

## SONGS, SUNG AND UNSUNG.

MARY BAIRD FINCH.

The song was still in the poet's breast,  
And scarcely a note on the morn he sung,  
But an oriole flew from her swinging nest  
Piping the walnut boughs among;  
And the poet heard her song and sighed,  
That the morning hymn in his heart had died.

Mocking-birds safe in the mulberry tree  
Sang an orchestra strain in praise of June,  
Sweet o'notes learned over the sea,  
With the ocean's bass to their lightest tune.  
The soul of the lonely poet was sad,  
Tho' the singing birds were merry and glad.

The black-bird's song was hoarse with joy  
While warbling and trilling a mad cap lay,  
A wild, loud song that might not e'er  
The listeners who lived just over the way;  
But the poet was dumb—his hand at rest,  
With his lifeless head dropped low on his breast.

But he woke to sing in the Summer Land,  
And touch his silver harp anew;  
His spirit was tuned with a guiding hand,  
While sweet birds dwelt on the isles of blue,  
And smiling he wrought with the Heavenly choir,  
Whose birds sing sweeter than any of ours.

Pu blo Colo. Carlie Parks.

## The Art of Life.

A Lecture by the Guides of J. Clagg Wright, delivered  
May 4, 1902, at Washington, D. C.

REPORTED BY WALTER P. WILLIAMS.

The following invocation was offered by the  
guides of Mrs. M. C. Edson (formerly Miss  
Jennie Leys):

O thou Infinite Spirit of Love and Light  
who dwellest in the realm of spirit, where life  
is transparent, we have learned the sweetness,  
the strength and the sublimity of thy law, the  
sublimity of thy presence, and listening to the  
spirit yet invisible, the glorious power that  
we see sustaining this marvelous universe,  
glory added to glory and splendor added to  
splendor by a love and law that even we who  
have dwelt long in the higher realms can not  
yet measure and yet with every moment's in-  
crease we adore more and more.

O thou marvelous Light, so glorious in the  
star and the swinging universe of light and  
life and so sweet even in the fading flowers of  
earth, thou glorious light, since thou hast  
given to us in spirit as to mortals upon the  
earth the precious gift of speech we deem it  
right to lay upon the altar of the spirit some-  
what of the marvelous language with which  
we know one another and through which we  
learn to know Thee better.

We are striving to aid the myriads of de-  
voted souls to bring light and love and har-  
mony and joy to the children of the earth,  
and we who have learned one divine and su-  
preme way know that the centre of joy is the  
knowledge of God, the knowledge of goodness,  
the knowledge of that infinite life breathing  
through the universe, every wave of which is  
toward good, toward the blossoming of joy  
out of sorrow and the blossoming of peace out  
of the inharmonies that are in the ungrown  
lives of men. Thou art as a mother, sweet to  
soothe, sweet to comfort, sweet to save. Thou  
knowest it is thy light which must be spread  
abroad on this planet. We must and we will  
have thy light, that is so sweet and so strong,  
that they who enter in can know no change  
and no sorrow, no fear in life. We have  
learned that every misstep is thy hand guiding  
that we may learn to walk. We have learned,  
O Mother and Father, that every thorn means  
a new ascent; we have learned here in our  
own realm that every stroke of sorrow is thy  
touch leading to higher joy, and it is this  
light we would have come to every mortal heart.

Alas, we see them here, those who are  
preaching the good, the beautiful, the white  
light shining upon them, and they question  
within their souls sometimes with fear, "To  
what are we progressing?" and we answer, in  
the name of God, into knowledge, and light  
and joy, expansion, extension, ascension and  
the realization of every hope that has lain in  
shadow on the earth, the fulfillment of every  
desire that has been felt here on the earth.  
To the younger, trembling and even faltering  
and perchance following thy word, is given  
a word of comfort and strength, to fear not  
faller; let the blow and the hour be as it may  
in that great marvel of light there is held by  
law and love divinely compensation, and the  
light shall come to human hearts that they  
may learn and unfold to each other in the  
same light, strengthening and comforting one  
another, even as we have here in the glori-  
ous realm of the spirit.

We offer praise and thanks that this heav-  
enly light is spreading through the earth and  
each one here—spirit and mortal—is responsi-  
ble for the extension and expansion of this  
light in every moment with a word of love,  
a word of charity, a word of unfolding grace,  
helping one another. This is our work in the  
heavenly world and it is the secret of our  
happiness there; that as God gives the light,  
forms and fills us, so we each must be as  
God to the other, infilling one another with  
love and light and comfort and strength. So  
on this sweet spring morning, when some  
hearts are bowed down in sorrow, we long to

bring them the love light from the heaven  
spheres that they may know joy cometh after  
the night time. And to those who are weaker,  
a heavenly word of strength and peace: Love  
one another.

O God let them no longer judge one another  
harshly, let them no longer require perfection  
of those who are climbing toward leaf and  
bud and blossom and beauteous fruitage, but  
let them clasp hands, those who believe and  
those who do not believe, in love and light and  
charity. Thou art the center of all, universe  
upon universe.

We ask thee to strengthen the soul of the  
brother who has ministered here so faithfully;  
pour light into his heart and let him feel com-  
pensated for the sacrifice those make who  
venture to open the word to the world. It is  
a sacrifice for all we know, even in spirit as  
well as mortal, there is none perfect save  
God alone—infinite perfection. We know how  
our workers suffer, how they shrink in spirit  
and body ere they give voice to us who seek  
to minister to humanity, and knowing this we  
pray for a new baptism of compensation and  
joy to rest upon our brother and all who have  
ministered and who are to minister to the peo-  
ple of this place, and the same blessing upon  
each soul here.

Oh, may each man and woman and little  
child learn to look within and lean upon God,  
the infinite strength, the infinite sweetness, the  
Infinite Father and Mother! Amen.

## LECTURE.

Life is a fine art. The study of the art of  
living is a study of the correct manner of liv-  
ing. The rules of living are made not by man  
but by the spirit, known by many names, ac-  
cording to the state of development of the in-  
dividual man. The rules of living will mark  
the extent of the progress made in intellectual  
development and morals. The rules of con-  
duct are founded in the nature of the soul's  
power, under given conditions, to express. All  
the conceptions man mentally can make are  
so much power presented by the soul under the  
given conditions of its relationship to time and  
place.

The development of history is a study of the  
development of art. The development of the-  
ology is also a study of the development of  
art, and these studies enter into what is more  
specifically known as art than what you at  
first think, for what did the artists in time  
past do? They simply gave expression to  
conceptions existing in the mind—the artistic  
ideal being the same,—of what the soul had  
passed over into the mind.

Sensation is nature's manner of awakening  
the soul's consciousness, and mind is the ag-  
gregate or totality of the experiences of the  
awakening, and art is depicted in the universe  
of being. The art of the Master Artist is the  
most correct art, serving as a model to man.  
The soul, relating itself to nature, awakens to  
the infinite by coming into contact with na-  
ture. The soul's incarnation in material  
states brought consciousness to an objective  
knowledge of material states, but it did more;  
it brought the soul into the knowledge of that  
which stands at the back of material phenom-  
ena; it brought the soul to know what had  
been passing and what was passing in the  
present activities of creative spirit. All ages  
alike—all future ages to be—will be following  
the same road to the expression of art. As all  
objects in nature are but expressions of the  
perfect artist, the consciousness of God is seen  
in the totality of all existence both in form  
and in thought.

There are two artists: there are, first, the  
forces acting, correlating with conscious per-  
sonality; and the artist of form is the con-  
sciousness capable of expressing that which  
is new in the field of reason, experience, feel-  
ing, and imagination. The greatest artist is  
the one who is able to express in his produc-  
tions the greatest realizations of conscious-  
ness; the faculties of the mind, the feeling,  
the deep affections must be apparent in that  
which is produced, and the end of the expres-  
sion must be the cultivation and expression  
of the beautiful.

God, summed up in the totality of definition,  
is absolute beauty. The object of all life is to  
express beauty. There are different orders of  
beauty. There is sensational beauty, taking  
in all forms and colors. There are great ar-  
tists who are in the realm of sensational  
beauty; there are artists in literature who are  
expressing in the realm of sensational beauty;  
there are artists who are expressing the rem-  
iniscent beauty, that which has been in form  
and in action. The artist of action in retros-  
pect is the historian. The perfect historian is  
a person whose work correctly represents the  
past action of collective and national man.  
It is very difficult to portray that which is  
past, because of the fallacy of the mind to  
correctly reflect that which has passed. The  
soul knows the past, but the mind can not  
fully reflect the power possessed by the soul.  
No doubt, in the order of evolution there will  
come a time when the soul will have so far  
cultivated this relationship with mind as to  
bring mind up functionally to a high state of  
reflective accuracy. The development of the  
power of the soul to do this is seen in pro-  
gressive art.

It is not always that a good artist—I mean a  
true artist—I mean an excellent artist—can be

found. Under the present conditions of man's  
life and of his organization the soul can not  
with all its force build up a structure capab-  
le of giving forth the highest art. It sometimes  
occurs, when there are high purposes and res-  
olutions reached in the celestial states to be  
carried out on the earth, that there should  
come to the earth an artist, a thinker, a re-  
vealer, who shall be an epoch man, a creator  
of new features and powers in civilization.  
The soul comes to the matrix of birth con-  
trolled by spiritual forces, great influences con-  
centrated on that organic creation to give  
capability, exalted capability above the aver-  
age, capability of the heredity, a sort of acci-  
dental interposition in the common law of  
evolution; building up extraordinary power,  
developing extraordinary genius. Sometimes  
it will appear in statesmanship, sometimes in  
formative art, sometimes in philosophical art,  
sometimes in esthetical productions of the im-  
agination, sometimes in the spiritual realm of  
ideal moral culture, sometimes in the extra-  
ordinary increase of sensitiveness in the psy-  
chical relation, to be the expresser of exalted  
inspirations.

It can not be correctly said that inspirations  
are purely artistic, in the sense that they pro-  
ceed from a soul incarnate. You would not  
call the productions of a trance medium artistic  
in the sense you would call the produc-  
tions of John Milton artistic. When a soul is  
expressing through its own personality that is  
the measure of the artistic capability of the  
soul to express. When a incarnate soul is  
expressing it is partly in co-operation with a  
carinated soul. It is a direct shot, so to speak,  
of mentality on the spiritual plane projecting  
itself through a sensitive psychic state and  
not being the normal expression of the mind.  
It would be too intricate a discussion for me  
to proceed further on this topic to mark the  
line where inspiration begins and normal  
agency ends.

The personality is so complicated in all  
cases, the man-soul so enfolded by spiritual  
states and by physical states as to be strug-  
gling, as it were, in an atmosphere of active  
mental life, and the active mental life is work-  
ing on the literal, on the figurative and on  
the formative planes of material existence.  
The habit the mind acquires by its relation-  
ship with matter is to fall into the slovenly  
deduction that matter is the real existence,  
that all reasonings upon existence and being  
must be taken from sensation; a fundamental  
error in human psychology that has its influ-  
ence in the distortion of logic. The artistic  
work of the logician theoretically ascertains  
proportions of considerable fitness and accu-  
racy. As to method, the plan of the constitu-  
tion of the mind and the use of the faculties  
of the mind are fairly stated in the best logi-  
cal formulae, but there is a province where  
the artist in psychology comes in and inter-  
feres with the process. In coming to truth  
known to logic some minds have realized more  
truth by intuitional receptivity than by the  
logical process. Indeed, the logical process is  
simply the common government of the con-  
sciousness, but the intuitional power is the  
power that is giving advanced conditions of  
thought and art and life to the world. The  
soul can give its knowledge to the mind. I  
call that process of giving the process of in-  
tuition; the polarity of the mind with the po-  
larity of consciousness; the soul in a com-  
mon vibratory relationship to mind. They  
act and re-act, and that which is above the  
sum of the thought of the correct category of  
deduction or induction—that which comes to  
the mind beyond the rigid conclusion war-  
ranted by the facts,—is intuition. You have  
a word in your vocabulary to express this  
psychical act; that word is "intuition."

