

RESTITUTION:

A HYMN; ISRAEL 62.

(No. 17, of "Poems of Ninety-Nine").

I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hid-
den riches of secret places.—Isaiah 45:2.

Behold my servant, I uphold;
Whose spirit dash through mine unfold;
He, mine elect, in strangers far,
Shall show me at the judgment bar.

He shall not falter, shall not fall;
By signs he'll still shall call;
And in the earth shall judgment set:
The laies, the laies shall see it yet.

And who is he that speaks the word?
'Tis He whose voice the heavens first heard!
'Tis He who giveth life to man,
And framed with soul creation's plan.

I, I, the Lord of Truth and Right,
His hands uphold—be ye people's light.
The blind, the prisoners him shall see,
For he is soul's redemptor me.

KINNERSLEY LEWIS.

Dec. 31, '90

The Evolution of the Soul.

INGERSOLL AND HILL ON MAN'S ORIGIN.

By GEN. W. H. PARSONS.

A heretofore unrecorded reminiscence of the
Great Agnostic.—The Logical Sequences of
Darwinism: Materialism and Denial of Con-
tinuity of Soul Life.—Haeckel, Darwin's suc-
cessor, now absolutely denies immortality.—
Mystery of the Germ Cell: uniform in consis-
tency, in all organisms, yet the progeny, as
uniformly diverse in all species.—Whence and
What is the Differing Power in the same
Cell?—The only Solution of the Mystery is
Supreme Psychic Power.—The Soul Germ at
Conception, from whence?

AN INGERSOLL REMINISCENCE.

At the close of the Cause Celebrate, the
famous Star Route trial in this city, some
years since, in which Robert Ingersoll was
leading attorney—Mr. Dorsey, the defendant,
who was triumphantly exonerated, by court
and jury—gave a supper at his residence to
Col. I.—and his associate counsel, consist-
ing of the distinguished lawyers, Carpenter,
Davidge, and Col. Nathaniel Hill of Texas.

The undersigned rescues from oblivion the
following authentic colloquy on Ingersoll's
favorite theme, between the latter and Col.
Hill, which without further preface we now
give.

All the guests present, above named, cer-
tified that this was the only occasion, perhaps,
that Col. Ingersoll was ever silenced. He
made no reply: evidently profoundly im-
pressed, as were the entire company with the
acute reasoning which exploded the Dar-
winian Hypotheses of the origin of man, as
illustrating blind faith, without reason, thus
made manifest in his followers.

W. H. Parsons.

The following colloquy is reported at our
request by one of the company then present.

INGERSOLL AND REASON.

Col. Hob Ingersoll, the noted Agnostic, was
once dining with several lawyer friends, and
after discussing the question of Evolution as
set forth by Darwin, Huxley and Herbert
Spencer and Agnosticism taught by Voltaire,
Volney and Hume, Ingersoll turned to a
friend and said, "Col. H.—I am surprised that
a man of your intelligence, who has read so
much on the subject and given it so much
thought, should believe all the nonsense that
the Bible and the Church teaches."

Col. H.—replied: "Hob, if I had as much
faith as you have, I might believe as you do,
but not having so much, I will have to take
what the Bible teaches."

Ingersoll replied: "Oh, that is one of your
paradoxes that you are so fond of. I have no
faith, and that is where the trouble comes in.
I only submit to Reason."

"All right," said Col. H.—"let us see if you
do submit to Reason: you accept the theory
of 'Natural Selection' as laid down by Dar-
win, Huxley and Herbert Spencer, don't
you?"

To which Ingersoll replied: "Yes, I do."
Col. H.—began: "Well, then, you believe
that something happened: you don't know
what it was, when it was, or how it was,
this thing happened, whether it was a million
years ago or ten millions."

"You believe that after a time, you don't
know what time, whether it was ten centuries
or ten million years, this thing that had hap-
pened, progressed."

"Then you believe that after another lapse
of time, five minutes, five centuries, five mil-
lion years, you don't know how long,
the thing which had happened and pro-
gressed obtained life. Then again after an-
other lapse of time, a second, a minute, a mil-
lion years, the thing which had happened, had
progressed, had obtained life, acquired mo-
tion, you don't know when, nor where, nor
how, these things occurred."

"Then you believe, that after another lapse
of time, you don't know how long, or how
short it was, the thing which happened, which

progressed, which obtained life, which ac-
quired motion, became a Man.

"Ingersoll, if I had that much Faith or
(credulity), I would join your church. Not
having that much, I believe what the Bible
and the Church teaches."

"I see this table before us and I know there
was a carpenter to build it. I see the sun,
the moon, and the stars, and, Ingersoll, I
know there was a builder, and I know he was
a mighty builder to build such works. No
Revelation is needed, no Faith is needed to
see God when we see the Universe. God re-
veals himself in his works as the carpenter
does by his work. I believe in Evolution: not
such Evolution as you believe. There is Evolu-
tion such as you see and don't believe."

"See the grub turn to a butterfly, the egg
into the bird, the acorn grow into the oak,
and the grain of wheat into the stalk with its
hundred of grain."

"There is Evolution for you, God's Evolu-
tion, not the miserable travesty which you
believe. If I had your Faith, and was blind
to what nature teaches to the eye; deaf to
what it teaches to the ear, I might believe
with you, having my faculties and enough
Faith I believe what the Bible teaches."

THE LOGIC OF DARWINISM.

To the above profoundly logical argument,
the writer, who preserves this incident, can-
not refrain from adding one further illus-
tration of a credulity without a vestige of Reason,
displayed by the followers of Ingersoll
and Darwin, who accept what the latter af-
firms, in his "Descent of Man" (p. 198).

"At a much earlier period the progenitors of
man must have been aquatic in their habits."

THE STORY OF JONAH AND THE WHALE.

With all due gravity, and deference to a
scientist of renown, this fish story transcends
that of "Jonah and the whale," in that the
latter affirms the fish deglutit the man; but
Darwin and his followers, including Ingersoll,
would have it that the fish was progenitor
of man—did not swallow, but begot Jonah.

OUR ORIGIN IN TADPOLES AND MONKEYS

To this, reductio ad absurdum, is the Dar-
winian Hypotheses (for it is a mere theory)
logically driven.

Darwin holds that:
"The progenitors of man must have been
aquatic in their habits." "In a highly remote
period" (says Darwin, in his work, "Descent
of Man," p. 178), "the line of our ancestors,
from a group of marine animals, resembling
tadpoles, ran through the Ganoid fishes, the
amphibious, and the anthropoid apes, to
man."

We are thus circumstantial in statement of
Darwin's position, as many Darwinians who
never read Darwin—but assume his premise
and conclusions for theological convenience—
stridently deny that he ever thus dogmatized.

If, therefore, "the progenitors of man must
have been aquatic in their habits;" (as ex-
plicitly affirmed by Darwin)—then the whale,
as the most stalwart of the aquatics—and not
the protoplasmic sturgeon, was the ancestor
of the recalcitrant prophet; and the heretofore
mythical mermaid—half fish and half woman
—supposed to still "flirt with the swells of the
ocean," was but a stage of evolution from the
tadpole, to the Venus, who according to Gre-
cian and Phœneecian Mythology, originally
arose from the foam of the sea.

As proof of one original germ in all animal
organisms, Darwin holds to the dogma (a
mere assertion without proof) that there is a
recurrence of the original type of a species—
or a case of Atavism—after a generation or
two, when the original peculiarity of the an-
cestor appears.

If true, that explains the "half horse, half
alligator and a little touch of the snap-
ing turtle in some men of the Ozark
range, and the incontestible hog in others of
the biped homo."

OUR ARBOREAL ANCESTORS IN EQUATORIAL
AFRICA.

But Darwin indulges the further specula-
tion, which he frames as a scientific postu-
late ("Descent of Man," p. 30) as follows: "It
is somewhat probable our early progenitors
lived in Africa, than elsewhere, as Africa was
formerly inhabited by extinct apes" (as also
now affirmed by Haeckel of Java) "closely
allied to the gorilla and chimpanzee, and they
two are now man's nearest allies."

