



A Glorious Entrance Into Spirit Life.

The transition on the morning of Dec. 30 of Miss Julia Steelman, the twenty year old daughter of Mrs. Julia Steelman Nichols, was surrounded by such a halo of happiness and glory as to fill the hearts of all Spiritualists with joy in a religion which transforms the death-scene into a thing of beauty. The young woman was a popular social favorite in Cincinnati, and for the past



Miss Julia Steelman.

three years in North Evanston, Indiana. She was often urged by some of her associates to become a member of the church, but smilingly refused, stating that there was but one way to gain happiness beyond the grave, and that was by living a pure, honest, useful life. She always held that death was but a joyous change, and as such she met it with a song and a smile upon her lips.

The last five hours of her earth life were spent in assuring her mother and other loved ones that she was in no pain, but was simply happy, happy, her only regret being in leaving "Ben," her betrothed. She begged them to promise her they would not grieve. Calling them to her bedside she said: "Since that beautiful light appeared ahead of me, I can think of but one word, joy! Oh, it is more beautiful than I can tell you. I have no words to express it. All seems radiant. It seems such a glad time. Let us sing—sing glad songs. Begin with 'John Brown.'"

She started the song herself and with choking voices the others joined. Then followed "The Star Spangled Banner," "Home Sweet Home," "Grandfather's Clock" and that touching song of love, "Because."

Throwing her arms about her lover's neck she whispered, "I never will leave you. Mama, put up your kerchief—no tears, you know, for this is joy, joy, mama! . . . Take my hands. I feel so well. Wouldn't it be a joke if I didn't die after all. Oh, yes, I am going. Here is papa. He has come for me. Oh, that beautiful radiance! What beauty I see ahead of me. I won't say good-bye. I am glad that I am going." A few breaths and all was still.

Interspersed with the above were personal messages and words of cheer for each one present and for absent friends. Could there be a more triumphant leave taking of earth? The scene was so unusual and thrilling that its influence spread far and wide. In the "Chicago-American" there appeared on the following day a picture of the fair young woman among the "Seven Men and Women who Helped to Make One Day's History," and an account of her passing out, with the closing comment: "At the last she thought she saw her father and a host of angels." The Tribune devoted nearly a column with many subheads to so strange an event as a "happy death."

The girl had a bright mind and a cheery disposition. During twenty short years she shed sunshine all about her, and passed out in its light, doing more for the cause of Spiritualism than can be estimated.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond added to the deep impressions already made by her discourse at the funeral. After dwelling upon the noble character of the girl, her intellect, her self-sacrificing nature, and intuitive discernment of spiritual things, she sought to guide the minds of the young friends present toward a life that would make the hour of death as welcome and as full of happiness as it had been to Julia. Her words to the young man, Mr. Ben R. Moore of the Chicago Post Office and one of the Naval Reserve, who was to have been the husband of the departed girl, were touching in the extreme.

The address was preceded by the hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee" and followed by "There is a Beautiful Isle Somewhere." Her brother Hosea accompanied the body to be interred at Cincinnati, by the side of the remains of father, two sisters, and grand-parents.

The mother, formerly Mrs. Steelman-Mitchell, a well known speaker and medium, plaintively says: "Having so often stated in public that I had no more tears to shed over the so-called dead, I can only be silent. Yet

it is hard to be brave and unselfish in laying away the body of my last daughter, my sister, child and confidant."

Let us send our sweetest thoughts to that lonely mother, remembering the significance of those words: "Jesus Wept," wept over the earthly loss, though the great medium knew all the glories of that other life.

The Best Government.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

The murder of President McKinley, so seemingly unprovoked, excited an outburst of indignation even more intense than what we witnessed when Presidents Lincoln and Garfield were the victims. The spirit of the criminal, Czolgosz, seems to have been epidemic, and many were not only eager to put him to death, but to inflict it with the addition of torture. One is often led to question whether we as a people are any more civilized than those of the Middle Ages. So long as hate and lust of vengeance are uppermost, so long can we only acknowledge that the element of savagery is uppermost, and that the influence of Christianity on civilization is little else than veneering. And as though the revenge was certain to defeat its own ends, the execution of the assassin is very certain to effect his apotheosis, as a saint in the calendar of anarchism.

Two things, however, demand our attention. One is, an effective means to prevent future murder of this character; the other, to make our legislation and jurisprudence respected by the people generally. For as the matter now stands, there is hardly an individual in the country who does not violate some of the numerous statutes, often doing it unwittingly, and there is a very general understanding that certain individuals and classes are permitted by special consent to disregard such laws as they find in their way.

The murder of Mr. McKinley will doubtless have the effect to induce our Government to take part with the European Powers in the endeavor to suppress anarchism. It will be remembered that in the administration of John Adams, there were both an Alien and a Sedition Law enacted, and that they were made pretexts for displacing him from office. If they had been left in force they could have been applied to advantage in the present exigency. A century has just passed and this assassination has occurred, showing the blindness of those who controlled our policies.

It is idle, however, to rake up the ashes of the Past. But there must be action in the direction which this dreadful lesson has taught. If we have a school of assassination, taught to it as Fagin taught boys to steal, it must be suppressed. I hesitate about much legislation, but it seems necessary. This gospel of assassination is chiefly a European matter, doubtless an outgrowth of despotic administration. I cannot, however, get over a feeling of contempt as well as aversion for it. The murderers are shy of touching the individuals really dangerous to them, or those of a cruel disposition. The murder of the Empress Elizabeth was as dastardly an act as could be imagined. She was peaceable, amiable, and never took part in public matters. A Prince went to woo her sister and chose her instead, who had no political importance. Hers had been a sad life and nobody with human feeling would have cared to harm her. The murder of King Humbert was also an act of sovereign folly. The milder a person is, the gentler and more generous, the surer a prey he seems to be to the modern school of assassins.

As a matter of self preservation, all persons not willing to give reasonable assurance of becoming orderly residents of the country should be prevented from coming into it. We have legislated, anarchist fashion, to exclude Chinese who are peaceable, and yet admit others who are not. The Consuls should be required to do their part to prevent individuals of this character from settling out to come here. The emigration officers must be instructed to refuse to let them land at any port. The shipmasters who bring them and the mining and other companies that import them should be made responsible in heavy damages.

When Johnstown was destroyed by the flood, immediately after, this site was thronged by these imported lawless characters, robbing the bodies of the dead. They came largely from southern Europe. Such a population we do not want. They may work cheaper than others; but we know full well that the mining regions are dangerous because of them.

In regard to the members of the school of assassins already domiciled here, they should be carefully provided for. As soon as they by word or act, manifest a murderous purpose or disposition, they should be incarcerated like lunatics. It is a poor, not to say a criminal expedient to make their offenses capital. Violence engenders violence; capital punishment is a powerful disseminator of murder. But imprisonment at hard labor with no certainty of release would take the romance from crime.

I do not mean to prevent freedom of speech or of the press. I believe with Jefferson that we may safely permit the teaching of error so long as truth is equally free. But I would, if possible, first try to remove the disposition of one man to wrong another; and then I would seek to prevent him from carrying such a purpose into effect.

Lynch law is anarchy, even more dangerous than this noxious thing that we import from Europe. As enumerated by Booker T. Washington, there have been 2516 persons put to death in this anarchistic manner in the last sixteen years. Some, probably most of the sufferers, were criminals; but others were only suspected. To denounce one form of lawless crime and to approve of another of analogous character is hardly consistent. To be just, we must include all the criminals in the same category.

The proneness to resort to lynch law shows feeble regard for the common regulations of civilized society. The killing of a person not condemned is a crime of like tenor with the assassination of a President. He represents the nation and the slain man is one of that nation.

Our law-making bodies, every one of them, seem to be adding their contributions to the propaganda of a general disrespect for law. There are forty-five State Legislatures, a Congress, and numerous City Councils and Boards, which, every season, multiply statutes and ordinances by the score, the hundred and even the thousand. The purpose of many of these is to confer privileges on some at the expense of the common welfare.

