell you within five minutes. He always has some land mark where the sun falls.

"Worthy of note is the fact that musical instruments and beautifully preserved porphyry work are adorned with crosses, but that does not indicate that their religion had anything to do with the Christian religion.

"These people of Peru claimed for their rulers divine origin. A close observation, however, into the religious side brings to light some of those beautiful mystical ideas which we find embodied in the Aztec religion.

ions. The fundamental of their religion was a member existing in the royal family whose word was law. The sun was divine law. There was also a belief in a power that commanded the sun. Through this vast empire there existed a profound faith in the immortality of the soul, that after this life the spirit went to lands where they would find their place according to what they had earned on earth. The unworthy were prepared through suffering to receive the benefit of a future life. They also believed that after a certain time these souls would return again to their physical bodies, enjoying earthly life, taking it up exactly where they left it off.

This, no doubt, is the reason they took such pains to embalm the bodies, thinking when the spirits came back they would find their bodies again. The embalming of the Peruvian mummies is far superior to any Egyptian mummies.

"They also believed in a bad spirit or devil. There also existed sepiets. Some maintained that the sun could not be alive, for if he were he would sometimes get tired of going around day after day, and those who wanted to lift sepietism would say, when the sun had an eclipse, 'Old sun is having a rest.'

"We are told that the religious of the Peruvian empire, like those of all the other ancient cities, are surrounded in mystery. There are many legends, but the one most quoted by the Incas today is that the sun sent down two of his children and presented them with a golden arrow telling them to keep on wandering until the wand they held in their hand bent, and there they were to found a city, which they did. These two children of the sun founded the first city and taught the people. You see they found people on the earth.

"They very soon established a social union among the different tribes and taught them agriculture, weaving, mining, etc. They instituted marriage and marriage relations. It is well known that these Incas, as they got into other provinces, conquered the people rather by love than by war, allowing them to have very much their own way for a while, and little by little amalgamating them and bringing them into their own provinces.

"Only in two places in the chronicles is there mention made at all of human sacrifices, and most of the later writers throw out the idea that it is impossible they could have had human sacrifices, but that they did sacrifice immense quantities of animals at one time. In one of the chronicles you read that as many as three hundred thousand sheep, llamas, etc., were sacrificed at one time. This goes to show that these people must have numbered hundreds of thousands of millions of people.

"There were a great many religious ceremonies, but one very curious one is that at certain times of the year they pulled out all of their eye-brows and threw them with incantations to the four winds of heaven.

"At certain seasons of the year the ruler would travel extensively through the empire. Certain young men were always the ones selected to carry him around. This was generally at harvest time. He brought joy and contentment wherever he went, wherever the Inca halted was ever after sacred to the people. That accounts for the beautiful monuments here and there, no doubt where the Inca halted.

"Among the dialects of South America the Quichua is considered one of the most beautiful. It was this language that the Incas established in their dominions. For this purpose, as soon as provinces were brought in, teachers were sent around to teach the language. They understood perfectly well that it was absolutely necessary to do this in order to get people to come into the provinces and afterwards to put them into any position of trust.

"Beyond a doubt these people had a literature, and strange but true it is that in all Indian dialects vestiges of poetry are found. It is worthy of note that the most ancient poetic productions belong to the American nations. Of the poetry of Peru only fragments have been preserved. Some have already been translated into the Spanish. Those I have read are full of tender pathos and love, showing that the character of these people was not devoid of beauty and gentleness. Their best efforts seem to have been in praise of the deity, although we have some beautiful lyrics worthy of note. These people, while they were sun worshippers, also had a full belief in an ever ruling power, and were also called deists.

"I have here some of their prayers to the creator:

PRAYERS

To the Creator.

O Creator! O conquering (Creator) Uirachochi! Ever present (Creator) Uirachochi! Thou who art without equal unto the ends of the earth! Thou who givest life and strength to mankind, saying, let this be man and let this be woman, and as thou sayest, so thou givest life, and vouchsafest that man shall live in health and peace and free from danger.—Thou who dwellest in the heights of heaven, in the chamber and in the moon clouds, hear us! and grant us eternal life.

(Continued on page 4.)

"AUTUMN."

BY R. D. FRANK.

The autumn leaves are falling
And the summer days are gone,
And the year is swiftly passing
Into the great beyond.
Oh, how we miss the summer,
Though it never can be recalled;
And the birds are flying overhead
Ere the snow begins to fall.

The artist hand of nature
Has painted all the leaves,
And the woods are looking picturesque
In the gentle morning breeze.
But Mother Earth will soon be robbed
Of her carpet bright and green,
Then all the world looks bleak and bare,
As far as can be seen.

How sad and dreary seems the world,
When all the birds have flown
To their home so warm and sunny,
As they leave us here to mourn.
But naught can stay Old Father Time,
For he must have his say.
But soon the spring will come again
And song birds sing their lay.

The harvest moon is shining
On fields of golden grain,
And the farmer soon will gather
To protect him from the rain.
The apples last are ripe,
And Autumn's radiant sun,
And the chestnut buds are falling,
Where squirrels have their fun.

Keece, N. H.

Man's Aural Self.

BY CHAS. DAWBARN.

CHAPTER XI.

Human Immortality.

The writer has been spending his customary hour, sitting in the evening silence in the quietude of his own chamber. Throughout his physical form all is harmony. Not an echo reaches brain from any organ demanding attention. The outer world is making no sign, and he realizes that vibrations from his inner centre are proclaiming that his manhood far outreaches mortal form. At such an hour, and amid such conditions, Ego pulsates thoughts from his inner life that seek interpretation from Homo as they fall gently on his mortal form, and the training from his childhood never taught him their meaning, so this voice from the silence must find slow interpretation from repeated experiences and mutual contact.

Nothing consciously moves upon the surface, yet intelligence is in activity, pulsating from centre to centre, and training from the inner life. Much of it is, alas! but echo from an unlearned speech; yet ever and anon the rhythm is translatable into thought of earth life. Thus the writer realizes that, for the hour, he is in contact with his inner self, and realizing his own immortality. Not the immortality of mortal form, as vainly sought by beguiled children of earth, but the immortality of Ego, whose destruction would mean that Cosmos was dissolving into nothingness. So there is energy, infinitely tremulous, impressing itself at this hour upon mor-

tal centre. That silence in mortal form should permit a voice from the inner centre is a revelation of deep import to humanity. It tells a tale, and asserts a truth that man has been long seeking in other channels. Homo has never believed that his passing form was the whole of him. But ignorant of his own inner centre, its voice occasionally breaking upon a sensitive ear, has been called God, or at least has been attributed to divine inspiration. He has been told that he must accept human immortality because God has said so in divine revelation. And upon his faith has grown a complex system of theology, welded by priestcraft, which has shaped society to its ends.

Scepticism at last undermined much of the old faith, and threatened a retreat to a materialism in the seasons of life of mortal manhood, and a denial of a future. Ere the battle was won there appeared the cloudy and confused returns of spirit Homo, called Modern Spiritualism, with just enough of light to demonstrate that Homo was still alive; but with that ray of light came a dark shadow of contradiction, limitation and self-deceptions that for the most part destroyed its value to humanity.

Man lived; but where and how? Answers to the right; answers to the left; answers from above; answers from below; amidst terrible confusion and contradiction by one spirit of the most solemn teachings of another.

Science demands the repetition of phenomena in another laboratory, and with different instruments. Applying this universal rule we call upon the returning spirit to tell his tale through another instrument, and to a different audience. That is, we often find a general contradiction of his previous teachings. The celebrated guides of the late Stainton Moses, after satisfactory identification through the renowned Mrs. Piper, are preaching entirely new doctrines from old texts. Once again the existence of the inner manhood, pertaining to every mortal Homo, must be the key to the mystery. Let us learn the lesson.

Homo the mortal represents but one centre of every rounded manhood. Ego may be the presiding intelligence in Homo's brain, but away yonder, out in the aura, is a grander centre, where Ego reigns with powers hitherto unknown to mortal man. Still Ego is but a single unit, whose powers must blend with those of other units ere creative energy can be developed. But Egos come, and Egos go. They gather their experience and depart, as the physiologist has long proved to the student of mortal form. That means that Homo is only a blended nation of units. All his experiences are national, or we may say personal, but never individual. His memories are all civic; and his actions are for or against the united body, and not to the individual citizen. As a nation Homo holds other units very different conditions. He cannot do otherwise, for the Ego unit eludes him every time. It is London warring against Paris; or Berlin with New York. As centres they rise and fall; as individuals their units simply scatter. Such is mortal manhood. That of the aura must be precisely the same, but amidst very different conditions. For the aura is but a continued blending of the units that were in mortal form, each with its own independent energy, substance and intelligence. The units will come and go, precisely as with lesser Ego. It is an aural Homo, whose presiding Ego of today may be seeking experiences elsewhere in Cosmos tomorrow.

It is hard to realize that the only affections and experiences man can realize, at least in

earth life, are those of form. It is form that we love, and with whom we hold our dearest associations. The memories of form are necessarily civic or national, and not individual. Ego, whose stay was probably, at most, but a few months or years. Therefore it does not follow that, because Homo has an aural existence, the same Ego shall be director at each centre at the same time. That aural manifestation of intelligence and energy is as much a complete personality as the mortal form. Its intelligence and energy working together in substance evolve mind. Whether it has a brain, or, like forms in lower and higher life, knows without reason, we may not discover in earth life. But when we proceed to make closer comparison we observe that mortal form, with all its energies, disintegrates. It dissolves; disappears. As a nationality it is gone. A question then demands prompt answer. Who has its records which we call its memories?

We have discovered that Nature does not keep cumbersome folios in form that sooner or later will be deserted by feeling units. Every sensation is itself a record of intelligence, and is upon substance by energy, which produces certain vibrations. That is the record—the only record. Repeat the vibration and you have the memory, apparently through eternity. If the nationality were limited to mortal form that would practically be the philosophy of its fate. Experience, however, is not to be taken into account.