Invention is the soul making a revelation to  
the mind, above the standard and power of  
reason. All those inventions which have added  
to the beauty and happiness of human life  
have come through the avenue of intuition.  
There is inspirational intuition; when the in-  
vention is from a soul finding a polarity in  
psychical states that reaches the mind in a  
way to bring to it an idea which the soul  
could not reach,—the spirit attains, the spirit  
strikes the plane the soul could not strike.  
Such phenomena as are appearing in the spirit  
circle—the spirit rap, for example; that ex-  
plosion in the etheric sphere transferring  
modes of motion from one state of being to  
another,—are the product of spirit conscious-  
ness. A soul incarnate does not have, under  
its relationship, the power to express in this  
manner. There may come a time, before very  
long, when a psychic, unaided by outside spir-  
itual powers, will be able to produce a spirit  
rap. The time will come—it will not be long—  
when the soul incarnate will have the power  
to present in visibility the spiritual body with  
which it is connected. When that time shall  
arrive I, the spirit, will be able to stand be-  
fore you and you will see me and I will speak  
for myself and not through another, but I  
shall have to wait until the etheric forces of  
nature are more completely under the control  
of my soul.

Under some states of intense concentration  
a soul passed into spirit life can present itself,  
sometimes it can walk the corridors of the old  
hall; it can become an apparition. When this  
psychology of impingement on sensitive states  
comes among men, the phenomena of past

ages will come within the pale of an artistic  
and scientific explanation. The "ghosts" of  
the olden days—"ghost walking"—the phenom-  
ena produced by them, will be explainable on  
the lines of the new psychology.

It is too late to ridicule the concentrated  
powers and the majestic power possessed by  
the spirit in dealing with what you call phys-  
ical things. Physical things are spiritual  
things in a mode of motion different from  
those modes of motion in celestial states, and  
when the soul as an artist develops its power  
of concentration, when it can point its force  
and can fix that force closely by will on the  
atomic plane, it becomes a supreme creative  
artist. Look what a mechanical artist the  
soul working below its consciousness is. See  
what an artist it is. See what it does in the  
flower. That soul is unconscious of being a  
flower, but behold the wonderful direct polar-  
ities and affinities and thought combinations  
there are in the presentation of that form.  
The mind of man calls it beautiful, because it  
harmonizes with a thought in his soul, unex-  
pressed until he sees the form when sensation  
awakens in the soul's consciousness the form,  
then it becomes knowable to the soul and  
beautiful.

The soul made this body; made it and did  
not know that it was making it. The mechan-  
ical consciousness acquired by an infinite ex-  
perimental evolution through an eternal past  
traveling its road to consciousness, belonging  
to the thought, somewhere in the plane of be-  
ing you saw that flower or you would not see  
it now. Somewhere you have met before or  
you could not feel the affinity of conscious ex-  
pression today. That which you see you have  
seen before, but you may have seen it in the  
mechanical career of the soul's consciousness,  
and could only find it through the organiza-  
tion of a mind and attaining to mind you at-  
tain self-consciousness, so that the work the  
soul is accomplishing is its artistic develop-  
ment.

The song that pleases me I overheard in  
the eternities of modes gone before. The prin-  
ciple of truth dawning upon my mind I have  
seen before or I could not see it now. But  
in the heredity it is stored, in the karma of  
nature it exists; it is inscribed on the tablet  
of the infinite, to turn up before the aperture  
of mind sometime and be seen.

The process of artistic evolution in con-  
sciousness is orderly, it is gradual, it follows  
inference and deduction for a time and then  
steps over and becomes intuition. When the  
thought of the spirit in the spirit mentality  
touches the soul, the soul is awakened to that  
thought, just as the soul is awakened to the  
thought, on the material plane, and then the  
soul plunges the thought to the mind and it  
is a revelation.

A little boy poring over his Euclid, strug-  
gling with the theorems of geometry, works,  
tolls to comprehend, and suddenly compre-  
hends the problem. He says: "I see!" He  
did not see till the two concepts met in per-  
fect harmony. You cannot see until the form  
subjective and the form objective become per-  
fectly related and that perfect relation is per-  
ception. When you see the work of a great  
artist where genius has thrown its power and  
life and revelation, the thing, the form, the  
lines, the totality of the expression pleasing,  
delightful, charming, you are awakened to  
that ideal. It was yourself; you are as great  
as the creator. You are as great as Shake-  
speare, when you understand Shakespeare. You  
are as great as Euclid, when you under-  
stand Euclid. You are as great as any be-  
ing, when you comprehend the thought of the  
being, but you may not have the greatness  
of expression. You have the greatness of the  
ideal which in another mode of life-motion  
will be expressible. You will have the power  
to be a Shakespeare in the spirit world, or to  
be a Plato. You have to a degree understood  
these thinkers, these souls in consciousness,  
while here, and you will equal their expres-  
sions when you attain the spiritual plane. I  
want to make this thought clear to you: that  
the power of the artist within you, that the  
power of the thought attained here, unex-  
pressible here in this physical life, is, in the  
spiritual world, yours to express, so that hav-  
ing developed the concept in this life it be-  
comes a workable concept in the life which  
is to come.

From this, then, you will perceive that the  
true life on earth is to attain the highest con-  
cepts of being so that you will, as spiritual  
beings, be able to express the concepts you  
have attained here, when there. This is the  
art that you have to acquire. It is subjective  
and it is objective and the end of the artist  
is to express. He is helping you.

I do not know that there is any field of art  
so capable of developing the mind, of man's  
expression, as the poetical or dramatic art.  
But today it is so imperfect as an art the  
world is at a loss for a powerful critic, an  
exalted judge of that which is true and cor-  
rect in art. Art to be true and correct must  
be expressed in such a manner as to pro-  
duce beautiful thoughts, beautiful emotions  
and beautiful feelings. All art that fails to  
do that is imperfect art; all caricature is im-  
perfect art; extravagance is another name for  
caricature. Art is that which is correct to  
nature, correct to feeling, correct to passion  
and leads to a higher good. Carry this mes-

sage with you and you will perceive that men  
are not living for the development of the pure-  
st emotions, the purest passions, the purest  
logical conceptions and the purest intuitions.  
Selfishness steps in to mar the picture; jeal-  
ousy steps in to mar the glory of the art; the  
feeling is robbed of its power and its beauty,  
the passion is robbed of its splendor and its  
glory. Vice is not an object for art to depict;  
crime is not a subject for art to depict; but  
virtue, wisdom, heroic qualities, intellect, art  
and passion. The picture must be beautiful.  
The immortal can never be beautiful; injustice  
can never be beautiful. Negative teaching in  
tragedy is not the highest art; that which  
carries with it woe is not in the highest sense  
art.

Carry the artistic life into your home; make  
that home life a picture, every part of which  
will be beautiful, where the lights will play  
from thy generosity, where thy devotion and  
thy sympathies will radiate around thy family  
circle, then thy life will be artistic. Search  
for wisdom, for thy life must be a wise life  
or it is not in harmony with art, that is, it is  
not beautiful. Falsehood is never beautiful;  
ignorance is never beautiful. Ignorant inno-  
cence may excite thy sympathy and stir  
thy emotions as a tribute to the beautiful in  
nature of thy reflective consideration, but the  
beautiful is wisdom delineated in expression  
and form.

The orations of Edmund Burke are sublime  
because they reflect wisdom, generosity, jus-  
tice and public duty, in words that are en-  
phatic, in rhetoric that is choice and ele-  
gant, in simile that never calls to the mind  
the imperfect or the deformed. Those rhaps-  
odies, called hymns which speak of a "dying  
savior," of being "washed in the blood of the  
lamb," are barbaric in their nature and not  
calculated to elevate the mind by an exalted  
ideality. The loftiest ideas of beauty and  
grandeur prevent suffering. It is true that  
the concept of justice involves the concept of  
injustice; true that the concept of heroic vir-  
tue involves the concept of danger and of  
vice, and the consciousness analytically per-  
ceives the contrast and there is a beauty,  
there is a joy, and there is a happiness after  
the pain, but better had the pain not have  
been, better had the thought of evil not have  
been present, better had the sailor not have  
been in danger when his life was rescued by  
the heroism of another; better that the pain  
had not been there, for by it the thought is  
weakened, the soul pulled down in its vibra-  
tions.

So that the cultivation of this life is the  
proper cultivation of the faculties of the  
mind. The faculties of the human mind are  
necessary to the development of this con-  
scious life, but there is an intuitional free-  
dom and you can misuse a faculty, you can  
indulge a propensity, yet never does indul-  
gence come to man without the consequential  
pain and lowering of the soul's vibrations,  
and the result has to be eliminated before  
the grandeur of celestial experiences.

I will not attempt to prolong so interesting  
a delineation. My purpose was to empha-  
size the object you are living for: to find  
yourself in God. You are living to find the  
paradise of your consciousness, to find a state  
of knowing, where pain will not be present,  
where sin will not be; you are seeking the  
perfect. Away out yonder in the infinite is  
the realm of perfection. It is a long journey.  
The soul has come up through the fog and  
darkness, wandering across the barren desert  
ever following the instincts of the past, ac-  
quiring unconscious relationships; over sandy  
plain and desert wild it roamed and struggled  
on. There we see a poor growing by the  
river's brink, expressing life and beauty; then  
on and up through forms of increasing mat-  
teriality. Crystallizations appear. Nature starts  
from noble states and growing forms, and  
crystal worlds rush out to play their gam-  
bols in the meadows of the universe. At last  
material forms, like battleships, struggle on  
the mighty deep; the world becomes a scene  
of carnage and of storm. Roll on, ye ages!  
An atmosphere enwraps, like an envelope, the  
world, and gradually appears animal life;  
then man appears. It is soul coming up the  
steeps of time, soul stepping forward to its  
God, journeying to the "I know," the Logos  
of the Infinite, the end of life. Weary seems  
the way, long, toilsome, painful the ages as  
they go, but yonder over the hills of time I  
see the brilliant light of day and the majesty  
of heaven, and it arises into the conscious-  
ness of my life, and in the transcendent  
glories of eternal law my soul at last is free  
in God.

My notions about life are much the same  
as they are about traveling: there is a good  
deal of amusement on the road, but after  
all, one wants to be at rest.—Scottish.

"It is good to be possessed of one right  
thought, or of one life and purpose, when  
that one purpose is sufficient to fill and con-  
trol one's whole being. A double-minded man  
is unstable in all his ways." He is not  
sure of or for anything. On the other hand,  
we may be sure that, if one's eye, one's pur-  
pose, be single, undivided, for the night, his  
whole body will be full of light."



UNHEEDED GIFTS.

They placed rare lilies in her hands—  
Poor hands that scarce had touched a flower;  
And creamy rose-buds, whose perfume  
Enlivened her for her funeral hour.

They wrapped her form in lustrous silk,  
And draped soft folds of filmy lace  
About the slender, pulseless wrists,  
And underneath the patient face.

At last she lay in perfect rest;  
While voices, late so slow to praise,  
Rehearsed many a virtue o'er,  
And spoke of all her pleasant ways.

The sleeper heeded not the wraith  
Of bloom that lay within her hand;  
And not a word of love or loss  
Her sealed lips could understand.

Strange, we so often keep the flowers  
To lay in folded hands at last—  
And little luxuries of life  
Withhold, till care of them is past.

Strange that we do not oftener praise  
The willing taker by our side!  
Why keep the full-blown flower of love  
Until our friend we loved has died?

The Abbey Chimes, or the Mystery of Glen Avon.

MABEL A. VAN HISE.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

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"But dreams never do come true, do they?—though the strange visions I have, often come out just as I see them. But those are not real dreams, are they?"

"No, dear," replied Mrs. Priestly. "Those are reflections of things that have passed or are to come."

Both remained silent for some minutes, each occupied with her own thoughts. Clarice rested her head on the soft cushions of the chair, and closed her eyes. Mrs. Priestly glanced at her; then she waved her arms back and forth towards Clarice for several seconds; dropping them gradually, she said in a commanding tone, "Speak!"

