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NO. 17

THEIR WORLD OF LIGHT.

"Intimations throng upon us,
By these presences unseen,
Of that spirit world which lieth
Nearer than we sometimes dream."
Lillian Whiting.

All about us is the sunshine
Of the perfect glowing day;
All about us is the brilliance
Of the perfect glowing day;
What is hidden who can say?
Our beloved may there be passing
To and fro like birds in flight,
We their shadows not discerning
In that wondrous world of light.

'Tis the darkness brings revealing
Of the beauteous stars above,
Glare of day their worth concealing;
So perhaps with those we love;
Not that they can hear nor help us,
Giving us their spirit might,
But that we have not looked for them
In their wondrous world of light!

Why should earth alone be active,
With its forms of life and speech,
And the air and sunshine silent?
Life below their life should teach,
Life goes on to finer issues,
From the seed comes blossom bright;
And the world of human efforts—
Intimates their world of light!

In a room a vase of roses—
Sheds its fragrance sweet and clear,
Thy' the eye may not be seeing;
So hope's angels may be here:
In our thought of things divine,
They may speak to us aright,
And by love and friendship tell us—
Of their wondrous world of light!

William Brunton.

Was It an Astral Body?

A Real Experience taken from the Hero's Own Lips

BY KATE FIELD.

(Continued from June 14.)

II. Practice and Progress.

Great things often have small beginnings. I suppose this is the reason why the Theosophical Rooms are small and situated upon two flights of stairs in a by-street of Covent Garden. There I met President Sinnett at the appointed time. Putting his arm around me, he introduced me informally and paternally to the assembly, concluding, to my great surprise, with these words:

"Mr. Garner is here to relate his experiences, which will prove both interesting and instructive."

Perceiving my embarrassment at this unexpected stroke, Sinnett came to my rescue by saying: "Begin at the beginning, and tell all that has happened to you in occultism."

The sympathetic attention of the audience made my task easy, and before long I was absolutely enjoying myself. When, about half-way through, I was describing a remarkable experience, bang! went something in the next room.

Everybody started.
"What's that?" asked Sinnett.
Nobody knew. Nobody answered but me.
"A book has fallen."
"How do you know?"
"The room is full of books."

"Let's see."
"Yes, we will; and then we'll try to see the luminous emanations of which I have already spoken this evening, and which at times proceed from my finger-tips like St. Elmo's fire from a mast."

Six of us entered the adjoining room, which was pitch dark, even the windows being blocked with books. It was the library.

"Here is the book," I said, picking it up from the middle of the floor.

"What book is it?" asked Sinnett.
"How should I know?"
"Try and tell us."

"You should know better than I, because it is partly written by you."

"Indeed! What is the title?"
"Two words."

"Well?"
"First letter, T; second, H; third, E. I won't tell you any more, because it will seem like guessing, and you ought to be satisfied."

Giving the book to someone, I held out my hands and asked the company if they could see luminous emanations which at that moment were visible to me.

Four out of six could.

Returning to the assembly, we discovered the book to be a series of bound magazines called "The Zolst," with marginal notes by Sinnett. On examining the library, every book was found in its place except the one I had picked up.

Having made a sketch of one of my hands in a luminous condition, I had brought it to show Mr. Sinnett, who at once took from the library shelf Baron Reichenbach's "Researches in Animal Magnetism." Therein I saw a facsimile, almost, of my own sketch! Never before had I known of his book. This phenomenon, therefore, is not new to investigators, and proves that the nimbus around Christ's head, so familiar to us in pictures, is not a symbol but a fact. Investigation strengthens my faith in the possibility of a basis for Christianity.

For three hours I addressed that audience, and apparently so impressed its members by the diversity of my experiences that, after a whispered debate, the Council offered me the privilege of the Society for all time, and gave me the entire entree to Theosophical Societies all over the world. After thanking me, President Sinnett expressed surprise at the variety of psychic faculties displayed. He marveled that one so absolutely untrained as I should have attained a point which it was supposed none could reach without years of probation. The rule of the Theosophists is to study cause and strive for effect. I had obtained effects, and, in seeking the cause, had come into contact with the Society. President Sinnett hoped I would attain even higher psychic powers, and suggested an experiment in which he felt sure I could succeed—the projection of my astral body.

The magnitude of this idea appalled me. I feared failure but President Sinnett gave me so much encouragement that I promised to attempt it. He urged the value of faith as an incentive and the necessity of a worthy motive as a vehicle. Mere curiosity or wonder-working, he said, would suffice to annul my efforts.

Later, an unknown member of the Society came to me, saying with great interest: "I understand the different powers you possess, and think I know you. I believe it possible for you to have a novel experience—the dreaming of a reality."