Aura is receiving impressions from mortal mind at every instant. We see a stranger to whom we have never been introduced. We have never even taken him by the hand, yet his aura, coming in contact with ours, tells the tale of his form life. He is a mortal, and he is a unit, and he is a mortal. We like and dislike, trust and distrust, without any personal visible contact. We all know that some mortal forms are so sensitive that their personality can reach out into facts, and even names, supposed to be hidden in the most sacred privacy of human life. We certainly speak without proof that mortal brain is expressing Homo's daily experience out into aura, at least so far as aura can repeat and record its vibrations.

It has never occurred to science to ask the whither of the outpassing unit. That it leaves the mortal form of Homo is the tale of physiology. But where does it go? We see now that it travels inward into the invisible aura. It is real as ever, but vibrating amid conditions impossible to normal sense. And each of the arriving units will bring his own experience, and not that of his fellows. Repeat the vibrations and under unit may tell you of heart life. Another and another can echo experiences of various organs within the mortal form. Others, infused with greater intelligence, are bearers of despatches from mortal brain centre inward. They have recorded much of national experience as well as that of their own, repeated such was the province of brain. At the inner centre units blend once again into a brain, or its equivalent, capable of directing the energies and intelligence of the aural form.

Aura thus represents the mortal man and something more. Its present individual experiences with other aural forms are necessarily as real as those of Homo mortal with his brother man.

Now we want to mark a distinction in order that we may comprehend a difference. Ego unit is an individual, immortal and eternal in his own right. When unit blends with unit we call the resulting form a personality. This personality is a very different conception from that of individuality, which, we contend, is an attribute of the unit, and

not of the form. We know that mortal form is a personality that cannot last longer than its units work harmoniously together. Exactly the same law must apply to aura. It is form, although it is not in shape of mortal experience mortal life, and are now passing inward to work under supervision of Ego's grander centre. Somewhat of mortal memories are thus carried to and recorded in the inner life, but they are of little moment, like the records of childhood to the developed man. That aura exists after mortal form disappears has gained scientific recognition, under the name of spirit return. Homo in his mortal form disappears. In his own aura he remains as a demonstrated fact. One centre disappears, the other remains. The further outreaching of Homo into new and yet more interior centres we leave for future examination. But we find ourselves asking what has become of the experiences of Homo the mortal after he has lost his form? How far is it possible for aural Homo as a nationality to make connection with nationalities still in mortal life?

We here perceive that any such intercourse will still be that of one nation with another, even though one shall be intangible to its fellow. The advanced thinker has been accustomed to realize in the light of spirit experiences that Spirit George Washington and mortal Queen Victoria might possibly make connection. But his thought has been that of the immortal president and the mortal queen as two eternal Egos living amidst different and still physical conditions. When he once realizes that Ego of today, in any form, may have gone tomorrow, he has a different problem facing him.

Suppose England were suddenly submerged and disappear as a factor in mortal life. Could the United States still find means to exchange the old greetings, and recall the old memories, without awakening to life any of the old statesmen who had played the part of citizens deeply interested in their country's welfare? Herein we have a phase of spirit return exactly parallel to that of Homo spirit striving to open communication with Homo mortal. We must force ourselves to realize that spirit return is always a greeting from one nationality to another, and never from Ego to Ego. Ego will be mouthpiece in either case for a passing hour, but his tale of unit life and experience remain perforce untold. It is the experiences of form he is seeking, and therefore the experiences of form are all he brings, whether it be that of the mortal or that of the spirit. It will thus be seen that our present task demands a careful analysis of aura than we have yet attempted.

(To be continued.)

Mass Meeting.

The Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists held a mass meeting in Lynn, on Tuesday, Nov. 3, in conjunction with the Camp Progress Home Mission Science Society of that city.

After partaking of a generous dinner, the meeting was called to order by President Fuller at 2:30 p. m., who welcomed the friends in behalf of the State Association and hoped the meeting would be of profit to all. Mr. E. Warren and Charles L. C. Hatch then favored the company with some fine instrumental music.

Mrs. Carrie F. Loring was the first speaker, saying in part that she was glad to be in

Lynn and to learn that the new society was a humanitarian one. "We have reached that point where we are not satisfied with what has been done, and are reaching out for aid the needy and give them the comforts of this life, before we can expect to touch their inner consciousness, and lift their struggling souls to a better, sweeter life. This life is worth the living, if we only strive to make it so. Let us try to present our religion in such a way that we will attract the thinking people."

Mr. E. W. Hatch then sang, "When I Think of You," with Mrs. Crawford officiating at piano. Mr. C. L. Hatch, violin obligato. He received an encore and responded with his own composition, "When I Say Good-bye," which was received with hearty applause.

Mrs. Hattie C. Mason said in brief: "I am glad to be here as a member of the Massachusetts State Association, and I am willing to do my share of the work, no matter how little that may be. I wish the world would appreciate the sentiment of our friends, and realize that we should sing of our glorious homes here as well as hereafter. How I groan in spirit when at some of our meetings we hear Spiritualists singing 'Jesus Paid It All.' 'All to Him I Owe,' when we are trying to teach that we have to pay for our own salvation. Let us be consistent. The time has come when we must earnestly and faithfully strive to spread the truth abroad in our land."

Mr. C. L. C. then played very acceptably a cornet solo. Mrs. Hannah Baker of Danvers was the next speaker. She said: "I feel there is a greater work for the Spiritualists to do than for the past few years, and it is time there should be an awakening. It is not enough to say we are Spiritualists; we must work! We are not doing our duty, for we have left things undone that we should have done. We should have institutions of learning, and I know of our worn-out work. How can we get these things? By banding together and working with a will; we should leave all personalities outside the hall, and work for principle."

Mrs. C. Fannie Allen then said: "I do not have to say I am glad to be here, for those who know me know I would not be here if I were not glad. I believe thoroughly in organization. It is typical of all nature. Organization is necessary to all life. I am glad to hear our speakers at the present time talk of practicalizing the work. I have talked this for many years, and was called a crank."

Mrs. Allen also spoke in regard to music, and said: "If we are Spiritualists, let us sing spiritual songs; if we are not, let us go back into the church and sing 'Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.' The time has come when we must realize we were not born to fight, but to work; Spiritualism cannot be injured by people outside of our ranks. If it is not killed by its friends, it will live forever. I am a believer in Massachusetts. I believe it has better advantages in all its branches of educational, political and social work than any other State, and Spiritualists of Massachusetts should have the banner organization. Organizations are the avenue to do good; no day is too holy to do right; every day is too holy to do wrong."

Mrs. N. S. Noyes of Roxbury spoke briefly, saying she was not familiar with the work of the State or National Associations, but she believed in working for humanity at all times. Mrs. Lizzy Shockley then gave some very fine tests which were appreciated by all. Mrs. Kate M. Stiles then said in part: "I do not oppose organizations. I am in close

contact, else I, really, could not think of going myself at this season of the year."

"Do you think of selling the mines?" questioned the old gentleman.

"If possible. That is what takes me there now. I am informed, by my superintendent, that an English syndicate wishes to purchase them, and that my presence there is absolutely imperative."

Mrs. Morton's eyes sparkled.

"How much has the syndicate offered for them?" she asked.

"Three millions; but I will not take less than five. If I were willing to sell them for three, I could remain where I am and my superintendent would transact all the business for me; but I think that two millions are worth looking after. The mines are valued at five millions, and I mean to have what they are worth."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LAW GOVERNING TRUE MARRIAGE.

Mrs. Morton arched her head and looked with haughty eyes upon the assembled company, then they rested upon the beautiful Isabel, her daughter, who would be the mistress of all this wealth—no, she herself would be the mistress of the wealth, but Isabel would be the means through which it would be acquired.

Mrs. Morton's heart beat high, but Isabel appeared cold and impassive. Her ideal world did not circle around Marcus Chesterfield and he could only think of women as panderers to his love of vice, his selfishness; women who would flatter his vanity and give themselves up as slaves to his will, to be cast aside whenever he should tire of them, as one casts aside a toy and he would cast them aside with as little compunction.

But what kind of an ideal world was it which surrounded Isabel? Ah! it was a pure and beautiful world. Isabel's world was like a garden in spring, wherein the most beautiful flowers were budding, violets being in full bloom, together with a few other early, sweet, modest flowers. She did not yet comprehend herself, but her nature turned, involuntarily, toward all that was sweet, pure, beautiful and holy.

Thus far, of course, her young life had been entirely subject to her mother. She had been a sweet and dutiful daughter, but time and heavenly sunlight, would eventually burst the garden of her soul into beautiful and fragrant bloom, and she was not one to allow any noxious weed to grow or thrive within it. She was no more fitted to become the mate of Marcus Chesterfield than a sweet rose-bud to mate with an ill odored, poisonous weed, whose poison would enter its heart and destroy it. Her virgin soul had never yet been touched by love, still, within the souls of all maidens there is mirrored a faint outline of the other self—the other half to which it must be united in order to complete the one perfect whole.

I am well aware that some of our would-be-wise men and women take exception to the idea that one half must find the other real half of itself before they are really and truly a perfect whole. They cry out, "free love" and all sorts of bad names; but, did that ever change an eternal truth? Would these wise ones think it better that this beautiful girl should be united to this reckless, selfish, dissipated young man, whose presence was repulsive to her—whose nature could not meet hers at any point without discord and recoil?

(To be continued.)

"It is to the new life, the new vitality that it causes to the pulse of humanity that we look for the moral force of a creed, and not to what new truths it teaches, for truth cannot be new. It is unchangeable as the very essence of things."

MARK CHESTER.