"Speak!" again commanded Mrs. Priestly. Then slowly, and in a much changed voice, the young clairvoyant said: "Listen—I see Sir Cecil Avon's bedroom; it is evening; the fire is burning in the grate; the candles are lit. The room looks cheerful. He is sitting in an armchair, and there are others in the room. They sit around a table. On the right of Sir Cecil is Marcus; next, Lester Avon; on the left is Lady Avon. Ah, how pale she looks, and how her eyes glitter. They are playing cards, they—"

"Go on," came in that stern, commanding tone again. The clairvoyant proceeded: "—ah, it is Marie. Marcus rises and offers her a chair. He shuffles the cards again; now—oh—why? I see Mrs. Priestly; she is not in her physical form; they do not see her. Ah, yes, Marcus here; she stands back against the wall; she is waiting for something. What did you say?—Watch!—Well, I am, only I wanted to know. They are getting quite excited over the game. Charles is coming in with a tray and wine. He fills the glasses and stands there on the table. Oh, how candidly she looks! She has nearly knocked that glass over; it is too near the edge; it is between Marcus and Lester. Marcus moves the glass further away from his elbow and pushes it nearer to Lester. They play again; Marie has won! she is laughing over it."

"Ah, on, there is more yet," said Mrs. Priestly. "Go on, stupid! Lady Avon has dropped her cards; some have fallen under the table. Marcus and Lester both stoop to pick them up. Ah!—what do I see?—What are they engaged thus, Lady Avon, under pretense of preventing Marcus from being knocked down, reaches her hand across and oh! she has dropped some white powder into the glass! It froths a little, but the wine is not discolored. How quickly she did it! No one saw her action. Now they are—oh, not yet, not yet!"

The clairvoyant had almost risen out of the chair as she uttered her vehement protest against the vision's too sudden disappearance. Then her head fell back once more on the cushion, her eyes closed and she remained perfectly still and silent.

Mrs. Priestly's face was a study during this recital. Her wonderful eyes were now filled with excitement and horror. She trembled until the bed shook under her. After awhile she became more composed, and she thought of her own sitting there looking so white and cold. Once more she made passes before Clarice's face, and after a long-drawn sigh the girl sat upright, and rubbing her eyes sleepily, asked Mrs. Priestly what had happened.

"I know I have been talking, and that I have known somewhere in company with an astral shade, but somehow I do not remember anything this time. What have I said?"

"Nothing of any importance, dear," returned Mrs. Priestly calmly. "It will come to you some other time, no doubt; you really must go to bed now. You will lose all your roses. I insist; go right to bed. I am quite comfortable, dear little nurse. You have done your duty, and all nurses have to sleep sometimes, you know."

"Well, as you are determined to get rid of me, I suppose I may as well go," said Clarice, kissing her friend affectionately, and bidding her good-night, she hurried to her own pretty pink and white bower.

All through the night, until the gray light of morning crept in through the half-closed curtains, Marie Priestly lay thinking, thinking, until her brain ached, as well as her ankle. She was thinking out a plan to checkmate Lady Avon, and if possible prevent the awful crime that Clarice's vision had shown she contemplated committing.

"Ah," she thought sorrowfully, "Lady Alice's love and idolization of her son, her wild ambition for his future, is what is leading her on to do this. But I must prevent it at any cost! I will see her tomorrow, and if need be, plead with her once more. My ankle feels so much better! I wonder if I could put my foot to the ground without having to suffer any more pain." She slid gently out of bed and nervously put the lame foot down on the soft, thick carpet. To her surprise and joy she found she could stand quite easily. Then she became more venturesome, and took two or three steps across the floor. But standing still and walking were two different things, and she found she had to limp along.

"Well," she thought, "I don't mind so long as I can get along on it somehow." Then she got back into bed once more, she made her plans of war on Lady Avon. She concluded to rest in bed all that day, however, well knowing the value of complete rest in a case like hers.

The forenoon of the following day brought Uncle Dick to Glen Avon, ostensibly to get Marie.

"You will stay a few days, of course," said Sir Cecil.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Lejondre, you must stay. Marie cannot get ready to go home under two days, I'm sure!"

"Well, well, I'll see," replied Uncle Dick. During the evening, while all were in the library enjoying themselves—that is to say, all except Sir Cecil and Mrs. Priestly—Lady Avon slipped out of the room into the hall unobserved, threw a heavy cloak over her head and shoulders, and opening the front door, glided out, closing it softly behind her. She sped down the steps, across the lawn in the direction of the woods. Then making the peculiar cry of an owl, she stood still and listened. Again she gave the strange unearthly scream, and this time to some purpose, for she was answered by another similar cry, as a youth bounded through the bushes and stood by her side. They held a whispered conversation, then Lady Alice said aloud:

"I am glad you and Zephane did not go with the rest."

"Zephane is sick, Minot," returned the lad. "She cannot be moved yet."

"Well, here is money. Get wine and medicine for her; and, oh, Zazu, the bracelet—where is it?" asked Lady Avon.

"I had a strange dream last night," said Sir Cecil. "I thought I lost your new bracelet. By the way, Alice dear, you don't seem to wear it much. Not tired of it already, I hope?"

"No, indeed, Cecil. On the contrary, I prize it very much; to lose it would grieve me terribly. That just puts me in mind of it. I neglected to put it in the case. Dear me, how careless! It has been there since yesterday morning, too. I will go and put it in the case and lock it up at once. Excuse me, I will be back again in a few minutes."

She had not been away ten minutes, before she returned upon her husband's wing. "It is gone!" she cried. "I cannot find it anywhere! My bracelet has been stolen! Oh, Cecil, and I prized it so much because it was your gift!"

"She sat down and began to sob hysterically. 'Don't you keep your room door locked, my dear?' he asked."

"Yes, generally," she replied tearfully. Then suddenly dashing away her tears, she cried:

"Oh, Cecil! I know; I know now. Last night Marie and I were going up to our rooms at the same time, when to our astonishment we found the bedroom door open and Mrs. Priestly standing in the doorway! She had evidently been in the room. We were both surprised to see her there, because she was supposed to be confined to her room with a sprained ankle. She, I believe, is the thief!"

"My dear! My dear! What are you saying? I am sure the widow of poor John Priestly would not do such a thing. Be careful whom you accuse, Alice. Remember her late husband was my boyhood's friend. Besides, how dare you accuse one in particular, when there were so many other people in the house at the same time?" said her husband seriously.

Lady Avon did not answer, but continued to rock herself and sob.

"Now try to calm yourself, my dear wife. Be entirely guided by me. Say nothing to me about your loss at present. I will send to headquarters for a good detective, and soon find the bracelet or the thief—perhaps both."

Sir Cecil kept his promise, and early on the following morning the detectives arrived at Glen Avon.

(To be continued.)

so much better, and the morning was so bright, I thought a short walk would not hurt me."

She hurried up to her room as quickly as her ankle would allow.

"Good morning, Milly," returned Mrs. Priestly kindly.

After the mid-day meal was over, Lady Avon went to her husband's room. She took a seat by his couch and was amusing him with a recital of Marie's ghost story.

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(To be continued.)

"Fated or Free."—An Appeal.

SUSIE C. CLARK.

Argument is always profitless and never convinces any one. Especially is it unwise to enter into any discussion of re-embodiment, which truth even a Buddha did not discover until the typical life tree was reached; and when such a flash of revelation comes to any soul, it remains henceforth an abiding possession; it proves a vantage ground from which there is no backsliding. It matters little whether any other advanced student accepts it or not, today, since all must in time, if it be truth. Therefore, I speak for humanity.

For she well knew that when a man wears blue glasses, the whole world must present a somber tint, and he can never know through argument, the warm red glow which a cheerier lens might lend.

But to consider like Emerson, one world at a time, in returning to incarnate bodies, and it is as impossible to thus limit a conception of life as it would be to separate one of the hours from the dial-face of the clock. If the soul is eternal, its career endless, then its experiences must be continuous and cannot rightly be judged in sections, or limited to a "scope" of incarnations.

If person who had never heard of communion with an invisible world, were told of the possibility of such interchange with souls whom they could not see, hear, or touch, would they not probably meet such statement with the exclamation "absurd," and such verities as they could grasp would be lost.

In the least, any more than does a similar opinion of our gifted correspondent regarding pre-existence, or choice of parentage. A truth which comes as a novelty to our consciousness, however old to our ears, is often pronounced absurd. Every invention in its infancy, has been thus labeled. Steamers have crossed the broad Atlantic carrying with them scholarly treatises to prove the absurdity of such an undertaking. It is a pretty sure sign a thing is true, if, at first, it antagonizes us. The heterodoxy of today becomes our accepted orthodoxy tomorrow.

When we seek to commune with the mortal plane, have to await favoring conditions under the sway of natural law, with which they freely co-operate, attracted to those media with whom they can assimilate, so likewise does a soul when seeking temporary embodiment in the flesh, await favorable circumstances. Intelligently co-operating therewith, not fatalistically bound thereby.

But since like attracts like, a pure soul could not choose, or be attracted to diseased, or criminal parents. The laws of affinity between soul and soul, as between atom and atom, are never disobeyed, can make no mistake. The soul chooses the attraction of the ether, the atmosphere of those with whom there is spiritual consanguinity, and no soul could ever be "fated to a life of misery and crime" if it had grown beyond such immature expression. No responsibility for any wrong can rest with one who has attained freedom therefrom, through long effort and experience.

The only "original sin" is the sin of ignorance, the sin of the child; all human mistakes and errors are the result of it, and only prolonged experience can transform that ignorance into knowledge, and thus, in strength, since the passage of the brief mortal existence does not seem to accomplish it. The path to the heights often lies through the mud and mire of the morasses, the sloughs of despair and sin. "Souls can indeed be purified" by contact with "material corruption," for the soul chooses as it grows over it. Even the Christ of the race are perfected through suffering. It is only he who overcometh who receives the crown, and how can one overcome what he has no contact with? We fate ourselves by our inertia and slothfulness. There is no other fate or Nemesis, save such as the soul chooses as it grows over it. Masterful achievement, opportunities for its mastery.

But if a soul, not yet grown to dominance over material conditions, comes thither through the gateway of undesirable inheritance, where is the wisdom (which each should guide) to seek thus to entangle, thus to improve such golden opportunity to learn dominance, to achieve mastery over every limitation of the flesh? Is there any necessity, brother, for "an ambitious soul" to

remain in "a puny body"? Are there not others, already circumscribed, who have triumphed over such limitations, souls anchored to their pillows through long, weary years, paralyzed and helpless, but who, when the power of the spirit over the clay is fully revealed to them, have thrown aside their shackles and walked forth, forever free.

And should he elude in a friend of the writer from whose cup of physical and mental we no drop was spared, but who thus was enabled through such testing process, through tasting all forms of suffering herself, to become better qualified to relieve and remove similar and divers kind of suffering from others. This soul, though very far from perfection as yet, has gained the recognition of an hour preceding birth, when this life line was clearly seen, the choice then was freely hers to remain in that peaceful, though unexpressed state, or embrace this opportunity of going forth (even as missionaries do today) to enlighten the world, as they see it, to the darkened minds, so this active spirit yearned over the weary, the sick, the tempt-tossed on this planet who awaited the light of health and freedom. The possibility of such helpful ministrations, hard and thankless as the task might prove, was freely embraced, and the choice was made, the decision of birth and that future sphere of usefulness, stretched long years of helplessness, prostration and pain, the preparation for the coming mission, because only through this experience could the ignorance which made such bondage possible be outgrown, only thus could the inhabitants of Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and others, who were to be met, be overcome and mastery attained, both for herself and others, only through the discounts of mortal existence could the peace of harmony and freedom ring forth to the world. And so she deliberately plunged into the Lethan waters which effaced the memory in part of her physical Sanson, whose form she would seem to have lost, and who would seem to have been a mortal suffering which has proven a blessed teacher, as it ever is, an emancipator, as it should be, to all. She was not given in later years a less puny body, but her "ambitious soul" outgrew its narrow confines.

