

THE SWEET MEMORIAL DAY.

How many graves the Spring looks on,
With tender love for every one,
She is the friend to all the race,
And gives to them her wondrous grace;
She calls the grass of velvet green,
To brighten where the snow was seen;
And where the dust was only dust,
The flowers smile with faith and trust;
And in the silence birds are heard,
To speak to men hope's cheering word;
And all in richness of the May,
We have our sweet Memorial Day!

The soul has tenderness as true,
As ever Spring revealed to view;
She comes where lies the dust of years,
And resurrection's wrought in tears;
Upon the tomb a spell is cast,
And then dark death and time are past;
The loved ones come in spirit blest,
In life of love made manifest;
They visit us in former cheer;
They prove that they were ever near;
And so the soul is like the May,
And has its sweet Memorial Day.

William Brouton.

Glimpses from the Under-World.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

Though not coming in contact, our feet face each other. Directly south of the eastern portion of Australia lies that gem of the Southern Ocean, Tasmania. To Americans it is on the opposite side of our planet, and to me, for the time being, you are the dwellers of the "under-world." If you and I, friend Barrett, were influenced by the old-time theology and pointing, each of us, up to heaven, we should point in exactly opposite directions, but in the light of the spiritual philosophy, heaven is not a location, but a condition. The good and the heavenly-minded have both health and heaven's inheritance here and now.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

Sailing through the Pacific Islands and reaching Australia for the fourth time, I lectured the Sundays of a month in Sydney to the Psychic Society of Spiritualists, in the Australian Unitarian Church, Rev. Mr. Walters the pastor, to the Queen's Hall Alliance Society, and to the Metaphysical Society, the presiding genius of which is Mr. Cardew, the gentleman who invited brother W. J. Colville to what is now called the Australian Commonwealth. Mr. Colville met with great success, and his return at no distant day is expected. He did a grand good work in the interests of Spiritualism, and its off-shoot branches of reform. Returning, he will receive a hearty welcome.

SPIRITUALISM THE FATHER AND ENCIRCLING MOTHER.

Spiritism is a demonstrated fact, and Spiritualism, in its philosophy, is all-embracing, all-inclusive. Is there a truth in phenomenal spiritism, Spiritualism includes it; is there a truth in Christian Science, Spiritualism includes it; is there a truth in metaphysical science, Spiritualism includes it; is there a truth in mental healing, divine healing, and divine science, Spiritualism includes it; is there a truth in Theosophy, every demonstrated fact in Theosophy and Theosophical writings, is included in the all-embracing realm of Spiritualism. The ignorant may not know this, but, Spiritualism is rooted and grounded in God, who is Spirit, infinite and unchanging,—the infinite Life and Intelligence of the universe.

Sad to say, there are those sufficiently wary and unprincipled to write glowingly about the "new thought," and speak grandiloquently of these mental sciences, and never mention the word Spiritualism. Why? Is it cringing cowardice or hypocrisy? What should we think of a naturalist like Alfred R. Wallace, who should write about acorns, acorn shells, acorn cups, acorn meats and their very nourishing properties, but never mention the word oak—the tall, stalwart oak that bore them? Down upon this tricky policy! It is contemptible enough in party politics, but when revealing its ally, serpentine fangs in matters spiritual, it is absolutely beneath contempt. My soul honors independence and moral bravery—such bravery as characterized the martyrs of old and dignifies the regal-souled of today. These live in history immortal, while the very names of catering cowards rot away into eternal oblivion. He who is ashamed of his Spiritualism is virtually ashamed of Almighty God, for God is Spirit, and Spirit is the foundation and the crowning top-stone of Spiritualism. Methodism, Lutheranism, Presbyterianism and kindred isms are but passing drift-wood on the sea of time. Reduced to the last analysis, there are but two isms worthy of profound consideration. These are atheistic materialism and Spiritualism. Thinker—where do you stand?

SPIRITUALISM IN MELBOURNE

This was my fourth visit to this great city of 600,000. Reaching it by railway from Sydney, I was met at the station by Messrs. Terry, Hinge, Harris, Dunlop and others, and we were taken after a lunch to the hos-

pitable home of Mr. Terry, becoming his guests. Delivering, as I did, nearly thirty years ago, the first course of lectures in Melbourne upon Spiritualism, I have retained a deep, strong hold upon the sympathies of the more faithful workers in the vineyard of progress. Unselfish friendships are as abiding as the stars.

Under the auspices of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists, of which Mr. W. H. Terry is president as well as the very clever editor of the "Harbinger of Light," I lectured four months in Masonic Hall to audiences ranging from five and six hundred to a thousand people, depending much upon the subject announced and the state of the weather. The singing was congregational, led by the great organ in the rear of the platform. The progress of Spiritualism in this Commonwealth has been more diffusive, educational and liberalizing than organic. Two or three old workers have become weary and hung their harps upon the willows. It is a pity, because to rest from spiritual work, is to first rust, then rot. If some men's vanities are not constantly stimulated by flattery, they wilt—and wither—and dissipate.

Since my last visit to this growing country, a new Spiritualist monthly is printed in Melbourne, "The Messenger," and ably edited by Mrs. M. A. Redfern, an inspirational and excellent trance speaker. Her husband is a printer and publisher. A new lecture has been organized in suburban Richmond. There should have been a dozen formed since the organization of the old one, of which Mr. Chatfield is at present conductor.

LIBERALISM IN MELBOURNE

This city is religiously moldering under the ecclesiastical moss of Roman Catholicism, and Scotch Presbyterianism. They both largely dominate the city press, and are at least a century behind the age. The Unitarians, metaphysicians and Spiritualists in this goodly city are on the most friendly terms. This is right, fraternal and magnanimous. While in the city, I spoke in the Friends' Church, spoke for the vegetarian society, and several times in the Unitarian Church, the regular pastor supplying the pulpit of the Rev. Dr. Strong's church. But the Theosophists, affected with the "plague" of Hindu self-sufficiency, stand aloof from Spiritualists; in fact, Theosophists, to a large extent, have become a sect—a self-contained cult. Many of them stand perched upon stilts, and still babble about "shells," "elementals," "Irish fairies," "the seven sheathings," "the planetary chain," and a weird, transcendental Utopianism in dead Sanskrit, when there are 115,000 good solid English words, capable of conveying the best and loftiest ideas of Emerson and Carlyle, Tennyson and Longfellow, Crookes and Lord Kelvin, Shakespeare, Gladstone and Abraham Lincoln. It is laughable to see an untraveled, unscholarly Theosophist "swell up" and quote Sanskrit, not a letter of which he knows from a pigeon's foot-track. I am a Theosophist, but neither an egotistic fool nor a bigot.

THE TASMANIAN ISLE.

As far back on time's dial as 1642, the governor of Batavia, Anthony Van Dieman, sent Mr. Tasman, a sailor citizen, on an exploring expedition in the South Seas. During this voyage he sighted the west coast of Tasmania, the discovery immortalizing his name. For some two hundred years, however, the island was known as Van Dieman's Land, having been settled in part in 1803 by military men having in charge a party of convicts. Later the country was named Tasmania because of the unpleasant association accompanying the name Van Dieman's Land.

When discovered, there were large numbers of natives upon the island, bearing a very strong resemblance to the black bushmen of Australia. Though ignorant of the arts and sciences, they were a quiet, peaceful people, living largely by patchy planting, hunting and fishing. Some three hundred of these were out one day driving kangaroos on the hills back of Risdon, when, because of a silly panic started by some nervous women, the order was given by an official to fire at them. This they did and a certain number of men, women and children were shot down like dogs, and either wounded or killed. Confidence from this time was shaken, never to be restored. Violence and treachery commenced, and nothing short of extermination would satisfy these white-faced "Christians"—these omnivorous, meat-eating Dutchmen. And so the last original Tasmanian was swept off from the island nearly thirty years ago.

When the naturalist, Chas. Darwin, visited this colony on his voyage around the world in the "Beagle," 1835, the entire native population numbered but 210. Recently I saw the photograph of the last man of his race. Here is a fine, yet abhorrent sample of the survival of the fittest, by means of murder; or, put in another form—"Might makes right."

In writing of this country, Chas. Darwin says,—"Van Dieman's Land enjoys the great advantage of being free from the native popu-

lation;" and he might have added, freed by a brutal, disgraceful and murderous civilization, based upon the ethics of the bloody Old Testament. Jehovah is reported therein to have said, "I am the God of war."

LAUNCESTON AND SPIRITUALISM.

Corresponding while in Australia with some intelligent gentlemen in Launceston, arranging and taking passage by the steamer "Patena," we were met at the landing by some liberal-minded parties, and conveyed to "Park View," overlooking a lovely park and much of the city. Our course of lectures was delivered in Mechanic's Institute. The audiences, rather small at first, because of a shilling fee at the door, increased to the end. The last evening the hall was literally packed, Mrs. Locke presiding at the piano. Two preachers were present. Introduced at the close of the meeting, one of them, the Wesleyan, expressed great satisfaction at the discourse, admitting that Spiritualism, with its visions, signs, wonders and healing gifts. Many questions were asked me by the audiences at the close of the lectures. I had a very pleasant interview on Spiritualism with the mayor of the city.

Messrs. Lord and Lock, two very courteous gentlemen, gave us several splendid drives about the suburban resorts of the city. The magnificence of the great gorge, wedged in between two mountains, with its dashing cataracts, beggars all pen descriptions. Other scenery was grand. Water power is the force that lights the city with electricity. There is here power enough to light the whole island, which is about three hundred miles in length and two hundred in width. Owing to the personal kindnesses of friends, our stay in Launceston was made most delightful.

HOBART AND SPIRITUALISM.

Leaving our friends in the above-named city, we took the railway train for Hobart, the capital of the island, passing through a splendid country of hills and valleys dotted with farm-lands and fields of grazing flocks and herds. Reaching Hobart after midnight, we retired to the Imperial Coffee Palace, securing rooms. This hotel is "well kept," the table being loaded with beef, mutton and the fried corpses of once living, roasting, mangy and grunting hogs. Coffee is seldom seen or drunk in these south sea islands. The English drink tea, and black tea only. The odor of baked and boiled animal flesh rises from every table, and upon the principle that men grow to be like what they feed on, both British and American have become sufficiently omnivorous to ruthlessly fight for and seize every land and isle within their commercial reach. Bulls fight because they are bulls, and because they delight to reign supreme over all far reaching pasture-lands. In spite of evolution, the brute that pertains to bull and dog development is not yet extinct in man. The angelic do not fight. The Nazarene said, "Put up thy sword," and the angels sang of peace on earth and good will towards men.

In Hobart, the capital city of Tasmania, numbering about 30,000, there are a number of progressive minds, free-thinking materialists, Spiritualists and Theosophists. The latter are organized. They do this where there are seven or more sympathizing with their cult. In this respect they teach Spiritualists a sensible lesson.