Many of these statutes and ordinances transform innocent and even laudable actions into violations of law, and make culprits of worthy citizens. Many laws create crime in this way. So numerous are these restrictions that it is becoming almost impossible for anyone, however well disposed, to live in a house or go abroad on some necessary business, without violating some statute or ordinance. So numerous are these objectionable things that police officers are obliged to overlook their violation and if any are so capacious as to make arrests, they are likely to meet rebuke from their superior officers or from the magistrates.

This ordure-heap of legislation steadily accumulating can only be expected to be itself a hot bed for producing disrespect for law among our cultured population and anarchism among the proletarians.

Can any one tell what wealthy persons, what corporations, what banking houses, what railway companies, what other large business organizations, do not evade and violate laws that tend to impede their operations? And do not courts often back them up in such evasions and violations?

It is bad enough that the laws are made chiefly for the poor and that the rich dictate what shall be law; but the enforcing should be uniform.

When we sow the wind we must expect the whirlwind for our harvest. If we sow our seed in profuse legislation which we do not respect or obey, our crop is certain to be lawlessness.

There is little value in such expedients as biennial sessions, to reduce this pestiferous accumulation of statutes. Such an expedient is but the people cutting off their own hands to prevent doing mischief. A Legislature is the people's agent by which to exercise their sovereignty. I am in favor of the referendum, but a legislature should meet often to exercise scrutiny over the men who administer the law. A commonwealth can be certain of its liberties only by constant vigilance.

These abuses should be summarily removed from existence; all class legislation and conferring of special privileges, the giving of powers to some and withholding them from others, the creating and continuing in existence of useless offices of which we now have a profusion, and the enacting of statutes which are worded so vaguely or equivocally that a man of common intelligence does not know what they mean. We should stop making laws that are meant chiefly to furnish business for lawyers.

Fleury was right: "The best government is the one that governs the least." The true aim should be as in a family: To train the individual to do spontaneously what good law aims at—to be the law in himself.

"Of Turner's queer menage in Queen Anne Street, Mr. Leale used to tell a good story. Turner was showing some great man or other round his gallery, when the inner door was half-opened, and an old man said, in a low voice, 'That 'ere's done.' Turner appeared to take no notice, and a few minutes later the old man's head appeared again, and said, in a louder voice, 'That 'ere will be spilled.' It was Turner's father, anxious for the fate of his son's chop. The old man used to serve as factotum to his son. Among other things, he stained the canvases and varnished the pictures, which made Turner say that his father 'began and finished his pictures for him.'"

"The society of women is the element of good manners."

"The Cat Came Back."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dear Sir:—I do not believe I have attempted to write a letter for your columns since the now distant time when I was in New Zealand. I shall never forget the enthusiasm manifested in that progressive country during the six weeks it was my privilege to spend there after the completion of my protracted engagements in Australia. Wherever I went I was most cordially received, and generously remunerated for my services, and had I been able to prolong my sojourn in that delightful land, I could have done a very much wider work than existing limitations have enabled me to accomplish.

Auckland is in my judgment the most beautiful city in New Zealand, and it is blessed with a charming climate. Before I left that port for San Francisco, I was presented by the local society of Spiritualists, on whose platform I had many times appeared, and under whose auspices I gave my farewell lecture Nov. 29 to an immense audience, with a beautiful collection of lantern views intended to illustrate a stereoscopic lecture. Mount Eden and many of the amazing picturesque and highly romantic places of interest in the vicinity of Auckland are represented and I hope to get an opportunity to deliver a few stereoscopic lectures in addition to my other work both in America and England.

The voyage from Auckland to San Francisco on the "Sonoma," one of the three large twin ships of the A. & A. Line, was on the whole very pleasant. The weather was very calm as far as Honolulu, but between there and California, three or four days were decidedly tempestuous, so much so that nearly all the passengers were more or less afflicted with mal de mer, though there was a respectable minority who did not succumb to the slightest degree to the raging of the elements. Dr. Peebles told a large audience in Auckland, on the evening when he and I shared a platform as he was on his way to Australia, that it was the ocean that got sick, not Dr. Peebles; and I can say the same, that it is the outside conditions which are affected, not my interior state. I found the ship's doctor, an army surgeon, a very interesting man. He sat near me at table, and we enjoyed many interesting conversations on various subjects on many occasions.

I was rather favorably impressed with Honolulu, where the steamer stopped about five hours Dec. 10. All the passengers went on shore and found many interesting features on the volcanic island, where Kate Field bade adieu to her mortal existence. It appears that though many changes are being brought about under American administration, there is extremely good feeling between the various races, who all enjoy equal privileges. I should not wish to live in so warm a country all through the year, and I have been almost sorry during this beautiful Christmas-tide that the weather was not a little colder in San Francisco, though it does seem too bad to enter even the faintest protest against the cloudless days and balmy nights which have followed in unbroken succession since I reached this scene of many of my most interesting experiences of bygone years, on Monday, Dec. 16.

Friends met me at the wharf and when I reached Mr. Newman's book depot and office of the Philosophical Journal, 1429 Market St., I found an immense collection of letters awaiting me, many of them containing pressing offers of engagements from all parts of America. This is certainly very pleasant to find that one is not forgotten after protracted absence in climes remote. The Golden Gate Lodge of the Theosophical Society placed their lecture room at my disposal immediately I arrived, and I lectured for that earnest body of faithful workers on Wednesday evening, Dec. 18, to a full house, though only two days' notice had been given. I engaged the hall for a course of lectures on my own account, commencing Thursday, Dec. 19, and they have proved highly successful in all respects.

On Sunday, Dec. 23, I spoke again for the Theosophists, and here appeared the notice which appeared in the "Chronicle," Dec. 22. I do not know how the reporters came to describe me in so extraordinary a manner, out of all keeping with my modest claims; but the papers here, though in many respects highly excellent, are certainly sometimes given to embellishing a simple narrative, and are wont to surround visitors from distant countries with a nimbus of romance and mystery.

NEW CENTURY IDEALS.

A crowded house that overflowed into the hallways greeted the lecture on "Twentieth Century Ideals" last night before the Twentieth Century Club in the Flood building. The speaker was W. J. Colville, a theosophical and occult adept from the East. He said:

"Human solidarity is the watchword of the new century. Narrow-mindedness in religion, in business and in social customs is giving way to mental breadth and open-minded-

ness, and all creeds and castes and artificial fences between man and man are being swept aside. Everywhere men and women are proclaiming 'the world is my country, and to do good is my religion.'"

"Fraternity is the watchword of the new century. Like a dying plant war is blossoming its last, trying desperately to bring forth fruit to perpetuate itself. The spirit of peace sits even in military encampments, though in the past even great Homer conceived only of warring gods and goddesses in his pantheon or heaven. Criminality is to be abolished, through restraint and education by suggestion and the new psychology. The new ideal is of healing, not of destroying. The individual must make himself great and fine and wholesome before society can be made better. We are looking toward the United States of the World."

Among the bright lights of the pulpit and platform at present in California, Rev. Benjamin Fay Mills, formerly of Boston, occupies a very prominent place. He usually preaches in the Unitarian church, Oakland, on Sunday mornings, and lectures in Golden Gate Hall, San Francisco, on Sunday evenings. He is very popular, and gives excellent sermons. I had the pleasure of hearing him on Sunday morning, Dec. 23, when he exchanged with Rev. Bradford Leavitt of the Starr King Memorial Church in San Francisco. Mr. Mills spoke magnificently, and in connection with the splendid music, for which that church is widely celebrated, the service was most edifying and uplifting.

My afternoon audience at Twentieth Century Club Hall on that day, when I spoke on "The Historic and the Esoteric Christ," was even larger than on the previous Sunday, and on all occasions I have seen many valued friends of years gone and met many new enquirers into spiritual science and philosophy, who have treated me with so much kindness that, had I not definitely pledged my word to friends in Seattle to speak there Jan. 5, I should have yielded to the importunity of the public of sunny California and not braved the rigors of the northern and eastern winter.

I find Mr. and Mrs. Newman doing a large, flourishing business, and at this holiday season book sales have been very large. Everyone is asking when my new novel, "Eden," will be out, and I tell them it may appear any moment. I expect to pay a flying visit to New York early in February, and I may be compelled to go on to London at a day's notice. In order to avoid fruitless correspondence I have felt reluctantly obliged to publicly announce my utter inability to make any more engagements in America, to take effect earlier than August next, when I expect to be able to come over from England, and respond to the most pressing of the calls which are being made upon me.