Have we not another notable example in the history of the human race, who would seem to trail a tunic for the mighty spiritual force that surges through it? Born a delicate child, "fated" astrologically to severe diseases, he is today a monument of health, of Herculean endurance and power of work, of constant energetic labor with which few of us could compete. His body is indeed puny, but his soul is not fettered by it; and he has not the favoring aspects of a birth in Capricorn to make mastery easier. He, like the instance mentioned above, is in Virgo. But one sign is as good as another to grow away from. As Sigma Zulu says, "Are we a thing? Or are we a power?"

Now what use to your aspiring soul making of its "ambition." Deane? Where is the physical mastery you came here to win, for which there was no mistake in your inheritance? What do you inherit from your heavenly Father? What does your divine parentage entitle you to but perfection, a health that is unassailable, a strength that knows no limit?

"Back of the parents and grandparents lies The Great Eternal Will. That, too is thine Inheritance; strong, beautiful, divine."

Then enter upon thy birthright. Live no more in your stomach, but seek closer fellowship with your soul. Is there any good sense in your remaining "a life-long sufferer," in allowing the impotent flesh to dominate thy masterful spirit? No physical laws of heredity can be stronger than a divine soul expressed through the body of a conqueror. Do not wait till you get to the spirit world where you will have "ample time," for we have been told that more progress can be made in one year of earth life than in one hundred years spent in the first belt or zone surrounding the planet, which purgatorial experience it is called. Therefore, do not wait till you get clear at a bound, escaping such limitation altogether. Brush the dust of mortal inheritance from your eyes, and both "hind-sight" and "fore-sight" will be yours, the consecutive chapters of Life's long, complicated story shall be clearly read. Then awake, brother, put on thy strength; it is rightfully thine. Does not your belief in fate cost you rather dear, since "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he?" No one knows better than you that we are spirits today, that it is possible to live a spiritual life of freedom, and emancipation from the bondage of physical infirmity, now and here. Your soul is large enough to fill the slender form with poise and power. Breathe upon it of your omnipotence.

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We have read records giving details of physical manifestations, of trances, of persons, messages, the gift of tongues, and exalted spirit teachings received and recorded in the annals of the society during the years 1837-8, concluding with the announcement that, at no distant date similar manifestations would be given to the outside world. The manifestations given by the "Fox" girls, however, as the "Medium of the Rockies," a simple farmer on the Pacific Slope, commenced some seven or eight years prior to the Hydesville phenomena, and included powerful physical manifestations, levitation, spirit writing, and tests.

Baron Guldensleve, a Swedish nobleman, was present at the Hydesville phenomena, and in 1841, and between that time and 1857 received about two thousand messages in different characters and languages, containing many proofs of spirit identity. His method usually was very simple, yet equally convincing; he would enter some religious edifice when none were present save a friend, or perhaps two, who were introduced as witnesses, place a piece of blank paper on a monument or statue of some celebrity, retire a short dis-

tance and wait in prayerful mood, earnestly desiring a response from the spirit represented by the monument. Retiring after awhile, he would frequently find a message on the paper, sometimes in languages he was unfamiliar with. The testimony of this is of the highest character. The late Dr. Joseph Hodes Buchanan claimed to have contacted a spirit, but he was experimenting on mesmerically in 1842, and received through her a message from the spirit world. But the most important revelation since Swedenborg's time, that antedated the Rochester Knockings by about five years, was the description given by Andrew Jackson Davis, while in a trance, of the spirit world, and the conditions of the spirit world to this, which was published in that remarkable volume "Nature's Divine Revelations," in 1845. This book may be looked upon as the forerunner, not only of a spiritual phenomena, but of its present day philosophy. In it, after giving a very beautiful description of the spirit sphere, and the conditions of life and general conditions there prevailing, as seen by him when in the superior condition of spiritual lucidity, he says:—"It is a truth that spirits commune with one another, while one is in the body and the other in the higher spheres—and this, too, when the person in the body is unconscious of these things, and hence cannot be conscious of the nature, and this truth will ere long present itself in the form of a living demonstration, and the world will hail with delight the ushering in of that era when the interiors of men will be opened, and the spiritual communion will be established such as is now being enjoyed by the inhabitants of Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and others, who were to be met, be overcome and mastery attained, both for herself and others, only through the discounts of mortal existence could the peace of harmony and freedom ring forth to the world. And so she deliberately plunged into the Lethan waters which effaced the memory in part of her physical Sanson, whose form she would seem to have lost, and who would seem to have been a mortal suffering which has proven a blessed teacher, as it ever is, an emancipator, as it should be, to all. She was not given in later years a less puny body, but her "ambitious soul" outgrew its narrow confines.

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"If you get there before I do, Just tell them I am coming too."

March 31st

It is usually understood to be the anniversary of the introduction of Modern Spiritualism to the Hydesville, New York State, commonly known as the Rochester Knockings, being accepted as the initiation of the varied physical and mental phenomena pertaining to present day Spiritualism. We have affirmed on more than one previous occasion, this assumption is not strictly correct; phenomena more varied than that which occurred in connection with the "Fox" girls having been common among the Shakers at least ten years earlier.

We have read records giving details of physical manifestations, of trances, of persons, messages, the gift of tongues, and exalted spirit teachings received and recorded in the annals of the society during the years 1837-8, concluding with the announcement that, at no distant date similar manifestations would be given to the outside world. The manifestations given by the "Fox" girls, however, as the "Medium of the Rockies," a simple farmer on the Pacific Slope, commenced some seven or eight years prior to the Hydesville phenomena, and included powerful physical manifestations, levitation, spirit writing, and tests.

Baron Guldensleve, a Swedish nobleman, was present at the Hydesville phenomena, and in 1841, and between that time and 1857 received about two thousand messages in different characters and languages, containing many proofs of spirit identity. His method usually was very simple, yet equally convincing; he would enter some religious edifice when none were present save a friend, or perhaps two, who were introduced as witnesses, place a piece of blank paper on a monument or statue of some celebrity, retire a short dis-

tance and wait in prayerful mood, earnestly desiring a response from the spirit represented by the monument. Retiring after awhile, he would frequently find a message on the paper, sometimes in languages he was unfamiliar with. The testimony of this is of the highest character. The late Dr. Joseph Hodes Buchanan claimed to have contacted a spirit, but he was experimenting on mesmerically in 1842, and received through her a message from the spirit world. But the most important revelation since Swedenborg's time, that antedated the Rochester Knockings by about five years, was the description given by Andrew Jackson Davis, while in a trance, of the spirit world, and the conditions of the spirit world to this, which was published in that remarkable volume "Nature's Divine Revelations," in 1845. This book may be looked upon as the forerunner, not only of a spiritual phenomena, but of its present day philosophy. In it, after giving a very beautiful description of the spirit sphere, and the conditions of life and general conditions there prevailing, as seen by him when in the superior condition of spiritual lucidity, he says:—"It is a truth that spirits commune with one another, while one is in the body and the other in the higher spheres—and this, too, when the person in the body is unconscious of these things, and hence cannot be conscious of the nature, and this truth will ere long present itself in the form of a living demonstration, and the world will hail with delight the ushering in of



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Editorial Notes.

"Why are we here?" is a question that is frequently heard among those who are not wholly lost in the present day social scramble for wealth and power. Are we here to gratify the whim of a tyrannical ruler of the universe, whose pleasure is best augmented by shifting human beings upon the chess-board of life, as does the expert chess player in his well planned game? Have mortals been forced to accept an experience they did not seek? Are they to be compelled to suffer through a few years of earth-life without knowing the meaning or the purpose of it all? Has their coming been due to chance, whose pitiless edict has fettered them to a condition that is nothing less than refined cruelty? Are they destined to eternal misery because of their errors in a life they did not seek, and would not have accepted had they been consulted beforehand?

If finite beings are sparks from the soul of the Infinite, why were they ushered into mortal expression? The Infinite is and has always been absolute Perfection. The earthly expressions of millions of beings cannot add to the sum total of that which of itself was perfect when they were forced into mortal forms. If the Infinite cannot be made more perfect, cannot be made greater and more loving, by and through the lives of its finite expressions, what is the use of an earthly existence anyway? Why should or would Infinite Perfection exert a perfect will to do a work that would neither add to its perfection, nor increase its happiness? Why should not Infinite contentment be content with that contentment? Why should it divide itself into myriads of finite parts, send them forth on such painful missions, complacently view their agony, yet remain at ease in all respects after giving cause for results that could neither add to nor take from its perfect enjoyment?

It is but fair that the above questions should be asked, and it is only right that they should receive respectful consideration at the hands of the philosophers and teachers of the world. The writer lays no claim to being one or other of these, hence feels that the replies to these queries should be left to those whose special mission it has been to deal with speculative and metaphysical themes. Some claim that it is an assumption of the baldest sort to agree that all finite life is traceable to an Infinite Cause. They speak learnedly upon "The Principles of Nature," and argue that through the coalescing of Nature's

forces, under Natural Law, life results. This is simply begging the question—nothing more—nothing less. Those words neither explain life, nor do they define its cause. Science, has demonstrated the fact that life can only be explained by life, hence it is more than a "working hypothesis" to assert that Infinite Life is the First Cause of all life.

This being true, the question at once arises, What is the purpose of these manifold expressions of life? Are they ephemeral in character, thrown out for a time only to be absorbed and reabsorbed into the reservoir of Infinite Life at the close of an earthly or a planetary experience? Can Infinite Life gain anything for itself by giving forth finite particles for expression in plant and animal life? If these finite particles gain anything in the school of experience, then are absorbed into infinitude at their exit from earth, they must of course add what they have gained to the Source from which they came. To add to the Infinite in any way is an unthinkable proposition, contrary both to logic and reason. It therefore follows that some other hypothesis must be found to solve the present riddle.

Some one says that life results from the combination of certain forces in Nature which of themselves originate in God, and that God is not directly involved in their creation. In other words, life in its finite form is constantly being created, under laws that were laid down by an Infinite Law Giver. By appealing to reason, to science and to philosophy, it is found that whatever has a beginning, always has an ending. Therefore, if finite life is due to an arbitrary creation, it must by the very nature of things, be destined to pass out of existence. But this position is also untenable for other reasons; it is beyond reason to imagine anything being created in a universe that is already absolutely perfect in itself, nor is it possible to suppose that finite life can come into being in a universe that is already full of Infinite Life. Life can only eventuate from Life, and the blotting out of the most infinitesimal spark of life destroys the Infinite and overthrows the universe.

Why are we here? Not to gratify some heavenly despot, nor to dance as puppets at the dictum of a quixotic deity, nor as accidents, nor as special creations, but as the results of intelligent cause. Infinite Life is universal in its nature, and impersonal, non-individualistic in its character. It involves volition and intelligence, from which eventuate the causes of all things. Souls are expressions of intelligence, dominated by Will. Like Life, they are intangible, and invisible, yet possess the dynamic force that gives expression to thought. These finite souls, derived from infinitude itself, involve the desire to approach in all essential attributes, the Source from which they came. They must therefore have Infinite experience ere they can become like unto the Infinite. To approximate the Infinite they must grow in all ways; they must add to the sum total of their knowledge, expand their mental faculties in every direction, and develop every portion of their being by means of experience.

These souls, therefore, with the goal of infinitude before them, aspire to soul-growth. They can only grow by the exercise of all their faculties through every possible experience that Life involves. Therefore, they seek expressions on earth, and on all other planets that are capable of sustaining life. They realize their wants in full, and carefully select such parents as will add the most needed experiences to their store of knowledge. Parenthood is determined always in the realm of soul, ere it finds expression on earth. Parents do not create their offspring; they are but the mediums through which Souls find expression in their quest for wisdom. It therefore follows that finite beings come to earth at and through the volition of Souls in the realm of the invisible, for the purpose of gaining knowledge in the school of experience; that will push them onward in their quest for Infinite wisdom. Each Soul expresses itself again and again in various ways, adding something each time to its priceless store, yet never solving the problem of Infinity, because the end of Infinity can never be reached. The purpose of each Soul, seeking embodiment for its child, is wisdom—its aim is perfection—its method action. Through these manifold expressions, of finite life, souls become neophytes in wisdom, and gods in power.