BY CARLYLE PETERSHLEA.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

Great preparations were going on at the Morton house, for the entertainment of Marcus Chesterfield and his friends. Mrs. Morton desired to show the young millionaire that she was well qualified to superintend the establishment, even of a prince, if necessary; and when the dinner hour arrived, the Morton house was as brilliant as a house of that size could possibly be. Every gas jet throughout the establishment was ablaze; every piece of silver owned by that lady was polished to the last degree of brightness. The oldest and daintiest china was brought forth from the recesses of innumerable cupboards. The dinner should consist of ten courses, at least, and more if necessary. The small markets of the town were searched for the tenderest and choicest of meats. Fruits of all kinds were sought. Fish and game of the most expensive kinds were purchased. A hamper of claret was ordered and a dozen of champagne. The ice cream freezer was brought into requisition, and Mrs. Morton was obliged to send to the hotel for dainties unobtainable in the town at the markets. Mrs. Morton was a lady of refined tastes and by the time Marcus and his friends arrived, the house looked like the dwelling of gods or fairies—Isabel, sweet Isabel, charming, dainty Isabel.

How proud the mother was of her beautiful darling, dressed in the palest of blue silk, heavily trimmed with the finest and costliest of lace, her fluffy hair drawn to the top of her head where it rested like a crown, with numerous curling tendrils escaping everywhere. She wore no jewelry except the sparkling diamond ring that Marcus had given her as a pledge that next New Year's eve she would be his bride. A large bunch of sweet violets rested on her bosom and a few drooped from the golden tendrils of her hair. Her eyes and the violets were of the same color, the delicate lace covered her neck and arms, for she was too modest to allow them to remain uncovered.

The guests had not yet arrived and she sat at the piano playing a plaintive air, wherein the murmur of the sea could be heard; and, listening, one could imagine the broad, calm Pacific, with the waves beating on the pulsating undertone of its melody—the broad Pacific, so calm and yet so restless—so boundless and irresistible—so vast and deep—so strong and mighty and yet all broken into little flirts and sniffs, like the girl herself.

Mrs. Morton bustled about, looking after the servants as they put the finishing touches to the table. When all was done she entered the small parlor where Isabel was seated at the piano. Mrs. Morton wore a dress of garnet silk, heavily trimmed with black lace. Truly, she was superb—not over forty years of age, with a full, matronly figure. Her shining dark brown hair was dressed similar to that of her daughter's; her large, brown eyes flashed with gratified pride, and she carried herself with haughty grace; but, unlike her daughter, she was bedecked with jewels—jewels that she had kept through all her struggling life—since her father and husband had given them to her in her youth. Diamonds glistened in her hair, on her arms, neck and bosom; and she wore a number of valuable rings on her plump fingers. She did not cover her arms and neck as her daughter did, but allowed them to remain bare, that their plump whiteness might be made more manifest by the rich garnet and black of her dress.

CHAPTER XXII.

BANQUETING AT THE MORTON HOUSE.

The door opened and the servant announced—"Mr. Marcus Chesterfield, Mr. Albert Alstain, Mr. Joseph MacMerry."

We must here pause to state that the Mac was left off from his name; but when his name was announced, or he had occasion to write or sign his name, it was then given in full.

When polite greetings were over and the gentlemen had an opportunity to look about them a little, they were charmed.

Alstain thought Mrs. Morton the handsomest woman he had ever met in his life, and vowed to himself that he would lay siege to her heart. Merry looked at Isabel somewhat as one might look at an angel. He was awestricken in her presence, for she was surrounded by a subtle aura that no man might enter whose aura was not correspondingly pure—all others and, thus far, all men were kept at a distance outside this invisible aura—invisible to the eye, but keenly felt by a sense which as yet these impure men did not understand. Perhaps, my readers, you may understand it better. It is now called the sixth sense.

Three other persons, boarders in the house, now entered the room—the old gentleman before mentioned, and two ladies; one, tall, lank and elderly; the other, her niece, a very diminutive young lady, so small, indeed, that she made one think of a large doll, and her beauty was precisely like that of a doll. Her motions were stiff, like those of a doll, and yet, like that image, she seemed to be loose in all her joints. Her flaxen hair buffed out all around her head, being simply confined by a small band of pearls. Her eyes were large, of a light blue color, and she had a trick of moving them about precisely as a doll's are moved about—mechanically. Her pink and white complexion glistened, and her face was as expressionless as that of a sphinx. She wore a shining pink silk, cut low in the neck, with short sleeves; a string of pearl beads encircled her neck, and a long, white mantle, of cashmere, streamed out behind her when she walked, partly filling with air like the half of an inflated balloon.

Her aunt was dressed in a black silk and was a gentle relic of fifty years ago.

They were announced as Miss Irene Black and her niece, Miss Mabel Vaughn.

The before-mentioned old gentleman gave his arm to Miss Vaughn. Mr. Alstain gave his to Mrs. Morton. Merry bowed to Isabel, and she just rested the tips of her fingers on his coat-sleeve; while her affianced, Marcus, was left to take Miss Black; and soon they were all seated about the festive board. All well understood that this dinner was given in honor of the betrothal of Isabel Morton and Marcus Chesterfield, the millionaire; and, consequently, it was very proper that it should be a grand affair. No one understood this better than Marcus himself; and yet, as we know, he had placed another betrothal ring, exactly like the one which was on Isabel Morton's finger, on the finger of Jane Erie, only last night.

Do you, my reader, say that he was forced, or inveigled into this act by the wily Jane?

In a measure he was; but one wrong act leads directly to another. If he had been firm and true to his first vows, he would not have met, or walked, or made passionate proposals to Miss Erie. She simply took advantage of his weak, wavering nature, to bind him to herself.

Mrs. Morton desired that he should become the husband of the fair Isabel, simply because he was rich, and not for any virtues which he might possess. Jane Erie desired him for a husband, for the same reason.

Dinner went on merrily, and Alstain's eyes glistened over Mrs. Morton's voluptuous beauty. The old gentleman had already fallen in love with the wax doll, while Merry cast timid glances at Isabel; but, to be on familiar terms with her, he fancied, would be impossible—as impossible as to come in close contact with heaven and its angels while encumbered with the flesh.

Isabel, occasionally, glanced at her betrothed, sitting there so glum by the side of the black, stiff, nearly silent figure of Miss Black. She seemed to rise up grim by his side, like an ominous, threatening shadow. His face was sallow and pale. Dark circles were beneath his eyes. His hair glistened damp and thick above his pale forehead. His hand trembled slightly. His eyes glittered glassily, for late hours and dissipation were making havoc with his nerves. Every time Isabel glanced at him she was obliged to suppress an involuntary sigh. Her pure, healthy nature recoiled like a sensitive plant from contact with him, or, even, the sight of him.

Each one at the table looked at him through spectacles belonging exclusively to themselves.

Mrs. Morton thought he looked extremely genteel and distinguished and that his manners were those of a perfect gentleman. Those marks of weakness and dissipation, simply meant to her the difference between gentility and vulgarity, or in other words, a rich man and one who was in poverty or obliged to work for his living; and Mrs. Morton's opinions do not stand alone in this world of ours.

Isabel, in her youth and inexperience, did not know that Marcus was weak and dissipated; but not fully comprehending this with her mind, the sixth sense, which some call intuition, was more active on that account, and she, without reasoning it out, intuitively knew all this, or in other words, felt it.

I would like here to call the reader's attention to one fact. This sensitive aura, which surrounds most people, is a sure safeguard, if they will but listen to its warning voice; it is more truthful than the eyes, the ears, the taste or the smell, or actual contact, which is called feeling. This aura really does feel, and communicates its discoveries to the sensorium more readily than the sight or hearing, smell or touch; it is fine, subtle, spiritual, and it is utterly impossible to deceive it.

The doll looked at Marcus with round, innocent eyes, and secretly hoped that young Merry was worth a million and would love her passionately forever.

Alstain looked at Marcus as lawful prey that he expected to fleece, to the fullest extent, of all he was worth, if he could possibly do it; and he would cudgel his brains, day and night, to discover how he might accomplish it.

Young Merry looked at Marcus as a jolly, generous, hale fellow, well met, who was rich and could do as he pleased with his money, and he meant to enjoy it with him as long as he could.

The old man thought him a gay Lothario, and sighed to think himself old and consequently not able to do likewise.

Miss Black thought all ways but one led down to destruction, hell, and the devil, and that one way led straight through the doors of the good old orthodox church. She had not yet learned whether the young millionaire belonged to the accepted church or not, consequently felt a little uncertain about him.

"So you intend to start for the mines tomorrow," said the old gentleman, addressing himself to young Chesterfield.

"Yes, we leave here tomorrow morning for the mines. I wish it were possible for the ladies to go with us, but the country is exceedingly rough and mountainous, and ladies would find it very tedious, besides it is cold there—the snow is quite deep. There is a small town, situated very near the mines, which contains a comfortable

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✶Mrs. J. W. Stackpole of Boston has recovered from her severe illness of many months and is again able to practice her mediumship. See card in another column.

press, and again it was delayed one day on account of the death of the writer's father.

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 telegraphically 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.

Report of Seances held Oct. 24, 1901, S. E. 24.

Invocation.

Oh Infinite Spirit of Love and Wisdom we reach out this morning into the brighter, purer and more perfect life. We would that our eyes might be opened to see more of the beauty and more of the perfection of this life. We would that our ears might become attuned to every strain of melody and harmony, that our hearts might be opened for the indwelling of Thy love and charity and that our lives might become so sufficient, so perfect, by the indwelling of these forces that all the world should be made better for our living. Help us to feel our oneness with all souls everywhere, whether they suffer or sorrow or sin, whether they be glorified, sanctified, or made wholly pure, may we feel that we are one with them and with God, and being one with them in whatever condition of life and bereavement, that every act of ours is important, every word we say is of use, every thought we think is entered somewhere and somehow. Help us to make our daily lives so pure, so true, that these dear spirits who are looking out to us for guidance may be guided and strengthened. Bless us in our special mission this morning, which is to tear away the cloud of doubt, unhappiness, and unrest, and let the sunshine of knowledge pour into the lives of mortals everywhere. May the dear ones who would speak to their own speak plainly and definitely and may their own listen, hear them and respond. Amen.