ANCESTRAL WORSHIP.

It follows, if the line of our ancestors arose
from the tadpole, through the monkey, and
that the gorilla and chimpanzee are our near-
est blood relations, then if ancestral worship
were in vogue in the Occident, as now in the
Orient, the followers of Darwin, to be logi-
cally consistent, and if true to the memory
of their progenitors, would Kotow and fling
incense to the shades of their departed, sinu-
ous ancestors, who Darwin declares, with a
solemnity, have fastened their physiognomy
on his own facial expression, that those
hileous mammals "are now man's nearest
allies."

FAITH VS REASON.

What an enormous stretch of "Faith with-
out Reason" is involved in the acceptance of
this bald and monstrous hypothesis.

Rejecting the legends of Genesis as fable,
and unworthy of credence, they exhibit a
credulity that amounts to gullibility. Strain-
ing at a knot, and swallowing a camel, they
bolt, without a grimace, our origin from larva
and sponges and a relationship with monkeys
and gelatinous sperm.

HAECKEL SUCCEEDS DARWIN.

Nor is Darwin alone in teaching this mon-
strosity. Ernest Haeckel readmits this propo-
sition. Professor of Zoology in the
University of Jena, upon whom the mantle of
Darwin has fallen, in his work on the "Evo-
lution of Man," he attempts to establish that
man had no other original creator than the
inherent properties of matter, and that which
begins by spontaneous generation in the
monera, amoebae, and uncelled protozoa, and
other forms of germ life—ends in man.

In this work he seeks to establish the de-
scendant and evolution of man from the most
perceptible phases of vegetable and animal
life: "from a cousinship (says his Biograph-
er) not merely with monkeys, but with worms
and sponges, aye, with the mere flakes of
gelatinous sperm, that puzzles the naturalist
to distinguish their natural life from that of
the liquid waters on which they float."

But let Haeckel speak for himself. In his
work on the "Evolution of Man," he says:
"If we recognize the natural system of ani-
mals as the guide to our speculations and
establish upon it our pedigree, we must neces-
sarily come to the conclusion that the hu-
man race is a small branch of the group of
catarrhial, and has developed out of long since
extinct apes of this group in the Old World."

"The inexorable necessity of the strictest
logic forces us to draw the special deductive
conclusion from the general inductive law of
the theory, that man has developed gradually,
and step by step, out of the lower vertebrata,
and more immediately out of ape-like mam-
mals."

"NO PRE-EMINENCE ABOVE A BEAST"

"Throughout this work" (says his admiring
Biographer Van Buren Deanslow) "Haeckel
evinces a bold recognition of the fact that as
its discoveries come to be accepted and in-
gested, Christian and all other theological
theologies are brought to an end."

HAECKEL DENIES SOUL'S IMMORTALITY.

The acceptance of a "cousinship with
monkeys, but with worms and sponges,
aye, with the mere flakes of gelatinous
sperm"—may be gratifying and acceptable
with a class of confirmed Atheists, who em-
brace with avidity the ancestry of gorillas, to
escape the necessity, instead of recognizing
any God as their Creator, may be surprised
to know, that in his last (he claims his great-
est work), "The Riddle of the Universe,"
Haeckel announces his doctrine of Monism;
viz., that there are only two things in the
universe, spirit and matter; neither of which
can exist without the other: that the soul is
not a form of matter, and as Soul Evolution
emanates from matter. Haeckel denies abso-
lutely the immortality of the soul, which
withers and dies when the brain ceases to act.
This is the final outcome of Darwinian Ma-
terialism.

To this complexion hath it come at last.
Haeckelism ends in the absolute denial of the
immortality of the soul. That is the logical
sequence of the Darwinian hypotheses. If we
are, what is secreted by all rudimentary or-
gans, and nothing more, as displaced in com-
mon, by all animal organisms, including even
the germ, or uncelled protozoa—at the mo-
ment of conception—then are we nothing but
animals; to whom, both Darwin and Haeckel
sagely affirm, we are related, and from whom
descended. The same argument that disposes
a creator, denies and disposes of a soul. This
materialism disposes of both.

Without reason, they display a faith, or
rather credulity in a mere hypothesis, that
shames the most incredible legends of all an-
tiquity, sacred or profane; for they affirm,
with sublime solemnity, that man is kin to
the vertebrate shad, and brother to the silent
clam. "As one dieth (saith the Preacher who
also knew nothing of the soul, Eccl. iii. 19)
so dieth the other: they have all one breath;
so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a
beast."

THE GERMINAL VESICLE OR GERM MYSTERY
AND THE SOURCE OF DIVERSITY IN THE
FLORA AND FAUNA OF THIS PLANET.

In his "Origin of Species," p. 423, Darwin
holds that as a primordial germ, or germ
vesicle presents the same apparent elements
in all forms of animal life, therefore (he in-
fers) all organisms started from a common
origin: from the remote to the near, the origi-
nal type reappearing after the intermission
of generations, in the latter progeny.

The "germ plasma" theory of the great natu-
ralist Wiseman—on the contrary—holds that
fact in nature, that all transmission of spe-
cies is from generation to generation; not
from a common remote origin, but the pre-
sent and immediate. The significance of this

Hon. Thomas M. Locke and Julia
R. Locke.

Hon. Thomas M. Locke was born in
Gloucester County, New Jersey, November
14th, 1830. His father was a farmer, and he
was sent to the district school at the age of
six years. His father was an Episcopalian,
while his mother was a Methodist.

The schools were controlled generally by
the Episcopal Church, and they held their
Sunday school on Sundays in the school-
house.



Hon. Thomas M. Locke.

He worked on the farm with his father
and only went to school three or four months
in the year.

It was the wish of his parents that he
should study for the ministry, and he was
accordingly placed in Greenwich College for
that purpose. In addition he had the benefit
of private instruction from the Rev. Dr. Har-
rard. But he was not intended for the min-
istry, as he was too independent in his think-
ing to be bound by creed or dogma. The
time came for examination, and he frankly
told the examiners that he did not believe in
the miraculous conception, vicarious atone-
ment, total depravity or eternal punishment,
much to the mortification of his parents and
friends. He was then put on probation for
six months. At the end of that time he had
not changed his mind, but was more firmly
grounded in his opinions than ever. That
ended the matter so far as the ministry was
concerned, and he was left alone. He has
never regretted his decision, but has been
more of a man because of it.

Later he taught school for some time, and
was very successful. When he was twenty
years of age he went to Philadelphia, where
for some years he was employed as a clerk
in the grocery business.

He had always been opposed to human
slavery, and when the Republican party
came into existence he naturally became in-
terested in politics and was soon after elected
a school director of his district. It was about
this time that he began to investigate Spir-
itualism. He soon found it to be a grand
truth, and did not hesitate to accept it. It
was just what he wanted as a religion, and
nobly has he stood by it from that day to
this.

He served for some time as a soldier in de-
fence of our glorious flag, and made a good
record as a soldier.

He was elected a member of the Board of
Charities and Corrections in 1864, and served
in that capacity until 1869, when he was
nominated for the office of County Commis-
sioner and elected. In 1872, re-nominated and
re-elected for another term of three years.

discovery is of vast import in this controversy.
If each succeeding generation is a reproduction
of its predecessor, from generation to
generation—as is universally self evident—the
genesis of an was originally diverse. The
phenomenon of diversity is not and cannot
therefore, be inherent in a germinal vesicle
that actually does present in all organisms the
same visible and microscopic elements. The
product must be produced from without; and
hence at the moment of conception in the
human vesicle, there must be produced or in-
jected, an independent soul germ, to explain
the persistence of diverse species, from a
germ, conceded to be absolutely similar in all
animal organisms. This is a stupendous cos-
mic truth. Let us see.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CELL.

The enclosure of this cell, in each produc-
ing organism, contains a pelucid substance of
granular formation, in which floats a solid
substance like a stone, which encloses a
nucleus, still smaller; that has the special
property of subdivision and multiplying itself;
so that the process of the segregation, or
separation of the parts, one from another,
terminates the true survival of the fittest by



Mrs. Julia R. Locke.