The Spiritualists of Philadelphia are superior to the conditions by which they are environed. They face an adverse decision by the courts with calm courage; and are unfaltering in their determination to have their righteous cause finally adjudicated in the highest courts of their state. The McIlroy will is to be taken to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, where it is hoped to secure a decision in harmony with the principles of right and justice. When judges are elevated above political bias and religious prejudice, they dispense justice fairly and impartially, therefore I hope the Jurists of Pennsylvania will not be found wanting when this case comes before them. It costs much to engage in legal contests, and if the Spiritualists of the nation want right to prevail, they should joyfully sustain their Pennsylvania brethren in their struggle for freedom. The N. S. A. treasury, especially the will defense fund, should be filled with the coin of the realm to make a complete defense possible.

The citizens of Philadelphia, with the possible exception of a majority of the Spiritualists, are face to face with many strange conditions just at the present time. In one instance, six men resorted to stuffing the ballot box in the interest of a favorite candidate. Their crime was discovered, the false ballots found, and their plot in part frustrated. The villains fled from the state to escape the consequences of their acts. One of them returned, confessed his share of the guilt, and was sentenced to prison for one

year. After two years, the other five returned, surrendered themselves to the authorities, and said they would stand trial. This they did. Their guilt was proven over and over again, yet the intelligent (?) jury, sworn to decide according to the law and evidence, rendered a verdict of not guilty in every case! By this decision, the man who confessed his crime, and went to prison for it, is made out a falsifier, and his imprisonment virtually declared to be unjust!

Shades of Matthew Hale and John Marshall! What do you say to this verdict? What will the decent people of the world say? What will Philadelphia say and do about it? One of the jurors has, since the trial, been found to be under three indictments himself for criminal offenses! Yet he sat on the jury throughout the trial, and voted to acquit the rascals who tampered with the ballot-boxes! Is this a fair sample of the political integrity of the citizens of Philadelphia? If so, it is no wonder that Quay's machine wins such stupendous victories there, nor can Spiritualists be surprised at such verdicts as was rendered in the McIlroy will. The presence of a criminal upon the jury does not seem to invalidate the verdict, hence the ballot-box rascals are to retain their ill-deserved freedom. One of them is to be sent to the State Legislature next fall to help make the laws for the people! Isn't this an index of political virtue with a vengeance? No doubt his first bill that he will urge for passage will be a measure to make ballot-box stuffing legal in all parts of the state. It would be in keeping with his character up to date.

Philadelphia gives me another text as I write today. Its public schools are involved in the issue to which I now refer. A scandal has arisen that persists in refusing to be downed by any one until the nauseating facts are placed before the people. The teachers in certain precincts have been found to be victims of blackmail, politically speaking, on the part of certain members of the School Board. The officials bargain that the male relatives of the teachers shall bind themselves to vote as they dictate, and, further, that the teachers shall pay a generous portion of their salaries to the officials whose votes elected them to their positions as instructors of the young. This is not quite so bad as it was in one city where the teachers could only secure and maintain themselves in their positions by becoming the mistresses of the members of the School Board, yet it is bad enough as it is, and every decent man and woman should act in the matter. It is not very far from a monetary assessment to an assessment upon the virtue of a woman, hence all lovers of good schools and public morals should see to it that the present scandal be thoroughly sifted and settled.

A New York man is reported to have deserted his wife because of his anger at her for having borne him four living, healthy babies at one birth. This made him the father of fourteen children by one mother, and he decided to shirk the responsibility of their care, so departed for sections unknown. His feelings of resentment were possibly similar to those of the man who was forced to be away from his home for five years at one time, and returned to find that his loving wife had given birth to four fine children during his absence. He was surprised, somewhat indignant, and almost wished he had not returned home. It is said, however, that he overcame his anger, took up the responsibilities of life anew, and went bravely forward in the great battle of life. Here are two anomalies in human nature—the one abandoned his innocent wife and children to the cold charities of the world—the other, rising above real injuries, and going forward, man fashion, to care for the weak and helpless, which of these two comes nearer to being a real man? The abandoned wife has obtained a divorce from her recalcitrant spouse, and will care for her children by her own efforts.

Miss Nina Danforth, the deformed girl who recently slew Andrew J. Emery at South Framingham, Mass., declares that she thought she was legally married to him until some two or three weeks prior to the shooting. She avers that she went through the marriage service with him, not knowing he was already a husband and father, and that her brooding upon the fact after she had discovered it, caused her to kill him. She has as yet presented no legal documents to substantiate her claims, hence it is not known what form her defense in court will take. If her story is true, it will exert quite an influence over the minds of many people. Murder, however, is never justifiable, save in defense of one's own life, hence this poor, misshapen girl has laid up a store of agony for herself in the world of souls that is fearful to contemplate. Let us send the stricken wife and children of her victim thoughts of kindly sympathy, and extend to her who is the cause of this sorrow our tenderest pity, with the hope that she may awaken to consciousness of soul a truer and better woman.

Mt. Pelee is yet in a state of eruption and the people of Martinique are in terror of their lives. The report of Prof. Hill, the great scientist who has been sent to Martinique to make special observations of the phenomena produced by the volcano, is most thrilling. He confesses that he, too, was terrorized by the awful events that transpired before his gaze. George Kennan, the explorer of Siberia, is also in Martinique and will doubtless have something of interest to say within the next few weeks. In the meantime the pious orthodox preachers will continue their eloquent (?) dissertations upon God's awful wrath, and solemnly warn their hearers to repent of their sins ere it is too late. They will keep on talking while others who are less pious, but more humane, will work with a will to relieve the wants of those who have lost their all through Pelee's terrible outbreak. It is most inspiring to learn that the needs of the sick, the homeless and

the hungry, have all been met in full through the generosity of the various nations of the earth. The brotherhood of the race is becoming more and more a fact through just such services as have been rendered the sufferers at Martinique.

Margaret Stowe speaks golden words of wisdom in the New York Journal of May 23, in her most thoughtful article entitled "The Effects of Public Praise on Children." It is now a serious problem for American parents to solve and they cannot begin too soon to deal with it. It is a grave error to discuss the virtues and wonderful (?) talents of children in their presence. It flatters the vanity of the little ones who are far more acute than their parents suppose, and gives them an exaggerated idea of their importance. Modesty has not yet become a crime, although the majority of the schools and churches of the land have tried hard to make it so. A child with a sunny disposition, a loving heart, and active mind, is far more preferable to every intelligent adult than is the gaudily dressed parrot who is daily told of her great beauty, her wonderful talents and encouraged to parade herself upon the stage as a singer or as an elocutionist, to be seen and admired. I believe Miss Stowe to be wholly right in her demand for the abolition of commencement day exercises, and all Sunday school, charity and other exhibitions involving children. Let us train our boys and girls to be natural in their daily lives—make them little men and little women, and we shall have done them lasting good. Public praise and applause is not only hurtful, it is positively sinful.

The coal strike in the anthracite regions is giving the people no little trouble these days. In some sections, the price of hard coal is already from ten to fifteen dollars per ton, while nowhere is it less than seven dollars fifty cents per ton. In view of the fact that the supply has been totally cut off, the price is bound to rise higher still. The miners in the bituminous regions may also strike, in which case business would be in a very deplorable condition. It is fortunate, in one way, that the great strike came during warm weather, as there will be no suffering from the cold among the poor. Gas ranges will be called into requisition by everyone who can secure them, hence there is but little danger of suffering from lack of food. If worst comes to worst, there is plenty of wood that can be obtained as soon as the railroads can be forced to bring it to market. These strikes are preparing the way for governmental control of all natural products in the interest of the people. May that day speedily dawn is the prayer of millions of people.

In view of the fact, that the mine owners could and did pay good wages to their men, yet made a good profit on their coal when they sold it for three dollars fifty cents per ton in cities a thousand miles from the mines, is not the profit beyond all reason now that the regular selling price is more than double the figure named? It proves that the combination between the mine owners and the railroad officials was for the purpose of robbing the people who consumed the coal. This they have done systematically, yet they have not raised the price of the wages of their men, nor reduced the cost of transportation to the consumers. These facts and figures speak eloquently in favor of governmental ownership of the mines, and their operation in the interest of the people. It should be the same with railroads, telegraph lines, telephones, street cars and all other public utilities. Direct legislation will be the best immediate means to the desired end. Let us work faithfully for this needed reform, then note the results.

If Spiritualism were but properly understood how changed would be the social and industrial conditions in everyday life! There would be no attempt on the part of the strong to take undue advantage of the weak, nor would the desire for financial profit submerge man's ideas of right and justice. He would realize the nearness of his spirit friends, and would refrain from wrong doing for their dear sakes. He would find in the phenomena of Spiritualism daily revelations of the life beyond the grave, and would become so desirous of spiritualizing his own life on earth, that all sordid considerations would be trampled under foot, and he would seek to live the life of the soul, under angelic guidance. When Spiritualists unite their efforts to present an orderly, scholarly, soulful Spiritualism to the world, they will see the dawn of the day of soul-civilization of which the angels have been speaking through all the centuries.

Do you want to aid Spiritualism in its great work of civilizing the world? If you do, then you who are readers of the Banner of Light now have a splendid opportunity to do so; you can renew your own subscription to it, and induce your neighbor to whom you have been lending your paper for so long, to subscribe for it in his own name. You can also send in a subscription for a friend to whom you wish to give a valuable present. The Banner of Light is all that its name implies, and will do much to dispel the clouds of doubt and fear that hang so low over the souls of the children of men. In its historical sketch of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, and its report of the jubilee of that organization, the Banner gave its readers many times the worth of their subscription money. It is only fair that those who have been thus blessed should reciprocate, hence they should send us at once their renewals, accompanied by the money of their friends who want the paper for a year. Try it and see how this plan will work.

"He who doth give of his best, of that best is the certain user. While he who withholds finds himself of his gaining the pitiful loser."

Ignorance will not admit the superiority of anyone, and offers itself as an example of perfection.

Of Things Seen and Heard.

BY SIGMA ZODIAC.

Why does a God of perfect goodness permit, or cause, volcanic convulsions and the sudden destruction of thousands upon thousands of innocent children, and all the grown up men and women?

Men and women endowed with reasoning powers are unpeppably astounded at such horrible conduct on the part of the "Creator." If this manifestation of the infinite power is real, where shall men look for a reasonable explanation. Is not the infinite goodness equal to the infinite power? Is not His mercy equal to His might? What a consternation! What a magazine of wrathful destruction is the being called "God"?

We read in the so-called "Word of God" (Bible), of the destruction of wicked cities by a rain of fire and brimstone sent down out of heaven! We read in the same sacred volume of the destruction of the whole humanity (except some five or six), by a flood sent down out of the heavens! We read also of the "God of battles"—the slaughter of thousands of heathen by the chosen people of God! Behold, the "Lord God omnipotent reigneth." Is He not, therefore, the cause of all these unspeakable sufferings, and the cause of all wars, volcanoes, and death?

Certainly, most certainly, He is the originator and the immediate cause of all and every kind of evil and misery, that is—if He is a Person.

Through the vast opening of this "if" the perfect comprehensive explanation of all these problems can pass into all human reason.

In proportion as the mind of man has expanded and outgrown stupendous ignorance, in that same proportion has vanished and perished forever the old and superstitious theologies of personal God or gods. Polytheism and monotheism alike have retreated in proportion to the advance of intellectual and spiritual development.

Now comes the great and most magnificent conception of an infinite wholeness—"whose body Nature is, and God the soul." Principles, animated by eternal self-thinking ideas, cause and control all things and persons. "Now a bubble bursts and now a world." There is nothing more unreasonable in the eruption of a volcano than there is in the ripening of a boll on the body of a man. Each is the natural result of imprisoned fluids and ethers. The vital parts of the earth are full of the tremendous fires of life. They flow like mighty tides, to and fro, within the great organism of our glorious, beautiful, revolving, unfeeling globe. And thus, at vast intervals, these internal oceans and streams of vital fire become embarrassed and obstructed in their flowings. Consequently, and as natural as smoke ascends a chimney, the obstruction is manifested by thunderous noises, accompanied by lightning and quakings, and lastly by volcanic upheavals and a destructive tornado of long pent up atmosphere and fire.