"How shall I set about it?"
"Choose a night when you are calm, assure yourself during your last wakeful moments that you will dream a reality, and I'm sure you can."

I smiled incredulously, but partly promised to try.

On going to bed that night I was stirred at the vista of possibilities opened up by the meeting, and therefore felt sure the time was unfavorable for experiments. Furthermore, I realized I had none other than a vulgar motive for projecting my astral body, so I deferred action.

As to dreaming, no conditions had been suggested. A desire to know one's own capacity seemed sufficient motive. However, I was both physically and mentally tired, so I felt I'd have a better chance the next night.

Many think that by reducing an idea to words and mentally repeating it, they exercise and strengthen the will power. In reality, words are only props. To attain independence they must be knocked away. On the following night, having formulated my intention into words as a preliminary, I sought to strip it of them and let it stand alone in the same way that we illustrate an abstract idea by a commonplace parallel case. The commonplace illustration leads us through a familiar road to something higher. Words were the familiar road. The idea was the something higher.

After effort I became convinced I had attained the idea pure and simple. And this had at first seemed impossible, my faith in my will power was strengthened, and, almost convinced, I fell asleep, hoping yet fearing that before dawn I should dream a reality.

I did dream. I dreamed that I stood in my night-dress in the street opposite our house. It was a gorgeous June night, and the sky was of that luminous blue which precedes the dawn. I felt disappointed at the absence of clouds, which prevented my seeing the reflection of a large fire I knew to be raging in the East End of London.

Realizing the direction, I seemed to be on the spot, felt the extreme poverty of the neighborhood and the general apprehension of an explosion which it seemed to me could not be the result of gunpowder, dynamite or gas. Then I dreamed of returning to my room, the transit of which I had no knowledge, being accomplished through closed doors. Getting into bed, I composed myself, and, in falling asleep, became conscious that I was asleep, and awoke, as, in ordinary dreams, when we know we are dreaming, we awake.

Glancing at the sky, visible through the Venetian blinds, I detected the same color I had seen in my dream, and knew that part of it, at least, was true. When my brother, who occupied the same room, awoke, I told him my story and begged him to remember every word of it.

What a rush we made at breakfast for the papers, forgetting that the fire was too late to be reported that morning. The early edition of the afternoon papers would seal the fate of my dream.

"All right about the fire," exclaimed my brother, as he danced into my room with a copy of the Echo, "but all wrong about an explosion. The fire originated in a stack of empty petroleum barrels."

Not satisfied with this report, I turned to another paper, the Globe, wherein I read: "Great apprehension was felt as to the fate of a large stock of petroleum stored on the premises." The fire had raged just before dawn. This satisfied me that I had established the coincidence of my dream with the time and event, and made me desire further development. The possibility of projecting the astral body seemed less remote than before.

But a good motive was necessary. I had not long to wait.

III. The Master Experience.

Under date of June 24th came a letter from Cameron. After characteristic excuses for neither writing nor seeing me, and references to my tastes and habits as disclosed in what I had written him, he suddenly broke forth:

Talking of astral bodies, you will see, later on, that, to a certain degree, I believe in them. Indeed I have often felt them, mostly, perhaps, when I was frantically enamored of a little girl some years ago. I was a child, and she was a child, but it was so that I could feel her presence, or a similar sensation to that caused by her presence. Ridiculous as it may now seem, that time, when I was not yet thirteen, was the high-water mark of my spiritual attainment; and now, after being battered about the world, I regret those days.

Wicked, cynical, epicurean, calmly indifferent to all but my own aims and thoughts, I have covered up my sympathy and faith with a hard crust of selfishness. Usually I am inclined to mock at all the truths of the spirit, but deep down within me is the conviction that they are truths.

Let me confess to you, whom I can trust so fully, a secret of my soul. At this moment, I am dominated by a violent temptation to commit a crime. It is my master, yet I know that from the instant I commit it—if I do commit it—I am utterly destroyed. It is possible to kill the spirit, but mine chokes, gasping for breath.

Some distance off there lives a woman, whose husband is a brute. He loves her, though she cannot love him. . . . She is beautiful to look upon, and majestic. . . . I love her. . . . I did not know, until lately that she was married.

You can guess the temptation. You can imagine how I loathe myself. We have arranged to meet at the place where we have often met, and where I first kissed her, and where we bound one another by every kind of vow, except the one that is holy. It will be Thursday night, between nine and half-past. God knows I have fought against this, and so has she. I would run away if I dared, but I cannot.

I know I shall yield. To struggle, to fail, and then to go home crushed, with the soul stamped out of me, and to live on, having broken the commandment of God—oh, would that a millstone were about my neck, and I in the depths of the sea!