Two or three royal-souled Spiritualists in Hobart kindly secured the Masonic Hall for our lecture, the first one ever delivered in the city. The hall at an early hour was literally crowded and some standing in the doorway and others leaving for want of standing room. There was one English clergyman in the audience. Evidently, this was the first gospel sermon he had ever heard. The human soul, however clouded and besmeared with sectarian creeds, as naturally seeks the truth as does the bud the morning sunshine. Upon this occasion I gave them strong meat, properly seasoned, and made quite palatable by a liberal infusion of Biblical passages relating to visions, prophecies, signs, healings and the gift of tongues; insisting, as did Professor Hare, Robert Dale Owen, the scholastic Briton, the learned Epes Sargent, Dr. Crowell, Professor Kiddle and other brilliant-minded Spiritualists, that primitive Christianity with its spiritual manifestations, and the true Spiritualism of the present, were in perfect accord; for neither God, the Infinite Life and Intelligence of the universe, nor the laws of the spirit ever change. Lecturing free, paying our own railway fare and our own hotel bills, we departed by steamer for Dunedin, New Zealand.

STUDYING THE STARS.

No land in sight for days or weeks, it is delightful to study the stars by night. The study incites reverence. While the north star faded from my view months ago, crux, the southern cross, glitters brightly in the southern beading skies. Reading up astronomy, and watching the stars these lovely evenings, I have to say, there are only about

2,000 stars, under the most favorable circumstances, visible to the naked eye in night time. Yet, aided by powerful telescopes, astronomers tell us that they have already counted 20,000. These approximate numbers are doubtless almost infinitely below the real number. Herschel mentions 18,000,000 in the Milky Way, and later observations with the photographic lens, brings the number of stars up to 160 millions.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science catalogues 8,277 fixed stars. Stars are divided by the astronomers into classes or magnitudes, differing in brilliancy. Stars of the first magnitude only are visible to the naked eye. They number about 5,100, but are never all visible at the same time. The stars of the first magnitude may be considered the sign-posts of heaven. It is believed that the southern star in Libra inspired the formation of the Egyptian calendar initiated about 1322 B. C., as at that time the first point of Libra, or Thot, of the Egyptian Zodiac, was very near to Libra. A little south of Orion's belt is Sirius, the dog star, and the most brilliant of the heavenly bodies.

THE NORTH POLE.

The bright northern star, Polaris, nearly indicates the position of the North Pole. It must be remembered that this pole is not fixed. "The eccentric movement of the pole results from the action of the sun, moon and planets on the protuberant matter about the earth's equator, causing the axis of the earth to change its direction and assume a conical motion like that of a peg-top when it loses its speed. This," says Sir John Herschel, "illustrates the whole phenomenon of the Precession of the Equinoxes. The pole has therefore a slow motion, completing a small circle round the Pole of the Ecliptic in 25,867 years; and may be considered as the Second hand of Time on the dial of the Great Clock of Eternity. . . . The Pole now approaching Polaris, will be nearest to it in 2120 A. D., after which it will recede from it, and for 250 centuries, Polaris, or as the Arabs named it, Kaukab al Shemal, will cease to be the Pole Star."

"The earth is always changing the pole star. After 2120 A. D., the Pole will recede from Polaris, pass through Cepheus and Cygnus to Lyra, when in 14120 A. D., Vega will be the brightest star in the vicinity of the Pole. Then passing through Hercules and Draco, the Pole will return to Ursa Minor. In the days of the building of the Pyramids, a Draconis, Thuban, was the Pole Star."

The diameter of the earth's orbit being 185 millions of miles, it is but a point when seen from the nearest fixed star.

THE FIXED STARS.

The fixed stars, in spite of their apparent fixity, do, however, move. Our own sun, a fixed star to others, traveling with his system of planets, in an enormous orbit, is at present moving towards a point in the constellation of Hercules at a supposed rate of four miles per second. The centre around which the sun's orbit lies is supposed to be near the Pleiades.

Nebula, formerly supposed to be composed of a dense cloud of innumerable stars, are now known to be glowing masses of gaseous substance, not moving like comets, but retaining their position like fixed stars. The celestial conclave is strewn with nebula of various sizes, and brilliancy of character. And all these twenty millions of fixed stars, and doubtless countless millions more, came into existence with our planet by chance,—did they? They manifest life, evolution, order, and purpose, by chance,—do they? They are governed by law, or they are not. But law is not creative. It is only a method of action. And to talk of a universe of stars and magnificent worlds, alive with life, being governed by law, and all without any infinite intelligence or purpose, is to talk the wildest nonsense. It has been said that "the unwept astronomer is mad." Possibly I am mad, yet I cannot help but agree with Alfred R. Wallace, who speaks of the "Supreme Mind of the universe," with Andrew Jackson Davis, who taught that God was the "Great Positive Mind of the universe," and with Prof. William DeWitt who wisely said: "I could as soon believe that a boulder rolling down a mountain stream could be fashioned into a perfect bust of Daniel Webster, as that natural selection of atoms or a creative force undirected by mind could transform a glistening dot into an intelligent man." Honestly, I have not yet developed up to that assumed "scientific plane" of believing in paintings without painters, poems without poets, books without printers, effects without causes, and a magnificent, life-giving and orderly universe without an Intelligent Purpose, which purpose can only be predicted of Infinite Intelligence.

A HOT RECEPTION IN DUNEDIN, N. Z.

A seemingly devout Presbyterian of this New Zealand city, and just possibly, a "reincarnation" of John Calvin, unredeemed, recently wrote thus to a member of the "Harbinger of Light" staff in Melbourne. The article was published in the "Harbinger"

of April 1, that others might partake of its sweetness and "Christian" sanctity. Here is the lovely gem verbatim:

"So, old Peebles is coming this way! Well, he had better mind his p's and q's, or his reception will not be too pleasant for him. Though a tectofaler, he will get a drop of 'old Scotch' that won't suit his health, or blend with his 'spirits.' These long-haired men and women with short cropped tops are not a success here; nor are they wanted. Their perversions of history and general disregard for facts, their pompous parade of superior knowledge, whilst all the time illiterate and uninformed, have been shown up again and again, until the people have come to heartily distrust the whole pack of them. Presbyterians and truth are too strong for them; so you had better keep your samples within your Commonwealth."

The following letter, manifesting the same orthodox animus as the above, shows the spirit of Calvinistic Presbyterianism in South New Zealand.

"Dunedin, April 11th, 1901.

"Mr. Peebles, Sir,—

"I heard you once when here many years ago delivering your blasphemous attack upon the atonement. You had a Mr. Dunn with you who read school-boy poems, and played spirit trances. Believing your doctrines to be blasphemous, I prayed the Lord Jehovah to save your soul. Yet, here you are again possessed of the evil one, teaching, as the apostle said, the 'doctrines of devils.' We neither wanted your presence then, nor do we want it now with your Spiritualism. It is all of the devil. You had better get away from a city that does not want you. The Scriptures say, 'He that believeth not shall be damned,' and the Lord Jesus warned men against sin, and a 'hell-fire' that should not be quenched." Read St. Mark, 9th chapter.

"Yours,

"A Christian, with the Bible by his side."

A DIFFERENT RECEPTION IN DUNEDIN.

On the evening of the 8th of April, the Spiritualists of this city gave me a most delightful reception in their hall, which, though rather a small one, was filled to its utmost capacity by Spiritualists and those who sympathized with the movement. It was a most enjoyable season, consisting of addresses, instrumental music, solos, songs, speeches by different persons, hand-shakings, and closing with a liberal supply of most inviting refreshments. Everybody seemed happy. Mr. Bushby, who is at present lecturing for the Spiritualists in this city, made a brief, but most happy speech. James had two faces. These two different receptions represent the two sides of life's ever-varying shield, shadow and sunshine, pain and pleasure, bigotry and liberality, the devilism of dogmas, and the Spiritualism of divine truth and love. Having had my share of both, I feel quite content. After all is said, this is a beautiful world. There is more sunshine than storm, vastly more pleasure than pain, and in all my journeyings around and around the world, I have heard a hundred joyful laughs for a single groan, and seen ten thousand smiles for a single tear.

QUARANTINED.

On my way by steamer from Tasmania to Dunedin, we were quarantined at the first port we called at in New Zealand, The Bluff. This steamer, the Warrimoo, had come from Melbourne by way of Hobart, having on board passengers from Sydney, where the plague has been mildly raging; and so we were quarantined and examined to see that we were not plague-stricken. Quite a time was spent in fumigating the ship. It was a stuff of sulphur that I did not enjoy. The doctors make infinitely more of this "plague" than they need to. The same may be said of small-pox. Personally, I should prefer the small-pox to being poisoned with vaccine virus. Both the small-pox and this bacillic plague are fifth diseases, and the best medical authorities of Australia declare that this plague is no worse or no more dangerous than the typhoid fever. These quarantines, fumigations, examinations and vaccinations all make work for the doctors, and it is my honest and well matured opinion that every year they kill far more than they cure.

I lecture here in Dunedin twice week-day evenings, and on Sundays for some three weeks, and then go to Wellington, the capital of New Zealand, where I have one more engagement. I am urged to return to Sydney for a three months' engagement. There is no end to calls, calls for lectures. The people are hungering for spiritual truths, for demonstrations of a future existence, and a knowledge of what is to transpire when life's mortal curtain falls. Spiritualism is the world's hope.

Before this reaches your readers, I shall be on my way to the U. S. A. by way of London, ready for work. Being a little past eighty, I find that I can lecture two or three week-day evenings twice on Sunday, write and physically hold more or less, and always with perfect ease.

Dunedin, N. Z.

A contented spirit is the sweetness of existence.—Charles Dickens.

O the sound of the wind in the pine trees,
The soft west wind of May,
How it speaks to my heart of you, dear,
And the days that have passed away.

It is only a year ago, dear,
That you and I stood still,
Our every breath and motion hushed
At the foot of the little hill.

And though no word escaped my lips,
And you were silent too,
Each looked deep into the other's eyes,
And both of us felt and knew,
That the sound of the wind in the pine trees,
Which moved us near to tears,
Was a message of love from the Infinite One,
Borne to our willing ears.

And now as my life goes rushing on,
While yours has seemed to cease,
I have come again to the murmuring pines,
For a message of love and peace.

And from out the vastness of time and space,
A voice sounds low but clear,
Saying to me that you are not gone,
That you still are with me here.
Kate Restieux.

The Abbey Chimes, or the Mystery of Glen Avon.