In 1870, he removed to Burlington County,
New Jersey, and again drifted into politics.
In 1880 he was elected a member of the House
of Representatives from the second district
of Burlington County, New Jersey, and was
triumphantly re-elected in a district that was
naturally strongly Democratic. After his
term expired he was again elected a school
director.

He has been an open and outspoken Spir-
itualist for forty years. It has often been
said that Spiritualists are ignored on ac-
count of their religion, but in a particular in-
stance it has been the case with Mr. Locke. He has al-
ways run ahead of his times in his out-
look for office, and has been repeatedly selected
for important positions of honor and trust.

He believes the world will respect any
man's honest opinions. The only people who
do not are the moral cowards who are
afraid to avow their convictions.

Mr. Locke returned to Philadelphia after
a residence of ten years in New Jersey,
where he has been a leading and highly re-
spected citizen. He is prominent in Mas-
sachusetts and other secret orders, is well known
in all charity work, and his office is sought
by scores of people in business and religious
matters.

He never fails to detect Spiritualism in
any and all times, and is respected by all
who know him for his courageous advocacy
of his convictions. For eight years he has
been a prominent member of the Philadelphia
Spiritualist Association and has been its
president for at least five years. He has
represented his society at all of the Con-
ventions of the National Spiritualists' Association,
in which he has been a faithful and de-
voted worker. At the Convention of 1898
Mr. Locke was elected vice-president of the
N. S. A. by an overwhelming vote which
put him in line with the spiritualists and
opposed to the Association and to himself.

In all of his work for Spiritualism he has
a loyal, enthusiastic and unselfish assistant in
his good wife, Mrs. Julia R. Locke, thus
whom there is no more devoted worker in
our ranks. Spiritualism is her life and hobby
does she exemplify it in her efforts to do
for others, and for the Cause. Mrs. Locke is
the efficient secretary of the society of which
her husband is president, and seldom is she
absent from her post of duty. Mr. and Mrs.
Locke, in their devotion to Spiritualism, are
worthy examples for their brethren through-
out the nation. We take great pleasure in
presenting their pictures to our readers.
Their home is at 636 No. 7th St., Philadel-
phia, Penn.

THE MIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE.

The wonder of each consists in the fact that
the differentiation which ensues from cells so
similar and apparently simple, results in the
formation of organisms widely differing, ac-
cording to their species; ever presenting the
same type as the procreating animal, or pro-
genitor.

SOLUTION OF THE MYSTERY.

Thus from the now conceded fact that this
"germinal vesicle" is the same, in all forms of
animal life—Darwin (as stated above),
that "all organisms start from the same ori-
gin," and that the solution of the mystery
problem was the transmission of this heredi-
tary substance from generation to generation.
The converse alone is true: the hereditary
diversity of species proves diversity of origin.
Wiseman (as stated above) holds that the heredi-
tary substance, or cell, is not transmissible
from remote generations, but is transmissible
to generation immediately preceding the last to
(Continued on page 8.)

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

BY CLARA J. L. FIERCE.

"Such a man would better be out of existence."

Out of existence? Where is that? Why do you wish him there? Is it a better place for him, That such should be your prayer? Do you expect to go there, too, To meet him once again? Out of existence? Where is that? A place for wicked men? Into existence! Why not think What brought him here—or there? If all are placed here by God's will, How many can we spare? Out of existence! That is strange! Never, never shall he Pass from this life to nothingness; God's child he still shall be. Quincy, Mass.

Man's Aural Self.

CHAPTER IX.

Medical Limitations.

In spite of Carlisle's assertion that the population, consisting of his fellow countrymen in the British Isles, is mostly fools, Nature insists that even the veriest savage is by no means a fool. That barbarian uses reason to the extent of his experience; his descendant of the 20th Century can do no more. However crude the treatment by the medicine man, or mystic the rites by which it is accompanied, he watches to see whether a patient gets well or dies. If the sick were usually to die that savage becomes a heretic, a disbeliever in the means employed, and in the men who practice it. Yet more, if there are two different systems practiced by different medicine men he will distinguish between them by watching their success or failure. Such is human nature, whether savage or civilized. And any law that attempts to prevent the man of today from claiming and using the same privilege as the savage is a violation of human right, and will surely fail, save as an occasional means of individual persecution.

We noted that the savage can only use his reason to the limit of his experience. And every rational action is founded upon experience. Chief of all is the experience that progress and improvement come by trying something new. If experiment fail 99 times out of 100 there is an advance by so much as that once proves to be a success.

The treatment of the sick has always been more or less of an experiment, for no two human beings are constituted exactly alike. Treatment by physicians trained in one special school of practice leaves small margin for originality. A record of deaths is kept in every hospital. If more recover than die under the administration of some new remedy, and the total result be an improvement on previous experiments, that drug or that treatment is at once endorsed. It is a majority rule that pushes the weak into his grave. The victim had no right to complain, because at least 51 got well, and only 49 died. What more could he ask or expect?

But the weak who are left do object, and claim their right to try some other treat-

ment. If all had recovered neither the savage nor his civilized descendant would have wanted any other remedy. But, at the best, the treatment which seems to cure one leaves another to die. But when a loved one has died out of any home there is always the dread feeling that some other kind of treatment might have prevented the cruel bereavement. So new methods of treating the sick are invented and practiced.

The man with a new drug, whose one object is money, is usually both ignorant and reckless as to the mischief he may do. He almost always lies to the public, and deserves whatever fate the law can inflict. The long suffering human stomach might well be a witness in every such case, insuring a verdict of manslaughter.

The medical faculty of the civilized world, as a whole, is so carefully trained and educated, and for the most part labors with such unselfish zeal to relieve human suffering, that it deserves and receives the warm commendation of every thoughtful mind. It may be said to labor unceasingly and, as a whole, unselfishly for the prevention and cure of disease. The physician usually shortens his own life that the life of others may be longer. Statistics show that his life is shorter than in almost any other of the trades or professions. He is in constant risk from contact with disease, and often sinks exhausted for lack of needed rest. He is perpetually seeking for causes that sweep myriads to premature death. He calls a wretched science to his aid, yet the science fails to reduce his own practice to a scientific level. Of course, surgery, which is an exact science, is not included in this criticism. He knows that his profession has, throughout the ages, been unable to formulate any lasting system, and he is usually ashamed of much of the practice of the profession. He emphatically gives his patient the best he has, or knows, and year by year grows more impatient of the prescription of dangerous drugs. The student who leaves college certain of all that he knows becomes, too soon, certain of that only which he does not know.

These conscientious, highly trained physicians have evolved such differences of opinion on many methods of medical treatment of disease that various so-called "schools" have resulted, and the public is expected to take its choice. The public, like the savage, judges by results. The writer remembers watching the practice of an old school physician, most highly esteemed, and who, for a generation, was the personal friend of a large district, where he was almost without a rival. In an epidemic that flashed through the land the orthodox treatment included liberal applications of cold water. The disease was violent and the deaths many. A student of one of the new schools, deemed heretical by the old physician, settled in the district while this epidemic was raging. So far as a layman might judge his practice differed only in the application of hot water instead of cold. But more of his patients recovered. The public, who were fools as Carlisle asserted, said the new school doctor was right, and left their life-long old doctor and personal friend, transferring their confidence to the new, who, in this particular class of cases, had proved more successful. Presently it was noticed that one gave stimulants in fevers, and allowed the patient to drink all the cold water he asked for. The practice of the other was exactly the opposite. Again the public watched the result, and selected its physician.

So much was at that time a difference in

the practice of these differing schools, but which may not exist today, for even schools change their practice under pressure of experience. But there was no exact science at the base of either of these treatments. Not merely were different patients unable to bear the same treatment in all cases, and take the same prescriptions, but doctors of the same school constantly differed both as to the nature of the disease, and the method of the treatment. The tendency of all alike is to use drugs less and less, and to trust to nature more and more. So have the individuality of the doctor, the individuality of the patient, and we may say the individuality of the disease, each and all refusing to be reduced to the common level of an exact science. The practice thus remains, as every old physician knows and acknowledges, one of experiment in each separate case. The great effort of the profession in later years is to the prevention of disease rather than to its cure, and its honorable success has been the glory of the 19th Century.