And oh, the horrible loneliness, face to face with temptation, and no one to fall back upon! You are good, and I have surely mastered these wild passions. I need your help. Cannot you tell me? Cannot you will your purer spirit to walk through that wood, and into the hollow beyond, and be with me in the hour of my trial?

Will she not think me craven and a poltroon? And, Garner, tell me—truth, I'm I not craven and a poltroon? Is it right to fight against this?

I have poured myself out to you, knowing that you will not think me wrong in coming to you with this awful tale. Dear friend, think of me, and sympathize with me, and send your soul to help mine!

Here, then, was my motive; but, having my conditions, how to produce the result? For days I was absorbed in the one idea of trying to help my friend. At first I thought of writing, but writing often fails of its mark.

Unable to go to Cameron, I decided to try to be with him in spirit, to impress him with my presence, to make it felt, seen and heard. As the time of his ordeal approached, my absorption in my task deepened. Other interests sank out of sight. With all my might I strove to purify my thoughts, and get myself upon as high a spiritual plane as was possible to my nature.

It was fortunate that on this special night I had an engagement of long standing with certain dear friends who had already experimented with me successfully in mesmerism, clairvoyance and psychometry. We three were deeply interested in these subjects, which united us so closely that we called ourselves, "The Triangle." Ours was an equilateral triangle, in liking and in strength, made up of three distinct types physically and mentally. Our nicknames were Number One, Number Two and Number Three.

Number One, my hostess, was in every sense a queenly woman. "Uncommon tall," with a profusion of curling golden hair, with a pale, delicate complexion, and deep blue eyes that always expressed intelligent sympathy, she was unusual even for her country—America. There was an indefinable charm about her manner which, added to her thoroughbred air of distinction, always made me want to be good. Her low, musical voice riveted attention and denoted her artistic temperament.

Number One lived in an old Queen Anne house overlooking St. James's Park. Its air of fine repose was perceptible even on the doorstep. Within all was quiet in color. Many art treasures were harmoniously disposed about the rooms, flowers were scattered here and there, and, though cut, seemed to be growing. An odor of violets was associated with the house.

Number Two ought to have been a boy. She looked like one, with her straight, dark brown hair cut short and parted in the middle. Her face interested, but was not handsome as it would have been in a boy. She was a natural athlete, of medium height, with dark brown eyes, olive complexion, a vigorous walk, and an emphatic manner of speech, going directly to the point. Her

facial expression was by turns merry and severe. Leathery conventionalities, she possessed a certain contrariety of disposition which made her delight in defying Mrs. Grundy. She was a rare woman, in that she loved truth better than convention, and had the courage of her convictions. She was a realist in painting, played well on the violin, was a good photographer and a skilled worker in metals and in designing jewelry. A fine horsewoman and whip, she also handled an oar deftly. Yet, with all her outdoor nature, she loved mysticism, a taste that led her to experiment with magnetism, for which she was well adapted, as she had great animal force. I had reason to know by tests of which I was the subject. Eventually she put me into a mesmeric sleep after gazing at me three-quarters of a minute. Curiously enough, however, she had no physical control over me while I was in that condition, and could induce in me neither rigidity nor anesthesia. Mentally her power was almost absolute, and produced clairvoyance.

I, Number Three, am small in stature, and my eye-brows meet. My temper is held down by reason. My mouth is large, straight and flexible. My eyes and hair are dark brown. My jaw is square and strong, and its line denotes adaptability. My hand, long and artistic, is adapted to the piano. Some friends say I look like a German musician of Hebraic extraction. Oscar Wilde amused me one day by wanting to look at my profile. "Ah, my dear fellow," he said, after a moment's contemplation, "you're not handsome—you'll never be accused of that—but you are interesting. You might pass for a Spaniard. You are not unlike the portraits of Velasquez."

The Triangle often dined together five times a week. Experiments in mesmerism followed coffee. It was found that in mesmeric sleep I sometimes spoke voluntarily on subjects concerning Number One or Number Two of which both thought I knew nothing; so that they had come to attach great weight to whatever I said seriously. They even called me "The Prophet."

On this eventful night I arrived preoccupied with Cameron's trouble, and seemed to realize that Number One and Number Two could help me. I had been invited to dine, and knew there would be hindrances in the presence of Number Two's mother and of an American belle. Yes, it was a four-woman-and-one-man dinner. Making a point to reach the house ten minutes ahead of time, I saw Number One alone. "I don't care how you manage, but you must get rid of those two extra women," I said, "so that at nine o'clock we three shall be alone."

How she did it I don't know, but after dinner Lady X. and the belle vanished, leaving the Triangle alone.