MABEL A. VAN HISE.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

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Lester was scarcely out of sight when, hearing footsteps, Marie turned her head in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, in time to see two very rough, suspicious-looking men emerge from the woods right near. The vagabonds looked from her to the horse, and then to the other lady with her hand pillowed on the young girl's lap, and realizing that both were helpless, they commenced rifling the carriage. Finding a small satchel belonging to Mrs. Priestly, they proceeded to investigate its contents, and found a pocketbook which the elder of the two men, and holding it up he shook it in the face of the other, then with a smile of satisfaction straightway proceeded to put it in his own pocket. The younger man uttered something, that was no doubt an oath, but he spoke in a language that Marie did not understand; he was, however, lost his balance (he was sitting on the highest side of the overturned carriage) and each struggling for possession of the coveted money, they at length got mad and fought like tigers. Mrs. Priestly had fainted, and poor little Marie sat there helpless and shivering with cold. She was too frightened to cry out, for in the struggle, she saw one of the desperadoes draw a long, gleaming knife from his belt.

"Oh, what shall I do," she mentally exclaimed, just as, to her intense relief, Lester and two of the Glen Avon men came in sight, accompanied by Sir Cecil's doctor, who hurried to be in the house at the time. The villainous pair, having in their furious struggle, got some distance from the carriage, did not see or hear the approach of the party. Marie quickly told how matters stood. Lester made a sign to the two men he had brought with him and three pounced on the rousers and secured them, blinding their arms with the straps from the harness. By this time a carriage driven by Marcus appeared on the scene.

Mrs. Priestly, her poor, bruised ankle having been dressed by the doctor, was tenderly lifted into the brougham. Marie and the doctor accompanied her. Lester then ordered the men and their prisoners to march on in front, and took his seat on the box with Marcus. They drove slowly to avoid shaking Mrs. Priestly, and in this manner the party reached Glen Avon.

After seeing that a groom was dispatched at once to the nearest veterinary surgeon, and sending the two men back to take care of the lame horse, Lester sent for the officers, and pending their arrival he fastened the two prisoners securely in one of the reception rooms.

Though their arms were bound, their other limbs were free. They walked over to the fireplace and were standing looking gloomily into the fire, conversing in low tones, when a door, opposite to the one through which they came, was unlocked and Lady Avon entered. She started back greatly surprised. A second glance told her who the men were, and a deathly pallor overspread her face, her lips quivered. The younger of the two men advanced towards her.

"Minot, set us free," he commanded. Lady Avon knew these men had been stealing something, or they would not have been in their present plight; she also knew that one word from them would be sufficient to ruin her in Sir Cecil's eyes forever. They must go free; yes, and she must set them free, and at once!

"A knife," she whispered. "A knife to cut the straps."

"There is one in my belt," said the elder man. "Be quick, Minot, I hear footsteps! The officers are upon us." Quickly she cut the straps that bound them, and opening the door proceeded to lead them out, when the younger of the two caught her roughly by the wrist saying:

"No we will not go without the money! Where is the gold that Broya's daughter promised Zephane for the burning of the Monastery? It is not forthcoming yet! Speak, we move not till you give. We will let them take us before your Judge, and then all will come out. Quick! the money Minot, give. I hear them coming!"

Here was an unforeseen dilemma! Lady Avon trembled visibly. Her purse was upstairs in her room, and there was no time to get it. Even now she can hear voices in the hall.

"What shall I do?" she almost shouted in desperation. "I have no money here. I will bring it to Zephane."

"We will not trust you. Here, give us this," cried the younger man as he snatched the watch and chain that Lady Avon wore from her. "And this we will take this too."

He proceeded to unclasp the diamond bracelet from her wrist. She was powerless to resist in the man's iron grasp.

"Quick, come!" she cries, as she hears a bolt withdrawn on the outside of the opposite door.

"Come," she says, as she hears a bolt withdrawn on the outside of the opposite door.

With flying feet she led them down some steps and out at the side of the house nearest the lane. The villainous took to their heels and Lady Avon sped up to her room.

"I am safe once more," she murmured. "But the bracelet, what shall I do without it? How account for its loss?"

It was a Christmas present from her husband, and was of immense value. "Hail! I have a plan," she cried. "I know what I will do. I can make out for a time, but as soon as I miss it, I can accuse a knock at her door, and her sister, and her sister's friend. Tremblingly she inquired who was there."

"Lady Avon, we wish to see you," replied a strange voice.

On opening the door she was confronted by two officers and a detective.

"What does this mean?" said Lady Avon, assuming a bravado she did not feel. "Forsaken me, my Lady, but I understand that there has been a robbery committed, and the thieves were brought by your son to this house and locked downstairs in a reception room. They have by some means escaped from that room. Sir Cecil tells me that you possess the only key that fits the door by which they escaped."

"Oh, dear!" cried Lady Alice innocently. "How did it happen? What has been stolen? How did they get in? Yes, I have a key that fits that lock. But I have not been into that room since the night of the ball, Christmas eve."

Lady Alice was a perfect actress, and the men, being assured of her innocence of any complicity in aiding the escape of the thieves, retired to search elsewhere.

"That has allowed them time to get away," murmured Lady Alice thankfully. "And by this time they are safely on the road." The officers searched from cellar to garret, but did not succeed in finding any trace of the prisoners. After promising to put the case into the hands of expert detectives, they departed.

Mrs. Priestly had in the meantime been assisted to her room and put to bed. Charles volunteered to stay up with her that night, although her friend protested against it, saying that there was no reason for it. There were no broken bones, only a rather severe sprain. But Charles insisted on staying with her friend. It was quite dark now and the supper bell had rung twice.

"You had better go down, dear," said Mrs. Priestly.

"Now do lay still and don't trouble about me," returned Charles. "I will have supper brought up here for you and me."

After they had refreshed themselves, the young girl raked the fire together, fixed her friendly poor, lame foot in a comfortable position as possible, then drawing a chair nearer the bed she opened a volume of poems and began to read aloud. A timid little knock at the door caused her to pause in her reading.

"Come," she said.

"Oh, Marie, what has brought you here?" asked Mrs. Priestly.

"I've come to relieve Clara when she gets tired of nursing you, dear," replied the young girl. "Do you think the poor horse was much hurt?"

"Yes," replied Charles. "Lester told me that the veterinary surgeon ordered it shot. He said it could never use the broken limb again."

"I wonder if horses have souls. They are such patient, willing creatures, and some of them have so much sense, or seem to have," said Marie.

The young girl spoke so seriously that Mrs. Priestly had to laugh, in spite of the pain she was enduring. Charles went on with her reading. It was a long poem called "The Monks of Killewa," and when it was ended Marie (who had yawned repeatedly during the reading) wished them good night and retired, forgetful of the fact that she had come to help nurse Mrs. Priestly and relieve Charles.

Mrs. Priestly's ankle being in a very easy position, the pain lessened and she fell into a doze. Charles sat reading until feeling tired, she finally closed the book and leaning listlessly back in the roomy easy chair she gazed into the fire. But though Charles was staring dreamily at the glowing coals, she was not thinking of them. Her thoughts were away up in a certain little surgery, with a lounge drawn up to another fireplace, and a similar one in the front of a certain lounge whereon lay the figure of a certain young man; the reader no doubt guesses it is our friend, Brother Marcus, or, private secretary Marcus!

Yes, there he was, his face beaming with happiness, and with good reason, for he was not only the dearest, but the highest ambition realized! Was he not the accepted lover of sweet Charles Avon? Though the wedding day had not yet been decided upon, still he felt sure Sir Cecil would consider it wise to let their marriage take place soon.

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ere. Thank you, that's good. Now turn that easy chair round, so as to face me, and please lower the lights, the bright light hurts my eyes. There, that will do."

"Let me put the light out entirely," said Charles. "The light is enough for me. I do not want to read any more."

"Very well, put it out if you choose," returned her friend. "Now sit down. I want to talk to you."

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divine end in humanity, because every man in proportion to his inward culture, in proportion to his genius, is ashamed of the deficiency he pays to it.

There comes into the horizon another reason why possessions of a material character cannot be considered a final fact of humanity. In proportion to its magnitude it tends to belittle the possessor, by overlying his true sovereignty, his true humanitarian attributes. Large possessions, even the possessor's life of perpetual servitude. No one can see a final good in a thing that becomes a burden to its possessor, or which as it is prized becomes the element of his degradation.

The spirit of acquisitiveness does not lead alone to the possession of money or that which it will buy. They who see no riches more dangerous than money have yet to learn the alphabet of truth. It is not our pecuniary possessions, but our moral ones, also, and chiefly, that play the traitor to our manhood. When I am accredited by my fellows for piety and good sound morals I am in danger of believing that even the Infinite looks upon me with special favor.

When externals lead to a feeling of superiority, the least retrograde is at once entered upon. When one receives praise for any physical or moral superiority over his fellow men, if a true man or a true woman, a feeling of shame comes trooping in, because a divine and inner voice whispers that he or she, together with all others, are in reality above all external differences and to accept compliments for these externals is to be forgetful of the man himself.

The essential and permanent side of man can accept no praise for any external possession, since true humanity supposes these things to be but the most natural consequences of being.

All intellectual illumination, or conscious revelation upon the plane of the intellect, is but the manifestation of certain phenomena in the material world. To express a pride because of such attainment is but an evidence of weakness, since such illumination does not reveal the facts of nature nor their true significance.

Man's essential self entitled him to be manly, and when he falls short of this it may be understood that his inward amplitude is still warped and twisted by the necessities of his outward circumstances. All material or even moral acquisitions are only the shadows of a higher good and that good is man's sovereignty over nature.

The only foundation for humanity's dominancy over nature is interior, and consists of a divine selfhood, inspired with a consciousness of infinite power. It is not, and cannot be based upon physical, or moral attainments.

One may be beautiful as an Apollo, chaste as Diana and wise as Minerva and nature will make no special note of the fact. If Pomp and Pride because of possessions, strut in gay attire, Nature laughs, knowing that all material or even moral acquisitions are only the shadows of a higher good and that good is man's sovereignty over nature.

Again, all virtues which we are conscious of, of a spurious kind, for self-consciousness can only obtain by means of certain physical limitations which only divide.

True virtue leads to a sense of the boundless unity of all life, as with regular step, it marches on to God or Cosmic Consciousness. Consciousness of the self, but its limitations. Nature will be found, in its last analysis, to ignore all personal claims and to hold forth contempt for persons and also to entertain an unfaltering respect for man.

All acquisitions are but the symbols of the one eternal possession, which is sovereignty over nature. The possessions of a temporal character are but the phenomena which serve as substitutes along the way perhaps as helps to keep up the courage.

"A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by and then he state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters."

Once was the time when tradition was more than now prized. It was held as of worth. It does not now so hold mankind, but the experiences of the past are held up to view as helps for present guidance, for adoption or avoidance. Because the Fathers of the race have been so certain that they no longer held as a reason for continuing to so believe and act.