MESSAGES.

William Harvey, Swampscott, Mass.

The first spirit who comes to me this morning is a man about thirty years of age. He is tall, light complexioned, with blue eyes, and has a very pleasant, nice way. He walks over with a little gratified air as though he had just been trying to get here so long that now he had come he was going to fill his soul up with gratification and going to take all the time he wants to express everything he wants to. He laughs when I say that, and he says, "Well, I won't use up all the time that is given to the circle, but I would like to say a few things to some people who are very dear to me. My name is William Harvey and I used to live in Swampscott, Mass. I am very anxious to get to Mary Harvey and I want her to know that I have been with her almost constantly since I came over to the spirit land. I was there last week when she was having a discussion with those people, and I didn't quite like what they said to her, but after all, I don't know that it makes much difference as long as she takes the stand she did then and which I am sure she will always. I want her to know, too, that I have been trying to help her in the settlement of her affairs. It seemed that everything was just about as crisis-cross as it possibly could be, but I know it is coming straight and I know she will be glad when I tell her that my father is helping me and that he will do everything he can to bring the conditions on that side of the family into better relations than they are today."

Andrew Little, Jersey City.

This is a young man about eighteen years old. He is tall and slim and seems as though he ought to have stayed in life a long time. There doesn't seem to be anything the matter with him and he snaps his fingers and says: "There wasn't anything the matter with me. I went out as quick as a flash. It was by accident I was killed. It was so strange to be walking along and to know nothing except all at once that I was unable to make the people about me understand what I was saying. I somehow didn't see my own body. I guess there wasn't anything left of it for anybody to see very much of it, but I found after a while some people over here who knew me and they said, 'Why, Andy, how did it happen?' It seemed that everybody was anxious to find out how it all happened and to save my life I couldn't tell. I only know that I was struck and that is all there was about it. I didn't even know it at the time, but I know that it must have been that way. My name is Andrew Little and I lived in Jersey City, and if you want to know more about me you can find out, because I can't talk about myself very much. I do want to say, though, that to my friends, and especially to Sadie, I want to send my love. Perhaps it was harder for Sadie than for anybody else, and she was unable to have any comfort as the rest were, but I have put my arms about her many a time and have tried to soothe her and comfort her, and if I could get to her this moment, the first thing I would do would be to just take her face in my hands and say to her, 'Sadie, you are just as dear to me today as you were the day I left you so suddenly. Don't cry, dear. Don't despair, but just know that I am near and will help.'"

Sadie Douglass, Jamestown, N. Y.
Here is a woman about forty-five or fifty years old. She is short and rather stout and

of very dark complexion. Her hair is combed quite plainly and she has a brisk, busy little way, and as she comes she says: "Please don't keep me waiting long, for I am afraid that I shall use my strength and can't say all that I want to. My name is Sadie Douglass, and I want to get to Henrietta, and Henrietta is in such need that it seems to me I must make haste to her. I have just left her today and have come here for this express purpose, thinking that if I could get your understanding of the case I could carry balm to her. She isn't ill herself, but there is someone very dear to her who is and I want that one helped. I belonged in Jamestown, N. Y., and I want her to feel that while there is danger, at the same time we won't let the worst come. I don't know as this will get to her in season to give her the comfort that I want it to, because it will be so long before it appears, but at the same time perhaps my coming here and giving the thought and expressing myself may help to bring the conditions the way I want them. I am not alone. I have Mamie with me, and she is so anxious to help, and after this is over and this condition is a little bit better, I am sure there will be many things that we can do and much that we can say that will give courage and strength to all those who are left. I thank you so much and I shall hurry away feeling that I have gained strength from this circle of influence to carry out the dearest wish of my heart to speak to these dear to me."

Frank Morse, Quincy, Mass.

This spirit is that of a man about forty or perhaps forty-three or four years of age. He is of medium height, has dark blue eyes, and dark hair and comes with an air of being half afraid and half conscious, and hardly knowing whether through it all he will be able to say what he wants to. The first thing he says to me is: "I am a Quincy man and my name is Frank Morse, and I am interested in earth conditions just as much as I was before I came over here. I hear a good deal of talk about getting into higher conditions and growing out of my earthly relationship, but somehow I cling to the old conditions and the old people who are in the body. I want so much to send a word to Fannie and I also want to send one to Charlie. I want Charlie to know that I am not distressed over what has been done, and I want him to have the feeling that I am conscious of it and yet pleased, anyway not dissatisfied. I remember before I came over to this life I suffered so much with headaches it seemed for a long time that I couldn't stand it, and at last the time came when I just dropped out of the body, and oh I was glad and yet so anxious to speak again to my people! I have my own little bit over here and he is quite a comfort, but still we both feel that we will be happier after we have sent some message home. Thank you."

James Gleason, Oakland, Cal.

There is an old gentleman comes to me now, about medium height, rather full and stockily built. He has heavy hair and a heavy beard, but they are iron gray. They make him look as if through the last years of his earth-life he was more like a spirit than he was like a man. He says: "Bless you all, I come with a blessing to express to you how much I feel for this little circle. How often I have felt that I would come into the midst of it and send my word back to my people who live in Oakland, Cal. Spirit land is so beautiful! I used to say when I was alive that I didn't believe it could be any more beautiful than California, and yet I find that it isn't the place, but the condition we are in that makes it beautiful, and I am so free and feel so much the influence of the higher spiritual power, that I am in more beautiful conditions than ever before. But this I make to you as a confession that I have felt these same conditions often in the midst of suffering in earth-life when the spirit has come close to me and has helped me to help someone else, for I would have you know that I was a doctor and helped many of the people who were suffering. The guides helped me very much more than I was aware of. Sometimes I felt that it was my own power augmented by others, but now I see that many times I was nothing but a vessel into which they poured their spiritual power and made the people better through that. My name is James Gleason and that will be sufficient."

Ned Eaton, Omaha, Neb.

There is a man comes to me now and the first thing he says is "Ned, yes, Ned," and then in a minute he says "Ned Eaton. I come back and stand here in the midst of this circle to send a word to my friends. I want this word to go to Nellie and I want to say that I lived in Omaha, Neb. I was a clerk in a store, quite a big store, too, and worked every day, worked as hard as I could, obliged to please everybody, didn't see any way to get ahead, looked to me as though life was a life of slavery. I went in at a certain hour and out at a certain hour, and had so many minutes to eat and so many hours to sleep, and that was all there was to it. I got discouraged, couldn't get ahead with my many affairs, and after things piled up about me, I lost my hold in my family, lost my head, and I came over here through my own hand. You may be shocked when I say it to you, it may seem to you a dreadful thing to do, but I thought I had a right to take the chance and that if I was not happy where I was I might as well see what the next world had for me. But I tell you what it is, I'm mighty sorry I did it, I haven't had any peace of mind since I came because I felt all the time I had added to the burdens of those who are really dear to me. I can't seem to straighten myself out. Everywhere I go I see that old store and the old debts and the old responsibilities hanging over me. People talk to me. They tell me that I can get out of it, that I can go away from it, but somehow I don't seem to do it, and now I come here to see if this will do any good. God knows I want to do my duty now, whatever duties I shirked, whatever I did in order to relieve myself of a present pain, I have come to a place where I want to get the

light. Perhaps some of you people can help me. Perhaps you can send me a thought now and then that will be an uplift to me and I can get into better conditions, but this I want to say to those I left behind—I wasn't insane, there wasn't any particular reason for my doing it, only that I got discouraged, unhappy, and it would have been a good deal better for me if I had taken things as they were and gone ahead bravely and gotten out of things as fast as I could. When once I got into that discouraged condition, I felt there was no way to get out of it, but if I had known what I do now I would have asked some of those who are braver to stand by me and help me. Already I feel better, so that, perhaps, after making this confession and sending my love to my own, I may be able to start life anew, fair and square in the spirit land. Thank you."

Lucy A. Jarvis, Jersey City, N. J.

Here comes a beautiful woman. She comes right after that man and the first thing she says is: "Poor boy, I shall follow him when I get through with my message and see if there isn't some way that I can take him where he can understand himself. His very reaching after the light is the need that will bring him into the consciousness of his own power and strength. I have been a long time in the spirit land and have studied a great deal the conditions that come into both sides of life. I was not a Spiritualist when I came over here, but I wanted to find out what it was that held so many people, and so I made the effort and here I am one of you striving to help and to unfold just as you people do. My name is Lucy A. Jarvis, and I lived in Jersey City, N. J. I lived there a long time and was well known to many people. I was a sort of mother to everybody who needed mothering, and when I came over here I had many children who were not my children and yet were my children through love, and they have helped me. So you see that everything I had done for anybody was a stepping-stone and a little wall of strength for me in my new life. I have my husband with me and his name is Robert, and he says, 'Just say to our friends that we are together working so happily and that our house is open just as it used to be, the door always ajar, and everybody always welcome. We used to keep a sort of open house Sunday evenings. People who know me will know that I was interested in clocks and will wonder what a man can find over here who was interested in clocks in earth-life, but I have them. We have to have something to tick away the hours to keep in touch with you folks sometimes, so I have a sort of spiritual clock whereby I can tell what time it is in your country.' Please accept my hearty love and good wishes, not only for your people but for all my friends everywhere. We old spirits who see what good is being done, often say, God bless the old Banner, it is helping more than those who receive it realize. Thank you."

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND ONE.

November 10, 1901.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

With what different emotions do I resume the pencil today from those that filled my heart one week ago! Then, I feared I could write no more. Now, the prospect is that I can not only write as freely as before, but also with less pain. The old lines run in my mind:—

"Afflictions though they seem severe,
Ofttimes in love are sent."