"At nine," I said, "I must be asleep and left undisturbed until such time as I indicate. During my sleep no one but you two must approach me. I'll hold in my hand a letter which, when I'm unconscious, Number One will take and read to Number Two. You'll then appreciate the necessity for caution."

We were so much en rapport I felt sure I could rely on my assistants' blind obedience. I had therefore only to think of myself. With such a propitious entourage I dared to hope for success.

Some minutes before nine o'clock Number Two put me to sleep, I holding Cameron's letter as a medium between him and me. Number One then took the letter from my hand and read it aloud. I had chosen her for this office, as she possessed the quicker apprehension.

The first question Number Two asked was: "Are you there?"

"Yes, in a word."

"Is he there?"

"Yes, but she has not arrived. She is on the road."

"Do you think you'll succeed?"

"I don't know. You must not question me." Silence ensued for the next hour, during which my eyes were fixed on one spot on the wall.

About ten o'clock I whispered to Number Two to wake me, which she did by blowing on my forehead. "Tell us all about it," she said, the moment I opened my eyes. "Have you succeeded?"

"I dare not answer, and yet I feel sure I have."

As both women knew the contents of Cameron's letter, explanations were unnecessary. I told them that my one chance of influencing the writer was in meeting him face to face; that under the circumstances this could be done only spiritually; that on receipt of Cameron's confession I had said to myself: "If I had you here, I'd put my hand on your head or on your shoulder, and I'd say, 'You shall conquer!'"

Then I thanked my dear friends for having guarded and assisted me. At the Theosophical Society I had been warned of the danger of being molested during the separation of the astral body from the physical body.

The next day I wrote to Cameron:

Years of the 24th left me so bewildered, so helpless in my great desire to assist you, that I did not know what to say. I could only

think what to do. My first impulse was to start off to see you; but I feared that, face to face in conversation, you would feel bound to defend yourself, and would harden, and my influence would be lost. Should I write? The pen is a steady thing! Thus I delayed until the last moment, when it was too late for a letter or for me to reach you. I could be with you only in my thoughts. I don't mean this in the ordinary sense of the word. It was something more intense, and it was as concentrated as prayer; but it was not prayer, for there was a certain risk. I was willing to take it—indeed, anxious to, for your sake.

I cannot speak fully of it now, for you might not understand it; but will tell you when we meet. My one hope was to help you. Have I done so?

Ten days later came a letter in which was this passage:

How am I to thank you for the great dancer you put yourself into on my account? I shudder every time I think of it, but it will always be with me as a memorial and a witness to the deep sincerity of your friendship—a depth which I can never reach, and a sincerity which, in the essential shallowness and selfishness of my nature, I can only strive after.

But what most affects me is your complete success. As I went to the place appointed, it seemed that you walked with me; I heard no voice and the tread of no footstep, but I felt that strange, weird thrill, as of something half ghostly, and I felt that I must speak to you.

I spoke, and no answer came, but, stranger of all, your form stood before me. I stared for five good minutes, and still it stood there. Now, was that a memory, a hallucination, or was it a vision? Then a numbness and a chill came over me, and I turned to rest against a gate. It seemed that I felt your hand on my shoulder and on my hair, though I did not remove my hat. You spoke strengthening words to me. And then you said: "Conquer now, and hereafter you shall be touched to finer issues." And I saw you no more, and felt your presence no more.

I went on to the dreadful struggle. I can never describe nor bear to think of it, but I still seemed to hear those words, "You shall be touched to finer issues." After a violent seizure, I did conquer. And now, after all, am I better or worse for having conquered? I have lost the love which was so much to me—exchanged it for the poor and bitter respect of the only supremely beautiful woman I ever knew.

I am respectable; but love, the only thing beyond myself that I ever cared for, has gone out of my life.

Now I go about with the last sentence I heard from her lips ringing in my ears: "I shall respect you to the end of my life—and hate you!"

What a poor, miserably-made wretch I must seem to you! I am all impulse and spirit in reality; and my materialization is the result of a want of a spiritual anchor.

I know that, whatever else you may be, you are upward-driving and a pure spirit; and when I look upon myself, and my own weakness and selfishness, I quail, abashed, and tremble lest you should reject me from your friendship. But it has always been my salvation that some one person has believed in me, and your words—for they were yours—"Conquer, and hereafter you shall be touched to finer issues," have awakened in me a new faith in myself.

Believe me to be, dear friend—what name can ever be better or more sacred than that!

Wholly and ever yours, R. C.

How strange it all read! Yet in that letter I found an explanation of many things I had thought supernatural. Visions, ghosts, perhaps miracles are not supernatural, after all. At most they are but unfamiliar. We are on the eve of a new century with which may come a great spiritual revelation. Who knows?