Creeds of politics and religions were almost worshiped in not a very remote past. Today, creeds of all kinds are only tolerated as they are kept in obscurity. If any religion should attempt to set up anything more than the most democratic claim upon society, it would be treated with that contempt which it would deserve.

All possessions, physical, mental or moral are neither intrinsic nor real but are symbols of that which is real and therefore intrinsic. The physical body is a possession of the I. The body is a phenomenon or but apparent selfhood, that limited selfhood, which if the I is living in such density of life's realities as not to be able to understand, leads to a sense of the I and the I, rather than to the soul the Universal Principle.

Mastery of nature, that is, its subjugation, its possession, leads to a familiarity with a large and expanded thought-world and out from symbols to facts, from mere phenomena to that which they point.

You may never know yourself. Being divine you do not fall within the scope of sense, time and space. For this reason every day of your life and for this very reason every day of your life, your symbols will eternally keep suggesting to you how, and in what direction, to take the next step. You will strive to possess the things which seem real enough, they will remain with you as long as they can be benefited, and when some mysterious man, never slip away and again you will see that they were not the real but only symbols directing, ever directing you to the real.

All this symbolization is but a process by which man is led to a better acquaintance with himself, and in ratio to man's knowledge gained of self, is the Principle of All Life understood by man.

The question naturally arises—"Has life here no realities, and does conscious development reveal nothing but symbols?"

The entire chamber of consciousness is lighted with many a chandelier and every illuminating jet must be ablaze in order to portray realities.

In the order of man's development, cognition is first palpable upon the objective-sense plane and second upon the subjective-sense plane. The objective-sense plane deals with phenomena while the subjective deals with the meaning of phenomena.

Man once bent in adoration and worship before his own shadow. Time brought him, however, a revelation of the meaning of the shadow, which did not destroy it as a phenomenal fact of nature but by the light of an additional fact, the chandelier of consciousness it was determined a reality, but only in a reflected sense. It was clearly explained to him that it was not a god walking by his side, but only the reflection of himself and consequently something less than man and therefore unworthy of his worship. Its worship, however, led to an understanding of its significance.

Agas ago, the stars in their vaulted sea of blue shone just as brightly upon the man who considered them as lights escaping from the celestial abode, through holes cut in the

floor of that palace of resplendent glory, as they do today. The stars were the same then as now. They were

A Chance to Make Money.

I have berries, grapes and peaches a year old, fresh as when picked. I used the California Cold Process. Do not eat or eat the fruit just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing; can put up a bushel in ten minutes. Last year I sold directions to over 120 families in one week; anyone will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such and feel confident anyone can make one or two hundred dollars round home in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and full directions to any of your readers for fifteen (15) two cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc. Francis Casey, St. Louis, Mo.

Unity Camp, Saugus Centre.

This popular resort under the management of the Lynn Spiritualists' Association (Cadet Hall Society), will open June 1, with good speakers and mediums. Services at 11.00, 2.00 and 4.00. Concert from 8.00 to 4.00 by the orchestra of eight pieces. Meetings will be held at this camp every Sunday from June 1 to Sept. 28.

Mrs. S. C. Cunningham will be present at the union meeting, June 15; Thomas Cross, July 6; May S. Pepper, July 13. Liza H. Brown, H. D. Barrett, and other specialties to be announced.

W. H. Athery, cornetist, will lead the congregational singing. Laura Metzger, organist. Bring the Mattie Hull Songster.

Meetings free. Refreshments will be served on the grounds. The Ladies' Social Union will hold circles in the grove every Wednesday afternoon. All mediums invited. Come and bring your lunch and spend the day in the pines. Tea and coffee served.

Parties coming from Boston can take the barge at Cliffondale right to the camp. From Lynn, Salem, and points east, take Saugus Centre car.

For Nervous Headache.

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. F. A. Roberts, Waterville, Me., says: "It is of great benefit in nervous headache, nervous dyspepsia and neuralgia."

Lake Pleasant.

Mr. J. S. Hart is at the Lake painting his cottage ready for the family to occupy June 1 for the summer. Last Thursday evening the cottage was filled with campers that called to help Mr. Hart celebrate his 75th birthday. The evening passed pleasantly with music and speeches. There were flowers and other valuable presents. There are about fifty families on the grounds and more coming every day. Among the late arrivals are Mr. David Barber, Mrs. Barnes, Bert Blinn, Mrs. Angie Clapp, Mrs. E. DeWitt, Mr. Kelsey's family of Springfield and Mrs. King. John Dowd has his house open for business. Camper Box 61.

May 20.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Freeville, N. Y.

Dates for summer meetings:—Sunday, June 1st, Lyman C. Howe, Fredonia, N. Y., morning and afternoon; Sunday, July 6th, Clara Watson, Jamestown, N. Y., Regular camp opens Saturday, July 26th. Speakers engaged:—Lillian Harlow, Hayden, Mass.; E. D. Barrett, Boston, Mass.; Cora L. V. Richmond, Chicago, Ill.; May B. Lease, New York City; Moses Hull, Buffalo, N. Y.; J. T. Morrison, Ithaca, N. Y., and several others. Engagements not complete. The Parkers' Bowen, Concord, of Buffalo, assisted by local talent, will furnish music during camp. The Park Male Quartet engaged for June 1, July 6 and Aug. 17.—A. C. Stone, Sec'y.

Report from the N. S. A.

Dear Mr. Editor: The officers of the N. S. A. send fraternal greeting, and sincere thanks to you for your ever ready courtesy and aid towards this association. We feel that the friends at large are interested in the Mediums' Home project—especially that the time limit for raising \$1500 from the Spiritualists at large is past—this being May 15th. Here are the facts concerning the work. Dr. George B. Wane has in hand deeds of a grand entertainment held by the Chicago Spiritualists. This with the sums contributed by friends during the time since this project was first mooted, makes about \$200, one-third of the amount asked for by the philanthropists who agreed to give equally \$750, making a total of \$1500. Those who have paid sums to the Mediums' fund since last report are as follows: Mrs. M. E. Siple, \$1; E. Linden, \$1; Mrs. Laura Eager, \$10; "A Friend," in E. Saugus, \$1; Mrs. S. A. Lovell, 50 cents; First Spiritualist Society of Fairfield, Me., \$5; Philadelphia Spiritualists Society, \$2; Mrs. M. A. Nelson Adams, \$2.50; Mary Mayers, \$2; Mrs. Bl. \$1; Mrs. A. Lundgren, \$1; N. A. Phaler, \$2; Mrs. W. C. Slocum and Mrs. S. Siple, \$2.50; Mrs. P. Parrott, \$1; Clement Rockhill, \$1; "A Friend," Washington, D. C., \$5; Helen Haddock, \$25; Mr. C. L. Stevens, \$50; Sarah Marshall, \$10; Geo. Driver, \$10; L. M. Delano, \$10; F. Crompton, \$5; Mrs. A. E. Barstow, \$2; also \$1 from the sale of the two Columbian half-dollars before mentioned, as we could get no premium on the same—the amount of cash received to date being \$411.41.

Our sincere and hearty thanks are sent to all these donors to this worthy fund, and to all friends who are in sympathy with this work. As the amount needed to make this home comfortable for inmates has not been secured, the Board has voted to still hold the list open, to solicit funds towards the same, when the medium when and as soon as their friends will permit for us to feel that many desire to help, but have not had time to send their donations in. The two friends will hold their offer open to give between them the sum of \$1500 towards this work. We feel now it will be better to build a new structure upon our land at Reed City, a larger and better building to accommodate more persons and to be arranged more conveniently for them, in the meanwhile the Board intends to rent the old house, as it can thus pay its taxes and other expenses, till we collect enough money to rebuild. While waiting for this, we—the N. S. A.—will not be idle, but will board at Dr. Spiny's Sanitarium the sick and destitute mediums, that are accepted by it, as far as its means will allow; and for those who can not go to a humanitarian institution, because of age, or clinging to friends, the N. S. A. will take action on the case,

and if deemed eligible to its aid, will pay something for or towards their living, as the case may demand.

This is the best work we can do, and we mean to carry it on as far as possible; we bespeak your financial aid, and your sympathy in this work. We must add, though we dislike to, the necessity that only mediums can be thus cared for by the N. S. A. owing to lack of substance, and power to care for more than the worn-out instruments of the spirit world. Veteran Spiritualists almost everywhere are fast going, and we can do nothing for them till the N. S. A. treasury increases many thousand-fold.

With loving greetings to all,

Sincerely yours,

Mary T. Longley, Sec'y.

600 Penn. Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C.

Briefs.

Boston Spiritual Temple, Chickering Hall, Huntington Ave., Sunday, May 13. In selecting the subject "The Symbolism of the Real," for the morning's discourse, Mr. Wigan gained an inspiration from the finest of this season's sermons. It was thoroughly enjoyed by a large audience as was also the service which followed. In the evening a short sermon was given, the topic being suggested by Rev. Dixon's sermon on the immortal indwelling of the theatre and other places of amusement. The usual service was given. The Ladies' Schubert Quartet furnished music at both sessions. Mary L. Porter, Sec.

At the annual meeting of the Boston Spiritual Temple Society held May 20, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: 1st vice-pres., Dr. G. Leslie Lane; 2d vice-pres., Mrs. H. T. Rowe; treas., Samuel Finley; secy., Miss Minnie Towle; financial committee, E. A. Allen, Dr. V. A. Ellsworth, Warren B. Ellis, John Leibold, Mrs. A. S. Hayward, Mrs. F. A. Wigan, Mrs. M. A. Whittemore, Mrs. T. Hunt Fund, J. C. A. Whittemore, Rev. F. A. Wigan, Edward W. Murray, Mary L. Porter, Sec.

Commercial Hall, 624 Washington St., Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor. Conference and developing circle at 11 a. m., well attended. Those taking part during the day were Mrs. Kenyon of Fitchburg, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Belcher of Marlboro, Mr. Clough, Mrs. Whittemore, Mr. Harby, Mr. Peak, Mrs. George. Scripture reading and prayer, Dr. Brown; Miss Lawrence, soloist, Mrs. Nelly Grover, pianist. Meeting every Thursday at three. Indian healing circle Tuesday afternoon. Every one welcome. Mrs. Wilkinson will hold Indian Peace Council in Pilgrim Hall, same building as Commercial Hall, Wednesday evening, June 11, followed by a social dance of "The Golden Time." Reporter. 44 Tremont St., Sunday, May 18. The ladies opened by president. Those assisting: Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Jones (poem), Mrs. Mosler, Mr. Turner, Mrs. Grover, Mr. Cohen, Mr. Clough, song Mrs. Stovin. Meetings Sundays all summer, 11 a. m., 2 and 7 p. m. Mrs. Grover, Pres. The Ladies' Aid Society of Manchester, N. H., held its annual meeting May 16 for election of officers. The following were elected: Pres., Flora Francis; vice-pres., Abina L. Warren; treasurer, Emily C. Noyes; secretary, Nellie Hall; directors, Anna Casswell, Carrie Waine, Lizzie Brown. The Ladies' Aid had met with fine success the last year. Abina L. Warren, Sec.