Little did I think when the poor eye broke open and gave me such anguish that good was to come out of seeming evil. While the spirit friends may not have purposely reopened the wound, a thing which no mortal oculist dared do, yet when the event occurred, the best disincarnate aid was close at hand, adjusted the severed parts, and brought them together so smoothly, that the cystoid scar which gave me such pain for four and a half years by protruding against the upper lid, is so flattened that I have had a more comfortable week than I have known since May, 1897.

Dr. Weeks is greatly pleased by this. Though the eye is now nearly useless for vision, from want of refracting power, he thinks that in a month from now, it will have recovered sufficiently to allow a new lens to be made that will give me tolerable use of it. At any rate, the grinding pain has gone, and I feel like a bird let out of its cage. For four and a half years, every single moment, except in sleep, the poor eye has felt as if there was a cinder in it, and having light on it has given it intolerable discomfort. There was never any let-up to this condition until now.

For this reason, I have avoided seeing visitors. To sit still and look at strangers, while they talked to me, was so painful, that I could only look forward to the moment when the torture would end. As to writing the letters which I have persisted in doing, only the angels and the closest personal friends have known what these constant efforts have cost me. Hundreds of letters remain unanswered, and when I have received urgent epistles, wondering why I did not write, and begging for just a line if no more, I have felt helpless and well-nigh desperate. It has seemed to me that these Banner Letters, persistently kept up in spite of my sufferings, ought in most cases to be sufficient, so far as letters of friendship are concerned. There are many other kinds of letters that I have endeavored to answer. But I have large packages of unanswered ones dating back to 1895. Before the cataracts came, I used to take times when I answered up all the back letters, but since the visual trouble came, it has not been possible for me to do so. Will my friends, whom I have seemed to neglect, forgive me?

So the great Li Hung Chang has gone to dwell among the immortals. I think he must have received a most honorable reception from all loyal Chinese in the spirit world.

And yet they would rather have had him remain on the mortal plane longer, to work for the country he loved so well.

Some have found fault with Li, because he was more awake to the interests of China than to those of the other nations with whom he dealt. That seems a preposterous charge, and surely betokens a narrow mind in such detractors. With him, China was first, as it should be, and the interest with which he examined everything foreign, with a view to introducing into his own land whatever might benefit, shows that his intense patriotism was blended with an extraordinary breadth of nature.

His career was remarkable. He was pre-eminent in every department of human knowledge and human action, and though he occasionally lost favor with the heads of his government, they soon reinstated him, for they could not do without him.

In this respect he is singular. In general when a great man is put out of office, or dies, some one takes his place, and the country can do without him. Bismarck thought his own place could not be filled, but Germany found it otherwise. England mourned for Gladstone, but even he was not essential to the carrying power of England. But when Li Hung Chang was discarded, those who had put him out of place soon put him back again. Now China must do without him. In her dealings with foreigners, she will not have his wonderful knowledge, his craft in war, his acute perception, nor his power of mastering men, all of which were welded together and made available for instant use by his intense love for his country.

He easily ranks with the other great men of the latter half of the nineteenth century, and his greatness has been forced on the attention of the world in spite of his being a Chinese, for Western ignorance and prejudice have long branded with dishonor men of that nationality.

We have judged by the specimens from the lower grades of society that have landed on our Western shores, and our attention has been called to the fact that there are many millions of well-bred and educated people who live in the heart of the country.

Minister Wu, with his acute comprehension of our methods and his frank criticism of some of them, has shown us that if their ways seem odd to us, our ways seem no less odd to them. Dignified Madame Wu points out that Chinese women are better bred, and nicer on the whole, than average American women, and the pretty little Chinese belles who will adorn Washington society this winter will have the opportunity to display the dignity of reticence and the grace of modesty.

It gives Americans a very queer feeling to know that these well-bred Chinese find much to criticize in our methods and our manners, and we begin to think that the "heavenly Chinese" is not so heathen after all, and that possibly an admixture of their dainty, dignified and reticent ways would, if adopted, give a choice flavor to our own breeding.

As to Christianizing China, if to be Christianized is to adopt in practice the leading doctrines taught by Christ, it were better to begin the process among the nations called Christian. Christ taught, and practised, too, loving one's enemies, doing to others what we want them to do to us, and indifference to money-getting.

What Christian governments, so-called, make these the basic principles of operation? They may call their dealings civilization, if they so choose, but let them not call it Christianity. As to the missionaries, it seems to be their aim to teach the "heathen" that they are to be saved by taking to themselves the goodness of some one else, which leads to immorality on the principle of cause and effect. This is not Christian doctrine, for Christ did not teach it. He taught the contrary, as may be amply proved by reading his Sermon on the Mount, in the fifth, sixth and seventh chapters of Matthew. And yet the vicarious atonement is the cardinal doctrine of orthodox Christianity, was emphasized by Moody, is Presbyterian teaching, and is the corner-stone of the Salvation Army. This is the doctrine that the missionaries are trying to implant in the Chinese, who already have a religion that inculcates on each individual to practise the purest morality.

When the Chinese Minister in England was interviewed regarding the sending of missionaries to Christianize his nation, he said that the people there were displeased that foreign girls of eighteen and nineteen were deputed to give instruction to mature men and women in their own land—instructions that contradicted the teachings of a religion which they considered vastly superior to Christianity.

While it is true that some Chinese practised dreadful cruelties in the late troubles on foreigners who had sought to violate and uproot their own most sacred traditions and observances, yet dreadful cruelties are also practised by some in countries where the inhabitants profess to follow the teachings of Him who sought to relieve all suffering whatever. Negroes have been tortured to death and roasted alive many times by multitudes of men who gloated over their sufferings in the United States of America. Girls have been violated and then murdered while powerless under the effect of drugs in the same country. In Christendom geese are fed to make their livers swelled by disease, and then bound alive to roast before a fire till the liver bursts open by the heat, in order to produce the peculiar gusto of "pate de foie gras."

Alfred Horatio Gray, of the Church Antivivisection League, reports in "Light" of Oct. 24, that in "Christian" England and Scotland, 8525 experiments were performed on living animals, without anaesthetics, during the year 1900.

These facts and thousands more show that in the practise of dreadful cruelties on the helpless, the nations of Christendom are not so very much better than "heathen" China, so-called.

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

In Memoriam.

On Tuesday, Nov. 5, the mortal remains of Mrs. M. A. Brown, the gifted psychic, were tenderly laid to rest. The services were held in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St., and were attended by a vast concourse of people, whose presence testified to the high esteem in which she was held by them all. A smile of peace and happiness was engraved upon the face of the sleeping form, indicative of the fact that her soul eyes had caught a vision of the glories of the supernal world as her spirit plumed itself for its flight to its celestial home, and left an impress of calm content upon the mortal form in that radiant, happy smile. Banks of flowers of the choicest variety surrounded the casket, and wreaths of immortelles told of the undying affection of the donors. In fact, the floral offerings of all kinds gave evidence that those who mourned her loss, knew well of the life into which she had graduated, and realized in full the precious truth that she had only exchanged worlds.

The Ladies Schubert Quartet rendered exquisite vocal music, and made that part of the service one of great impressiveness and spiritual beauty. The speaker was Mr. Harrison D. Barrett, Editor of the Banner of Light, who gave a brief but fitting eulogy to our ardent sister, and paid a glowing tribute to mediumship as the one great means of lifting the clouds of sorrow and lightning the burdens of the mourning children of earth. Her services in the Lyceum, Ladies' aid, Rebecca's, Ladies' Industrial Union, Woman's Relief Corps, Odd Ladies and other organizations were not forgotten and her deeds of loving kindness were recalled in terms that told of her devotion to the truth as she perceived it. To the stricken husband, brother, three sisters, nieces and brothers-in-law, comforting words were given, surcharged with deep feeling and bearing the stamp of conviction on the part of the speaker that the arisen one would give just those messages he was constrained to utter, were she able to speak.

The Odd Ladies followed with the impressive ritualistic service of their order, as did also the Daughters of Rebecca. One of the most touching and signally appropriate testimonials rendered on this occasion was that of the children of the Lyceum, who formed in procession at the rear of the hall and marched around the casket, depositing flowers as they took their last look of the sleeper's face. Their example was followed by the members of the secret orders, and the casket was literally filled with sprigs of cedar, roses and carnations by the time the last friend had taken leave of the body. The tributes of love on the part of the people were many, and proved that Mrs. Brown was as rich in loyal friendship as she was in her deeds of love. The service, as a whole, was a tender memorial of the life of the translated one, and left the people present knitted more closely together in spirit than ever before, because of their affection for the one who had gone before.

A Card of Thanks.

We wish to extend our sincere thanks to all of the friends who were so kind and thoughtful of us and our loved one in her last sickness. Especially do we thank the members of the Ladies' Aid Society, Ladies' Lyceum Union, Ladies' Industrial Society, Progressive Lyceum, Odd Ladies, Daughters of Rebecca, Woman's Relief Corps and others for their exquisite floral offerings, and for their words of love and earnest sympathy. To all who, by a remembrance of flowers, or by a word of condolence, helped to soften our grief, we extend our grateful thanks.—Husband and Relatives of Mrs. M. A. Brown.

Passed to Spirit Life.

On the 5th of November there entered the summer-land the beautiful spirit of Mr. James Monroe French, late of Cambridge and Winthrop. He passed over rejoicing in his full knowledge of the continuance of life and progress on the other side, unhindered by the limitations of earth-life. The realization of his joyous meeting with the two grandchildren whom he so dearly loved, the brother between whom and himself there existed so much sympathy, and the many friends who are beyond the river, assuages the grief of those who mourn his absence.

His 80th birthday was celebrated last summer by the gathering of kindred at his seaside home. This gave him great pleasure, and his remarks at dinner on that occasion gave utterance to the religious convictions which he had reached during his years of thought and study. He urged his hearers to be true to the noblest and best within them, charitable to others' shortcomings, and in all ways to look toward the light.