I find interest in all matters pertaining to Spiritualism greatly on the increase wherever I may journey, but on the Pacific Coast, organized Spiritualism does not seem to have assumed very imposing proportions, though there are a great many spiritualistic meetings, and all are, I believe, well attended. Mrs. Jeannette Crawford (neé of Ancestry) is now living in San Jose. She very kindly gave some very delightful music at my meetings, Dec. 28. She is a truly noble woman, and is a highly inspired teacher, a most eloquent and convincing lecturer, as well as a pianist of exceptional ability.

Dr. Babbitt is doing very well in San Jose. I have corresponded with him several times, and am introducing his books wherever I can impress people with the uses of chemotherapy. During my visits to New Zealand, I saw many beneficial results following upon the employment of light and color, as therapeutic agencies. I scarcely expect to see Boston on this visit to America, as New York will probably fully absorb the very limited time I can possibly remain in this hemisphere. I have been quite enjoying a homeless monkey's Christmas, though, after so much travel, I shall feel quite grateful for a settled abiding place for a few months certain in dear old London, where I first made my bow to a public audience in the days of my eventful childhood.

March 4, 1902, will be the twenty-fifth anniversary of my introduction to public life as an inspirational speaker. I was then designated "The Kitten Orator," and now wherever I return to say scene of old activities, "The Cat Came Back" is usually sung to welcome me. I have had no time or opportunity to compile the projected record of my twenty-five years' experiences before the public, but as years roll on, I shall have fresh material to add to the already accumulated store, so that autobiographical compilation can afford to wait for whatever proves a convenient season.

With every best wish for the New Year, 1902, which I feel deeply impressed will be another highly eventful one, permit me to remain, as ever, Your sincere friend,
W. J. Colville.

If the root be left the grass will grow again. (The reason given for exterminating a traitor's family.)

The Mystic Monitor.

Man knoweth not himself who heareth but
The constant utterance of outward thoughts;
Who shuts his senses to the whisperings
Of silent sounds, that move inaudible
Within the chambers of the soul, which
speak
With muffled lips and quivering breath—
too soon
Abashed and silenced by the noisome
world.
Who waits, in solitude ineffable,
Companionship of unseen presences
That tune the heart to symphonies of peace,
Or stir the deeper chords of life, and rouse
Ambition's hope, or flight of poetry—
Hears, from within, responses of the soul,
That come from far-off heights of heaven,
where sits
Supreme, the Spirit of Eternal Truth.
As yields the earth, in form and fruitfulness,
To cosmic powers that sweep the circle of
The solar spheres; as stirs within the seed
The World-Life of Eternal Force that
shapes
All things, animate or dead; so man,
In outer form and sentient self, is built,
By silent thoughts that weave unseen the
woof
Of conscious being. The Soul is Master of
All fate. The Will, like Cerberus, hath
power
To suffer or repel approaches of
Such influences as exalt or curse.
Know, then, O Man, thyself expression art.
In form and character, of that thou most
Desirest. None so much to blame as thou
For failure; nor avails for thy success
A world of opportunity, be thou
Inapt or sluggish. Arouse the soul within,
And yield thou to her workings, till she crown
Thy brow with fortitude, thy breast with
peace,
And whisper secrets of divinity.
That lie untried in the depths of thought.

LIFE'S PROMISES.

Fret not worry over By-gones; heed not
the haunting Writhings of Fear.
Each day hath burdens of its own.
Fulfill the Obligations of each hour, ob-
livi-
ons of the past, unanxious for the future.
Of what avail if Carking Care emaciate
the cheeks, and purple Rings of Aged
encircle man and languid eyes.
The Weak shall perish; the Strong alone
survive.
Venomous microbes are dangerous only to
impaired, anemic bodies.
Here they find indigenous and fertile soil,
and speedily devour the organs of vitality.
But the strong, of virile health and ro-
bust frame, daily with such microbes, and
unconsciously expel them from their system.
Thus they who cultivate an honest con-
science, and a cheerful mind, who maintain
Allegiance to the Truth, and yield to the
soothing influences of Love, drive from their
souls the miscreant microbes of Fret and
Fear, or Envy and Suspicion, and flood their
paths with Glad and Golden Light.
Each day, new-born, renews life afresh.
Each dawn is drenched with hope, and the
rising sun calls forth the "tunes of Mem-
ory" from every waking heart.
Nor tears nor groans, funeral gloom or
melancholy's sigh, can aught avail for
Errors of the Past.
Forward is the call.
The future recks not of defeat.
Nightmares affect but those whose con-

science finds, in fragments of the mind, the
real reflections of the soul's desires.
Let Hope awake thee from thy slumber
with a smile, and as the lark and larklet wel-
come the dew-dew wet feet of morn upon the
flowery meads, so thou, and welcome, too,
in every breeze the Breath of Life, and Joy
in every radiant beam.
Fulfill each task with buoyant heart; keep
to thy work and judge not. Whoso is evil
thou knowest not save as thou art evil.
Be true to thyself.
Live for Love, for Honor and for Right.
Forgive.
Then shall thy life become a Beacon Light
to wandering mariners and thy voice a Song
of Strength to faltering and enfeebled souls.
The above poem and chapter are taken
from "The Shrine of Silence," by Henry
Frank of New York. The book contains
one hundred and four such short chapters,
each complete in itself, and replete with
wisdom. The first letter of each chapter is
peculiarly illuminated with black, red and
white that suggests a sort of mysticism in
the words that follow. The work could well
be titled "A Book of Daily Helps," and
would make a charming gift. If we were to
adversely criticize the style of the author
we should express our belief that his fre-
quent use of capitals weakens the force of
his thought. Capitals are something like tall
hats, which have been made to defy so
many needy individuals that they have lost
cast. Price \$1.50.

Is Electricity Spirit?

ARTHUR F. MILTON

There was a time when electricity, or its
manifestations, was regarded as something
supernatural.
Since being able to control or utilize it, this
does not obtain, yet it remains beyond analy-
sis by any mundane agency.
Perhaps the first manifestations of reason
in man were regarded with like superstition,
to judge by the value put on a little superior
consciousness by undeveloped races—the deli-
cacy of it is accorded.
But since it is being generally utilized, the
delicacy, too, has fallen off—yet reason or
intelligence is beyond analysis by mun-
dane agencies.
May we infer from this that electricity,
like intelligence, is really a supramundane
principle after all?
Because we can utilize it, does not deny
the query, for we can also utilize intelligence
and still are unable to tell what it is.
But through spirit-communication we have
found a lead towards its comprehension, in-
dicating primarily that it requires its simi-
litude to analyze or comprehend it. Inspira-
tion is the index referred to. It intimates
that life as a cause is as self-conscious as
man is, only to an absolute degree, and what
inspired souls have been pleased to term om-
niscience.
Inspiration has been the factor in reach-
ing this conclusion, and will undoubtedly be
the only factor for further investigation—in-
asmuch as inspiration is intelligence per se
added to our own. The application of reason
or intelligence to its own, therefore, must be-
come the means of a higher if not a full com-
prehension of it.
On the same principle we would suggest
the study of electricity or magnetism. Our
reason for this suggestion is that we believe
the spirit body to be an electric or magnetic