Manchester, N. H., May 18. The society of Progressive Spiritualists held service in Knights of Honor Hall, Hanover street, at 10.30 a. m., and 7 p. m. The service was held in the hall of the Knights of Honor, Lowell, Mass., conducted both services. The lecture for the evening, subject, "Does Cheerfulness Unfold Spirituality?" followed by several spirit delineations, all of which were recognized.

Malden Progressive Spiritualists met in the hall, 24 Pleasant St., Sunday evening, May 18. Meeting opened with the usual service of song; welcome and Bible reading, Pres. Wm. Barber; Mrs. Abbie Burnham gave a grand inspirational lecture, illustrating her remarks with sketches from personal observations. Prof. Arthur, the blind medium, gave many beautiful messages. The Ladies' angel loved ones, all recognized and appreciated. The service was interspersed with music and song. Mr. and Mrs. Wyle gave us two selections; Miss Fuller, corset solo; Mrs. Smith of Everett presided at the piano. We also had Mrs. Sadie E. Ham and Mrs. Florence White of Boston. Mrs. Florence White will with this society Sunday evening, June 1. R. P. Morton, Sec. Pro Tem.

Fitchburg, Mass. The usual large audience attended the service of the First Spiritualist Society, Sunday, May 18. The addresses of Mrs. Nellie Burbeck of Plymouth were very ably presented, and the many spirit messages correctly given. Miss Howe, pianist, finely rendered several selections. Dr. C. L. Fox, Pres.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society held its weekly meeting at Appleton Hall, 9 Appleton St., City, on Thursday, May 15. The evening was devoted to a memorial service for the members who have gone, also the friends and loved ones who have passed since before from time to time. Flowers were brought in profusion and many special bouquets in behalf of loved ones. A number of mediums were present and inspirational poems were given; also communications from spirits present, among them some of the earnest workers of years gone by. The meeting was interesting and profitable. Mrs. Florence White of Boston, Mrs. Florence White will with this society Sunday evening, June 1. R. P. Morton, Sec. Pro Tem.

Haverhill, May 18. Mrs. M. S. Pepper, by invitation of Rev. G. E. Littlefield, pastor of the Unitarian church, lectured to a full house in the morning. The pastor in a few well chosen remarks explained his position and defined his attitude briefly but pointedly upon the great questions, relating to the position of the various evangelical churches of today. Mrs. Pepper's lecture dealt largely with the ethical teaching of Christianity, referring later to the bitter opposition that all advanced ideas and reforms had had to meet in every age of the world's history. Afternoon and evening she was at Britton Hall which was crowded to overflowing. Sunday, the 24th, closed her engagement for this season, upon which occasion she lectured before the various G. R. Associations that were present at the afternoon exercises by invitation. W. W. Sprague.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union met in Dwight Hall, Winesap, May 18, as usual. Mrs. Weston presiding in the absence of our president, Mrs. M. J. Butler, who is spending a short time at her summer home in Maine. The whist party was the last of the season. Supper was served at 6.30 to a large number. The evening meeting was largely attended. Mrs. H. E. Weston, presiding. Mrs. Alice Waterhouse opened the meeting. Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Knoland sang a duet, and messages were received from the spirit side of life through the mediumship of Mrs. Knowles. Mrs. Nutter, Mrs. Stanley; remarks and poem by Mrs. Olea B. May. Next, Hattie Mason and Mrs. A. E. Barnes. Next Wednesday, May 23, we hold our annual banquet; supper at 6.30. Members are re-

quested to send in their names if they desire to secure a ticket early. Laura F. Sloan, Sec. Boston.

The regular session of the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 was held at Red Men's Hall May 18. Lowest, from Card 1, "Bravery," talked upon by Dr. Hale. After the march, the following took part in the exercises: Reckitation, Harry Greas; songs, Myrtle Brown and Clara Weston; piano solos, Jennie Toppan, Rebecca Goolitz; piano duet, Prof. Milligan and Lucie Weston; remarks, Mrs. Belcher and Mr. Austin. A very interesting session. Do not forget our banquet Wednesday, May 23, tickets to which are now ready. E. E. Jones, Sec.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

The oldest camp meeting of the Spiritualists in America, with one exception, the largest in New England outside of Onset, and comparing favorably with that, Lake Pleasant entered upon its twenty-sixth annual convocation Sunday August 17, with a list of speakers and mediums second to none, and if man had done as much for these grounds as nature has they would indeed be unsurpassable in beauty as well as in spirituality. We have received a number of letters asking, in Lake Pleasant to hold the camp meeting this year? Emphatically, yes. Not only a camp meeting but the best camp meeting that it has ever had.

Every privilege is let. The hotel is again leased to Philip Yeaton of Boston who managed it so successfully last year. The boats and depot have been leased to John Glickland, the grocery store to Joseph E. Tipple, the dancing pavilion to the Street Railway Co., and the news stand to Leon E. Henry. The grounds never looked prettier.

There seems to be an impression abroad that Lake Pleasant is becoming more of a summer resort and less of a spiritualistic center, but this is not so. Owing to mismanagement in the past and to a large financial indebtedness as a result of that mismanagement, the directors are obliged to practice the strictest economy in the care of the property and arrangement of the meetings, but with the exception of \$2700, the indebtedness, amounting to \$4600, is in the hands of Spiritualists, well wishers for the camp's future. The question is often asked, Why don't the directors do more toward beautifying the grounds? In three years the indebtedness has been reduced from \$11,000 to \$4600 through economic management and the generosity of such true-hearted friends to the Cause as Abraham H. Dalley, Fred Haslam, Miss M. M. Sheldon, Mrs. Julia A. Sherwin, L. F. Crafts, Mrs. Adelaide Chapman, Nellie F. Johnson, John M. Fletcher, Mrs. A. E. Reed, Mrs. F. T. Thall, Mrs. Mary Gordon, Miss M. A. Westcott, Mrs. L. B. Westcott, Mrs. J. W. Wheeler, E. W. Clark, Mrs. T. U. Reynolds, Mrs. E. P. Morse, Mrs. Mary Howe, and the Ladies' Improvement Society. Upon the financial and moral encouragement of such friends as these we do the future of Lake Pleasant depend. Before we can expend one penny for talent or repairs, we must pay interest amounting to \$450, taxes \$171, and insurance \$356, making an annual total of \$977. It shows that the directors have worked hard and pure for the welfare of the camp, and that the interests of the Cause, to have reduced the indebtedness and to have paid out for repairs over \$5500 since 1897. With the hearty co-operation of the lot owners last year was a financial success and the coming season bids fair to be equally so. The circulars are out and being distributed. Courses of lectures and rooms are in demand. New buildings are going up and old ones are being renovated. Mrs. M. L. 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SPIRIT Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. MINNIE M. 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 telegraphically 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 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 who follow the following messages? 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 May 1, 1902, S. E. 25.

Invocations.

Again we enter this little circle of influence, so fraught with ambition, with aspiration, and with reaching out for good, for light, for wisdom, and for understanding; as we come into the midst of these conditions we would bring a sanctified heart and purified life, all the while giving to humanity the uplifting of it. So little after all are we able to give to the great world of suffering, so little after all we are able to do. Our day is short here; the time slips swiftly by and the effort oftentimes seems unavailing, but whatever it is in our brief hour, in our tending hearts, in our coming into contact with lives here, whatever we can give, we would give so freely and so fully, understanding that even though the hour is brief, understanding that even though we carry but a short time, life is ever opening up its opportunities, and we are abundantly pouring over us its joy and its new inspiration. Oh, we would that this sweetest of all truths, this blessing of all blessings, might be fully realized by our comrades that they might understand that the briefness of the time, the frailty of the hour, has taught us to do with the perfect unfolding of life forever and forever through the ages, but today we would that we live so perfectly, so sweetly, and so serenely, that it shall be a stepping-stone for greater unfoldment and greater beauty of life in the days that are to be. May the dear hearts everywhere who have turned listening ears to the voice that comes from this circle, for the message that is borne to their suffering hearts from the loved ones who know and understand, may they feel the inspiration of this hour. May they feel the vibration, the sweet presence of ministering angels round about them, may they catch the thought of death, but better still the understanding of what the dear ones would reveal to them and we in turn are blessed and helped and strengthened by the thought which is directed toward us and for this and for the blessing of unity of purpose which blesses us altogether at this hour, we offer our thanks to the great spirit of life and author of our being. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Elia Hardy, Akron, Ohio.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a young woman about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age. She has fair, blue eyes and very delicate skin. She doesn't seem to be very strong, but seems to make up in will what she lacks in physical strength. As she comes to me she says, "I made up my mind that I would return and give a message to my people. My name is Elia Hardy, of Akron, Ohio. I am a mother, my father and mother live there now and I want to send this word to them, that I am all right. I am as happy as they could wish me to be and the only thing that is troubling me to amount to anything is that I want them to see and recognize me. I saw Carrie when she first came over, but she is attracted to a different part of the country and so I don't spend very much time with her, but you will be glad to know that she, too, is getting quite accustomed to being over here away from the children. I do wish that Fred would try and find out if there is anything in the world that he can do to help me and if he can't please do it as soon as possible, because I know that there is need of something being done at once. I am not afraid now of anything that may come to me. You know I had a great desire to live and have a certain amount of health, but somehow I find myself, now that it is all over, standing pretty free from any sort of fear or any care for the future. I am glad that you made no particular change in the disposition of my things. It was what I wanted, and I haven't seen any reason why I would change over here. I have sent to my love, of course, so much of it, and will do all I can to make you feel my presence as you asked me to do. Thank you."

Mrs. Abby Foster, Salmon Falls, N. H., to Sarah Foster.

The next spirit that comes to me is a woman about sixty years old. She is about the medium height, with blue eyes and gray hair, and has a very strong, honest, open countenance. She says, "Well, I don't know just what to say first that will be of any interest to you. I want to get to it. I had thought that I would talk just as if I had just left the body, but somehow when I came here the very things I thought I would say slip away from me and a thousand others come into my mind. I feel more impressed with my inability to say what I want to than I do at any opportunity that has come to me. My name is Mrs. Abby Foster and I want to go, if you please, to Sarah Foster, who is in Salmon Falls, N. H. I came from there to Manchester, myself, and never went back again, although I expected to. I was rather sudden, my coming over here, and expect things a good deal, but I don't see how anything that I can say now will help matters or make plain anything that has been misunderstood. If I could talk face to face with you, Sarah, I am sure I could make you understand what it is I have in my mind. I am sending this particular message that you may try to find a way to communicate with me. Do make an effort, and I will thank you."