Having thus accorded all honor to the trained professors of unscientific medicine we have the right to analyze their practice. Certain indications, such for instance as a high temperature, indicate a danger that demands most urgent treatment. The symptoms and the treatment alike suggest danger, not merely to the mind of the doctor, but through him to the patient. There is, of course, a hope of recovery, but the vibrations are those of a dangerous disease, and neither the doctor nor the patient are "dying" attempting to change the vibrations to normal level. The drug passes into a stomach probably quite innocent of disease, and itself already a sufferer. Of course that organ is yet more deranged by the drug, and the intestines, the liver, the kidneys, the bladder, instead of being cooled to remain perfectly quiet, have the first dysentery or diarrhea are each likely to have a small flame of abnormal vibration started in its own best parlor.

Most naturally the public is attracted by treatments without, or nearly without drugs, and favors all attempts at improved hygiene, so far as it can understand them. So we have attempted cures by water, by air, by sunlight, and latterly, by literal roastings in a specially prepared furnace. Among the regular schools the homeopathic finds favor because its drug doses are noticed to be smaller, and without the usual infernal flavor of the old time orthodox prescription. That school is also popularly believed not to be quite so ready to accuse some unfortunate organ, and use the surgeon's knife for its removal by what is called a skillful and successful operation, and from which the patient sometimes recovers.

Coming back to the public's only test the outside, we apparently show many cures as those whose diplomas entitle them to write a legal burial certificate. It is obviously impossible to prove that a patient would, or would not have recovered under some other treatment by another physician. The point for the reader to note is that every case is accompanied by symptoms which are nature's assertion that the vibration in one or more organs has become inharmonious, and that the whole body is becoming alarmed. And whatever the treatment, the successful practitioner must restore these vibrations to their normal level. It is obvious that the case is as complicated as a crooked one, other things being equal. So the unprofessional sufferer welcomes any treatment that claims to change these vibrations without the use of horrible drugs that derange

organs which had nothing to do with the disturbance.

Let us remember that, except some epidemic is raging, the great majority of sick folks get well, whatever the treatment. A few days' abstinence from food, a long needed rest, and the stoppage of bad habits give Nature a chance to clean house, and the sickness disappears. The doctor, the drug, the attendants, have each been a suggestion of cure. That is to say, no one expected the case to end fatally.

We have thus noted the presence of suggestion as a prime factor in effecting any and every change of vibration within the human organism. Since suggestion is itself only the active expression of intelligence, in other words, the power of mind, it would seem to have been a matter of common sense to learn how best to evoke that power by some direct process. But human nature does not even walk; she only crawls towards a knowledge of her own inherent powers.

Here is coal in the furnace, water in the boiler, but there is no steam. The twain lie idle till someone ignites the coal. Yet further, for ages there was the fire, the fuel, the kettle and the escaping steam, each and all suggesting a prime force of power that could be utilized. At last comes the engine, and a little, a very little of that power is put to use. More than ninety per cent. of it is still unused. When the dynamo has been created no more of the power is captured, but that actually used is put to better use than before, and now called electricity. Nature, on this offering, may set a small power, sufficient to shape the destiny of Homo. She holds it every day in her outstretched hand, to be had for the taking. But an Edison, a Tesla, a Marconi utterly fail to interpret her vibration and harvest the suggestion. Some day the problem will be solved—probably a step at a time. The principle has been grasped, when, with a bound, mortal man will become master of his surroundings to a degree now unknown and unimagined.

Such is a picture of physical progress, and a type of mental growth into a mental power that man of the past and present has failed to grasp. At every step his body has furnished the energy through which the presence of power has been constantly demonstrated. He has, as with coal, utilized his ten per cent., and the rest lies idle—wasted. The doctor, the drug, hygiene, water, air, sunlight and colored rays have all been offered, but a small percentage of this suggestive energy, cast out into space with every passing moment. The rest, like the unused power in the coal, is a gift offered by Santa Claus that ignorance sometimes plays with, but usually does not even recognize.

Here is human furnace, with its fuel, its water, and its wondrous engine working, on an average, to less than one-tenth its capacity. Every now and then is flashed an evidence of its innate power, which men forthwith call "miraculous." A concentration of the energy of every unit in Homo's form will at any time produce an effect which he has called God's lightning, for the thunders, lightnings, and a still small voice within the tempest have proclaimed the vastness of the power at work, which he has never dreamed was his own to wield at his own discretion, by his own divine right.

This concentrated energy has hitherto been allowed to waste and most ready cause of religious frenzy. The Hindu reduce, the fakir, the medicine man, the inspired healer have each by this mental concentration of

their unused energies become human dynamos. Each has a magnetic field, within which everything more or less responds to the increased force. Place the sick man within that field and, sometimes almost instantly, his feeble energies are restored, and his vibrations return to their healthful activity.

This religious frenzy, in its highest manifestation, is witnessed in the Hindu fakir, who can at last inflict cruel wounds upon himself, and heal them instantly by this personal energy, combined with that of his fellows into a suggestive power almost beyond lower imagination. The physical force of that fanatic has been robbed, in the process of development of this power, of its needed vital energy, so that a miserable specimen of manhood tells the tale of psychic disipation. The concentrated force is directed to but one end, the production of phenomena, physical and physical, largely useless in earth life. The necessary concentration is gained by cultivating a taste for other world ideals, and by counting the present life as of little consequence. In other words, the mortal has become a religious enthusiast by a process of auto suggestion that declares such religious frenzy to be the only road to happiness.

Passing by the myriad results of religious frenzy among peoples savage and civilized in various climes, we notice that such manifestations of energy are always so unusual that they are considered to be beyond the power of mortal man. The universal tendency of ignorance is to attribute anything that seems marvellous to God, the devil or the spirit world. The mystic devotee of the church self-suggests the stigmata. The wounds are real, the crucifixion is repeated and the church glorified, because it is claimed to be a power beyond that of humanity. It is precisely the same as if a load of coal that now yields but one hundred pounds of energy, were suddenly, from some unknown cause, to evolve ten or twenty times its accustomed power.

The ignorant would about miracle, and praise God. The scientist would take the hint, learn the lesson, and instead of some outside power, would place manhood upon the throne.

Let us keep clearly before us that educated man has so far been professionally wielding some five per cent. of manhood's energy, and transmitting it into suggestive healing. Anything beyond that it has been the custom to call miraculous, until that word has become disreputable amongst intelligent people. Latterly the educated man either denies the fact, or if such denial becomes absurd, he talks of the great but unknown power of a vivid imagination. He is so far right, for it is both a great and an unknown power which now demands our most careful examination. (To be continued.)

A Prediction.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I wish to place on record my opinion, from certain indications, partly of a cabalistic kind, that England will experience some new perplexity in political and diplomatic matters in the near future, which may develop into serious trouble about 1903, and reach an acute and active stage in which the power may appear to be on the decline, by 1905.

Yours truly, Kinnersley Lewis.

Sept. 10, 1901.

MARK CHESTER.

BY CARLYLE PETERSHLEA.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Well," answered Mark, musingly, "I have heard it said that whatever one wills to do, one can do, providing the will is powerful—exceedingly powerful and tenacious—never relaxing its hold or purpose. When I found myself on this lone beach, friendless, and without a penny, I swore, to myself, that I would be rich—that I would make friends of all mankind—that I never would commit a dishonorable act, or an act of any kind that could grieve my angel mother, or bring the blush of shame to the cheek of some sweet and beautiful girl whom I should one day meet and marry; at the same time, I made up my mind that I would commence by performing, faithfully and well, the first labor that came to my hand, no matter how low or mean it might be considered, providing it was honorable and the money received for it had been really earned."

"Well, now, boy, yer can't aim no million dollars at any kind o' labor, no matter what."