Early in manhood he became convinced of the truths of Spiritualism; and he spoke his belief boldly. He is surely written in the Book of Life as "one who loved his fellow-men." It is but natural for those who are bereft of his companionship and ministrations to grieve over their loss; but they know that his love and helpfulness still surrounds them, and that he will be first to greet them when they shall go over to the great majority.

On Oct. 22d Mrs. Martha T. Hatch passed on to a higher life. About two years before, her beloved husband, Mr. Converse Hatch, preceded her to the spirit-world. They had lived in loving companionship for nearly forty years. Mrs. Hatch was a beautiful woman, illumined by such light as shines only from the spirit. Many words of comfort has she given to those in need of them, through her inspired organism. She has been born into a land of love akin to that which she so beautifully expressed while in the body. Her years of suffering are over and she is with her own who went before her. A good woman has gone. Her physical presence will be greatly missed by her relatives and her many friends. The funeral services were held from the home of her sis-

ter, Mrs. A. B. Haywood, 34 Magnolia St., Roxbury. Assisted by a male quartet, the services were presided over by Rev. F. A. Wiggins, pastor of the Boston Spiritual Temple.

Passed to the spirit life from Bangor, Me., Mrs. Lucina M. Flint, aged 78 years, 6 months, 6 days. Mrs. Flint was a pioneer in the Cause, and her husband, Elisha Flint, who passed on 20 years ago, having accepted the truths of our Cause at the time of the Rochester knockings in 1848. Mrs. Flint resided in the village of Bangor, Me., for 48 years, and was highly esteemed by her friends and neighbors. She is survived by one brother in a family of eleven, and by an adopted daughter, Mrs. Ellen L. Noyes of Bangor, who saw that her mother's last wishes were carried out. The writer conducted the services at the home in Bangor, on Sunday, Nov. 10, at 2 p. m., driving from South Bend, Ind., and returning for his evening service there. A large number of friends were present.

Henry H. Warner.

Biography of J. M. Peebles, M. D., A. M.

Not since the Reformation has the religious world—Christian, so-called, or heathen—been stirred as by the new revelation that has come to it through what is known as the "Modern" Spiritualism of the century just closed, and to faithfully write its history must include the biography of those whose privilege it has been to play a prominent part in the movement. Such a prominence is that of Dr. James M. Peebles, whose long years of faithfulness to conviction and of self-sacrifice for the truth entitle him to a high place in the annals of the new religion. His biography is by his personal friend and co-worker, Prof. Edward Whipple of Lakeside, Cal., who has sketched down to the present year, so that we have here the complete account of this long and busy life yet presented to the public. The biography of so versatile a man, covering a period of nearly eighty years, can not fail to attract more than ordinary attention, not only of Spiritualists and kindred thinkers, but because also of his one-time wide acquaintance and prominence as a Universalist preacher. As might be supposed, the long period covered by so active a life involves the gathering together of a vast amount of material which has been placed in such logical order and pleasing arrangement that the life of Dr. Peebles is a veritable open book, so far as the biographer has been able within the limitation of its 600 pages to make it so. It is assuredly a record such as it is vouchsafed few men to carve for themselves in the one brief span allotted to man here.

It should be noted that Prof. Whipple pays generous acknowledgment to Dr. J. M. Barrett's earlier biography of Dr. Peebles, covering the period of his life up to about the year 1871, and which will be remembered as a most entertaining tribute from a former co-worker in the Universalist ministry, who had himself, some little time previously, preceded his friend into the ranks of Spiritism. Extensive as has been Dr. Peebles' personal acquaintance throughout spiritualistic circles, yet it may well be imagined that outside of this particular field, as well as within it, his active life could not fail to have impressed itself upon still greater numbers of men and women keeping step with the pulsations of the new religious thought of the world, all of whom will want to know more of the inner life of him who outwardly has so long been a familiar figure to them. Perhaps no man within the ranks of this great movement is better known of in a general way by the readers of the Banner than Dr. Peebles, who through the years has been a constant touch with its columns, and to whose pen its readers have been indebted for all that stands for the ennobling and uplifting of men. For of slavery of all kinds—black or white, political, industrial, religious or social—has been an uncompromising opponent always.

Dr. Peebles was born in Vermont, March 23, 1822, and is therefore in his eightieth year, hale and hearty. Descended on his father's side from the Scotch, the name of Peebles has ever stood for all that was in the family church creed, and as the elder Peebles was a Baptist the ice had to be cut whenever it became necessary in the winter time to precede the Lord's Supper with the baptismal rite. The first few years of his boyhood were probably both as eventful and uneventful as would be that of the average farmer's boy of that period. There were the customary crosses and "corrections" by stern parents and stern schoolmasters for the sundry lapses, large and small, of growing youth, all of which were survived as like experiences usually are in the lives of other boys. Before "Jimmie's" legs had grown sufficiently long to enable him to rest his restless bare feet upon the schoolroom floor from his high hard knees, his father decided to go West—West at that period being New York State. Here at the tender age of 13 our hero fell in love with a young miss, and then, having delivered himself of his first poem, expressive of such an important event, fell out again. The "poem," however, showed a poetic genius which only requires some such poetic crisis to bring out, and which indeed was often invoked to good purpose in later years. Boyhood is always interesting as an index of the future man. The story contains many anecdotes amusing and otherwise indicative of the spirit which controlled his life. At the age of 16 he became a school-teacher. It was at about this time that in a so-called "revival of religion" in his neighborhood efforts were made to "convert" him, for from his earliest experience he had been a natural "sceptic." He began reading everything he could get hold of of a liberal character upon religious subjects, with the result of being finally persuaded that the doctrine of universal salvation came nearest to his ideal regarding the problem of human destiny. His convictions soon took shape by his entering upon a regular theological course, supporting himself throughout by teaching, and graduating within the prescribed four years.

With his advent into the ministry of the Universalist church began the inevitable battle for intellectual and spiritual independence which has marked his long career, and with whose name are linked those of scores of others in the same cause. Taking "the world is my parish" as truth his authority as has been aptly termed, has gone on and on from one position to another, from height to height, until he may now well and proudly survey the field with the utmost satisfaction for the part he has been permitted to take in the battle. With individuality and independence his dominating characteristics, he has ever been ready to concede where concession would bring peace without the sacrifice of truth. Nevertheless, with all his love of peace he is at his best when given the alternative of backing or fighting, on however trivial grounds. He could defend the innocent sounding name of "Christian" Spiritualism or oppose it, and insist upon the unqualified article, with equal facility—whichever horn of the dilemma it might be attempted to thrust upon him. In his earlier battles for the new revelation he did defend a so-called "Christian" Spiritualism when by so doing

he believed that fewer orthodox investigators would be scared away; but in later years, when upbraided upon one occasion for having inadvertently or otherwise dropped the qualifying "Christian," he did not hesitate to boldly lapse upon the sword of truth the crimes that had filled the world in the name of Christianity.

It was in his early "preaching days" that he met and married Mary Conkey, a teacher in the Clinton Liberal Institute. She was a beautiful, estimable young woman, and in full sympathy with his progressive ideas. The story of his ministry in the Universalist church up to about 1856, when he had become too liberal for even this liberal denomination, is an interesting one. He had occupied important pulpits in various places, including Oswego, Elmira and Baltimore, closing his labors in the last-named city against the unanimous protest of the society. In Elmira he had a strong sympathizer in independent thought in Thos. K. Beecher, of the talented Beecher family, who was himself at heart a Spiritualist, although pastor of a Congregational church. Many of his brethren in the ministry had like him felt the drawing of the new religion and had already joined the ranks of the unchurched. Mr. Peebles, however, after all arguments had failed to convince him of his "error," had been permitted to resign his letter of fellowship, and several years later was urged by a few devoted friends to return to the fold. But his eye had lighted upon a new star, and he could not turn back. For some years, beginning with 1856, he was editor of the Western Department of the Banner of Light, for which he was peculiarly fitted both by education and sympathy. He felt the reforms which it advocated. It had been his great desire to visit the Orient, and it had been given him in a circle that when the time was ripe he should do so. His hopes were finally realized when unexpected and unsolicited by himself his friends had procured his appointment by President Grant as consul to reborn in Asiatic Turkey, which gave him the opportunity he desired. The account of his reception in England, Scotland and France, and especially in London and Paris, together with his public addresses and voluminous correspondence, form most interesting reading.

On his way to his consular post he made a stay of several weeks in Italy, being honored with an invitation to share in the deliberations of the Anti Concilio, or Congress of Free-thinkers, held in opposition to the Ecumenical Council then in session in Rome. The object of this free religious movement—the separation of Church and State—had since been accomplished. Returning from his Asiatic mission the following year, Mr. Peebles spent some time in London in building up a strong progressive Spiritualism. He was invited into literary circles represented by the Brights, Masses, Howitts, Tennyson, Tyndall and others, and was elected a member of the Anthropological, the Psychological and other scientific societies of distinguished influence. With his old and warm personal friend, Rev. J. O. Barrett, of Glen Beulah, Wis., he kept up a constant correspondence in which the story of his labors and triumphs is confidently told. One of these letters he speaks of as "the greatest and most brilliant in the world to-day as Spiritualism." Just out. Price, postpaid, 15 cents.

Hell Revised, Modernized. And made more comfortable. A scathing review of the Rev. Dr. Ripley's sermon, delivered in the Presbyterian church, upon "What is Hell?" Pamphlet, pp. 25. Price 15 cents.

The Soul: Did it Preexist? Its Pilgrimages. Price 15 cents.