entity, and through the study of that we
learn of its nature—its composition.
The spirit is undoubtedly the sensorium of
the body, and by studying our sensations we
study the spirit.
That the spirit is magnetic manifests itself
in control of a spirit's touch, when it comes
in direct contact with our spirit. Mediums
can tell of the tingling sensation experienced
under such circumstances. Automatic writers
can tell of the same felt in their arms
and hands, as the only portion of their body
which senses often sense this by a more
rapport, though the spirit is seen at a
distance—all proofs of the magnetic or elec-
tric constituency of man's spirit body.
Now, if this immortal part of man should
prove to be spirit, then electricity may be
that self-same substance or principle; and to
control it we must do so with its own indi-
vidualized particle, which we possess, and
furthermore, if this theory obtains, what a
horrible shock electrocution must prove to the
spirit, for electricity will seek its own, even if
it is outside of matter. And if electricity is
anything akin to spirit, it certainly will.
In connection with this we are also inclined
to believe that man's locomotive powers—his
will—is based on his sensation or sensitive-
ness, which accrue therefrom; for does not
electricity institute motion? Is it not a moti-
vative power per se? Is not the body moved
by the will of the spirit—its magnetic con-
stituent and sensorium?
But whether it may be moved independent
of the sense-consciousness which it imparts
to the body, is a question. The animal, as a
rule, needs the aid of humor to induce mo-
tion. Some mortals require a like stimulus.
Perhaps all life on earth had to be taught
locomotion through the sense of the body,
which the spirit imparts to it, and thus the
development of will-power independent of
the sense-consciousness. If electricity is the
cause of sensation or will, or both, in man,
we may see a ray of light concerning it.
Probably it is the motive-power of life—that
which we term force or law—intuitively
termed omnipotence.
But there is a third principle injected into
man, which he also knows how to utilize, but
does not understand. It is love.
How shall we analyze that?
We might suggest a similar process. Study
love with love.
Where find it?
Where do we experience or feel it?
In the heart, of course.
Has any been found there through dissec-
tion?
No, thus it must be studied in its living or
conscious state.
But what makes the heart conscious?
As no brain-matter has ever been discov-
ered there, we must infer that it has some
other living principle that loves.
Perhaps it is what we term the soul.
If man has a distinct element or substance
or principle, from which a soul has been
added, it must also exist universally—unless
the soul is father of all else considered.
However, human intuition speaks of some-
thing as omnipresence. It is not love omni-
present? We find it in every form of life,
however undeveloped, though but as a pas-
saging emotion only under many circumstances
—man not excepted. Without this passing
emotion life would become extinct. It is the
creative force in matter, or among living
creatures inhabiting matter. We may infer
it to be the same in nature—in the universe.
For further analysis, therefore, study the
soul.
"He who would move the world must first
move himself."

Passing Away.

THE EARLY PIONEERS RAPIDLY RISING OUT OF
MORTAL SIGHT. WHO SHALL TESTIFY?

The long talked of History of Modern Spiritu-
alism is beginning to appear. The material of the
paraphrased few of the original investigators
who welcomed the new revelation with glad-
ness, are left to testify of what they saw,
heard, felt, and did. It is now proposed to
make an effort to collect data, and secure the
testimony of the actors and onlookers of the
tipping down which shone upon the earth
with unprecedented splendor during the first
decade following the initiative noises at
Hydesville in 1848. The first ten years are
not all, but they are first in importance to
testify, as so few witnesses remain, and that
few are nearing the border soon to vanish
from mortal view.

At this hour comes a call from Titusville,
Pa., announcing the ascension of Wm.
Barnsdall. The memorial rites were held
on the first day of the year 1902. For forty-
five years he has been a conspicuous advocate
of spirit communion, "without variableness
or shadow of turning," and has given liber-
ally of his means to the support of the
Cause, and for various humanitarian enter-
prises and reforms. He was twice elected
Mayor of Titusville, and might have had a
third term, but he refused to accept it. And
everybody who knew him, knew that he was
an enthusiastic Spiritualist, and every voter
knew it when he was elected Mayor of the
city.

Soon I expect to have a catechism pre-
pared, for every earnest Spiritualist in
America, and especially for the veterans of
the first decade—1848 to 1858. Much has been
promiscuously recorded, which will supply
various data, and be selected, sifted, and sub-
stantiated by the best attainable witnesses.
But there is much that has never been re-
corded.

The first class of facts and experience de-
sired is in the line of phenomena, of all sorts,
but to be divided and subdivided, so as to re-
veal the value as it appears when compared
with the phenomena of the physical world.
phenomena are raps, movements of solid bodies,
foot steps, opening and shutting of doors,
playing on musical instruments without
mortal contact, levitation of human bodies,
apparent passing of solids through solids—also
Zöllner's fourth dimension of space, material-
izing of hands, faces, clothes and entire
bodies, as well as flowers, ferns, etc. De-
materializations of the same, and much more
in that line.

Then similar phenomena that include well
defined intellectual accompaniments, such as
independent writing, art work, and many
other phases in that sphere. Then the spe-
cific mental phenomena, of which there is a
vast and startling variety. I will not specify
here, for that must be reserved for a special
catechism. But upon this hint all who have
well attested and important facts, which
include a clear and direct way, giving
dates, places, names of witnesses, etc., are
invited to summon their wits, challenge
memory, and bring forth for permanent
record material for our work. Of course it is
not expected that all such data can be used;
but the witnesses may not be able to deter-
mine the value as it will appear when com-
pared with all the rest, and the historian is
expected to select, sift, arrange, and reject,
according to his best judgment, and the
amount that can be used, within the limits of
the book. But we want the best, clearest,
strongest and most thoroughly attested facts

that the past fifty-three years have develop-
ed, and many things that will have to be
left out, may do valuable service as means
of establishing other data used, and the
author can refer to them or not as seems best
in foot notes, or appendices, or a sequel.
Who can furnish copies of the Universalium,
The Spiritual Clarion, Sunbeam, Spiritual
Universe (about 1854) edited by L. R. Ever-
ett, Cleveland, Ohio; The Agitator (Mrs. H.
F. M. Brown), and Tiffany's Monthly? As I
write the subject enlarges, and great issues
and achievements throng my mental sphere,
and I realize that the most difficult task is
going to be, not what to write, but what not
to write, or how to condense without weak-
ening the force of facts or leaving a hiatus in
the logic of events. More anon. I expect to
be in Titusville to welcome the New Year,
and join the loyal family of the Barnsdalls in
the memorial meetings of the two worlds.
Lyman C. Howe.

The Rolling Pebble.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS

Permit me to submit to your readers the
following eloquent description of the jour-
neyings of a pebble round the globe we in-
habit.

The author uses this descriptive figure sim-
ply as an illustration in his argumentative
reasoning on the subject of "Benefits of Ex-
perience."
E. T. Dickinson.

The law of development causes summers
and winters in nature; so, also, it does in
man. Alterations are necessary. Even
beauty and poetry ask for variations of life.
The calm of the sea is not its highest beauty.
A rough experience works out much good;
for all evil, in the end, is overruled by good.
Some severe experiences in human life, some
friction applied to the inward sensibilities,
frequently awakens a sublime vigor of pas-
sion and thought, developing deeds and an ut-
terance which are inspired, and can never
be forgotten. I have thrown myself into
psycho-sympathy with the facts of external
nature, and have interrogated the rounded
pebble, as it lay amid its countless brethren
upon the sandy beach. It related to me pas-
sages in its unwritten history, so grand and
so analogous to much of human experience,
that I wondered the great Shakespeare had
not been its amanuensis.

At first, it was neither small nor smooth;
but was rough and big with physical
strength—a huge mass of solidified stone.
It related how, by its insupportable ex-
pulsion in the earth, it was wrenched from its
parent-rock; and driven by restless floods,
far from home, amid innumerable strangers
—how it was transported, rolling and tumb-
ling continually from place to place, like the
troubled spirit of a miser.

It related how it was forced, by the early
tides, to visit the picturesque and beautiful
in nature. Then, how it ascended the rough
"precipices which protect our sea-girt shores
—or traversed the mountains which flank our
glens and lowland valleys."

And then, thrown by the potencies of the
earthquake, far above high mountains—only
to fall, as a useless body, to earth again,
among the shapeless fragments which lay
upon its bosom. Or, uplifted and plunged
violently far down into ocean's depths—
"there provided with a grave of clay or a
layer of sand."

MARK CHESTER.

BY CARLYLE PETERSHILL.

CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.