"I know that as well as you do, uncle; but I shall be able to make money in some other way, yet labor must be the starting point."

"But yer sed as how yer wuldn't take nuthin' as yer didn't aim."

"Neither will I, for whatever I take, I will earn in some way."

"Wall; yer a lad arter my own heart, an' Molly's with yer, boy, be sure o' thet. Now, it 'pears like thet, thet Molly an' thet good mother o' yours air friends over thar on 't'her side, yer know."

"Uncle Nathan, I believe they are; and I do not think they are very far away from us, either. I believe they are near us, and know all about us, and will help us, in every possible way, if we live right and do right. I never mean to do anything, in the whole course of my life, that could grieve my angel mother in the slightest."

"But I hev heard tell, thet thet love o' money was thet root o' all evil. Would it please her, dew yer think, fur yer ter set yer mind on a makin' a million?"

"Yes; if when I have made it, I use it for the benefit of the poor and needy, or for the enlightenment of mankind in general, or for any purpose for the good of the world. After I have earned my millions, I will spend it in doing good, or I will turn it over in such a way that it shall do the most good to the largest number."

This conversation took place just as the sun was dropping below the horizon, on New Year's day, while Uncle Kester and Mark were eating their dinner on the beach, by the side of Molly. They had spent the day in making a few repairs and cleaning up the boat; for, early on the following morning, they intended to row out to the most available spot and haul in as many fish as possible.

"Look at thet thar sun," said Uncle Nathan. "Look's like as though he intended to drown himself in the Pacific, or else set thet big ocean on fire! But thet thar sea just cools his arder," and Uncle Kester shivered, for as the sun dipped into the sea, the air became cold and penetrating.

"Thar he goes, out o' sight; an' it 'll be dark in five minits. We don't hev much glom'n in these er parts. Now, boy, we shall want ter start very arly in thet mornin', long 'fore thet sun gits up over them thar mountains; but fast, 'll smoke awhile. Perhaps yer'd better go up to thet hotel an' go ter bed arly, an' when my pipe's out I'll go ter rest with Molly—perhaps ter

dream o' my angel Molly. I am thinkin' o' jinin' my Molly in 't'her world, while yer air thinkin' o' thet one yer will hev, by an' by, in this world."

Mark arose, and giving his hand to his new found friend, said:

"Good night, uncle; happy dreams. I will join you early in the morning."

"Good night, pardner—good night, my boy—hope yer 'll dream o' thet purty lady yer 'll marry, some day."

CHAPTER XIV.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

The full moon was now rising over the distant mountain tops, making a glittering, silvery pathway across the Pacific, as far as the eye could see, giving to the roads and pathways of the little town a silvery sheen, gilding the spires of the churches, making all things weird and beautiful in its light.

Mark walked up the pathway toward the hotel which was now to be his home for a time at least. Arriving there, the beauty of the night enticed him onward, and as he did not care to retire so early, he thought he would take a turn through the little town.

He had not walked far, when, by the bright moonlight, he saw the same young man whom he had seen the night before handing the young lady into the carriage, descending the steps of a nice looking residence, which he was passing at the moment.

"The young man who looks like me," thought Mark. "Ah! he has been paying his respects to that lovely young lady, his fiancé, no doubt. The most beautiful girl I ever saw."

And Mark heaved a sigh. He could not have told why. He glanced at the door as he passed on. It was of stained glass, the casement, within, giving to it brightness and beauty. Above the door he read: "Morton House," and at the next crossing he read, "Bellevue Avenue."

That house, then, was where the charming young girl resided. She, no doubt, loved and would marry the man who was worth a million and looked like him.

He did not envy the aforesaid young man, but he meant, some day, to occupy a 'position as good. He wandered on, for an hour or more, and then returned. As he passed the Morton House, on his return, he happened to glance up at a window in the second story. It was open, but no light was within. The night was so still that he heard distinctly a heavy sigh, at the same time he caught sight of a form, at the window, with head bowed on the folded arms. The moonlight shone full on the golden hair, the rounded arms, the beautiful neck, and the shining, white drapery; but the heavy, mournful sigh, the drooping attitude, pierced the young man to the heart.

"That is certainly Miss Isabel Morton," thought Mark. "I should know her among ten thousand. Can it be possible that she is unhappy? A happy young lady would never droop and sigh like that."

He passed on and soon ascended the steps of the grand hotel that was now his home.

Mark Chester went directly to his room. The room was small, simply, but neatly furnished, and contained that modern convenience, a gas-log. It was the first thing of the kind that Mark had ever seen.

The chamber maid had already told him how it was to be managed; and, as the light was cold, he turned on the gas and applied a match to it. The effect was charming to one who was not acquainted with this sort of thing; it really appeared quite magical.

Mark gazed at the fire with happy eyes and pleased countenance.

During the day Mark had brought up to the room the clothes he was to wear when engaged in that very seductive employment, fishing for "yaller-tails." After

putting his clothes in order, he drew an easy chair and the table near to the grate; seating himself he gazed reflectively at the magical fire.

The paper, which had been wrapped around the clothes, still lay upon the table. It was strong, light brown wrapping paper. Mechanically he took up the paper and began to fold it into sheets about the size of common letter paper. He carefully smoothed out all the creases; then, taking a pen-knife from his pocket, he ran the blade through the folds of the paper, and when he had done this, he found he had about a dozen sheets of very good paper.

Thus far his actions had been mechanical. He was naturally neat and methodical in all things. His brain was also exceedingly active, and he was alone. This paper tempted him to write. Why not write out his thoughts, his intentions, his resolutions? Pen and ink he did not yet possess, but there was a good lead pencil in his vest pocket.

"Just the thing," he murmured. "Now, let me see—what shall I write about first? Shall I keep a diary? Yes; I will keep a diary. I will date my diary: Redondo Beach, New Year's Night, January 1, 1899."

"Diary."

"Mark Chester— orphan; born in London, 1873, on New Year's Eve. Having lost my parents, and being without any near relatives, I have come to this New World to seek my fortune, or, rather, to make my fortune; thinking that the prospects here for a penniless young man might be better than in England; moreover, it was the wish of my dying mother."

"I arrived here last night—New Year's Eve—how very strange! The evening of my birth."

He put his hand in his pocket and drew forth the mill.

"Ho! little tallman," he said. "You are all the money I have, at present. My mother, on her death bed, recalled this to my mind—the mill she put in my Christmas stocking some years before. You are my sole inheritance. On my arrival here, last night, I sat dismally on the beach, not knowing what to do. My darling mother's spirit overshadowed me. She softly whispered that she would inspire some one to aid me. An old fisherman, shortly thereafter, drew his boat up on to the sands. It was late and he asked me to help him. I did so. He proved to be a kind-hearted, good man. He paid me for my services and I was enabled, thereby, to secure a room and breakfast at a fine hotel—the hotel where I am now staying. It is called 'Redondo House.' The fisherman's name is Nathaniel Kester. He is a genuine Yankee, from New England, and I love him dearly. We have entered into partnership, and, for the present, I shall become a fisherman. The world may think this a very low calling for an educated and aspiring young man; but I will not ignore any calling, providing it is honorable. My object, now, in keeping this diary, is to draw up a code of resolutions, to aid and strengthen me in my future career, put them down in black and white—or, rather, this wrapping paper is brown—and strictly adhere to them for the remainder of my life on earth."

"O, my saluted mother, I conjure thee now, to come near and help me; for I am assured that our departed loved ones are often near us, to watch over our welfare and help us."

"I have been sitting passively for a short time, thinking that my mother would thus be better able to influence me, and tell me something about the way in which I should conduct my future life. Ah! yes. She is with me now. She 's bending over me. I feel her long hair, as it falls across my shoulders, and the gentle pressure of her hand upon my head; together, we will write out the code of resolutions—"

"I take oath, to thee, sweet spirit of my mother, that I will never use tobacco."

"I will never drink intoxicating liquors."

"I will never use profane language."

"I will never, knowingly, wrong man, woman, or child."