Sam Douglas, Fall River, Mass.

The spirit comes to me now of a man about forty-five years old who is just as lively as a schoolboy. His eyes are blue and he has dark dark lashes, dark hair and a dark mustache. He has a very bright way and he comes up to me and shakes hands as cordially as though he never left an opportunity

go by to make friends with anybody and everybody. It is his way of being cordial, and he says: "I would not know what to do over here if I did not find people. I had a kind of an idea that when I died I would find nothing but angels, and it didn't seem to me that I would feel quite at home among a lot of angels, especially those that I didn't have any particular acquaintance with, but I am glad to report that I found people just like myself who were just as glad to see another man come among them as if they had been in some state in the Union or among people in earth life. My name is Sam Douglas and I lived in Fall River, Mass. I have a good many friends there today. I want just to understand that I am not just as well today as I could when I left them. I came out rather suddenly to the spirit, didn't think that anything would take me off so quickly, but I don't know that I would have made much preparation if I had known about it. I never could see any sense in repenting at the last minute just for the sake of sneaking into heaven, and so I just made up my mind that if the death angels took me I wouldn't say anything about what I hadn't done or wouldn't make any promise for what I was going to do, but would just step in as I was which I did, and in which condition I will find myself today. I am growing my self, too, would be ashamed to return to my friends if I could not tell them that I had made some progress, but I don't get along as fast as I ought to. I find so many people I know and I spend so much time talking, and there are so many things to see and to do that I get along just as fast as I did when I was back in earth life. I don't write quite so much, but I have to talk just as much, and you know when I was alive it seemed as though my business was talking first to this one and then to that one, so it gave me a pretty good education in that line. I want to send word to them, if you please, I would like him to understand that I know what he has been about. He thinks that nobody knows, but I have caught on, and while he has done it all so quickly, I have to send back my thanks to him. He is just one of those people that don't let his right hand know what his left hand doeth, and as we over here can see with tears in my eyes I thank him for doing what he has done for my name. I thank you, too, for this opportunity for sending my message."

Rev. Aaron Watson, California.

The spirit of a real old man comes to me. He has a long white beard and snow-white hair. He is a beautiful spirit and looks like a patriarch; he carries a cane in his hand and leans on it very heavily. He has a great deal of gray hair on his head. He speaks slowly, but very distinctly, and seems to have been a man who was well thought of when he was in the body and that he does a great deal to keep the good thought of those who are in spirit. He says: "My name is Rev. Aaron Watson and I have a great deal of regret that I am not able to give you a message to my fellow-men. It has been a long time since I stepped away from the haunts of earth life and it is a strange feeling that comes over me as I return now, but I had such a longing to send a word and to say to those who know me that I am as interested in everybody I know as I was before I came away. When I was a young man I lost a little boy, and never before that had I thought of what the human heart suffered through death. From that time, my life was devoted to a study of conditions to prove, if possible, that those who were back about us I could make this known, and neither could I get very far in my investigations, but those who know what I went through will understand what I say when I tell you today that my first glimpse of my child was worth more to me than any heaven of which I had dreamed, and then and there I decided that I would return to give all I could find out of spirits and their mission to the children of men. Since then I have been working with many mediums, not always known, but often recognized by what I have done. I shall be known in California whether I live or die, for I have been helped by me will be glad to know that I will continue my ministrations. I don't know just how long, but certainly as long as pain and error are rife in the world I shall feel that there is much for me to do and shall probably continue to work, for there is no higher spirit in this world than among those who are seeking to understand and are still walking in darkness. I am grateful for any opportunity that has ever been given me by any medium or any circle of influences, and I say, 'Open the door for the spirit, let the spirit come in for the child life will be made sweet, and fear and pain and sorrow disappear. Thank you.'"

Jennie Hackett, Littleton, N. H.

There is a spirit comes to me now of a woman about thirty years old. She is rather tall, slim and dark. She is not very quick, but seems to be sort of feeling out her way, and she says: "Oh, I am so anxious to get back. I have had one happy moment since I came over here. I have been struggling and striving in every way to find some place where I might send a word to my people. My name is Jennie Hackett and I lived in Littleton, N. H., and I want to go to Joe, and somehow if you can only get this message to him it will help him. I am in a little town here. He is traveling, but I hope that he will see the word and will understand that I am so near to him. When I came away it was so sudden that it just seemed to break up his life and he has never been quite himself since, but tell him that I am not far away, that I go where he goes, and I never, never feel content until I have spoken to him in the way that I want to. My mother is with me and she says that I may keep trying and if I can't reach him this way perhaps I must get to him somehow. I have seen Sam, too, and I know that he is doing all she can, but it isn't quite enough to help him that way. He must have his spiritual side opened, and that will give him the peace and me, too. I thank him for all he has ever done, both before and after I came away, and know that that not one single thing that was ever mine would I give away. He holds them all so close, as though they were sacred because I had them, and if he only knew that he doesn't have to keep the things I wore and the things I had, but that he could have me if he only tried; if he only knew that I am sure, life would be better for us both. I thank you for giving me a chance, and perhaps it will be a thing that will give me happiness. Anyway, I shall pray for it."

Edith Andrews, Lagrange, Wis.

The next spirit that comes to me is a woman about twenty years old. She is very fair with light brown hair, bluish eyes, her face is very pale and delicate looking. She comes over to me with grace and ease, as though she felt the importance of being calm and collected and speaking plainly for one that she wants to reach. She tells me that her name is Edith Andrews and that she lives in Lagrange, Wis. She says, "I was married but only for a short time, and when I came away it was entirely unlooked for. I did not realize that I was going to die very long before the end came, but when I did, I tried to be patient over it and to think that

It was all right, and those that I left behind me are trying to content themselves with the same thought. It is all so beautiful here, so different from what I expected, and I am able to see them so clearly that I desire more than I can tell you to have them know that I do see them and that I can come to them. Everything that I left has been put away as sacredly and as carefully as you could imagine, and it seems very strange to me to have it all done that way, although it was just exactly what I expected; yet it seems so strange to see it done and to know just how they feel when they are doing it. My mother's name is Clara and my husband's name was Charles; I want to reach them both and tell them that I love them just the same today as ever and that if I could speak as plainly as I would like it would all come back into the one message of love for them and a desire to do something for them. I have Aunt Hattie with me and she says for me to tell them that she is taking care of me and helping me to grow into a bright condition as fast as I am able to receive it. I thank you very much for giving me this opportunity, and I hope to follow it with something still better if they will only give me a chance."

Verification.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I enclose you a message clipped from the Banner, May 17th. I was well acquainted with said James H. Leach. When I was a young man he used to work for my uncle, Moody Foster, who was a manufacturer of shoes in Salem, N. H., and afterwards moved to Haverhill, Mass. The description answers his personality perfectly.

I am, sincerely yours, A. Phineas Foster.

Chelsea, Mass., May 20.

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND NINETEEN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

"What monotonous! What confinement! What a crowd!" is the witty close of the remarks of Helen Wilman's contention that we ought to conquer the habit of dying, and attain to immortality in the flesh.

Besides the fact that continuing to live forever on the earth plane is contrary to the constitution and course of nature, we add another, which we could not if we would, that "we would not" if we could. If we could always live here without pain, could have every comfort of life, and be spared from parting with those he loves the most, even in such circumstances life would become monotonous after a few hundred years, and the great deal of regulation of the mind from being content upon the earth plane would be like the caterpillar, who munches on from leaf to leaf, and asks no better lot.

Also for those to whom life is one continued physical pain, one ceaseless struggle yet getting food to hold the soul to the body, or one perpetual torture of the mind from being always unloved and alone. Some are doomed to incurable pain of the body, others are unable to struggle out of poverty, and still others are so constituted that they meet are unable to enjoy their society. The persons may well say with Dr. Muhlenberg, "I would not live always."

I can myself recall weeks of pain in the neck, pain that came on me through the fault of my own, so that I longed to leave the body behind, and abandon forevermore the plane of earth. But it was not to be. Little by little that pain has ebbed away, so that now it is almost stilled. I am now beginning to pick up the threads of work, to enjoy the society of friends, and to read a little.

But the weakness and sluggishness of the brain continue. Writing this little letter has cost me many hours, with frequent intervals of rest. The thoughts come slowly and do not spring with pleasure from their source. Before the illness I often wrote the long Banner letters at one sitting, and the thoughts sprang spontaneously as it were, and gave me pleasure as they came.

I mention these circumstances, Mr. Editor, so that our readers may see that this long interruption in these letters has been enforced, and was not the result of an unwillingness to write.

The steady gain during the last three weeks gives me the hope that it will continue, and that I may yet do some good for the Cause I love.

Perhaps another person could explain the present condition of my mental working apparatus. It puzzles me somewhat, though it seems probable that Nature is now taking reprisals for my working so many months after she bade me rest. While in the body, we do not know the laws of the body. "Thus do, and thou shalt live." But if thou disobeyest, thou must suffer.

Spirit friends are under natural law, as well as we. They cannot use a disabled instrument to advantage, any more than Mozart's prodigy produced freely from a piano with half its strings severed and the remainder out of tune.

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

Arlington, N. J.

Dr. William Cleveland.

Gone not to that bourne from whence no traveler ever returns, but to a glorious inheritance in the world immortal, to which a pure and spotless life of eighty-one years in the physical form entitled him. Dr. William Cleveland (veteran in the Cause of Spiritualism, Spiritualist in philosophy prior to the advent of Modern Spiritualism fifty-four years ago) passed from the mortal form May 1, at Minneapolis, after a short illness of a month. Fortunately his sufferings were light and of short duration. Only four weeks ago, he was in the Twin Cities in the celebration of the 64th anniversary in St. Paul, and apparently in his usual health. On his return to Minneapolis he was attacked with paralysis, which proved fatal.

In his earlier years he was a magnetic healer of power. The writer is cognizant of some of his most marvelous cures. During the last few years he has been a devoted worker in the Cause, and has contributed considerably to the literature of Spiritualism, in letter writing for the spiritual press; he also wrote a book entitled "The Religion of Modern Spiritualism and Its Phenomena," which has had quite an extensive circulation. During his life in the Twin Cities he accumulated a fair competence, but in the crash that wrecked many wealthy real estate men, he went down with the others; yet has lived a quiet, uncomplaining, spiritual life. During the past year, he has received considerable care and attention from the friends in St. Paul and Minneapolis, of whom may be mentioned Chas. and Mrs. Simonton and Mrs. Clapp. When his final illness became known many of the friends from the two cities were frequently at his bedside to minister to his needs in the last days of his mortal life.