The universal great harmonious whole is not perturbed—any more than the strong healthy human body and mind are necessarily disturbed because a pimple ripens and discharges its foul fluid upon the face or fingers. It is only natural; not arbitrary; nothing attributable to an "overruling Providence." The reasonable mind will move away from places where earth's vent holes (volcanoes) are liable to break forth with violence and inevitable destruction.

Let not these local afflictions unsettle your reasonable confidence in the power, wisdom, love, goodness, justice, perfection of what is called "God." You behold the unchangeable harmony of the Infinite Whole! When a boll ripens and breaks, when local islands tremble, when your stomach is overloaded to vomiting, when a volcano belches forth its fire and lightnings, be thou calm in the knowledge that no enemy, no God, no devil is the cause. The event, so perfectly natural, is under infinite principles of wisdom and love and universal justice.

Let all truth-loving minds continue to "look facts in the face." Fear is an imp of ignorance. The superstitious are the most cowardly. "A wise man foreseeth an evil and hideth himself." It is not wisdom to live in the presence of an evil—an epidemic or a volcano—but it is wisdom, not to spend time praying to a personal God, but to pack up and move away!

More anon.

John Vedder, M. D.

This gifted friend of the human and brute creation has taken leave of earth at the advanced age of more than eighty years. The believers in that unspeakable cruelty, vivisection, have lost their most formidable opponent, while the dumb brutes have lost their best friend. Dr. Vedder was an earnest, consistent opponent of vivisection throughout his long life, also of its twin infamy, vaccination. His home was at Saugerties, N. Y., the headquarters of the anti-vivisection society of which he for many years has been the efficient president. Earth life has been made better by reason of this good man's sojourn in his physical form. We shall miss our good friend sorely.

It is not in being good to the agreeable that has merit, but in being good to the disagreeable and antagonistic.—Ex.

Thoughts are substances, finer than the air we breathe, or the electric element which may be the terra firma of worlds beyond. Thoughts build, form, shape. They vibrate the individual atmosphere near and remote. They shape the whole man. As they come and go man is.



## Dr. A. T. Still.

## AMERICAN SCHOOL OF OSTEOPATHY, KIRKSVILLE, MO.

Missionary work that will diffuse its effect into various localities of the United States, tell of our opportunity. We were asked by Dr. A. T. Still, the founder of Osteopathy, to visit Kirksville and give a course of lectures and demonstrations in his Institute Hall. We gladly consented and held four remarkable meetings. He has about seven hundred students in his Institute, and most of these attended our meetings. We were accorded a courteous hearing, and indeed were more enthusiastically appreciated than by many of our local Spiritualist societies.

The Institute is splendidly appointed and has a fine hall for public meetings. Dr. Still is a medium and Spiritualist, but does not ally himself with any organized body.

He boldly says that the spirits taught him the system of Osteopathic manipulation, and revealed to him methods of cure and facts in the law of life. He made an address after one of our meetings, and all students and professors to attend the meetings, saying that psychic law is an important branch of the Osteopathic curriculum.

We certainly had wonderful meetings, and it is a great pleasure to address a body of intelligent persons, such as we have found here. The students being from most all sections of the States, and the presentation of psychic law and Spiritualism will find a reflex that makes our missionary work invaluable.

Mrs. Kates lectured to ladies only at an afternoon meeting upon "Pre-natal Influences." She had a large audience and made an impression that will influence a better motherhood.

Dr. Still and family entertained us at their elegant residence. This wonderful man has erected a monument to his name that will endure for the healing of the nations. He is revolutionizing medical practice by a system that dispenses with drugs and cures by treating causes instead of effects. As a Spiritualist he is willing to be known for he hates a hypocrite and says if he ever premeditated that "a coward might go to hell."

The American School of Osteopathy is a progressive institution and will give much attention to psychic science. Our magnetic healers would do well to study Osteopathy, and the original school at Kirksville, is the place.

G. W. Kates and Wife.

## Memorial Services.

The First Church of Spiritualists, Boyersford, Pa., held memorial services in honor of Miss Fanny Smith on Tuesday evening, May 27. Miss Smith was a loyal Spiritualist, and a faithful member of the above named organization. Consumption fastened upon her frame about two years ago, since which time she has been slowly drifting away from earth. As her physical weakness increased, her hold upon the truths of Spiritualism grew stronger, and she found in her religion a true staff of support. Nearly all of her relatives were strict church members, but she held to her religion despite all opposition, and took leave of earth true to the faith that was hers.

At the close of her life, she spoke most lovingly of her mother, who had been unremitting in her care of the invalid, and sent loving messages to all who had ministered unto her during her long illness. Her age was about twenty-eight years.

The funeral services, in deference to her mother's wishes, were conducted by a Parolistic clergyman, but the Spiritualists in compliance with Miss Smith's wishes, held special services in her honor as stated. Buchwalter's Hall, in which the services were held, was tastefully and elaborately decorated with choice flowers, and streamers of exquisite ribbons floated from several of the bouquets, as well as from the altar of the society. "Remembrance" and "Passed to a Higher Life" appeared in gold letters on the ribbons. Mr. H. D. Barrett of Boston delivered the memorial address, in the course of which he fittingly eulogized Miss Smith, and gave what seemed to several to be clear evidences of her spiritual presence. Many of her nearest relatives were present, and stated that they were much pleased with the exercises. Miss Smith was an estimable young lady, and will be sadly missed by all who knew her. She has found the newer and happier life of the soul, and is at rest. May she be held in loving memory.

Scribe.

## Spiritual Scientific Chemistry Demonstrated.

Having received the kind invitation from Dr. G. L. Lane of this city, to be a guest in his treating room during his concentration hour, I was more than delighted with this greatest of favors, the opportunity to clairvoyantly see whatever of this spiritual chemical process his psychic forces found me in a condition to receive.

Seated in his treating-room, softly shrouded, I saw a wide current of vapory white pouring downward into the room behind me; beside him stood the spirit of a tall gentleman, commanding in appearance, with a most spiritual, kindly, tapering face, high forehead, broadening at the upper part, and a noble spirit, and a noble looking Indian, were sensed. Then a concentrated white light like to the indwelling current, centered on the top of the doctor's head, flowing down around the head, taking the delicate yellow color of the rainbow, then a beautiful green, then a dark blue, and dark red; these colors enveloped his form in alternating circles; it all seemed a chemical baptism, a medical preparation for his patients. The vapory current, the white color only being detectable, had its source in a far advanced spirit realm, protected and conveyed by wise intelligences to the earth plane. I saw then a realm of wondrous beauty, of balmy radiant atmosphere where bloomed the most lovely flowers of exquisite color, and flowering trees unlike our earth ones. The vapory essence of these beautiful trees and plants was utilized by spirit methods, and was the source of the vapory chemicals thrown around the doctor.

I am not a public psychic, but have the inspirational, the mental phases only. By involuntary environments have been brought in contact with forces that have unkindly and selfishly imitated my own loved ones; may not be being conscious of their deception at first, they acquired such a power I became unable to resist them. I had ever been loving and trusting to my own spirit loved ones. The tenant in you, may seem most genial until you ask him to vacate, or deal with you honestly; you may then find him very troublesome, and legal proceedings necessary to justify your rights; so in my case; requests to relieve me of their presence, were followed by pain at the base of the head, and top of the head, a smothering sensation in upper chest, and at base of throat, sleeplessness and nervousness; otherwise I was in excellent health. They spoke to me threateningly, most unkindly; so like the man with the fat, I appealed to higher spiritual law, that has so often been demonstrated in Dr. Lane's treating-room; and I would that all who have a like experience could realize the sweet relief

from pain, the quieting of the nerves, the refreshing sleep that is coming, more natural with every treatment of his chemical physicians. I am being repaid for my suffering, by this new revelation of what the higher intelligences find it possible to do for suffering sensitive, whose aspirations may be of the highest, purpose the purest, but too trusting. I have had demonstrated in my few weeks' treatment the power of this spiritual scientific chemistry which Dr. Lane has been called to use, and he fully realizes the sacredness of his calling; applying himself to study, he has a diploma from the College of Fine Forces, Los Angeles, Cal., and is now taking a course in the National School of Osteopathy. The supreme desire to fit himself as a co-worker with those diviner spiritual physicians of the higher realms in their work of love for humanity.

I have met a number of his patients, who have only words of thankfulness and praise for the relief and restoration they are receiving.

I will be pleased to correspond with or meet any kindly inquirer dropping me a card as to time, at the doctor's address, 372 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

Mrs. M. Nelly.

## George T. Angell's Position.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

At the recent legislative hearing upon the ingeniously worded bill aimed at spiritual phenomena over the back of hypnosis, great stress was placed by the "Watch and Ward" society's representative upon a letter in favor of its passage which purported to have been written by Geo. T. Angell, President S. P. C. to A. I. wrote Mr. Angell, expressing my regret personally and assured him that the several hundred representatives of Modern Spiritualism who were present at the hearing were also pained at this exhibition of his hostility to our religion.

Wishing to place Mr. Angell right before his spiritualistic friends, I enclose his reply to my letter to you for publication.

Fraternally, etc.,

J. E. Darling.

Boston, May 2d, 1902.

Dear Sir:—Your kind favor of April 24th to Mr. Angell was received, and would have been answered at once had the name of the town been given. Mr. Angell said a circular came in the letter, but it was not there when the letter was handed me.

Mr. Angell wished me to say that he had never written or said one word against Spiritualism, but he did sign an article against Hypnotism, and he considered that antagonistic to Spiritualism. On that question I think Mr. Angell stands as I do, nearest and my dearest believe in Spiritualism, and Mr. Angell says that his best friends are of that belief.

I send you copy of Mr. Angell's "Autobiography," and with best wishes, I remain, Yours very truly,

Henry B. Hill, Vice-Pres.

## Jay Chappel.

As we go to press, we learn of the transition of our friend Jay Chappel, who stands at the head of this article. Bro. Chappel, for the past three or four years, has been a resident of Palmetto, Florida, where he has maintained his old time interest in Spiritualism, and endeavored to keep in touch with the movement, organically speaking, in all sections of the country. He was a ready writer, and always happy to respond upon to wield his pen in behalf of Spiritualism. He was one of the early Abolitionists, a friend of Stephen and Abby Foster, of Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, and others whose names have become historic through their defense of liberty. Bro. Chappel early became interested in Spiritualism, hence kept on in his search for truth, after the slaves of the South had been freed by the immortal Lincoln. His views were always marked "Subject to change," for he held his mind open to the reception of truth from all sources, no matter what it cost him personally. His position on all social and economic questions was never an easy one, and he was a radical of radicals in all directions. He has gone home at the comparatively early age of seventy-three years, and his last days have been his best days. His wife, Dr. Houghton-Chappel, preceded him only a few months in his entrance into the spirit realms. Peace to his memory.

## Grasp Opportunities.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I was much interested in A. C. Armstrong's letter in the Banner of May 10. He was correct in urging every one to write at the opportune moment. I should write oftener for the press if I had more personal experience in the phenomena of Spiritualism.

Not long since there appeared in the Truth Seeker, an address by Hugh Pentecost, in which he classed Spiritualists as superstitious. I was exercised somewhat and answered his charge to the best of my ability, which appeared in the Truth Seeker, and was copied into the Progressive Thinker. I received a private letter from Mr. Pentecost, in which he disclaimed any intention of bringing Spiritualism into contempt.

I write this to encourage every one to seize similar opportunities which are presenting themselves often. But especially I would call upon the old veteran writer, whose letters so delight the readers of the Spiritualist press, to send some of their letters to the daily press. In this way the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism would be brought to the attention of thousands who never read a Spiritualist paper. Every one who has been aroused from the horrors of the orthodox nightmare should be always ready to help others either by pen or voice, to the truth that makes men free.

Walter C. Kuwilton.

Sta. A. Gardner, Mass.

## Announcements.

G. W. Kates and wife will attend the Kansas State Association convention in Topeka, June 6 to 10. They have open dates in the west, June 16 to July 30, for either hall or grove meetings. Address them at Topeka, Kansas, above dates, or by time at 609 Pennsylvania Avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C.