"I will do, with all my might, whatever my hands find to do."

"I will commence by doing that which lies nearest me to do."

"And, whatever I do, no matter how humble it may be, I will do to the very best of my ability."

"I will deal honestly with all mankind."

"I will not gamble or bet. I will not drive fast horses."

"I will love and treat with politeness all human beings. I will never be cruel to animals. I will relieve all suffering, wherever I find it, as much as lies within my power."

"In one year from today I shall be legally entitled to vote."

"I will never, knowingly, cast a vote because someone, or some party, political, or otherwise, desires me to do so. I will vote for no law which I think wrong; neither for any candidate for office, that I believe to be immoral or impure. I will only cast my vote for those who, I think, are truly good, and have the welfare of humanity at heart. I will try, by all fair and honorable means, to become wealthy; not that I may selfishly enjoy wealth, but that, with it, I may be better able to help my brother man."

"I will never marry without love; but, I hope to love and marry."

"My wife shall have equal privileges with myself, and shall stand to me as the better part of myself."

"I will envy no man, nor be covetous of anything which belongs to another; but I will strive to be myself, and live my own life—that is, I will try to individualize myself, and walk in a path all my own."

"I will commit no act that my loving mother, and all other pure angels, might not approve; and I will pray in secret, that I may know what will be best for me to do at all times."

"Religion: It shall be my religion to search for, and discover truth, wherever she may be found, and accept the highest truth that I may be able to understand."

"I will fight against ignorance, which I believe to be all the hell and devil there is, and try to set free from error everyone with whom I come in contact, and help them to turn their faces toward the truth and right. I will try to gain, within my own soul, all the wisdom, truth, and love, which is possible for it to hold; and, my conception of God is wisdom, love, and truth."

"Now, I have laid down twenty maxims for myself, the same number of years that I have lived here on earth. I will keep this diary and each year I will sum up what I have written, that I may see how much I have gained, not only in material substance, but in spiritual or heavenly things."

"There you lie, my jolly little mill! Next year, I will place by your side what I have cleared in money. Here you are, my little brown diary; and next New Year's day, I will credit myself for the amount of wisdom, love and truth, I have gained within the year. This brown paper, on which I am writing, is worth about one mill, also."

Mark took a pin from the lapel of his coat, and planned the leaves of his diary together; then, laying it out, quite smoothly, he placed a large book upon it. The book was lying upon the commode, and proved to be a heavy volume of advertisements, left there for the benefit of the guests, possibly, but in all probability, for the supposed benefit of those who advertised therein.

"You are all right," said Mark, speaking to the book. "I may want to consult you before the year is out."

(To be continued.)

THE GLENWOOD AGENT HAS THEM

For sale by **KANNA OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.**

SPIRIT Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. MINNIE H. BOULE.

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

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

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

Report of Seances held Sept. 12, 1901, S. E. 24.

Invocation.

In the midst of the duties of life, in the midst of the care and the trouble, in the midst of sorrow and pain, we pause and turn to thee, oh spirit of beauty and love. We give out of our trust, our love, and our time this hour, this time for brightening and uplifting those who are still in distress and trouble. Perfect us with more strength for the suffering ones. Lift us closer to thee, and may we more perfectly understand through our nearness to thee, the pain and the loss of those who are still struggling. We would that each heart might feel the inflowing of the spirit of love and beauty; that each lonely life might be comforted by the assurance of the presence of those who would help, comfort, and uplift; that each sin-stricken soul might feel the power of truth, from the darkness of their own despair and lead them to the light and purity of that life that must be. Help us to bring comfort to those who mourn the loss of loved ones, that our special mission to bring the message of peace and of comfort may be fulfilled at this hour. Help us to dry the tears, to soothe the sorrows, and to heal the pain. May the dear ones who would come, who would reach out with strong arms to lift those they love, be strengthened and helped by our confidence and our love, and may they to whom they would go understand with the spirit and grow with the spirit and thus may the union be complete. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Mary Gordon.

The first spirit that comes this morning is a woman about forty-five years old. She is quite stout and had been in the spirit only about three years for she comes up to me and writes the figure three to let me know that she has been gone three years. Her name is Mary Gordon and she lived in Monroe, Va. She says, "I want to get back to my friends there. I am sure I don't know whether I believe this thing or not. I am only here because somebody asked me to come. If this message gets to my people all right I shall be quite sure of this communication. Of course I am sure that I live, I am sure that I have conditions over in this life much like those I left, but whether it is possible for me to return as they say I can or not, I don't know but am making this effort. Please send this word to Abbie Gordon and tell her that I don't like what she has done a bit, and I have come back to say so and I can't help it whether she likes to have me say it or not. She knew that I would not like it, she knew when she did it and yet she did it, and if she thinks that I am dead so that I don't know she is very much mistaken. I haven't a word to say of love. I will send my love when she takes back what she has done. You may think this is a funny message to send but it is the message I want to send, and I don't know why when we come back we can't say the things we like. That is all I have to say. If that goes through, all right."

James MacFarland.

Now I see the spirit of a gentleman. He is very pleasant looking indeed. He is about fifty-five years old and of the medium height with gray side whiskers, dark eyes, dark hair with a little of the gray mixed in it. His whiskers are much grayer than his hair and he has a strong, well-cut chin and nose and strong psychic looking hands. He walks over to me and says, "Bless me, this is the first expression that I have attempted to give and I hadn't any idea that it would be so natural after all. I came from Oakland, Cal. I never was in the East but I always had a desire to find my way there and see what the country was like. When I first came over into spirit land, I utilized the power that was mine to see the different places, and of course I naturally came to the East where I had so often felt that I would like to be. I want to say that my name is James MacFarland. I desire to tell Celia that I have been with her in her travels. I have also seen what has been done with my body, how it is taken care of, and it pleases me. It seems much better to me than the way we talked of before I came. I also have Johnny who comes with me and says, 'Tell mama that I am often in her presence and she sees me— but not distinctly enough to know who it is. She is very mediumistic and needs to unfold her power that we may come closer to her and she may perceive us.' I have seen also what has been done to the house. The changes that they made in it—and while it is not just as I would have planned, it is much more pleasant, and I approve of it. I was interested in newspaper work and I have so many friends who are still interested in that work that I feel when I come here and send my message through the paper, that I am in my right line, the right kind of an influence."

I thank you so much for opening the doors to a stranger and an unbeliever, and yet one who would gladly believe if the thing is possible."

Phyllis Green.

I see the spirit of a little girl who doesn't look over eight or nine years old. She is just as cunning and pretty as she can be. Her hair is light,—light curls all around her head. Her eyes are blue and she is bright and sweet and she comes over to me and says, "My name is Phyllis Green, and I live in Louisville, Ky." Her father is with her in the spirit; he is much darker than she is, with dark hair and eyes, and is slim. She went a little while before he did, but they are together and they want to go to Hattie. The little girl says, "Oh, if she could only know how I get up in her lap and kiss her and touch her hair, she would never cry any more. I want her to feel that I am there and oh, sometimes when she lies down on that sofa out in the sitting room, I just lie down with her in her arms, touch her face, wipe her tears away, and she doesn't know what it is but she goes to sleep. I know that it is because papa and I come to her and help her. She can't die yet, though she wants to sometimes. She thinks there is nothing left in the world for her, but I know that there is a great deal. We are not ready for her yet. We want her to wait until everything is fixed up the way we want it, then we will come and get her. Tell her I give her a thousand kisses and more love than she can put in the basket, and she may be very sure that I will never, never forget her and can never go far away from her."

Frank Hadley.