The True Life.

Persons may exist and not live. Animals exist, but do they live?

One lives in the ideal, he exists in the real. Every past ideal, is every present real; every present ideal is every future real.

All higher orders come from the lower. Higher orders live as they emerge from the lower. People begin to live as they desire, will, and reach for the Higher. Lower animals do not aspire. It is man, only, who possesses elements of everything below him and has the germ of all that is above him. To be an animal is to exist; to be a human being is to have the power of living.

All men do not live, they only exist. To live, is to grow, progress, to reach beyond the animal plane.

Real practical living is being on the plane—having the character and making up wherein there is no desire toward the bad.

To keep from bad because of external restraint or force, is more human than divine. It is the inside will and it that kills. It should be the purpose to live more and exist less. All life is sacred and good; see it, hear it, feel it, and the trend will be toward the Soul that throbs the atoms of the universe. Seek the true way to live!—R.

For sweetness and generosity of judgment and toleration of other people's ideas, one must come to 40 years.—Louise Chandler Moulton.

To forgive and forget an injury done by another is divine; it is God's way.

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

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

To Our Readers.

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

Report of Seance held May 22, 1902, S. E. 23.

Invocation.

To Thee, O infinite power of love and light, we lift our hearts and voices at this moment, and would that we might, on the wings of aspiration, be wafted into a better, sweeter, purer condition. All through the days of struggle and despair, Thy love and tenderness are expressed to us by the gentle ministrations of the dear ones in spirit, and we are not unmindful of these things. We would at once feel our oneness with Thee and those who are doing Thy will. Help us to do our part in service to the world, whatever we may feel, or however much we may yearn for freedom from the service of life; help us to keep unwaveringly in the path and to understand that only through service can we come to the highest and loftiest peace of life. We would that our love, our feeling of hope might be carried to every heart which is despairing and every household where the shadow of death is weighing heavily. May our own light, our word of peace, our message of comfort, go strongly and sweetly to all. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Johnnie Gardner, Harrisburg, N. Y.

The first spirit that I see this morning is a boy about ten years old. His eyes are very dark, he has a brown skin and dark, dark hair. He seems to have been a child who played out of doors a great deal and grew brown in the sun. He comes with an anxious look in his eyes and says, "I come because my mother is so unhappy since I went away. I was drowned, my body was never found, and often she has said she would feel better if only they could have found it. Whenever I have heard her say that, I have said, Oh, I wish you knew that your little boy is right beside you and that he can hear and understand what you say. My name is Johnnie Gardner, and I lived in Harrisburg, N. Y. My mother's name is Lou. I want her to get this word from me. I want her to know I shall be happier when she understands that I am there. I know almost everything she said since I went away. I want her to know I went down to the house and I saw how she watched for me and waited and for a long time did not know I was dead. It is awfully hard to see anybody when they first hear things like that, and especially when you know yourself that you are not dead. I bring flowers to my mother this morning, and they are blue ones. She will know what I mean, the kind she used to like and that we used to pick together. I want her to understand that I have all the flowers I want over here and I bring comfort to her this much. her. I thank you for helping me this much."

Mrs. Frances Chisholm, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The next one that comes to me is a woman about fifty-five years old. She is tall, slender, graceful and queenly looking. She is fair and pale, and her eyes are dark, though her hair is as gray as it can be. She looks the circle over and says, "It seems to me the greatest thing that I have ever done is to let you be permitted to come. I hadn't dreamed that it would be possible for me to get to my own except as they thought me, and now this avenue opened is most delightful, and I am not a citizen, and never was, of this part of the country. I lived many years in England, and I was more or less familiar with Brooklyn before I went abroad. My name is Mrs. Frances Chisholm, and I have a great yearning to get to my child. His name is Thomas, and I am sure if he knew that his mother could see him and could help him, it would be the greatest comfort of his life. I do not know if I have noted the changes that have come, and I have been anxious over his sickness and over the loss that came through it, but he will understand when I say that beyond all this I looked to see what I could do. It was like me to do that. I have worked to find a future good, and he will understand just why I speak in this way. I have not seen his father, nor do I expect to at present. I have not yet grown to the place where I desire to seek him. I shall constantly use my influence to bring peace to my dear Tom, and I send love and comfort to him at this hour. I thank you, friends, for this beautiful offering of opportunity."

Addie Leonard, Frankford, N. J.