Did Jesus Christ Exist? What the Spirits say about it. Price 15 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

In 1871, Mr. Peebles paid a second visit to Europe for the purpose of arranging for some publications in which was interested, and to consult English and French Spiritualists relative to a future world's convention of Spiritualists. Upon his return he began preparations for a more extended trip around the world. His previous journey to Western Asia and the classic lands, far from satisfying the thirst for a practical knowledge of the Eastern civilizations, only stimulated his desire for a more extensive and thorough research. The description of these travels is most interesting, taking us across the Pacific, touching at Hawaii, New Zealand, the Samoan and Fiji Islands. The inspection of the conditions in these countries gives our philosopher chance to compare the same of the commentators of said civilization that had been smuggled in along with the Bibles. He had hardly settled down upon his return from this second trip when he resolved upon a third voyage for more perfectly completing his investigations, but the burning of his Sanitarium at San Antonio together with all his valuable manuscripts, and the loss of his health, discouraged his plans. Nevertheless, urged on by his insatiable desire for fresh discoveries, he again sailed from San Francisco in 1886, bound for the Orient, and within eight months had again circumnavigated the globe, returning with a rich cargo of information concerning the various countries he had visited. Apart from his constant work as a lecturer, writer for magazines, periodicals and the daily press, and an always large correspondence, more than twenty books and pamphlets have issued from his pen.

Recently, under the caption of "Birthdays Musings," Dr. Peebles thus eloquently refers to his long life of battling for the truth, in which the best side of his rich and genial personality is revealed: "Has my pen at times been too incisive, my words too hot and hissing? I bid these down forever. Under the hot parable fires, later the green grass grows; under the ice, the rivulets run. Hatred, anger, cry—let them not. Farewell Mars—Welcome Jupiter!"

"Ten thousand are our pens,
But all our hearts are one."

"Only pleasant memories do I cherish of my old comrades—of all the great morning caravan of mortals that I met in the past. What care I whether they worshiped Brahm, Buddha, or Allah—One God or thirty thousand gods—One Christ or a thousand Christs? I am no man's judge. We differ in theories as do our heads in shape, our eyes in color, and what of it? We are brothers all, and God, under whatever name, is good. About fifty-eight years ago, smooth-faced, sensitive, timid, I commenced public speaking. What changes since! Where are my old comrades? Where those old pioneers that led the advance columns in the lines of reform? Gone one by one, leaving behind the odor of soul royalty and loyalty to truth—gone to swell the unnumbered congregations of the star-crowned immortals. Thinking of them, seeing them through the mists of old-time memories, my spirit grows stout. My nerves become steeled anew, and my heart flames with

(Continued on page 8).

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Have us in thy keeping, and receive this our offering, as it shall please thee, O Creator!

For Faithful Flocks.

O Creator, Thou who gavest being to the Sun, and afterwards said to the day and let there be night, raise it and cause it to shine, and preserve that which thou hast created, that it may give life to men. Grant this, O Creator of all.

To the Bureau.

O most fortunate and propitious Creator have pity and mercy upon all men whom thou hast made. Keep thy poor servants in health. Make them and their children to walk in a straight road, without thinking any evil. Grant that they may live a long life, and not die in their youth, and that they may live and feed in peace.

For the Incas.

Hail! O Creator, O former! Thou that hearest and understandest us, abandon us not, forsake us not! O God, thou art in heaven and on earth. O Heart of Heaven, O Heart of Earth, give us descendants and posterity as long as light continues and life endures.

"You could not call any people exactly savage that would form prayers worthy of any nation."

"In this ancient land three things were obligatory: to pay tribute, to work, and to do Inca service."

"No one was exempt from work; all had something to do according to his strength and fitness. Laziness was considered a crime, sometimes punishable by death."

"They stored away provisions against times of trouble, and their houses were so full that had their crops failed them for seven years they would not have had a famine."

"Messages were sent by couriers, by word of mouth, and it was quite possible to put on the Inca's table three or four hundred miles away fish out of the Pacific ocean."

"These couriers will live for three or four days on the coca leaf. One significant fact about these couriers is that you can never get him to take a single mouthful of nourishment after one of his journeys. He chews his coca leaf, keeping a piece of lime in his mouth. He gets back as a dog, and of course his stomach craves for food, but nothing would induce him to take a mouthful of food, or alcoholic drink. He will grease himself all over, roll himself up in his rug and sleep sometimes fifteen and sixteen hours. Then he will get up, give himself two or three shakes and have his meal."

"The one requisite, so far as we can see, is a written language to place the Peruvian on a par with the best European nations. There is no record that civilization was imparted to them from any other race. The truth stands that the Incas had a most powerful government, splendid and just laws, a well organized society, and so far as we know, a very happy one, a superior civilization sufficiently advanced with the time and conditions in which it existed."

"Such was, as I have been able in this very short time to describe to you, the great Inca empire founded by Manco Capac, the first ruler, early in the eleventh century, and ending with the death of the last ruler, Manco Inca, at the time of the Spanish conquest early in the sixteenth century."

(M. C. B.)

Grand Sale of Fancy Articles.

The ladies of the First Spiritualist Church of Columbus are arranging for an entertainment and sale of useful and fancy articles, to take place in the vestry of the church on Dec. 7 next. The object of this sale is to procure funds wherewith to furnish a suite of rooms above the vestry, which are needed for social purposes, sewing circles and the like, in connection with the church work. Dinner will be served from 5.30 to 8 p. m. This sale will be of the booth style, the various articles being in charge of competent committees in suitable booths.

In this connection an invitation is cordially extended to the friends of Spiritualism all over the country to donate articles to the church to be sold on this occasion.

Although the church building and its appointments are entirely free from debt, and the beautiful structure an ornate addition to the city's temples, the committee have referred to require furnishing in order that methodical work can be carried on in behalf of the church.

It is hoped that the friends everywhere will join in this work of love and offer of their store of good things some article that the ladies can dispose of in their effort to raise funds.

All donations will be gratefully acknowledged and should be forwarded to Mrs. J. D. Arras, Chairman, 42 East Rich street, Columbus, O.

To Those Who Have Enjoyed Hearing Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

For the benefit of those who do not have the privilege of listening to Mrs. Richmond from Sunday to Sunday, to give her beautiful, wonderful teachings a wider field, it is proposed to publish in pamphlet form twelve discourses a year, one a month, at the price of one dollar a year.

To do this will incur the following expense:

Publishing 12 discourses \$144.00
Transcribing the shorthand copy 36.00
Postage 24.00

\$204.00

From which it is seen that we must have over 200 subscribers.

Those who wish to share in this worthy movement will please send postal card stating the same, and giving address, to Waldo Dennis, Vice-President Church of the Soul, 11 St. James Pl. Chicago.

Spiritualists' Fair.

The Lynn Spiritualists' Association will hold a fair and essay camp at Cadet Hall Nov. 28 and 29. There will be a mystery table, tables for the display of flowers, candles and various kinds of aprons and fancy articles. The lower hall will be arranged as a essay camp, with tents in which private readings can be obtained at a moderate price. The following mediums have signified their willingness to assist: Mrs. Pepper, Mrs. Soule, Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Ackerman-Johnson, Mrs. Dr. Caird, Mrs. Bird, Mrs. Litch, Mrs. Dr. Chase, Mrs. Butler, Madame Holyet, clairvoyant and reader, Mrs. Loyd and Mrs. Fisher, astrologers and psychometrists and Mrs. Albert Fisher, phenologist. A musical and literary entertainment will be given each evening and supper will be served in the banquet hall.

As excellent cabinet photo. of "The Poughkeepsie Bear" (A. J. Davis) for sale at this office. Price 25 cents.

PRINCESS VIROQUA, M. D.

Endorses Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound After Following Its Record For Years.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Health is the greatest boon bestowed on humanity and therefore anything that can restore lost health is a blessing. I consider Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a blessing to State and Nation. It cures her mothers and daughters and makes them well and strong."



PRINCESS VIROQUA.

Practicing Physician and Lecturer.

"For fifteen years I have noted the effect of your Vegetable Compound in curing special diseases of women."

"I know of nothing superior for ovarian trouble, barrenness, and it has prevented hundreds of dangerous operations where physicians claimed it was the only chance to get well. Ulceration and inflammation of the womb has been cured in two or three weeks through its use, and as I find it purely an herbal remedy, I unhesitatingly give it my highest endorsement. —Fraternally yours, DR. P. VIROQUA, Lansing, Mich."—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

If you are ill do not hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. for special advice; it is entirely free.

Special Announcement.

Beginning Sunday evening, November 17th, Mr. William A. Barnes will conduct a series of Sunday evening meetings at St. Albert Hall, 162 Boylston St., demonstrating Psychic Power in many of its phases upon members of the audience. Character will be read, motives determined, emotional persons influenced, and many valuable suggestions given in regard to health and success. All intelligent people are cordially invited. Admission free.

Boston College of Practical Psychology.

N. S. A. Missionaries.

E. W. Sprague and wife, missionaries for the N. S. A., are now at work in Ohio and Indiana. Parties wishing their services as speakers and platform test mediums, and wishing to organize societies for the investigation and promulgation of the truths of Spiritualism should write them at once. Parties in Ohio please address Alliance, Ohio. People from elsewhere please address Rochester, Ind. Home address, 618 Newland Ave., Jamestown, N. Y.

The Old Men and Women Do Bless Him.

Thousands of people come or send every year to Dr. By for his Balm Oil to cure them of cancer or other malignant diseases. Out of this number, a great many very old people, whose ages range from seventy to one hundred years on account of distance and infirmities of age, they send for home treatment. A free book is sent telling what they say of the treatment. Address: Dr. O. By, Drawer 111, Kansas City, Mo. If not afflicted, cut this out and send to some suffering one.)

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enthusiasm, to continue the campaign that he inaugurated and baptized with the sweat-drops of suffering and persecution. Though they are risen—and though their white feet press the evergreen gardens of the gods, their souls still vibrate in sympathy with ours. Memory is undying. Spirits know little of time or space. Recalling the past and recounting the deeds of these old moral heroes and martyrs, my eyes moisten with tears.

"The buds of April ache as they swell under the laughing sunbeams that slide down the shining sky-paths to caress them into blossoms. Stripped aside, the rustling husks reveal the golden corn, trampled flowers exhale their sweetness, and purpling grapes yield their most delicious juices when torn and bleeding in the wine press. Souls, like unripe fruit, are often hard and unsympathizing till crushed by pain's afflictive hand. God is good."