E. W. Sprague and wife, missionaries for the N. S. A., have the following campmeeting engagements for the coming season:—Vicksburg, Mich., Aug. 3 to 15 inclusive; Hazlett Park, Mich., Aug. 9 to 15 inclusive; Grand Lodge, Mich., Aug. 16 to 22 inclusive; Ashby, Ohio, Aug. 30 to Sept. 7 inclusive. They have the month of July free, and would like to hear from parties wishing their services as speakers and platform test mediums, either at camp meetings or in the missionary field. Address, 633 Newland Avenue, Jamestown, N. Y.

Edgar W. Emerson is engaged in Troy, Vermont, for the month of June; Keene, N. H., July 6; Sutton, N. H., July 13.

Unity Camp, Sunday, June 8, Miss Lizzie Harlow and many other good speakers and mediums will be present. Services at 11, 3 and 7. Refreshments are served on the grounds.

There will be services every Sunday afternoon at the V. S. U. Home, Waverley, Mass. A festival will be given at the Home some time during June.

Meetings every Sunday at 11 a. m., 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. in Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont St., Boston.

There will be a strawberry festival at the Waltham Spiritualist Progress Union Church June 12. The Thursday afternoon meetings will continue through June.

## A Beautiful New Dress.

Dr. Bland's book, "In the World Celestial," has already reached a second edition. Ample proof of its great popularity. The new edition, an installment of which we have just received, is in appearance a great improvement over the first. Its new dress of gray and gold makes it one of the handsomest books of the season. We congratulate the author upon the great, and justly deserved, success of this, his latest book, and also upon the artistic skill displayed in its new edition. This book is for sale at the Banner of Light Office, for one dollar, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

## A Blessed Work.

Dear Banner of Light: I want to tell you that our good venerable brother, Morris Pratt, is one of the happiest men you ever saw since he has commenced using a generous amount of his means in behalf of Spiritualism. That is a good experiment for a person of wealth to try. Those who have tried it have without a single exception found it a most blessed thing to do. Yours for the Golden Rule and a still higher growth.

Mrs. A. B. Severance.

Whitewater, Wis.

## Campmeetings for 1902.

Cassadaga Lake Free Association, Lily Dale, N. Y., from July 11 to Aug. 24 inclusive. Onset, Mass.—July 13 to Aug. 31. Waukegan, Wis.—July 12 to 25 inclusive. Unity Camp, Saugus Center, Mass.—June 1 to Sept. 25. Grand Lodge, Mich.—July 25 to Aug. 24. Briggs Park Camp, Grand Rapids, Mich., opens July 6, Aug. 2. Chesterfield, Ind.—July 17 to Aug. 24. Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa.—July 27 to Aug. 24.

## The Harbinger of Light,

of Melbourne, New South Wales, Australia, contained a most excellent article, in April issue, relative to the early history of Spiritualism. It gives Andrew Jackson Davis the honor that is justly his due in connection with the Ante-Hydeville days, and declares that it was not wholly the "Hochester Knockings" that first gave impetus to our movement. The article is too valuable to be lost, so we reproduce it in another column for the benefit of our readers.

## Mrs. Soule's Photographs.

The Banner of Light Publishing Company has secured the exclusive right to sell the photographs of our circle medium, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, and offers them to its patrons at the exceptionally low price of twenty-five cents each. Every Spiritualist should have one of these photographs. All orders will be promptly filled. Send us twenty-five cents and secure an excellent likeness of this gifted medium.

We are wiser than we know. If we will not interfere with our thoughts, but act entirely, or see how the thing stands in God, we know that particular thing, and everything, and every man.—Emerson.

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have been obtained in regard to restoring human hair and also turning gray hair to its natural color. It does not matter about the age of the person. The hair can be made to grow again, or fall out from it. Small fee is asked to show the wonderful power of spirit. Address: Madam Whittemore, 25 Woodlawn St., Forest Hills, N. Y.

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terman, and others. This book, written by a Spiritualist, contains 10 cents in stamps for expenses. When cured or benefited, send \$1.00 if able. William Allen, 2411 N. College Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

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A pamphlet on the creation, fall and resurrection of Adam according to the law of Etheric Vibrations. Does it harmonize with Spiritualism? M. J. GIFFORD, Sharon, Mass., Box 204. 10 cents a copy.

## SPIRIT ECHOES.

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Geo. H. Weeks, of Cleveland, Ohio, sends heartfelt thanks for restoration to health after suffering from nervous prostration and insomnia for years; he says he now enjoys health and restful sleep every night. Mrs. J. A. Hunt, of Kansas, Minn., cured of uric acid poisoning in two months' treatment, writes: "I am better than in years, and each day brings new health and strength. I will refer all ailing ones to you." Mary A. Erie, Crawford, Mich., suffering from pronounced female difficulties and kidney disease, says: "I took your treatment three months, and it has been a success in my case. I am indeed grateful to you for my recovery." C. E. Davis, Woodman, N. H., who suffered all the miseries of a dyspeptic, writes that as the result of Dr. Peebles' treatment, he had not missed a single meal since March. D. W. Bridgman, of Del Norte, Cal., writing Sept. 25, after three months' course, "When I began treatment with Dr. Peebles' Institute of Health I was a cripple, unable to walk but little with a cane. Now I am able to walk with me some days ten or fifteen miles. My general health is excellent. I can hardly find words to express my gratitude, as previously I had tried everything I could hear of and got no relief." Mrs. Isaac Varney, Dover, N. H., a sufferer of spinal trouble and nerve exhaustion, writes that she would not go back to the state of health she was in before taking this treatment for all the world. Solomon Fried, of Yanderville, California, cured of neuritis and catarrh, says: "I am well and a thousand times obliged to you."

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"We hope the work will have a large sale. It is a splendid gift, and is illustrated, and forms a very valuable addition to the literature of the movement devoted to phenomena and mediumistic experiences."—The Free World, Melbourne, Aug.

"This book is an admirable supplement to the one of the same name written by M. A. (Orion), and published some years since—the supplement being the weightier part—and the two combined, give proof positive of the reality of direct spirit-writing."—The Harbinger of Light, Melbourne, Australia.

DEAR MR. EVANS—I thank you very much for sending me your extraordinary book of "Psychography." I look at it with great interest, and will be glad to receive it in the future of reviews. W. T. STRAIN, Melbourne, Victoria.

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## Children's Spiritualism.

### STRANDED.

Our barque is stranded;  
When the storm arose  
We could not see the way,  
And now, all round the billows roll,  
And darkness fills the day.

Our Captain sits with folded hands,  
His soul is filled with fear;  
Oh, we, once more, sail on, oh sea!  
Oh! sea of life so drear!

Our hopes are clothed in gloom,  
Our light is almost out;  
Our Guide, has in life's boat gone,  
And we are left in doubt.

Will morning ever dawn?  
Will sun e'er shine for us?  
Oh! Thou who guidest the world in space,  
Have mercy: we are lost!

Send us some hope across  
The seething billows calm,  
Lead our frail barque to find its course,  
Pour on our souls Thy balm.

But, hark! a voice so Angel sweet,  
Falls on my listening ear,  
"Mama, oh! take my hand,  
And I will lead you right  
Out of the darkness and the gloom  
Into the morning light."

B. M. B.

### Little Brothers.

At one of the summer hotels in the Berkshire Hills there was a flight of wooden steps leading from the higher to the lower part of the grounds. Under these steps hornets had made their nests for several years, and, although they had been smoked out again and again, back they came before the summer was ended.

One beautiful August day Willie Chapin's mother saw her little boy seated at the foot of the steps, intent on something in his hand, and as she came nearer she observed hornets flying around him and settling on his face and head. To the one he held he was saying gentle, loving words, and stroking it lightly with the forefinger of his right hand. So absorbed was he that he did not notice his mother, who watched him for some time. Then she said:

"My child, what have you done to make the hornets love you?"

"Love them first, mother dear," he replied, looking up at her with a joyful laugh. Day after day the little fellow, only five years old, would spend hours in play with his hornet friends, and never received the slightest injury from them; for they seemed to breathe their words whenever he was with them. He had no fear of any living creature. His mother had taught him that the insects were his little brothers, to whom he must always be kind if he wished their kindness. There were no children of his own age in the hotel, and he believed that God had given him the hornets as playfellows during that summer in the Berkshire Hills.—Helen Chauvey, in *Mind*.

### The Flower Show.

Dear Banner Children:  
Something so beautiful transpired in our home on "The Green Hill" today that I know you will all be glad to know about it, so I am going to tell you.

Little Elhanan and Harold were very busy all the morning alone by themselves, they visited the woods, seeking for themselves, hard but no one knew what they were about. At noon time they announced that there would be a flower show in the afternoon, and passed each one of us a ticket, neatly printed by their own hands, that would allow us an entrance to the "flower show" which was der some beautiful maple trees near the house.

At the ringing of a bell they told us to all come, so when we heard the bell ring we started. When we reached the place there sat the little boys opposite each other looking seriously happy. On one side of them were large bouquets of wild flowers arranged with taste and great care. The other side was an empty seat, which Elhanan explained was filled by an unseen visitor, as they had placed it there for dear "Aunt Lydia" who had passed to the "Summerland" some months ago.

As I looked upon the faces of those dear little boys, I thought so quickly of all the dear Banner children, and wished you could have been with us, as under the beautiful trees I felt the sweet inspiration wafted from the spirit home. I know the angels were happy, as well as we, to know that little children would, all alone by themselves, prepare a flower show to invite their presence. And I know full well that the dear spirit whom they invited will be a guardian angel to guide their footsteps across the desert of life.

Dear children, do you know how close the angels are to you, how much they love to have you trust in them, how much they will help you if only you open the door? I am sure that little Harold and Elhanan opened wide the door between their own hearts and the spirit world, and will be helped a great deal.

To the dear mothers and fathers who shall read these lines I want to ask, Does it not pay to teach our little ones the beautiful truths of Spiritualism? Having this knowledge, they can with such a sweet trust, know that those whom they loved are still able to come and sit with them, even though the world calls them dead.

So many dread the messenger called death. I think it is beautiful to teach them, that it is but the messenger of a higher form of life. Spiritualism is the religion of all religions, but I have nowhere found its work to shine in such beauty as in the home life, and in the minds of little children.

One day, not long since, two of our little boys, Harold and Gaylen, were at play out in the yard. Grandpa Drake came up and as he entered the house, he said:

"Leona is having a nice time with the boys, isn't she?"  
We said: "She is fast asleep on the bed."  
He was surprised but said he saw a little girl playing with them. We hope it was some of the dear little Banner children who have gone to the summer home, and invite them to come again.

Now, dear children, I send my best love to you all. I would like to see you and clasp your little hands. I send to each one a loving thought to help you to grow well, and do right.  
Mary Drake Jenne.

Monson, Me., May 24.

There are seasons when to be still demands immeasurably higher strength than to act. Composure is often the highest result of power.—Channing.

The habit of looking at the bright side of things is worth more than a thousand a year.—Samuel Johnson.

## KIDNEY TROUBLES.

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"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me and made me well, and that is why I gladly write you this, and gladly thank you; six bottles was all I took, together with your Pills. My headache and backache and kidney trouble went, never to return; the burning sensation I had left altogether; my general health was so improved I felt as young and light and happy as at twenty."

—Mrs. Louise Gibson, 4813 Langley Ave., Chicago, Ill.—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

If you feel that there is anything at all unusual or puzzling about your case, or if you wish confidential advice of the most experienced, write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and you will be advised free of charge. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured and is curing thousands of cases of female trouble.

### Literary Notes.

"Robert Louis Stevenson as I Found Him in His Island Home" is the subject of an attractive booklet written by Capt. Hiram G. Morse, U. S. A., Alameda, Cal. The captain is now a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., but for fifty years he was a sea captain, and for twelve years he ran between San Francisco and Australia, each trip stopping on the island where the famous author made his home. The transition of Mr. Stevenson recalled vividly to the captain's mind the reminiscences of the shares with the public in the little booklet here referred to. We believe it sells for ten cents. The paper is good, the print large and clear, the subject matter of interest.