There is a woman comes now who is short, stout, rather dark, and oh, a kind of a bright pretty little thing, about twenty-two or twenty-three years old. As she comes over to me she says, "My name is Addie Leonard. I can't talk as well as the lady who came before me, but I can tell you what I want and to whom I want to go, and I suppose that is enough. I want to go to my father, his name is Ephraim; he lives in Frankford, N. J. I do not know how to do it. I have worked every way, made all sorts of noise, rapped on the tables, tipped things over, have done everything I could think of to attract their attention. They never think it is I. They look around to see if the cat did it; think someone is playing tricks on them when I knock on the door, and just sit down as quietly as though I had not done it, and I don't know what to do next. I can't make them see me, and I can't make them hear me, but there isn't a thing that I touch in that house that I can't move. I can do it best when my father is around, so I guess it is from him that I get my strength, but I don't get much satisfaction out of that. Every time they speak about me, I make a rap, and yet they don't pay the least attention to it, and I came to see if I should send a real bright message to them if that would wake them up any more. Somebody has been talking about Spiritualism to them and there has been some talk about holding a circle or starting up some meetings there, and I hope that it will be done. If it ever is, I will be

as strong a one as they have got to make manifestations. I don't need to send my love because if I came at all of course I would. I wouldn't come for any other reason. I am not sorry I went. I am not glad, I don't know how I feel about it. I just know I am here and I wish I could give them some idea about it. Thank you."

Henry Longstreet, Sacramento, Cal.

Here is a very tall man. He is slim and everything about him makes him look taller for he is dressed just like a minister and wears a tall hat. He is very sober and says, "Well, if I look like a minister, I am not one. I was a lawyer and I lived in Sacramento. My name is Longstreet, Henry Longstreet. It seems a fitting name for a man of my build. I lived long enough to know that there was not very much justice as far as I could see, meted out to the people, seemed as though when I was sure I had a case that could not be beaten that was the time that all sorts of things came in to upset my verdict. I grew very bitter the last of my life. I don't know as that did me a bit of good, but I grew so and when I came over here I was glad I went to get out of the conditions in which I was and I hadn't the least idea that I should have to face anything that I had had in my past. I feel sorry now that I didn't make more of an effort for Annie, but when a man sees everything slipping away from him and don't know how to get a good hold again he doesn't know how to hold on. I did. Annie is still alive. She tries to forget me because she thinks I did unfair things, but you tell her for me, that while I wouldn't blame her for trying to forget me, I wouldn't go away from her side now for anything that might be offered me. I have seen Lela and she has come to a beautiful in spirit life that I hardly feel worthy to go into her presence. She is very kind and lovely and helps me all she can, but I can't seem to receive what she would give. I want to send a word to Ben and tell him that if I could come back I would be glad to see him as did before I came away, because I believe it was right, and when I think a thing is right I'd fight for it even till death. I am much obliged to you people for giving me this chance to speak in this circle. It seems to me that it is the most charitable thing I could do to open up a place where I can tell like you didn't make conditions to which we could return."

Johnnie Lewis, Stamford, Conn.

There is a spirit comes to me now of a boy. He looks about fourteen or fifteen years old. He is very fair, with brown hair, blue eyes and is very delicate looking. He struggles over to where I am, looks up into my face with such a pitiful expression, and says, "Oh, if you please my name is Johnnie Lewis and I lived in Stamford, Conn. I have a mother and father there and I do so want to get to them. My Aunt Ellen has brought me here to see if I can't do what I want to. They are still weeping over me and think that I am gone to heaven and all the time I am right there and see them and hear much they need me. My mother doesn't go out or doesn't want anyone to come to see her, but just sits down and thinks about me all the time. I do wish that she would open the room where I died and let the sun in and she would feel better. The place where I used to live and the things that I have are not half as sacred as she thinks. If she could only know that I see her hardly daring to touch a thing that I had and that I often touch her arm and tell her I am there, if she could only know that, she would never cry any more. She worries and she doesn't do that ought to have been done but I tell her that my aunt Ellen says that there was nothing in the world more that could have been done to save me, and that they must look out to where I am, not in where I was. I love little babies just the same and I tell my mama knows that she used to bring a little baby in to play with me and she will be glad to know that I have all the little ones to play with that I want now, and I can get outdoors and see everything that is beautiful. Tell her I love her, tell her that every night when she goes to bed and try to make her feel that I am there. Thank you."

Fred Grover, Bridgeton, R. I.

The spirit that comes next is a young man about twenty-eight years old. He is rather tall, has light brown hair, blue eyes, and red face, just as red as though he always got red when he talked, blushed, and he moves over to me bashfully and says, "Oh, no, I am not exactly bashful but it is new to me. In the first place I don't know just how to express or what to say. I am sure that I am Fred Grover and he lived in Bridgeton, R. I. He says, "I want to go to everybody that I ever knew. I can see them all and I know what they are doing and it seems so funny that they can't see me. I wish I could get away sometimes where I couldn't see them, but it effects me to see them so much and not be able to have them pay any attention to me or see me, but I would like to tell Emma that I have been with her every minute for the last three or four days. It has been such a struggle for her to do what she has to do that she feels as though she is going to faint. I could give it to her. I think she has been just as brave as she could be and it seems hard that when she is striving and is so brave nobody seems to appreciate it. I have a cousin over here; his name is Bert, and he says, 'Tell him for me that there is not much that I wouldn't back her up in. She is the bravest girl I know and I am proud of her for what she is doing.'"