He was ready and anxious to depart from the material, realizing the loved ones gone before were waiting to greet his advent into the life eternal. According to his expressed desire the funeral services were conducted by the Spiritualists at the graves in Lakeside Wood Cemetery. Quite a large number were present from both Minneapolis and St. Paul. By request of the deceased Mrs. Anna H. Shaft of Minneapolis officiated; she spoke with much feeling of Dr. Cleveland's life and character, of his untiring devotion and faithful work for the Cause. Mrs. Shaft was followed by Mrs. J. P. Whitwell and Mrs. John Sauer of St. Paul and Mrs. Jacobs of Minneapolis. Mrs. Jacobs and others contributed beautiful flowers in abundance, which were placed over the form as it lay in the casket. The writer, as usual in intimate acquaintance with Dr. Cleveland for nearly thirty years, and can speak from personal knowledge of his virtues and life devotion to the Cause we love so much. That the doctor has found a beautiful and happy home created by a true and spiritual life in the material world, there can be no doubt.

M. T. O. Flower.

683 Marshall Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Man's Aural Self.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

CHAPTER XX.

Spirit Man.

The fact that manhood is but partially represented in the aural self in earth life, as claimed by the writer in his previous articles, is becoming acknowledged by thinkers the world over. The effort herein has been to determine, as far as possible, the nature and relation existing between our outer and inner selfhood. That certain faculties of the aural self are recognized at once by those who have perceived the existence of clairvoyance and psychometric insight. It is in the exhibition of these faculties through mortal sense that we find the limitations and confusions that have been seized and used by materialists as weapons against the faithful and true experiences of a spiritual and spirit return.

That a connection between the outer and inner self of man actually exists is already acknowledged. One has been called objective, and the other subjective manhood. All can see that if either exists after death it is very important to the aural self, for such a connection, endorsed by theosophy, has been claiming and asserting that immortal man is just a replica of his earthhood. The Bible tells us of hands and feet, and golden hair, and even speaks of the appetite of those who have come back as visitors to our little planet. This, of course, includes the possession of organs for digestion and assimilation adapted to the food and the form of such messengers.

The student of today has discovered that the theory is founded on the inspired record of the Bible, and is not a revelation. It is claimed by the writer that Modern Spiritualism has also been grossly misinterpreting the facts of its own seership. Under the all-powerful law of "suggestion" the returning visitors have taught and talked just as conditions have compelled. Through "telepathy" they have communicated the experiences of earth life—both their own and that of the mortal investigator.

That an intelligence was present wielding powers beyond those developed by the mortal has been proved scientifically a thousand times. But the intelligence will, with solemn assurance, proceed upon one condition: that it will deny it on another. A renowned medium positively denies the immortality of animals. Another of equal fame asserts the contrary. On questions of fact, contradictions, confusions, mystery, have befogged every honest investigator who demands that belief shall be founded on reason. For such reasons the writer finds himself today receding with suspicion every statement and claim made in the name of spirit return, unless resting upon a fact capable of proof by mortal man.

When we claim an "aural self" as a disembodied self we are not asserting that such a self has a monkey shaped form and organs such as are proudly claimed by man the mortal. Yet that is the belief of those whose claim for immortality rests upon spirit return. They have, some of them, begun to reveal the nature of such a claim when applied to a personal spirit self. But they dare not yet conceive of a person of spirit man without the organs possessed in common with himself by every man monkey. So herein is a problem for such believers, if they dare stop for a moment and think a little about their own beliefs.

They dare not feel that the "aural self" as a part of manhood, with faculties and powers distinct from those of the mortal. But to such believers the spirit must stand as another monkeyfied man. He manifests intelligence, so they claim for him an improved monkey brain. He travels from place to place, so they endow him with legs or wings. He clasps hands with the unfledged mortal who salutes him, and greets his widow or orphaned child at the seance with a full orb'd caress. They have made up their minds that by a kind process of evolution he possesses a personal spirit self. They think the mortal lacks in earth life. He comes back sometimes with an unaltered toilet of glimmering white, apparently the ghost of a second-hand suit; and occasionally exhibits a fashionable suit that suggests a trained sailor and a sewing machine, "over there." So to the average believer the returning spirit and his surroundings are but a replica of mortal life, bedecked with immortality.

The careful student, with such facts before him, is compelled to acknowledge that he has no standard by which to measure the aural man, either before or after separation from the mortal form. A mere fragmentary photograph, taken from any direction, tells the sensitive that there is an expression of manhood all around the form. But the same fact without a face is incomprehensible.

In earth life the intelligent ego uses a form we call Homo, which has slowly arrived at its present shape by evolution and mundane compulsion. The changing form has left footprints all along the road which the scientific bloodhound scents, from amoeba to philosopher. The bloodhound of the same odoriferous character. The enthusiast in spirit return believes the very same material scent, which a dog and a scientist realize, reaches from the grave into spirit life and continues there. And, unconsciously of brother with form, small, slight, and mortal attributes exactly as in earth life, save that they are supposed to have become spiritualized.

We all know, thanks to our astronomers, that no form of manhood of which we can conceive could set on the moon or any other of his planets. Earth Homo could not with his surroundings on such orbs. He would have to be heavier or lighter, taller or shorter than an earth man, and his organs would need special adaptation for his service. In other words, he would have to be a being that the highest form of life on any planet or star would resemble our form of

manhood in any respect, or possess organs like those of mortal man. Yet the spectroscopic proves that the raw material of these myriad worlds, floating in space, is very much the same. We trace on planet earth a scale of form from microbe to man, evolved by the conditions of the little globe. As conditions throughout space serve seem to be twice alike, neither our microbe nor our manly form would be found elsewhere. Something—in our judgment better or worse—would be evolved as form by the existing intelligence, but it could not be man as we know him.

Applying such facts to our own life of today we recognize that conditions "over there" do not admit of a replica or exact copy of the form used by Homo in earth life. Everything around us here changes its form at certain "critical points." Steam, water, gas are the same raw material. Our atmosphere will become liquid or solid at critical points of the thermometer. In fact every thing of which we can conceive changes its form according to vibration of its units. If our earth were larger or smaller every form upon it would have a different form, and death is itself a great change that all vibrations which the mortal sense have become impossible, yet the student of the hereafter clings to his old conception of form as that of manhood in its new life. In fact Modern Spiritualism rests today upon a similar material evidence that the manhood of spirit is cast in the same mould as the manhood of mortal. And this in the face of the fact that when conditions change form must change too.

Homo is gradually giving up his old conception of the form of a man, with hands and feet, eyes and ears, and a full beard. He now recognizes that all organs are limitations to intelligence. So the great white throne has gone, and with it the God who sat upon it, and manufactured heaven and earth, and the poor heretic, still turned out of his old home for daring to think God out of his old form, has not yet realized that the same change will apply to manhood when it once becomes invisible. Yet the man who has commenced to think must sooner or later realize that a change in the belief of the special form of a spirit God surely involves a similar change in the conception of the form of mortal man.

In this series of articles we have not been specially investigating and analyzing man after death. Our direct object has been to chart the manhood of today in all of its outward possibilities and compulsions of earth form as an aural self would be. In other words, the part of a man we grow every day is known to us by his form and its movements. The other part of him which we call "Aural Man" is without any such limitations, and has no use, of which we can conceive, for legs or arms any more than for an appendix or a superfluous monkey brain. These all belong to the complex limitations of his earth life. But as aural man is inside and beyond the change we call death, he typifies for us spirit manhood, save for the present compulsory limitations enforced by planetary conditions.

We have in this series already given reasonable proof of the actual existence of aural manhood as an invisible part of the selfhood of Homo. That such aural portion of Homo's self is composed, that is to say, built up of units, is demonstrated by the fact that the sensitive mortal, whose every sense is merely vibratory, receives, senses its vibratory presence and influence, although he can neither see nor hear it in his mortal earth life. Clairvoyance and psychometry are expressions of vibration as much as our school-taught five senses. But there is no special vibration to tell you that an influence is coming to you from an invisible liver, or heart, or brain, or indeed to offer any proof that the invisible form of aural man resembles that of mortal Homo.

Our old belief that spirit man has a form that is almost an exact copy of the man on earth has been founded on so-called "revelation" from spirit. Sometimes in the name of God, and sometimes in the name of a returning spirit. We have therefore examined such revelations somewhat carefully in this series of articles, now coming to a close. We found that revelation, in every case and wherever pictured, can only be interpreted in terms of a man's own experience, and yet more, that it is always subject to suggestion. There is positively no difference I can discern between the telepathy of mortal to mortal and the telepathy which flashes thought from spirit to mortal. Our mediums see clairvoyantly and hear telepathically the embodied thought form whether created by spirit or aural man. But at best they see and hear it imperfectly with all sorts of individual limitations. Thus it is rare for two different seances, at different times and places, to give an exactly similar or descriptive picture of either fact or form. The contradictions and absurdities which result are the perplexity of the honest investigator.

Spirit will appear in youth or old age, sickness or health, by his own creative will or power. He will flash a thought of his old experience that is immediately interpreted into a test; yet through another sensitive he cannot repeat it. The mortal unconsciously supplies the missing links, and this perpetuates himself not only that it is his old friend, but that he is practically unchanged. If the sensitive be gifted with a vivid imagination we have graphic pictures of spirit form, life and experience, told sometimes as tale, and sometimes as actual biography.

Let us remember that everything said through the abnormal mortal by the abnormal spirit concerning spirit life must be recounted by the careful student as fiction, unless capable of verification. Its resemblance to mortal experience is an almost fatal blow to its truth, for, as we have seen, the conditions of that invisible life cannot possibly repeat those we have sensed here. This is the true reason why sweet tales of spirit life lose their charm for the investigator, although he may have set factually proved immortality, and spirit return. But such facts apply to our communication with our own aural self almost as much as to the spirit visitor. The student must take all the facts at his command if he would hope to succeed in his study of manhood. Anatomy, physiology and therapeutics are but a fragment of man, and even pathology wears them as shackles in its attempts to travel inward.

The experiments with Miss Beauchamp, the experiences of Mollie Fancher and many others, give us spectroscopic pictures of a hidden truth that only part of a man is expressing itself in earth life. The rest of him may be the best, or it may contain the worst of him. Most certainly one of the worst fragments of Miss Beauchamp, when it comes to the survival in earth life is particularly unlovable, almost repulsive. Yet added to Miss B. the mortal, and the complete invisible selfhood, it may complete a rounded out womanhood such as all admire. All that we can know, and love or hate in earth life is at best a fragment of a man, in the form of what we call spirit. The mistake comes in when we assume this mortal form to be a picture of the form worn by the whole man. Our conception of man's future form has been founded on (1) divine revelation; (2) clairvoyance; (3) mediumship. The first has lost its standing to the questioner of te-

day, who counts it as at best both uncertain and unwise. The second—clairvoyance—is entirely a question of vibration. Just as one rate of movement would exhibit a man as green or red to the clairvoyant eye, so the form becomes twisted and contorted into pictures of gnomes, elves, fairies and monstrous giants, each of which is an actual reality in a certain rate of vibration. Hold up a blade of grass, charming the eye with its green restfulness. Just change the vibration of Homo's sense organ and that grass would appear to him as red or yellow. It is precisely the same with form. Form is a question of vibration as is color. Change your perceptive vibration and the triangle may become round or square to you. So clairvoyance tells nothing of fact save the present effect of some object or thought upon your sense vibrations.