The next spirit who comes to me is a man about forty years old. He is quite tall, straight, and strong-looking. He has very bright blue eyes; his face is long and firm; his hair is quite a dark brown, with not a single gray hair in it. He steps up to me with the air of one who knows what he is about and says, "I am so sure my confidence that I can return will help me that I have come with a confident air, and so I tell you as though I expected the message to be delivered, that my name is Frank Hadley. I want Eva to know that although I passed out of life quickly, with no sort of an idea of the place to which I was going, no sort of an idea of being prepared or understanding any of the conditions beyond, I am able notwithstanding all this to come back to her and to see her. Some days I see her plainer than others. Sometimes everything about her seems shrouded in mist and it is almost impossible for me to see what she is doing or how she is getting on, but at other times it is as clear as though I stood in her presence, and the only thing that bothers me is that she does not see me and does not understand what I say to her. I was with her when she made the call on my sister. I heard them talk about me and I was surprised at what my sister said, but never mind, I am sure Eva will understand and I have no feeling of unkindness because of it. Father comes with me and he says to tell Fred that he is just as much interested in that machine as he was before he came away and if he could have his way he would straighten it all out in no time, and he hopes to be able to do so."

Carrie Hammond to Nellie Hobbs.

The next spirit that comes is that of a woman. She is quite short and is a small, slender little thing, but very dark indeed with dark eyes and hair as black as coal. Her cheeks are red, her face is round and she looks as pretty and sweet as a flower. I think she was about twenty-three or twenty-four years old. She looks like one who had taken a great deal of care in her life, because her experience seems to be so much more than her years. She walks over to me in a womanly fashion and says, "Please say that I am Carrie Hammond; I used to live in Halifax; I went from there to Gorham, Maine. I was well known in that place and I want to send this message to Nellie Hobbs. I want her to know that I have been with her. So many times I have tried to impress her that I was with her and she felt the presence of the spirit but did not quite understand or could not quite make out what it was, and it is for this reason that I make this specific effort to get word to her. I have with me a little baby and I want to take that to her myself. She will understand what I mean by it, that I am taking care of it for her. It is not hers but it is one I took care of for her. I bring with me Charlie and Fred, and they all send love to her as I do and they say, 'Tell her we would like nothing better than to come back and take a ride in the old carry-all as we used to and ride through the country and see the beautiful things and hear the birds sing.' Thank you."

Addie F. Nason.

The next one that comes is a woman, tall, slim, and oh, so quiet. She hardly makes a rustle as she steps up to me, but oh, she is so tense as though her anxiety quells her and holds her in this tense state. The first thing she does is to stoop down over to me and whisper to me, "Do you think you can give a message for me? Do you think it will be possible for me to reach my own?" and when I smile back at her, she says, "Well, then, here it is. My name is Addie F. Nason and I come from Bridgeport, Conn. I want to get to my husband, whose name is Horace. I want him to know that I feel all right, that I understand now better than I ever did, that I would come back if I could, but it isn't possible for me to do more than send him the word. Tell him he mustn't grieve so, that my heart aches when he cries and I yearn to talk everything over with him. Oh, I am so sorry for what I did, but it can't be helped now. The only thing I can do is to say over and over again that when he comes to me I will tell him what I try to say now, that I am sorry, I am sorry, and I will do anything I can to make it right. I'd like to send word to Gerlie. I do want her to know that I come to her, that I understand how she has

been hurt and crushed and if she will only turn to me, perhaps I can help her. Oh, I thank you for this opportunity. It means more than you can know for me to be able to express myself. I shall be happier now, much happier. Oh, thank you."

Louise Banks.

Here is the spirit of a woman about fifty years old. She is short and very stout, with dark hair and eyes. She is so troubled with her throat that she can hardly speak; seems as though a long time before she went out she had this difficulty; but all at once she exerts herself and is able to give me this message. She says, "My name is Louise Banks and I come from Waltham, Mass. I have been over here quite a long time, but have never ceased to have an interest in what is going on in earth life. I was well aware of the spiritual existence, had an idea of what it was like, so that it wasn't a complete surprise to me and when I came over it was a relief not only to me but to everybody about me, for everyone knew I couldn't get better and it was better for me to go. I have with me Mary and she wants to send her message, too, and her love; she says, 'Oh, bless us, doesn't it seem hard to be here and not have the power to express all that we feel. I'd like to have Nellie understand this and see if she can't sit for us to come.' I believe it would be possible, if she would only give us a little time; we would try and become perfect in the art of speaking to her."

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-FIVE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

When I write my weekly Letter, Mr. Editor, in the sanctity of my little home, I always first play a few minutes on the little melodeon which has been my musical companion for thirteen years.

When away during a part of the summer, I was not, however, deprived of the inspiring power of music. Especially was this the case while in Bristol, Pa., where nearly every evening my kind entertainer spent an hour or two at her piano. Her sight having become defective, she cannot now read new music, and plays from memory the grand pieces learned long ago. Some of them she never plays twice alike. Her rendition of "The Storm" varies with her mood, portions of it being gay with tender delight, or tender with the rush of refreshing rain, and the murmur of distant thunder accentuating the falling drops. Later the storm draws near apace, the roll of thunder increases in power until its terrible boom makes the heart thrill with dread, while vivid bolts of lightning threaten life itself. The author of this piece must have been in sympathy with the fine lines of Thomson:

"The tempest grows, but as it nearer comes,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds;

"Follows the loosened, aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on
peal,
Crushed horrible, convulsing heaven and
earth."

Later the storm dies gradually away, a distant peal of thunder is scarcely heard, the birds begin to twitter again, and the last notes bespeak the peace of nature and the peace of the human heart.

Many an evening did we sit thus, she at the far end of the room evoking the magic strains from her instrument, her inspirational husband at the other end, clad in white, and resting from the labors of his farm, and I ensconced in some easy chair, listening to the music, and opening my inner nature to thoughts from the invisible world.

It was on one of these evenings that the pictures came to me described in Number 192, of an artificial fountain of earth, and of the infinite fountain of life, eternally sparkling with drops, every one of which is a soul, and destined by its parentage to eternal existence.

When I play alone at home, preliminary to writing, the music is very simple, the tunes are only five, and each one is played twice in exactly the same way. The instrument plays itself, as it were, and as the music goes on, the waves of magnetism become visible in the darkened room, and the thoughts pour in, till it is an easy matter to step into the next room and write them down.

The first tune is always "Nearer, My God, to Thee." This is so quiet, so restful, and by lifting the heart God-ward, help comes from those who are further along in our eternal journey; and it is only through God, or majestic, universal law, that blessed spirits can come.

Then comes "The Sweet By and By," filling the soul with delight, by our anticipated re-union with those whose presence we miss on life's journey.

This beautiful song was composed inspirationally. Its author, Dr. Sanford F. Bennett, was at the time keeping a drug store with Mr. J. B. Webster, the musician of Wisconsin. The latter gentleman was sometimes a prey to a fit of depression, and Dr. Bennett had noticed that he could be cheered by giving him a new song to work on.

One evening Dr. Bennett came in and said: "What is the matter now?"

Webster replied: "It is no matter now; it will be all right by and by."

The idea of the hymn came to the doctor like a flash of sunshine. He turned to his desk and wrote the three stanzas of the hymn as fast as he could write. He scratched it down with pencil, and as the lead broke he wrote the last line of the song with pen and ink.

As Webster read the words, he in his turn stepped to the desk, and asked for his violin. In a few minutes he had composed the music for the lines, for the different parts, and for the chorus.

Two musical friends had come in meantime; and in thirty minutes from the time Dr. Bennett began to write it, the four

friends were singing it exactly as it was printed a few days later, and as it has been sung the world over ever since. Another gentleman who was present and heard it sung this first time, said with tears in his eyes: "That hymn is immortal."

The original manuscript is now owned by John E. Burton of Milwaukee, Wis., who paid \$1000 for this first manuscript of the same. The same gentleman is also the fortunate possessor of the original manuscript of John Howard Payne's "Home, Sweet Home."

Dr. Bennett composed "The Sweet By and By" shortly after the Civil War, and he died in Richmond, Ill., in 1893.

"Some singers sing but a single song,
And the world remembers every word;
While others sing their whole life long,
Then die at last, unknown, unheard."

But no matter; if they sing truly and purely, the angels are listening to them now, and every one of their songs will be known and heard in the sweet by and by.