"Very, very much to do with it, uncle, as you will soon
discover. I want this money to help bring about the
state of things I mention. All the theorizing and writing
in the world will never bring these things to pass. It
must be done by practical persons who have money or
means to do with. A man without means is already
beneath the wheels of the car of monopoly. He is help-
less. He can do nothing. It is rich men—men of large
resources—who must become interested in these great
trials.
"Take, for instance, a dozen or more multi-millionaires,
and let them desire nothing so much as to benefit strug-
gling humanity, and see the millions of human beings
they could make happy and content. But how is it now?
These millionaires grow richer and richer by robbing the
poor man of his hard earned money. Otherwise they
could not grow so immensely wealthy.
"Now I desire money that I may do good with it, and
I desire to obtain it in such a way that it shall make
no man poorer in consequence. I do not wish to rob, in
any way, any human being; but in whatever manner I
may obtain wealth, I desire that the means by, or
through which I obtain it, shall be a benefit to the poor
man."
"Yes, lad, I understand. Well; why didn't yer ax them
thar spirits ter help yer?"
"That is precisely what I did do."
"Well, it's one o' them beater'st things I ever heard tell
on. It is better'n them thar livin' pictures; it's better'n
them yaller-tails; but, arter all, I don't know but thet."
"Well," said Mark, smiling, "the sea first supplied my
wants—the land has given me a surplus—the mountains
shall give me wealth—and the sea, the land, and the
mountains, can all be taken in at one sweeping glance.
I can easily travel from the sea to the mountains be-
tween sunrise and sunset and rest a couple of hours in
the heat of the day besides.
"Good night, daddy. Kiss that turtle dove of yours
for me, for is she not my mother by adoption, and Jane
my sister?"
"She is yer marm, for sartin, boy, an' thet curus, wil-
ful gal's yer sister, an' no mistake. Good-night, lad.
God bless yer, an' all them thar spirits help yer. Gess,
lad, as how I will go with yer ter them mountains,
an' I'll let that thar poor feller as broke his leg, hev
Molly—an' thet reminds me as how I, tew, hev a curus
dream. I thot as how Molly cum an' telled me thet I
shud be rich for sartin, an' thet when it all cum ter pass
I shoud let that poor feller as his wife hev my boat
ter git a livin' with, as he cudn't work on ther land,
owin' ter his lameness."
"Good night! Good night!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

A DREAM, YET NOT A DREAM.

Mark loved Isabel Morton, as the reader already
knows; and, before going to the mountains, he deter-
mined to have an interview with her and plead his suit.
for he had reason to think that she was not indifferent to
him. She was now free from her former bonds. Still,
he had a secret mingling that Mrs. Morton would not
favor his suit; yet he knew, intuitively, that it had been
Marcus Chesterfield's millions that had gained that
lady's favor more than his personality.

He would like to have the mother's full consent as
well as the daughter's. He hoped that if he married
Isabel, they, together, might make that lady happy. He
well knew that it ought not to require a million dollars
for that purpose, yet the mother's consent and happi-
ness entered largely into his calculations, and was an-
other secret incentive for him to strive to obtain the
amount of money he desired. He had not been able,
thus far, to see Isabel alone at her own home, but he
was determined to ask her for a private interview when
he should meet her at the next rehearsal—and this he
did. While they lingered a little behind the others, he
took her hand in his. It trembled within his grasp.
This gave him hope.
It was tea o'clock in the evening, but it was nearly
as light as day, for the moon was full.
"I greatly fear, Mr. Chester," she said, "that it will
not be possible for us to converse alone at my home, but
I will sit a moment with you on yonder bench. The
evening is exceedingly beautiful, and it is almost as
light as day."
Mark's heart gave a bound. The bench toward which
she pointed was the very one where he had sat the night
of his arrival at Redondo.
They lingered, walking slowly behind the others, and
then stole quietly down upon the beach and seated them-
selves on the fateful bench—fateful on account of its
solitude, as some people are on account of their solitude.
Mark in a straightforward and manly way told Isabel
of his great love for her, asking her to become his wife.
He then told her everything concerning himself, and
his life, even to the minutest detail, for Mark Chester
had no secret sins to conceal. He told her what his
present means were, and how he hoped to find wealth
in the mines; he also told her how he had been influ-
enced in that direction.
The young girl told him, with many blushes, that she
loved him in return, that she believed she must have
loved him from the first time they met, but she did not
think her mother would consent to their union, at least,
not at present. She then solemnly promised to wed no
other, and when he returned from his quest, she would
be his wife, even if her mother was not willing; but, she
added:
"I think my mother would consent to our union if you
were to be successful; for my own part, I would marry
you if you had not a farthing. We would strive to-
gether, dear, and amass enough to make us comfortable.
We could gain a competence, I am sure."
Mark was also sure of it, but as he told her, he wanted
to do good for the world at large.
"Something of that kind has been the dream of my
life, as well," she replied, "but, until we met, I did not
know how it could ever be accomplished."
"The dreams of one's life are never fulfilled until
those who are intended for each other, by nature, are
wedded," he said; "and, you and I, darling Isabel, are
the true counterparts of each other."
Mark returned to his room that night happier than
he had ever been before in the whole course of his life.
Isabel, the woman whom he loved, had promised to be
his wife—the only woman, as he believed, he should ever
love. He desired to love all the world, but only one as
the other half of his own being.
Isabel, when she returned to her own room that night,
laid her head on her pillow, a sweet smile hovering
about her lips and happy contentment in her heart.
Mark fulfilled her girlish dreams. She desired to marry
for love—and love alone. Her womanly instincts were
not at fault. Her heart desired a man, pure, noble, and
good—an unselfish man—but, not unkind of self, how-
ever, a man who would be mindful of self enough to
provide well for his own household, a man broad and
noble enough, when he had accomplished this, to work

for the rest of humanity; a capable man, so capable
that he not only would be able to provide well for his
own household, but to help elevate others. She believed
Mark to be a man of this character; and, as the reader
has already been made acquainted with the young man,
he can readily see that she was not doomed to disap-
pointment.
When Mark laid his head on his pillow, he prayed
earnestly to his mother to come to him:
"Mother—dear mother, I desire wealth that I may use
it to benefit the world, and you have promised to aid
me. Now, dearest mother, in my dreams tonight, show
me the spot in the mountains where I shall be able to
locate my mines to the best advantage. Bring to me
this powerful band of spirits, who desire to use me as
an instrument toward helping the world in general, and
show me the place."
He then fell asleep, believing that his prayers would
be answered, and he was not disappointed.
That night it seemed to him that he left his body and
went out into the starlight. It seemed to him that he
was floating, or hovering in the atmosphere, some ten
or, perhaps, twenty feet above the solid ground; the
beautiful form of his spirit mother by his side, her
large, soft eyes gazing into his so lovingly. Her angelic
hand was clasped in his, supporting and sustaining him.
Her robes—gossamer in texture—were floating back-
ward as she moved along, showing the graceful outlines
of her superb form; the dark masses of her unbound
hair flowing about her like a veil, her beautiful fea-
tures emanating a halo of light, love for her boy glori-
ously shining forth upon him.
"My son, my darling boy!" she said in silvery tones.
"I have heard your prayer and am here to answer it.
You desire riches to do good with, consequently, the
angels will help you; and they are willing to help all
who desire wealth for the purpose of using it toward
elevating humanity. There is not a man, or woman, or
earth, who earnestly desires means, wherewith to ben-
efit the world, but whose prayer shall be answered, and
wealth shall be given for the purpose; but those who
desire it for their own selfish gratification, their prayers
shall not be answered."
"My son, look about you."
Mark cast his eyes around, when, to his astonished
gaze, there appeared a large concourse of spiritual be-
ings—beings so beautiful and bright, that, at first, they
dazzled his sight; but, gradually, his eyes became accus-
tomed to look upon them; then, a number of them
approached him, and one said:
"Young man, you have been found worthy, therefore
your prayer shall be granted. Come with us."
Then two powerful and beautiful spirits placed them-
selves, one on either side of him, sustaining him be-
neath his arms; another, brighter and more powerful,
even than the others, led the way, and they all glided
toward the not far distant mountains, and, as they
thus glided, a beautiful city came into view—the city
of Los Angeles. Here they paused as if to show him
his bearings.
"My son," whispered his mother, "note well all the
places where we make a pause. We pause that you
may take note and remember. You must come to Los
Angeles first."
Now they floated on, pausing once more over a vil-
lage—the village of Glendale, a beautiful glen among the
foothills of the Sierra Madre range; on once more they
mounted, until they paused at one of the Sierra ridges.
This mountain was bare and rocky, with white zigzag
paths running over it and around about it.
"Now," said the voice of one of the band, "it is in
this mountain that the largest amount of gold will be
found. Look at it well, that you may not forget."
And Mark looked with his heart in his mouth. The