Mother Andrews, Fall River, Mass.

The spirit of a dear old lady comes, who calls herself Mother Andrews, and says she comes from Fall River. She is rather stout and fair with snowy white hair and soft blue eyes; right in the back of her hair she has a comb that it seems she always wore. She trots around in a little businesslike fashion as though up to the very last of her life she was busy as busy could be. She says, "I never felt that I had time to sit down and do nothing. It seemed to me that as long as life lasted, I ought to find something to do and I managed to do it. I send this message to my friends there who will remember me very well and who will wish that I could be with them for some of the circles and work that they are having. Tell them that I found Leander and he is just as brave as I am. I was before he went to the war. That was the heart-breaking thing of my young life and I can tell you that it is a pretty good thing for me to find him here so well and so happy to be with me. To Chris I send a message of love. To Annie, say that I will help her all I can. Thank you."

Joseph Hanson, Medford, Mass.

Here is a man now about forty years old, quite tall and rather strong looking. He has dark eyes, dark skin and hair, and he stands as straight as an arrow. He doesn't seem to be very unhappy, yet he isn't one of the jolly sort. That is more a natural condition of him than it is a condition that he brings about especially for this occasion. He says, "I feel the seriousness and the importance of my being here. At the same time, I don't want to weigh down my people with any unusual grief over my case than I have for them. I want to say to Anna that I take pleasure in taking care of her. It isn't a grief to me,

but helps me and if I could not see her and know what she was doing, it would be a great grief to me, but as it is, I feel much better for even seeing her through tears I cannot always help. Will you say that my name is Joseph Hanson, and I lived in Medford, Mass. I have not such a great desire to return to my home as I used to, but I have, because I feel that I am growing stronger and better where I am, getting the truth faster, and perhaps preparing the way for some of my own people who will never get the truth in the earth life. I can't tell you very much about what I am doing, but I want to know that I am busy. That is enough. They must trust me to be busy about something that is important. I have seen Frank and he expresses more regret over his death than I feel for mine. Thank you."

Nellie Jessup, Kansas City, Kansas.

The next spirit is a woman about thirty-five years old. She is very delicate looking, with blue eyes, fair white skin, brown hair, and she seems full of grief as though she had desired to stay here very much longer and yet was snatched away to the other side. The first word she utters is half a sob and a cry for her baby. Then she tells me that "Nameless is Nellie Jessup, and she lived in Kansas City, Kansas. She used to be a Boston girl before she went there. She says between her sobs, "Oh, I am unhappy when I think of what I had looked forward to and how many plans I had made and how they have all been broken up. I don't think I have not been gone long enough yet to see the righteousness of it. I hope I will feel better by and by, but if I could only have my baby, I think I would be better content. I want to send word to David. I want him, if he can, to make some effort to give me an opportunity to speak to him. I do think I ought to have died and it seems as though something could have been done to save me if I wanted to live so much. My mother is sick and I want to get to her too if I can, but most of all I want to send this word to my dear baby, to tell her that I love her. That is all. It is rather a meagre word but it takes all my strength to send this much."

Scientific Explanation of Hell.

A part of the letter that is given below has already appeared in the columns of the press. But, because an addition has been made to it in which is set forth a law of nature out of, and from which there is daily growing up the highest form of human courage whose ultimate aim ever is not destruction but creation; whose offspring was the discovery of the X-ray and such work as has been done, for which the world has not capacity sufficiently to reward him, by Prof. Loeb.

The opening article of McClure's magazine for March, 1902, the statement is made that Prof. Loeb of Chicago conceives life and electricity to be the same and believes it also to be a fact that, as the result of the magnificent work done by him and those assisting him, life is now being prolonged. With the last statement I agree; but, as will appear from the pages of a manuscript book, entitled: "His Verses (With That in Them Which is) For Those Kindest Hearted," copies of which were presented by me several years ago to libraries of Boston, London, and Ireland, Scotland, and England, to their chief universities, and to the chief universities of the United States, with the first statement I do not, in all respects, agree. In one of the poems contained in the manuscript book, the title of the poem being: "How to Overcome the Last Enemy," are these words: "I am not a man, I am a spirit (transmuted) will, through deeds, come a force to end all dying, etc."