Scraper's Magazine for June shows, in a striking manner, both the progress of the times due to the latest advances in knowledge and a wealth of original literary material, notably the two great serials by the leading American writers, Richard Harding Davis and F. Hopkinson Smith. These two stories, which reach the highest mark in the achievement of each writer, are entirely different in scope and treatment. One is a story of adventure and the other is a romance of artist-life in New York.

"The Humor of the Elder Sothern" is the subject of an article in the June number of Mrs. Lucy Derby Fuller's magazine. Quotations from many amusing letters sent by the actor, and recounts a number of his practical jokes. Facsimiles of several of his comical drawings are also given.

Knee deep in June! The tide of life is high. The beauty of the world is inclining. It is in the gloaming, after a good day's work, that one wanders into the garden to see the procession of flowers and think.

Do you remember the good old favorites of our mothers' "hardy border"—larkspurs, foxgloves, columbines, Canterbury bells, pink, day lilies, peonies, bleeding heart, poppy, iris and lemon lily? What blessed memories are bound up in these home flowers! It is a joy even to recall their names. Every one of them is queen of the border for awhile. The reign of each is all too short, but their rise and fall is study of which mankind will never tire. The development of a flower is fascinating as that of a child—almost. The yearly cycle of a plant's life is as charming as a novel. A hundred life histories repeat themselves year by year in the hardy border. For me, these garden treasures make the burst of spring; they form the pageant of summer; they glorify the days of autumn, and the hope of seed, and again make the world while to live the winter through.—Willhelm Miller in *The Pilgrim for June*.

The newspaper reader who is confused by the clamor over the Philippine situation will find in the Review of Reviews for June an editorial summary of the controversy, written in a calm and judicial spirit, and emphasizing the vital points in dispute. While making no attempt to extenuate any abuses that may have developed in connection with our military administration of the islands, the editor's conclusion is that our army has been "more humane and more scrupulous in its recognition of the rules of war than any other military forces under like conditions have ever been in the history of the world."

James Walter Smith, in his *Literary Lines* from London, to the June Era, includes the following editorial summary of the controversy, written in a calm and judicial spirit, and emphasizing the vital points in dispute. While making no attempt to extenuate any abuses that may have developed in connection with our military administration of the islands, the editor's conclusion is that our army has been "more humane and more scrupulous in its recognition of the rules of war than any other military forces under like conditions have ever been in the history of the world."

The aged author of "Festus," Mr. Philip James Bailey, celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday this month. A dangerous illness threatened to carry the venerable poet off, and his birthday was the occasion for widespread congratulation on his recovery.

This popular boys' magazine for May is a handsome production, printed as it is on heavy paper and with beautiful pictures on every page. The principal stories in this issue are: "A Bond of Honor," by Charlotte Cony; "The Vein was Found," by Rex L. Hendrick; "Jerry," by Mary Hamilton Cook; "A Position on the Staff," by Frank H. Sweet; "Billy Newgate's Nephew," by Willard Lamont Hartshorn; "Robert," by

Louise Hardenbergh Adams; "Our First Tour," by Frank Savage. The subscription price is \$1.00 per annum, and it is published by the Sprague Publishing Company, Detroit, Mich.

The seventh article of a series on "Hindrances to World-Betterment," which has been running in *Mind* for some months, has the leading place in the June number. Its subject is "Contentment," and it is accompanied with a frontispiece portrait and biographic sketch of the author, Abby Morton Dietrich, (the Lower Animal Immortal) asks the Rev. Charles Josiah Adams, the well-known biographer, who answers his own question in the affirmative. A scholarly contribution by Frank H. Sprague is entitled "The Fundamental Consciousness." The first of two articles on "Mental Healing," "Inspiration and Practice," by W. J. Colville, the inspirational orator, appears in this issue, and is followed by a fine poem, called "Nemesis," by Isaac Kinley. Kenneth R. Forbes considers "Unity as a Practical Ideal," and Anna E. Briggs, a Toronto writer, has a suggestive essay on "Genius." "The Phantom of Sin" is contributed by W. D. Smith, who writes in a theological vagary. "The Symbol of Change" is the title of an occult story by E. Adeline Williams. John Emery McLean discusses "The Decline of Heresy," and Brenda Louise Brown points out the relation between ethical socialism and the New Thought. The Rev. Hester Van-Arman writes on "Mental Treatment for Children" in the Family Circle department, which has six other features. Editor McLean reviews a few of the latest books—concluding a most excellent table of contents. (20 cents a copy, or \$2.00 a year. The Alliance Pub. Co., Fifth Ave., New York.)

### Death.

JAMES H. YOUNG, MEDIUM.

Death! A strange subject, says one, but still worthy of consideration by mortal mind. Death should be looked upon as man's best friend, that is, the good man's friend, and in his case the word transition is the better term.

But why does man fear death? The Christian more than the infidel, the materialist, or the Jew, the superstitious and ignorant more than the truly enlightened mind? Because of our education in the days of our youth and the influences that controlled the mind of the many Sunday schools connected with the church to which our parents belonged, and although with advancing years we had partly outgrown the teachings of our youthful days there still hovers around the mind of the day when we looked upon Death as a monster and upon the grave with terror.

It is not an easy matter, as many well know, to clean the slate of the mind; to entirely eradicate the writing and make a new one is a task of no small proportions. You remember in your school days that sometimes the pencil would have a sharp flinty point and the scratches were so deep on the surface of the slate as to be almost indelible, and you would resort to heroic measures with cloth and sand to remove them. The mind is therefore fitly compared to a slate, and what is written thereon, especially in the tender years of childhood, cannot easily be obliterated. Hence our appeal to you as Spiritualists, as lovers of the truth, those who have come up the quicquid and have through doubt and great tribulation thus cleaned the slate of the mind, and stripped from death its terrors, to be very careful as to what you permit to be written on the mind of your child. Be sure that you are responsible. Look not only to the earth life, but to the life beyond; and let your hope or desire for a happy home over there influence every act and thought as regards your child's welfare.

Our children's thought, but the thought of one who was brought up in the Presbyterian faith and under the strictest discipline of the church noted for its rigid orthodoxy. One who was supposed to be one of the elect, but one who lived and died in fear of death, and in its surroundings. I can only thank this mortal for the use of his hand, and you, the hearers, for the sympathy which in advance I feel must be mine, and say, if I may presume to teach, look more to the future and less to the present, or let the history of the present reflect the hope of the future.

I am taught that there is no personal god, as I believed in earth life. No personal devil to thwart and counteract the work and word of God. No Jesus, or savior by whom man may be saved from the bondage of sin. No hell where those who disbelieve in Christ will burn forever. But, my friends, my experience teaches you that there is a living death worse than any hell your mind can imagine, and also that this is an individual thing which all who dwell there created for themselves.

Therefore let me humbly warn each one and pray you to banish selfishness and clothe the mind in the garments of brotherly love. Let the true rule called Golden be the governing rule of your life, and thus escape a living death.

The history of a lost soul, lost to all but himself (for so in his lonely, dismal wandering life it appears), and the angel messengers who are watching and waiting their opportunity to flash a thought of truth upon the mind might sometime by many who by mortals are supposed to be dwelling in the sunlight of heaven.

You praise the rich man, the man who possesses power, the politician or the statesman and when Death calls them hence picture to yourselves the beautiful homes they must occupy in the (so-called) Summerland. You naturally expect or hope for a message from them, but time flies and they are forgotten. Others have taken their places here, have become leaders and teachers of the people and call for the great and praise so readily bestowed. Why have many of them not responded to the call of relative or friend?

They are dwellers in the great, silent city of lost souls. Their only occupation is to study the panorama of their earth life upon which every act and its motive is pictured, and learn that all are clothed with selfishness, and no act is free from it. This study brings remorse, and remorse is followed by repentance which brings a desire for light and forms a condition of mind upon which a ray of truth can be flashed, by which the door of hope may be opened and the soul receive more light.

Such has been my experience in spirit life, and such will be the experience of every soul whose earth life and the acts thereof are based on selfishness. The body no longer matters, for death has claimed his own. The soul clothed with its spirit body reaps the full harvest of years, be they few or many. Time flies, and I find that all of my nearer relatives and friends have made the acquaintance of Death. Some I cannot yet reach, others whom I have seen found homes in lower states, and a few, I am sorry to state, dwell in the silent city.

To those dwelling on earth I am as a stranger, and I dwell only on the border of life, where the work is in swifter thought in mortal mind, and act as a messenger of light to those dwelling in darkness on the spirit side

dismal scenes over there. Sands, deserts, without sign of tree, shrub or grass, with no local home, no companion or friend, only to wander, it seemed forever.

The first angel I saw, a human angel, was one who in earth life I thought must surely be lost. Years of time had passed before I could see that I dwell in the vale of selfishness, where in the dim, misty light though man, dwell there, each wanders alone, groping and recrossing each other's path, but still alone, and so continuing to wander, until the soul awakens and begins to realize its condition and desire more light. Then a messenger comes from the sphere above, as in my case one by whom I had dealt unjustly and had asked me to place in a place in hell. I was a Christian. He was a man of the world, but one who loved his brother man, and embraced every opportunity to do good.

Death introduced me to a living, continuous home, and introduced him to a beautiful home. But death was an equal friend to both, opening to each the home his earth life had created for him.

Through his teaching I was led into the light, and was enabled to see the place where I had dwelt for so many years of time, as well as the numerous thoughts that inhabited it, and was taught that only as I was willing to receive the truth, and help to lead other wanderers into the light could I progress into higher states and conditions of life.

I must first wash the slate of mind clean. Commence with the slate of truth, become humble and repentant, be willing to serve the very lowest and declare the truth to all. I was shown the truthfulness of that belief which on earth I had strenuously denied, and would have with true Christian spirit persecuted my friends for entertaining. After a time I was led back to earth and introduced to a circle of investigators there, and I was told that my work of redemption must begin on earth, that I must make a full and free confession of my hypocrisy, and tell of the living death I had found after the death of my body, and must enter the markets of business and trade, and view what my influence had done for man; must enter the home I once owned, in which my descendants still lived and influence their minds for good. I must review all my earth life and (with the help of both earth and spirit worlds) work out my own progression. I must enter the schools and learn the truth, and study the law of spirit which would enable me to control a medium and through his hand or lips make my confession, and thereby to some extent undo the acts of earth life and was shown of the living death which awaits those who in their selfishness believe themselves to be the elect of God.

Death is a true friend to the good man, no matter by what name he may be known, or in his selfish profession may be known. In his case the word death should not be used; the word transition is best. For he is introduced into a better and more beautiful home, from whence he may continue the good work already begun here. But for the average Christian, an Orthodox Christian like me, his death should not be a living death. These death-like homes are of various grades according as selfishness has been the rule of life. Here you wear a mask, but death claims that and you leave it in the coffin. You have no use for it, my friend, over there. Truth and good, health and happiness and the spirit also say, burn it up. Then the earth will not be cluttered with it. Nature will make use of it, and the mortal will no longer use it as a sympathetic cord to draw the spirit back to earth.

You have no more over there, but in this living death behold yourself in your true character. Though alone, yourself walks by your side, and makes your loneliness even more lonesome. A paradox, you may say, but nevertheless true. Words that would paint the picture in its full reality; words that would enter the mind and cause man to arouse and sweep every vestige of creed and dogma from this beautiful land.

I control a willing mind and a ready hand, but I have no use for the use of words, I do not give a full and true description of this living death. I must leave it to your imagination, having filled in only the background of the picture. I wish I could paint the reverse side of this scene, but having only entered the border land of life, I must leave this for the proper work of the living death. I must leave it to your imagination, having filled in only the background of the picture. I wish I could paint the reverse side of this scene, but having only entered the border land of life, I must leave this for the proper work of the living death. I must leave it to your imagination, having filled in only the background of the picture. I wish I could paint the reverse side of this scene, but having only entered the border land of life, I must leave this for the proper work of the living death. I must leave it to your imagination, having filled in only the background of the picture. 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