mountain was not quite as high as some others—not as
high as Mount Lowe—and was covered by white barren
spaces, this mountain showing more of them than any
other. Then Mark was taken directly to the largest
of these barren, white spots. From this spot they began
to float downward, until they reached a wild gorge, and
here they found quite a stream of water flowing. The
water was as clear as crystal. They followed this
stream up until they came to its source. Here they
found a number of large springs, some spurting or bub-
bling up into the air a foot or more. The spot was
wildly, grandly beautiful.
"Now," said one of the guides, "observe and remem-
ber. Within the bowels of this mountain are hidden vast
stores of golden ore, besides other valuable minerals.
You may open the mountain at almost any point within
twenty paces of these springs and you will come upon
gold; but, twenty paces to the right of the largest
spring, you will strike a large vein. This vein has been
caused, in past ages, by the trickling of a stream of
water, as it wept its way through a large pocket—or
mine—or deposit of gold. We would advise you to tun-
nel, or follow the vein until you come to the pocket.
You are worth at this time over three thousand dollars.
This amount will be sufficient to do all that is neces-
sary. When you discover the pocket, sell, as soon as
possible, for one million dollars. There is hidden within
this vicinity at least ten million dollars; but do not keep
it. One million is all you need for your purpose, and
the labor of working it for more would be more than
you could bear. Let others delve for the gold. Go you
and benefit the world."
"But who will buy?" asked Mark.
"A New York Syndicate," answered the spirit. "Re-
member! Do not forget the way, nor the spot, and all
will be well with you."
Saying this, the company of spirits departed from his
view—all except his beautiful mother, who accompanied
him back to the hotel in Redondo.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PROSPECTING FOR GOLD.

When the young man awoke again within his mortal
body, the clock was just striking twelve. He had not
been unconscious, or asleep, more than an hour, yet he
had been shown all these things.
The old fisherman and the young man did not go out
in the boat the next day; but the lame young man and
his wife went in their stead, and Mark and Uncle Kester
had a long interview. When Mark had finished telling
the old man of his dream, and what had been thus
shown him, Nathaniel remained in deep thought for
some time.
"I believe every word on't," said he at last; "but, how-
summer, we both need a rest an' change o' scene. Now
I'll tell yer what we'll dew. We'll buy a fust class
travellin' van, with a pair o' good, stout horses; then
terkle dove she shall go with us in her caved buggy.
We kin git ter that spot in jest about three days
good travellin'. We'll jest load that thar van with plix an'
spades an' plenty o' provisions, an' a couple o' nice
tents, an' we'll jest go thar to that thar spot an' pitch
our tents. Terkle dove shall take a good, strong gal
along thet'll dew our cookin' fur us, an' we'll take one
o' them thar strong young fellers from ther settle-
ment, an' we'll go thar an' camp, hev a good time mean-
while, an' see what we kin discover."
Mark thought this an excellent plan, and he and the
old man were not long in putting it into execution. Mrs.
Kester was delighted at the thought of going, and the
next week found them on their way.
(To be continued.)

SPECIAL NOTICE

Banner of Light.

"Biology has taught us in our day to classify life, not to count it false."

The drum which makes the most noise is filled with wind.—Oriental Proverb.

SPIRIT Message Department.

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

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

These circles are not public.

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

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

Report of Seances held December 12, 1901, S. E. 54.

Invocations.

In love and confidence we come together this morning, a union of forces, a union of strength, a union of understanding, striving to make more perfect the relation between mortal and spirit, striving to make more plain the way to that better, that more useful life of the spirit and striving always to bring into co-operation the law of spirit and harmony and peace. Bless us as we gather here at this hour. May the strength we so earnestly seek be given to us. May we have that charity and that love for all mankind that will make us strong and beautiful spirits even while we dwell in the body, and may this spirit attract to us those who are seeking light, those who are searching for truth, those who would understand and who would go forward in their life whether in the spirit or in the body. May the dear hearts that are breaking in every land find comfort and satisfaction in the understanding of what death is. May the mourning ones who are hesitating on the other side of life find peace and comfort in their effort to send the message to the loved one waiting. Amen.

MESSAGES.

John Emery to Sarah Fuller, Fall River, Mass.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is an old, old man. He has very gray hair and a tottering, feeble gait. His eyes are blue and his face is smooth. All the beard he has is down under his chin and around his ears. He looks up to me with such a longing, earnest look in his face as though he was anxious to get to his people and as though he hardly understood the law or quite knew what to do. He says first, "My name is John Emery and I lived in Fall River, Mass. I lived there for the most of my life and knew about a great many of the changes that came into the place because of my long residence. I have very many friends left there and I have the greatest desire to give them this word from out of my new life that they may understand and get the benefit of what the spirit can do for them. I particularly desire to send word to Sarah Fuller that I have often seen her and have tried to help her and have been in a small way able to influence conditions about her. She is brave but not very strong and I would like to bring my strength from the spirit and help her. I didn't know anything about this Spiritualism and so I don't know just what I ought to say, but my heart's all right and my desire is for the best. Thank you."

Frank Benedict, Philadelphia.

The next spirit that comes to me is a young man about nineteen years old. His eyes are brown, his face dark and his hair is brown too. He has a little bit of a brown mustache and he neither looks merry nor sad, but just stands there quietly and wonderingly by my side, as if he hardly knew whether he had better make an effort to speak or not. All at once he says, "If it isn't too much trouble, will you please take down this word for me. Say that my name is Frank Benedict and I lived in Philadelphia. I want to go to Allie. I don't feel quite content but am homesick now and then because I want her. I have seen all my people over here and I do have much that interests me but oh I do want her; if only I could talk to her, I think it would help me. It would give me more peace than this dead silence that has dropped between us. I can't talk about anything else. It is only about her that I dream and think, and when I go there and find her trying to hide her grief in reading and writing and refusing to see everybody because she is so lonely, it seems as if we two ought to get together, seems as if with the knowledge that is mine, I ought to be able to impress it upon her that I can talk with her and can communicate with her. Please give her my love and tell her I shall never cease to care for her whatever comes to her. Thank you."

Elizabeth Fry, Boston.

I see a woman about fifty years old. She is stout, has a round, full face, looks as good natured and motherly as can be. Her eyes are blue as flowers and her smile is as sweet as can be. Her hair is crimped and looks as if she had just fixed it up to go somewhere, and she has on the most beautiful dress. Looks beautiful to me, because it is all covered with black beads. She says, "Well, my name is Elizabeth Fry and I am a Boston woman. I made up my mind this morning that I would see if I couldn't send word and here I am and my message is one of strength and peace. I am more or less interested to see what you Spiritualists are going to do with the knowledge that is given you. So far you have had to make a fight to have it recognized. Now it is recognized, what are you going to do with it and how are you going to give it to the people in a way that they will accept it? I shall watch with interest the next year of your work and believe me, I shall do whatever I can to help. I wasn't much interested in this particular

phase of spiritualism when I came over to this side of life. Communications did not mean so much to me. I believed in exalting the spirit in man but I didn't understand the law of intercommunication, so now that I do understand, you may look to me to add that to my repertoire. I shall speak upon that whenever I have an opportunity. Thank you."

Frederick Carr, So. Boston.

Here is an old man too. I don't think he is quite as old as the other one was because he doesn't seem quite as feeble. He is short and rather stout and looks as though he was fussy about everything, wanted everything just so or it would not be any good to him. He laughs a little bit when I say that and says, "It is strange how one spirit can see the characteristics of another on the instant and that is really one of the sweetest things about the spirit, that you are able to see and understand without long acquaintance. My name is Frederick Carr and I belonged in South Boston, Mass. It has not been such a long time since I came over here. I used to say before I came that when I died if there was any truth in Spiritualism, that I'd make it noisy for somebody, and I have kept my word. I have been able to make manifestations around the place where I went out and I am going to keep at it, too, until I get somebody awake, for my people are all opposed to this sort of thing. I thought I would come along and give my name and perhaps I would stir them up in that way, too. I haven't begun to take any special course in spiritual culture to see what you can do for me, because I have been so busy trying to stir up my people that are left, and I don't know anything more important than to get them to a point where they will begin to ask questions and find out what the matter is. Why some of them have not been able to sleep nights and I won't stop that either. I will keep at that because by and by some of them will want to know what the reason is. If you will please send this word to Lizzie through your paper as I understand you do and tell her my father is more anxious to get into communication with her than he would be to build her a brick block and that it will really be of more benefit to her, and if she will try he will be able to get there, I am sure. I am her father and I thank you for this opportunity."