The third tune in my little repertory is "Beulah Land." It is similar in spirit to the preceding, but it is more exhilarating. The other is like pure, clear water, but "Beulah Land" is like wine. This hymn was a wonderful comfort to me the last year that I used to go to the Baptist prayer-meeting in Minneapolis. Whatever untoward doctrine was being emphasized by some brother exhorter, my singing-book was opened at "Beulah Land," and I would murmur:

"The angels come and walk with me,
And sweet communion here have we."

From the time when in far-away Burma I first read of how happy, poor, weary Christian was in Beulah Land, I have loved the very name. Here the Pilgrim and his companion Hopeful had a view of the celestial city, and even met and talked with some of the "shining ones," who were inhabitants thereof. And by a touch of psychological insight, Bunyan notices that these men, so soon to go over, talked more in their sleep in Beulah Land than ever they did during their journey. It was wholly natural that while their bodies slept, their spiritual vision was clear, and their spiritual tongues were loosened. So happy were the men in these sights and sounds, that they did not observe the dark and cold river that still lay between them and the celestial city.

But they got through the river, the angels led them up the hill on the other side, and they entered the glorious city "with everlasting joy upon their heads." And there will you and I, good Mr. Editor, and all our faithful readers go, in the sweet by and by.

Many years after reading, as a child, of Bunyan's Pilgrims, I was trying, oh so hard, to be good in the church, and in perusing the memoirs of that godly minister of Portland, Maine, Edward Payson, that I met these touching words in a letter that he wrote to his sister, only a few weeks before he passed the river:

"Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah, of which I have been for some weeks a happy inhabitant. The celestial city is full in my view."

Dr. Payson's gloomy theology was both the cause and the effect of fits of intense spiritual depression, which awaken the sympathy of all who read of them. It is pleasant to reflect that his daughter, Mrs. Prentice, revealed the softer lights in which the divine nature is also delineated in the Bible, and has expressed them in her delightful book, "Stepping Heavenward."

Dr. Payson had a period of intense joy, when he penned that letter to his sister, and he is all happy now, with a joy in which every human soul will ultimately share.

My fourth tune is set to the words of "A poor, wayfaring man of grief." It is joyous in tone, and characterized by a marked rhythm. I play it for my dear Elanath, for he loved it, and it cheered many a sad, or wearily wild hour that he spent in what he fondly called "our dear little home on Fairfield St." Oh! my brother, why was I not always patient? Have you forgiven me, for any failure in patience, which in justice to myself, I must say was of very rare occurrence; and you now understand how sister was suffering from approaching physical collapse, and from her fast dimming sight. Come to me tonight, in your pretty blue light, and say again, as you did in the dying hour: "You are very dear to me, my sister."

The fifth tune I play is the air of "Boony Doon," but the words are those of one of my mother's favorite hymns, "When Marched on the Nightly Plain," and my father loved it equally well. Her other favorite was "Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun." In her last illness, when she was sometimes carried on deck, while we were on the way to America, and a number of hymns had been sung, her gentle voice would be heard in these words:

"You haven't yet sung 'Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun.'"

No matter what may be my physical exhaustion, or my perplexing cares, the playing of these five tunes always brings me rest, peace, and inspiration. And when the long effort of writing has made the pain in my left eye too intense to be borne, I play the last two again in the darkened room, and my brother and my mother soothe the pain, and give me strength enough to continue till the task be done.

Bless our loving, disinterested helpers, and bless the infinite Source of Strength, who permits them to come!

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.

Arlington, N. J., Sept. 29, 1901.

Therefore man who is so noble an image, having his ground in Time and Eternity, should well consider himself, and not run headlong in such blindness, seeking his native country afar off from himself, when it is within himself, though covered with the goodness of the Elements by their strife.—Boehme.

Reincarnation.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A belief in Reincarnation seems to be a logical necessity for those who believe in the law of universal and indefinite progress, and hold that the human soul may exist and act independently of the human body. From the earliest dawn of history the doctrine of a plurality of earthly lives has been accepted as a vital truth by a large part of humanity. It has held permanent sway over the people of the Orient, and was at one time the dominating religious thought of the inhabitants of the whole earth. The ancient philosophers taught it to their disciples as a precious and fundamental truth. It is the keynote of Plato's philosophy: "Soul is older than body," he says.

The western branch of the human race, however, have for the most part lost the old faith, even God and immortality having become shadowy conjectures instead of living realities. But,

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers";

and after centuries of jangling creeds we of the New World are beginning to realize that only a return to the truths of primitive Christianity will satisfy our spiritual needs.

It must be conceded that justice and mercy cannot be attributed to God if we judge solely by what we see of his works. Physical pain and mental anguish are with us from the cradle to the grave. Injustice, cruelty, falsehood and hypocrisy fill up the measure of our lives. From the God of Israel to the God of Anarchy is a far cry, but both are gods of violence. "Nature is red in tooth and claw," says one of the most profound thinkers of modern times, and there seems to be no escape for man or beast except through the Door of Death.

Reincarnation alone solves in a rational manner the problems which everywhere confront the dwellers upon earth. It says there are many dwelling-places for the evolving immortal soul of man, and this earth is among them. It is the only theory which in any reasonable way accounts for the existence of sin and suffering; for it is not reasonable to believe that one must suffer an eternity of woe because an ancestor, six thousand years ago, disobeyed God's commands. If one is to be justly punished he must have knowingly and wilfully transgressed. If, during one incarnated life a man has not attained the full measure of experience possible to that life, there can be no good reason for his quitting it forever. If he has not conquered the desires and delusions of the physical life while on earth, and if death makes no essential change in his character, he is unfit to enter upon a state of purely spiritual activity. No after-death state of a spiritually progressive character can satisfy the nature if it be material and sensuous in its tendencies.

Good or evil, it may be both, is the outcome of every conscious or unconscious deed; but sin, which is solely the act of a conscious life, has been defined as "an intentional perversion of a clearly comprehended mandatory law of being."

Probably fifty per cent. of all who are born upon the earth die before they are old enough to sin. If they are justly punished it must be because they had committed sin in some other life—they must have lived before. Reincarnation is actively progressive and evolutionary in nature and effect, for it gives time and opportunity. Folly and crime are usually rooted in ignorance, caused by inexperience, and experience comes only through time and opportunity. Justice and mercy require that our Creator shall give us sufficient time to learn the right and thus avoid the wrong; but if there is but one incarnation, not one in a thousand has the time or opportunity. If one short life upon earth is not long enough under the best conditions for us to fully understand the physical universe of which our bodies are a part, how is it possible that we should in the same time learn just what is right or wrong in the spiritual universe?

Justice requires that all shall have equal chances for heaven and life everlasting. But one is born to poverty, and another to riches; one is born to disgrace and misery, another to good repute and happiness; one may be a child of the slums, born and reared in vice and degradation, another the child of parents famed for morality and intelligence; and if there is but one incarnation, if one short life fixes the eternal destiny for weal or woe, the road to heaven is made more difficult for one than for another. This would be injustice from a human standpoint; and if the standard of justice implanted by the Creator within the human heart differs in kind from the standard by which his laws are administered, we are drifting, pilotless and rudderless, upon the ocean of life, and all hope must be abandoned. The hell of our Calvinistic and Romanistic fathers is a pre-determined and ever-present reality, and the material universe, so far as we are involved, is a cruel and gigantic fraud.

The aim of a reasoning life appears to be the acquisition of knowledge, and through knowledge, happiness; and the sum of the knowledge to be acquired is the sum of the experiences of all phases of life, extending through all time, and must require many incarnations. The oftener a thing is done the easier it is to do it, and we may fairly infer that a second incarnation would be easier than the first.

Our present lack of recollection of past lives is no disproof of their actuality. Each night we sink into oblivion and lose consciousness of the past and present, and each morning we awake to a knowledge of past days and nights. When darkness covers the face of the earth the sun is not dead; it is we who have entered the shadow. And the shadows come and go again and again; but the same sun which yesterday shed its beneficent rays upon us, today vivifies us with its life-giving beams.

Reincarnation was a Jewish belief which Jesus endorsed. The early Fathers of the Church taught it, and it appears to be in ex-