"Weep on, oh weeper! Chisel, mock the flinching marble that you shape. Lash, lick the blood you spill. Poverty, bid the winds whirl the rags that patch the poor. Sickness, sorrow, suffering—ring your changes on nerve and muscle—blessed ministers are you all. I swim just now in the ocean of infinite love. I have no enemies to punish. I love my fellowmen—Catholic and Protestant, Christian and Atheist, Spiritist and Materialist—all are my brothers, sisters, neighbors. To you all I extend the hand of friendship."

"Still a pilgrim—still on the stormy, thorny journey. Others, an innumerable throng, stare with hopes, the aged leaning on their staffs, on the crowd also. Let us bestow a smile, speak a word of cheer, or lift some burden as we meet or pass along the checkered highway of Time. There are sad ones calling for comfort. There are weary ones pleading for rest. There are tears—hot, scalding tears to be wiped away."

"Personally my cross has been many, my crowns few, and yet life has been rich, the living. My library of 2000 volumes was burned, the ashes serving as seedlings for newer and better books up in the better land of immortality. I shall yet walk along the avenues and read the Alexandrian library. Nothing is lost. Sorrow is an educator, pain a prophet, and death a trumpet calling to come up onto the highlands of immortality where way-wearied pilgrims rest—where twin souls, long severed, meet, and golden ideals become divinest real." Among the hundreds of reminiscences, amazing and otherwise, is related one of Thos. K. Beecher: "He was the one preacher

I ever enjoyed hearing pray. He was most mighty in prayer. I have seen a large audience in tears during these tender, pathetic utterances, and heard the same audience laugh about it some of the drooleries in his sermons. He often shocked conservative people. He was natural. I once heard him say he could always gauge a person's piety by the way he pronounced the word God. If he was a good, conscientious man, he would say God; but if he was a hypocrite, putting on a long face he would say G-u-d, in a most sepulchral tone."

Always generous in giving and prompt in meeting his obligations, yet it would not be strange if in his busy life there might be moments of forgetfulness. Speaking of this tendency to absent-mindedness regarding material things, Prof. Whipple relates two amusing incidents which the Doctor has twice written him, directing the recipient in each case to "find within five dollars," both letters being empty so far as money was concerned. Indulging in a little pleasantry at the Doctor's expense, he received the following reply: "History says that a well-angled arrow strikes a true mark, and I get grain of wheat up into his nest in the top of a royal oak, and failed, but at the hundredth time succeeded. I have been trying and trying to get five dollars to you, but have so far failed—and yet there is an excuse. You know it is the growing theory that there is no matter in the universe; so that, all his mind—so I sent you five dollars. If you had risen high enough above the material to have recognized the five dollars without the grossness of the paper or currency bill, it would all have been right and proper. My dear brother, you must struggle to attain and get up on that exalted Christian Science plane, when I think you have five dollars you get it in your mind, and so all will be well. But realizing the fact that you are still in the realm of the material, I herein enclose the five dollars that I previously sent you in my mind, for 'all is mind.' By the way, Christian Scientists tell us that 'the dead are not dead,' but I note that they take the pay for it."

Away back in the 50's, while yet within the folds of the Universalist ministry, Dr. Peebles had studied medicine in the old or allopathic school, having been regularly admitted, graduating from the Philadelphia University of Medicine and Surgery, so that he has ever been in a position to contest upon their own ground the claims of those who would restrict the practice of the healing art. In writing from San Antonio to Luther Colby of the Banner of Light in 1894, he recounts his latest legal battle for a liberal medical practice, wherein he shows the indomitable courage and resolution with which he has ever fought for the triumph of the right: "This is the second time I've defied and beaten the regular doctors, defied their class legislation, defied their unconstitutional laws—laws enacted not for the protection of the people, but for the protection of bluster-plastering, self-interest, and self-aggrandizement. How long will these bumptious 'regulars' plead the baby act?—protect us, legislators, protect us! Personally I fear neither doctors, devils nor pagan hell; and mark it, American, I will practice in any city I please, and in any one of the States I please. My original Scotch temper is thorough. As you are well known, I am an old moral warrior, bearing on my breast the scars of many a hard-fought battle, gotten in the interests of Spiritualism, when it cost something to be a Spiritualist,—gotten in the interests of anti-slavery, when it cost something to be an abolitionist,—gotten in the interests of temperance and other reforms of this century. Compare me not to the peaceful, loving John of the Gospels, as did my friend Hudson Tuttle, for I am war-panted, and with intellectual and spiritual weapons I intend to fight these medical doctors' tricks; I intend to fight under a banner that reads: 'The right to the right to the truth, the truth and liberty in all their gorgeous glories reign triumphant.'"

In recent years, since his last journey abroad, the Doctor has divided his time between San Diego and Battle Creek. In the spring of '97, while Mr. Moody was holding one of his stereotyped salvation meetings at the former place, Dr. Peebles stopped long enough in his busy work to write him a long letter, which was published in the local paper, offering the famous evangelist much valuable advice, and making a proposition to join him in a tour around the world, which he, Moody, never accepted. The following quotation from this unique suggestion will serve to show its amusing sarcasm: "On this proposed evangelizing, missionary journey, I should suggest that you use less hyperboles, tell a less number of exciting stories, and not talk so flippantly about God, and heaven, and hell, and the devil, and the resurrection. 'When Adam fell in Eden' you say he ought to have gone up and down saying, 'My God, where are you? But, instead, he went down and hid in the bushes, and God had to go and seek him.' This must have looked funny! Think of it—the infinite God of this measureless universe, down in the chat, snake-infested stamping-ground of the serpent (Satan), hunting, seeking to find Adam who had 'hid in the bushes.' Adam was a coward to hide, and just how long it took God to hunt him up Brother Moody did not inform us."

Of the early life of the book, reviewing the personal history of his venerable subject, all of which are laden with deepest interest, it would be useless to draw the line where every page is a fresh surprise and joy. Correspondence, lectures, anecdotes and reminiscences of acquaintance with some of the world's foremost thinkers of the last half-century, like to be thrown off, and continuing delight. In his "Three Journeys Around the World," he brings the reader down in his foreign travels to 1898. About this time, receiving the news of the transition of his old-time friend, Joseph O. Barnes, he thus writes feelingly, but not as without hope to the future: "It seems as though all the old pioneers were going and leaving me, a lone pilgrim—a sort of Wandering Jew—homeless and alone. Joseph and myself were as brothers, sympathizing in all the reform work of the age. He was a grand man. He was not quite as old as myself, hence ought to have gone first. I write this with my eyes full of tears. I may be childish, but I can't help it. I loved him with a brother's love, and love him still, though his poor body is cold and dead. But he has risen. We shall meet again."

One would scarcely believe that, inveterate worker as Dr. Peebles has always been, he has never worked harder than he is now doing, although he has already passed the time when most men are disposed to rest from their labors. Engaged in constant research, delving, thinking, writing for the periodical, Spiritualist and newspaper press, composing books, lectures, and sermons, he is not only pathologically and psychically examining invalids—one may easily understand how his must be a most busy life. Yet with all these years and accumulated labors resting upon him, he even now contemplates a fourth journey around the world, planning to sail from San Francisco on Nov. 29.

But, in his long years of labor in the Cause of Spiritualism, Dr. Peebles is evidently far from satisfied with the harvest as he views it today. The shackles that still bind and blind too many of its professed devotees he would fain see broken and destroyed, giving way to the development of a

The Universal Brotherhood of Ancient Mystic Adepts

By Brother No. 1

In response to a request from the Editor of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES to our Universal Order of Ancient Mystic Adepts (In and out of the body) as to how to attain membership in our order and the benefits of our teachings, we would say that any aspiring soul who has an earnest, intense desire to get into our vibrations, where there is spiritual unfoldment, health, wealth, eternal joy, peace and happiness, should address a letter to BROTHER NO. 1 OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF ANCIENT MYSTIC ADEPTS, care of THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 North William Street, New York City.

[Editorial in THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES.]

[The Universal Brotherhood of Ancient Mystic Adepts—THE HOLY SEVEN—which mystically works for universal good and the uplifting of mankind in all parts of this planet and the universe, recognize in this Magazine a medium for great and far-reaching good, and have for the first time in thousands of years been willing to appear in a public print of this character. The Magazine feels honored and blessed by this recognition, and our readers who listen to these Great Souls will be helped to reach the Great God—Light, Wisdom and Eternal Bliss.—Editor.]

B15-15

The Wife and Mother.

To be a wife, a real, true wife, to any man—is his eternally forfeited soul's complement—is a mission calling for the most Love-inspired and alertly-intelligent gifts and graces vouchsafed to woman. Nothing, not even motherhood, gives her so supreme opportunity. A man of this age, of all wisdom and all devotion to a child whose temperament and tendencies are distinctly, and by divine right, opposed to her own in nearly every particular; there is no law of love requiring her to be the soul's complement to each of her offspring or to any of them—somewhere, to be revealed perhaps by time, perchance not until eternity, that mate exists for each of them; it is hers only to do what she may to make them meet for that union when it comes. But to the father she owes more; to him she is either the one woman in all the world who is best for him in every sense, in every need, or she is no wife at all. Of course, the converse is true; but of the qualities that go furthest toward making marriage a perfect union, God gave the more to woman; hers the supreme capabilities of all the self-sacrifice involved in the mighty undertaking of fusing two in one, and hers being the greater gift, why should she be obliged? hers the greater opportunity.

All of this being true of the wife of any man, it is twice true of the wife of a man of genius; perhaps it is no wonder so many women have failed in this undertaking, when one comes to think of all its entails.

Exchange.

Genius is not narrow-minded or one-sided; it has, however, in every instance an irrepressible disposition to dwell on some one object to the exclusion of all others as a centre around which all available material must converge and from which the vital streams of living energy contained within the ego must diverge.—W. J. Colville.

"In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty."

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