Joseph Cummings, Albemarle, Texas, to George Abbott.

Here is a man, tall, big and strong looking. He has a clean, square face as though he looked everything square in the face wherever he went. His name is Joseph Cummings; he used to live in Albemarle, Texas. He says he isn't so particular to give a history of himself or his feeling as he is to get to a man down there by the name of George Abbott, to tell him that he is following him around and is watching his performances and will do what he can to upset his plans unless he changes his tactics. The reason this man speaks this way is because he is so open and square in his dealings and I am sure that the man he is speaking to is not doing all that this man would like him to. With this Joseph Cummings is a woman and her name is Rhoda and she says, "I tried to keep Joe from saying just what he did but I might just as well try to keep the wind from blowing, and anyone who knew us both will understand that this is characteristic of him and of me. I too, have listened and desire to add my testimony to that of those gone before, that it is much easier and pleasanter to die than I ever had an idea it could be. Thank you."

Lizzie Hayden, Braintree, Mass.

The next spirit that comes to me is a girl and she rushes right over to me. Her hair is almost Auburn and somehow she just looks like a little bunch of fire. She says, "Oh quick, quick, quick, take my name. It is Lizzie Hayden and I lived in Braintree. I am oh, so anxious. I have come right from somebody that is sick and have got to go back again as quickly as I can and I have come as much to give this word that they might get a little bit of strength as I have to give any satisfaction to myself. I can't stop to give a very long message but I give this word that I shall do what I can to make her well and that is enough."

William Foster, Scranton, Pa.

The next one is an old man with white hair and white beard. He is feeble looking but he walks over to me with an air of authority and says, "I didn't belong in this part of the country. I came from Scranton, Pa. My name was William Foster and I wasn't the least interested in any of these things. I come today because I want to reach Ellen and if only I can get this word to her, it will make me happier. I have most of my people over here but to her I would come with the assurance that although everything looks as black as black can be, the light will dawn for her. Never mind what they say or how they stir, you must be brave and you must live above it. I am with you day and night, almost every hour, and would give you strength to bear as long as you stay. God hasten the day when you will be over here with me. Thank you."

Jennie Hanson, Charlestown, Mass.

I see a woman about thirty-five years old. She is pretty and bright as a flower and she steps up to me so graciously and says, "It must seem good to you to have somebody now and then who knows something about this subject. Now I do. My name is Jennie Hanson and I lived in Charlestown, Mass. I was more or less mediumistic, knew more or less of the subject and yet did not fully comprehend how hard it was for spirits to return. I thought it would be an easy matter to send my message back or even to communicate direct with my people but I don't find it so, and so I stand here today even with all the knowledge I had, in a way weak, in a way bewildered, about saying what I want to. I want to get to my mother and my aunt and I want them to know that

it is really I who have been to them and I have tried to communicate with them in dreams. My aunt particularly is always getting some communication through a dream and it is I who am there giving it to her. Please say that I have found Dad. Thank you."

Nellie Rogers, Chicago.

I now see the spirit of a young woman. She seems about twenty-four or twenty-five years old. She moves quickly, and seems all excited and nervous as though this is her first attempt and she hardly knows what she wants to say. She looks at me and says, "My people are Spiritualists so I don't think I will have hard work to say the word I want to, but it is only to get them to a condition where they will let me come and do the work that I desire to do. My name is Nellie Rogers and I lived in Chicago; my father's name is Frank and while he believes in this line of communication, he is not making the special effort that he did when I first came and I want him to try again. I want him to give me a regular opportunity. I don't think that his business ought to keep him away from me when I am so anxious to help him and can help him if he will only let me. Mama is with me and she says, 'Tell Frank that he is not alone, that he does have more help than he realizes and that it will be better both for him and Walter if they will let us come.'"

With these two is a woman named Susan. She is quite old but very motherly and nice and she says, "He will know who I am and will be glad to know that at last I have broken the ice and have sent a word. Thank you."

Allison Gould, Missouri City, Mo.

The next spirit that comes is a man about forty years old. He is quite tall, rather strong and good looking. He has black side whiskers, dark eyes, dark hair and he looks just like a man who would push right straight through anything when he undertook it. The first thing he says is, "Oh, so this is the performance. Well, I don't know as I can make any estimate of how much can be done this way, and I had better go to work and do what I can. My name is Allison Gould. I wasn't interested in any of this kind of work. My work was in the church and I thought it was much more important to prepare souls for the other life than it was to communicate with souls in the other life, but I don't know that we need to make the world one vast convent where we shut out communication from the outside spiritual world and the influence of it, so I would retract, would change my method and would open wide the doors of every home and every heart and let the light and beauty of this spiritual world be poured into it. I lived in Missouri City, Mo. No one doubted my sincerity or my earnestness, and I thought perhaps, if I could come back and say a word or two directly to my friends, particularly to Emma, that I might be able to influence her, and if anyone through my influence gets anything like growth or happiness, I shall be amply repaid for my effort. My father is with me and he has been my principal helper. He has taught me and talked with me and has finally brought me to this condition of mind where I feel that it is best for me to send some word to my own. My father was no more liberal than I, but he has been here longer and you can't live in a land of liberty without observing the principles of liberty, so one can't live in the spiritual life without observing something of it and giving it out again. I thank you for this and I hope I may be able to come again some time."

Verification.

Mrs. Minnie M. Soule:

Dear Sister and Co-worker. Your message to me through your guides and controls was very comforting and comforting. I was pleased to receive a message from my father. I have never had one direct from him before. Mother always comes to me. Thanking you for the message and wishing you every success in your work, I am,

Fraternally yours,

(Mrs.) Amy Buchanan.

604 Centre St., Jacksonville, Fla.,
Dec. 9, 1901.

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHT.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have just been reading your issue of Dec. 23, and I cannot forbear expressing to you the pleasure with which I have read the number. I was particularly delighted with Number One of Lillian Whiting's "The Outlook Beautiful," and with Susie C. Clark's "Come Up Higher." You are indeed to be congratulated for securing two writers, who combine with an intellectual force that no one can deny such clear glimpses into the invisible land and such comprehension of the laws which unitedly govern that realm and this. When I read such articles as these, as well as many others that appear in your columns, I am amazed at my audacity in bringing my thoughts before you with each new week, and at the forbearance of those of your readers who find them instructive.

Pardon me for being somewhat personal for one little minute. Miss Clark, Miss Whiting and myself all bear the title "Miss." "What does that bode?" as Shakespeare says. It bodes, does it not, that we have free and independent lives, that we can think our thoughts and live our own lives without another human life so inextricably bound up in our own as to tangle the thread of thought that pours into our being from the invisible realm, while we are, in the nature of the case, able to follow the best of our spiritual guides, without having to first submit them to the will of a mortal whom human laws entitle to be our master.

No doubt in ages to come, women will love, and bear children, and be the centre of permanent homes, and yet retain their power of

free thought and free action. But it is not so now, except in rare cases where devoted and chivalrous men fall to take advantage of the laws created by their own sex, and allow the dear one who walks by their side in marriage to live a life as free as their own. This will come by and by for all. Meanwhile and pending that halcyon condition, I can truly say for one that I am happy, and by no means "Chide the fate that writes me odd." And I have no doubt that those highly endowed women, Miss Clark and Miss Whiting, would say the same.

In this first number of her series, Miss Whiting points out with her usual clearness and grace, that the same laws bind together the material and the ethereal modes of existence, and that mortals dwell at the same time in the two. This is what brings Spiritualism into the realm of Nature, and thus guarantees its truth.

Our physical body is adapted to the material realm, and at the very same time, our ethereal body, a still finer servant of the indwelling soul, pulsates with the ether, and links us more or less consciously with the ethereal world. Happy is he who, while subject to mortality, can use at will the wings with which he can soar into the immortal world—the world beautiful indeed.