We now turn to (3) mediumship, which seems to most believers to be the question of form and spirit surrounding, because spirits "say so." In fact the gravest charge yet brought against the present writer was by a renowned medium, who claimed that he was contradicting what had been taught by spirits for half a century through their mediums. So we try to be very careful in analyzing the foundation of this 50-years-old belief.

San Leandro, Calif.
(To be concluded.)

In Re the Medical Question.

It was my privilege as well as your own, Mr. Editor, to appear before the Committee on Public Health in behalf of the petitioners for medical freedom, and we found ourselves ably assisted by many honest and earnest people who like us were simply demanding that their constitutional rights be restored, and that hereafter they might lawfully select their own medical care, their own lawyer or minister. I tell you, Mr. Editor, as I told the committee, there has never been a law placed upon our statute books that has caused the rumble of discontent among the intelligent citizens of this commonwealth as has this medical trust law which we asked them to repeal or modify, and one would think that the committee would have certainly been influenced to dispense justice in this matter when such men as William Lloyd Garrison and President Bartlett of the State Druggists' Association made such earnest pleas for the rights of the people, but to Dr. Harvey the committee went bag and baggage, and his ten-dollar-per-day salary from the taxpayers must still be paid for his special care of them in spite of their unmistakable declaration that they are amply able and willing as well as desirous of caring for themselves.

It must have been interesting for you, sir, as well as others, to note the extreme to which Dr. Harvey went in his frantic efforts to assure the committee that this medical trust law was just and right. His companions were not only odious but outrageously unfair as well as supremely ridiculous. Dr. Harvey is no doctor, as happy as when classing the bodies of the people as his patients, as so much merchandise requiring his watchful care at ten dollars per day—as an illustration I would cite his story regarding the vessel and the pilot—he explained to the committee how necessary it was for pilots to be examined and registered for the protection of the owners of the vessel—now, Mr. Editor, the same person will deny the necessity for this precaution, but where is the sense in comparison? The vessel is material and the pilot has demonstrated his ability beyond question to guide and direct her successfully and his knowledge, besides, the craftsman here there is no law now upon our statute books obliging anyone to employ the pilot and the owner can, if he chooses to take the risk, lawfully guide his vessel at all times. The doctors, unlike the pilots, have not been able to successfully demonstrate the reliability of their profession, besides, the craftsman propose to steer as human beings and fully competent to steer themselves.

Three times during the past winter have I, Mr. Editor, been obliged to neglect my business and at the expense of time and money appear at the Massachusetts state capitol and protest against the enactment of this unconstitutional privilege by merciless class legislation, but recently we find such a man as President Eliot of Harvard University placing himself on record in a speech at the banquet to Prince Henry as saying, "For 250 years this little commonwealth has been developing in freedom, with no class legislation to hinder or restrain her."

Either President Eliot willfully distorted facts or else he is woefully deficient in knowledge upon this subject. As the law now stands, Mr. Editor (and as it is very liable to remain as long as any person, doctor or politician, privileges by merciless class legislation, a majority of whom are doctors and members of the Massachusetts Medical Society, as was the case on March 20), if any one prescribes or treats at all he is subject to punishment. In fact, Dr. Harvey has placed himself on record as saying, "I am a doctor, not a legislator, who should suggest or apply a mustard plaster, must pay a fine or go to jail or both." So that if I am awakened in the night by the physical sufferings of my wife and she kindly asks me to arise and procure some simple household remedy in which she has confidence, why, the only safe thing for me to do is to cruelly say, "My dear, you must get up and get it yourself. I don't want to go to jail."

Then again this medical trust law does away entirely with the good samaritanism of the law. We have simply taken beyond all the teachings of the Scriptures and today when we see a man or woman fall down in the street, or upon a country road, it won't do for us to bind up their wounds or pour oil on their bruises. If we do we must go to jail. Instead of helping him we must run for our lives. "Hogwash" out my person, no matter what the distance may be. The poor victim may be dead by the time the doctor gets there, but he died "legally," so it will be all right.

In the town where I reside there is no doctor nor is there one within nine miles and yet, under the provisions of this statute, no woman can assist her neighbor or her sister in the trying hour of child-birth without laying herself liable to all the pains and penalties of this outrageously, damnable medical trust law. What a downright shame! What a villainous trampling upon the rights of all the people! What an absurd thing in practice and what an absurd thing in theory! I know of no reason, Mr. Editor, why they should not as well declare what minister shall preach to us as what doctor shall prescribe for us.

We don't want anybody to take care of us. We want the privilege of choosing our own ministers, our own doctors and our own lawyers. Liberty is universal; it pertains to the human race; it pertains to manhood and the rights of all are equal under the Constitution. As I have told you, Mr. Editor, no law was ever enacted which has caused such a rumble of discontent among the intelligent citizens of this commonwealth as has this medical trust law which now disgraces our statute books, and this rumble of discontent is growing louder and louder, and it will make its voice heard until some shall sit in our halls of legislation or until man instead of the dollar again rocks the cradle of liberty in this old Bay State.

There can be no question concerning the unconstitutionality of this doctor's plot law

and a similar law emanating from a similar source is today and has been since its birth openly and successfully defied in the state of New York. The most damaging testimonials against so-called regular medical practice as an exact, reliable science all come from its own leading lights, and the question which we asked the committee to consider was, should a "science" admitted by its greatest professors to be so uncertain, be permitted to drive all other methods of healing from the field?

J. E. Darling.

Hungary's Recent Development.

Whatever progress Hungary has made during the last twenty-five years is due to Tisza, and that that progress has been remarkable is proven by the fact that the Magyars have returned to the sobriquet "The Yanks of Europe." Under Tisza's leadership Hungary has become the dominant part of the Austria-Hungarian monarchy—Hungary directs the foreign policy, and in more than one instance Tisza has not only upheld all the constitutional rights of Hungary, but has also prevented the Austrian Government from defying the constitution of Austria. From the day he took hold of the reins of government, Tisza always endeavored to further the interests of his country, and in every new treaty with Austria he forced better terms. He also prevented the outbreak of a revolution in 1877-78. The terrible disaster that befell the troops in Bosnia and Herzegovina on account of the most stupid blunder of the war office at Vienna, the fact that the appalling loss of lives fell upon the Magyar regiments, while the rest of the army remained unscathed, practically unhurt, created such a national excitement that an eruption was feared at any moment. Tisza knew how to deal with the desperate situation. He spoke frankly, and the people believed him and trusted him. He reassured them, and they rolled upon his word. From this moment on—though in all probability, he had just saved the throne for Francis Joseph—the court became jealous of him, distrusted him, and began to intrigue against him; the Catholic clergy opened a relentless war against him; he rolled up his arms and conspired against him. Yet, in spite of all this, Tisza introduced the civil service system, he modernized the educational system, established freedom of worship, reorganized the House of Lords, and rooted out a mass of corruption and abuse of official power. From a sketch of "Kalmán Tisza, the Builder of Modern Hungary," by Eugene Limerdof, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for May.

The spiritual harvest of a life is its garment of ideas, the sum of effort, the total of its motives and desires.—Colville.

Faults perceived in peace—with neither condemnation nor resistance—in the spirit of love are immediately consumed by love itself.—Fenelon.

THE PHANTOM FORM.

Experiences in Earth and Spirit-Land—Revelations by a Spirit. The world is made up of two worlds, the one visible and the other invisible. This is one of the most deeply interesting spiritualistic works ever published. It is a narrative of a man whose earth-life was one of strange vicissitudes, starting with a career of crime, and ending in a life of many years in spirit-land as he returns to earth, and through the full entrance of spirit and power of another, gives us a full and complete picture of the life of the spirit, and is of interest to those who would know the condition, capacities, and powers of those who have crossed the "narrow stream" meandering these two worlds. Cloth, pp. 128. Price \$5.00; postage paid to any part of the world. XI

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Spiritual Songs for Lyceums and Societies; Songs for the Home and the Friendly Circle. By Ezra, a Holy Spirit. A BOOK THAT SUPPLIES ALL WANTS; it has the most complete and up-to-date collection of spiritual songs ever published. It is a Golden Chain of Inspiration, Responses, Memory Gems, Band of Mercy, Callistics, how to construct the Lyceum, Banquet, Marching, etc. A book by the aid of which any one of ordinary intelligence can, without other assistance, organize and conduct a Lyceum. The Progressive Lyceum, first seen in a superior state by the wonderful power of the Holy Spirit, is a revelation of the spirit-children ranged under his banners. It is the most vital and important book of the spirit-land, and is not only for children, but for all who would be true to the spirit-land. Adopted by all leading Lyceums as indispensable, and by many homes as a book of music. Price 50 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO. XI

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And Other Tales and Sketches. By a Band of Spirit in Illusion, through the Mediumship of MISS M. T. SHELL HAMILTON. This volume contains two parts: the first, containing a series of tales of the spirit-land, and the second, containing a series of sketches of the spirit-land. It is a book that supplies all wants; it has the most complete and up-to-date collection of spiritual songs ever published. It is a Golden Chain of Inspiration, Responses, Memory Gems, Band of Mercy, Callistics, how to construct the Lyceum, Banquet, Marching, etc. A book by the aid of which any one of ordinary intelligence can, without other assistance, organize and conduct a Lyceum. The Progressive Lyceum, first seen in a superior state by the wonderful power of the Holy Spirit, is a revelation of the spirit-children ranged under his banners. It is the most vital and important book of the spirit-land, and is not only for children, but for all who would be true to the spirit-land. Adopted by all leading Lyceums as indispensable, and by many homes as a book of music. Price 50 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO. XI

PHILOSOPHY OF PHENOMENA.

BY DOCTOR GEO. M. RAMSEY. No ordinary book. It is as entertaining as a romance and yet it is rigidly scientific in plain terms, all can understand. Copernicus, Kepler and Newton all failed to discover the true nature of the universe, but Dr. Ramsey has done so. He shows why planets rotate on an axis and why they revolve around the sun. He explains the cause of geological periods, the cause of deluges that have destroyed nations, why people lived in caves before the Christian era, and why they appeared to be so stupid. He explains why the sun and moon appeared to be so small, and why they appeared to be so close. He explains why the stars appeared to be so far away, and why they appeared to be so close. He explains why the earth appeared to be so flat, and why it appeared to be so round. He explains why the sea appeared to be so calm, and why it appeared to be so stormy. He explains why the air appeared to be so clear, and why it appeared to be so hazy. 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