Especially are we pleased with Miss Whiting's choice of the expression, "the ethereal body;" and were it in my power to substitute the phrase "ethereal body" for "spiritual body" in all my printed works and writings, I would do so with pleasure. We inherited the latter expression from King James' translation of the Epistles of Paul, and it has helped many who cling to the old to slip with more ease into the teachings of the new. But now that scientists accept the existence of an ether, which is the source of all material expressions of life, an ether which Marconi has made palpable, as it were, even to mortal sense, and since our souls may drink from this ether through their ethereal bodies, just as they drink from the mundane atmosphere through physical means, we gladly adopt the new expression, because it expresses the truth.

There is something very sweet to my inner nature in thus learning from another, especially one of whom I was only a few short years ago, just a little wee bit jealous. For, Mr. Editor, it is obvious that Miss Whiting's vision into the invisible world is far clearer than my own, while she has a power to touch by her graces and her social advantages many whom I could not reach. It was foolish in me to care that she should be so superior to me; and it was basely selfish, and violated the law of love.

But that day passed away long since, and it makes me happy to thus acknowledge my fault, and my readiness to accept a new wording in spiritualistic writing because she has shown that it expresses the truth better than the old form of words.

Thomas a Kempis bade his followers to constantly endeavor to do the will of another rather than one's own will. While this is no doubt very good for the soul, tending as it does to crush out the irrational pride and self-will of the human heart, yet it may savor too much of the self-denial for self-denial's own sake, that was much enforced by Medieval seekers for the path of peace. So we think it more accordant with the increased light of the present century to seek to do the will of another, to be taught by another, to even adopt the nomenclature of another, simply and solely because they accord with the truth.

So, sweet Lillian, you are now avenged for a wrong of which your pure and gentle soul was all unconscious!

All Spiritualist workers are distressed from time to time by appeals from those who are obsessed by spirits whose presence they do not desire. On this subject, nothing can be more admirable than Miss Clark's "Come Up Higher." It will be well to save as many copies of this article as possible; and where more are needed, it would be well worth while to transcribe copies of the same, to give to these poor souls who are so beset, and yet feel no strength to cope with the situation.

How wise is Miss Clark's counsel! By seeking the centre of one's own soul, which is found by realizing one's relation to an infinite source on which one can draw to an unlimited extent, one can even welcome the approach of such spirits. By leaning ourselves on the great source of supply, we can teach them to lean on the same.

It is unwise to seek to centre our own souls, and to become self-poised, in and through ourselves. If each one of us were as truly an absolute soul as the Infinite soul centre of the universe, then we might lean wholly on ourselves, and dare all other beings to shake us from our foundation. But being finite and not absolute, it were madness to attempt to take such a position. It were far better to reach out to the power that must forevermore be beyond our own, and put ourselves in such harmony with it that a way is ever open by which its strength can pass freely into us. And this source of supply being unlimited, we may welcome all distressed souls to us, and impart to them from that everlasting fulness.

If Jesus tempted in the wilderness had depended on himself alone, he could not have resisted the power of his almost matchless foe. But his recorded words always showed that he was strong because he was one with the Father, that he "could do nothing of himself," and that he leaned without reserve on the power above. Among his last recorded words are these [Matthew 28: 18]: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth."

If it had been his from everlasting to everlasting, as must be true of the Absolute, it could not have been given to him. Jesus, while claiming that his will was one with God's will, fully recognized his sonship, which means, if it means anything at all, that his own existence was a derived one. That sonship we all possess by the constitution of our being and to that oneness of the Father we may all attain.

The Tempter, too, was the son of God, but alas! instead of being one with his Father, he had placed himself in opposition to him. Instead of affirming good and denying evil, he did the opposite. In him, hate had taken

the place of love, selfishness the place of self-denial, falsehood the place of truth, and hatred to mankind the place of the boundless love for humanity which formed the earthly crown of his great antagonism.

So when the duel took place between Jesus and the Tempter, the power was inevitably on the side of Jesus. It could not be otherwise. His will was one with God's will, and he could freely draw upon an unlimited source. The Tempter had only himself, and souls weaker than himself to rely upon, and he ignominiously failed, though he brought every worldly prize to tempt the son who was faithful to his parent.

But the Tempter is not forgotten in heaven. He is still loved there. He will at last return, and hand in hand with the men and women whom he has tempted here, they will rise towards the ineffable joy which is found alone in becoming one with God.

We have learned, and have ever taught since our spiritual eyes were opened, that the progression of a soul cannot be attained by aspiration alone, by looking to God and to the higher angels alone. This is but one factor in the process, and cannot work its way alone. The other factor is that we look with love and tender compassion on souls who are at present less favored than we, and do all we possibly can to aid their progress.

Thus doing, depending on the Infinite Source and seeking the aid of the brighter ones, and lending a loving hand to those less bright who seek our aid—we need not fear obsessing spirits or being obsessed by them. As Jesus was stronger than the tempter, so shall we be stronger than they, and it will become our dear delight to aid them to climb the heavenly way.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,

Abby A. Judson.

Arlington, N. J., Dec. 29, 1901.

Questions and Answers.

Q. By Sheldon Tempest, Auckland, N. Z.:

—1. In your lectures you have said that we have really a spiritual or astral body as well as a material body. Would you define what this astral body is, and what purpose it serves in relation to life on earth?
—2. Would you give a definition of what the human mind is, and whether the mind is affected by thought, or thought acted upon by the mind; also what is the relationship between intelligence and mind, sanity and insanity?

A. 1. The astral or psychic, otherwise called the spiritual body, is the internal body to which the physical structure simply corresponds. Many theosophists make a distinction between bodies, one within the other, all of which are called collectively the spiritual body by those who do not enter into such precise differentiations. Some people object to a term because they fail to perceive its true significance. The spiritual body is, more correctly speaking, an ethereal structure which the intelligent entity uses as a vehicle for the expression of its desires. Reasonable psychology makes it quite plain that our sense of continuous embodiment in this body is due to the continuation of the spiritual body, despite all changes which take place in the corresponding physical structure. The spiritual body is the norm, the form, while the physique is the corresponding shape. Many clairvoyants have seen this interior or ethereal body pass out from the head at the time of physical dissolution, and float off into space. They have also in some instances seen it linger for a while in the immediate vicinity of the physical frame it formerly tenanted.

A body need not be of a flesh to be a real body, and it is in our judgment one of the greatest errors, due to shallow thought and superficial observation, to imagine that the fleshy structure is the real body.

Swedenborg's statements concerning the spiritual body within the physical have never been refuted, and every day is now bringing with it new and convincing proofs that our real bodies are not what we handle with external instruments. When it is once understood that the material world is only a world of effects it is no longer difficult to perceive how intensely real a body may be which is in no sense evident to ordinary physical perception. We are living in a subjective spiritual world, whether we are also living in an objective material world or not.

A. 2. The word "mind" from the Latin "mens," which gives us mental and all kindred terms, is equivalent to the Sanskrit "manas" which signifies the plane of intellect. Hudson and some other modern authors speak of two minds, subjective and objective, and in Hudson's latest book, "The Divine Pedigree of Man," the case for the two minds is very acutely reasoned. Dr. Schofield, an eminent English physician, has published a book entitled "The Unconscious Mind," in which he clearly reasons out the workings of the deeper sections of our intelligent anatomy.

We consider thought to be the result of mental activity; the mind thinks, thought is the result of its motions. One mind can be acted upon by another mind as one body can be acted upon by another body, and as thoughts are radiations from centres of intelligence, the radiation from one centre can affect another centre. There is consequently in this regard as in all others the observable phenomena of reflex action. Intelligence per se is that of which mind is vehicle, for minds are formed by intelligence seeking expression. Intelligence inheres in the true ego or essential spiritual entity, the abiding soul which never grows less or more, but manifest intelligence increases through the contact of mind with the substance of the exterior universe.

Sanity properly signifies health, normality, order, while insanity signifies exactly the reverse. All measures relating to health are properly designated sanitary and we do no violence to any canon of etymology when we speak of all phases of discord, disorder or disease as insane. When a healthy mind acts through a healthy body we have an exhibition of pure sanity, but wherever there is mental derangement there is insanity, and this must ultimately, if not arrested, in bodily disturbance.

W. J. Colville.