Action is, indeed, as has been seen by Prof. Loeb, the result of the operation of electricity; for, as in the poem stated, "electrified" is a high law of nature, and electricity is something more subtle which determines its character, as to whether the manifested electricity will be negative or positive. This subtle something is thought. But thought is of two kinds. One is the kind in nature that is back of the impulse that starts the world, and the other is the kind in the mind that, for such rewards, to take the lives of their fellows. The other is back of the impulse that will cause men rather to forego reward than accept it as the return coming for destruction to him or her of the least of their fellows. It is the form of thought that prompts the highest known form of human courage whose ultimate aim ever is not destruction but creation; whose offspring was the discovery of the X-ray and such work as has been done, for which the world has not capacity sufficiently to reward him, by Prof. Loeb.

Prof. Loeb justly complains that in America rewards go, not to those engaged in work such as his but rather to those who profit from politics. This is a discouraging fact. Still to know this may give him heart to persevere in his work. He is one of the walls of American universities are artists, writers and discoverers working, and who have for long years worked, for whom such institutions have done, and do nothing. But there is more in the operation of this gigantic natural force, which is the starting point of the brain of man, than is above stated. The great storage battery for electricity, in one of its forms of expression, whose starting point is in imperialism or despotic thought, is the central earth. And it was therefore not for nothing that the Secret of the Universe, and the power to create all other things prosperity a fate such as came upon Gomorrah and Sodom. For back of that vague perception which, during the long ages has been in the minds of men, waiting to be worked out, that this earth can, because of their acts, be destroyed, or be saved, by fire, there has been, always, although it has not been put into formulated expression, a law, a scientific foundation.

Injustice and its offspring coercion or that action upon the part of any people through which they break a portion of the earth's surface away from any other people by violence, ever creates and stores up within the earth an electrical force that, going to and fro within it, is, step by step, performing the work that can some day cause the earth's surface to collapse and molten lava and fire from within to come through the crevasses then formed and spread over its surface.

Thought is a gigantic power and its operation is, as yet, fully comprehended; but the time will come when it will be a fact that all of those who, in pulp or press, uphold the application of torture to their fellow men such as was not practiced by the armies of pagan times, are, whether they are aware of the fact or not, but hastening the time of the arrival, by their thought and intent, of such a final result.

The prophets or poets of ancient times, although in their outer natures they had not yet come to see that, back of their prophecies, there rested a principle of science, yet had within them an intuitive consciousness of the fact that injustice done by any man upon earth brings about simultaneous changes within it; and they were wiser than they knew when their intuitions told them that hypocrisy, brutality and greed on the earth, might bring about destruction from within it if ever the time should come when such an abomination of desolation should make its

appearance upon the earth as cities and villages having the torch set to them in liberty's name, and, in that name, gun and sword would make any place inhabited by man a wilderness.

Unless work of that character ceases to be done, lightning, or the electricity that the minds of men can create, will, by all means, be sure to fall from heaven. And, although there has been in the process of civilization, by each act of coercion and of oppression, each act for expansion by conquest, although they have not yet all of them seen it, each man has, before the present generation shall have all of it departed, come, in many places, to see it.

Adair Welcker.

The Action of Thought.

W. J. COLVILLE.

Question—What part of the physical structure of mankind does thought enter?

Answer—In reply to this somewhat unusual question, we can scarcely undertake to dogmatize, for thought-waves affect only one portion of our complex organism, for the reverse position seems largely justified by wide experience.

Psychometry introduces us to one inclusive sense which we may denominate perception, and this single sense, sometimes called the sixth, differs widely from our five commonly acknowledged senses, especially in that it is the sense of touch being distributed over the entire body, not confined as in the case of sight, hearing, taste, and smell to special organs, resembling somewhat closely the all-pervasive psycho-physical perceptions which make psychometric analysis a possibility.

When Descartes declared that the soul was situated at the pineal gland, thereby inferring that all spiritual influences must reach and enter the human organism at that point, he unquestionably was justified as the result of much research that that special fraction of the human body is the most sensitive part of all.

Many physiologists have affirmed that the pineal gland is the last to form before birth, and the first to disappear after dissolution. It is quite conceivable that when an idea strikes one, without and makes a decided impression, often causing great surprise to the recipient, that this pineal gland receives the first intimation of its action upon and in the psychical organism, for we must always remember that our abiding bodies are psychical structures, and our physical shapes only their sheathings.

When any special centre of the brain is approached by a thought-wave we feel a sense of excitement in that particular region, and then in the corresponding section of our anatomy which is in such close electro-magnetic sympathy as to vibrate synchronously with that specially affected centre. It is quite unnecessary to settle in our minds exactly how we are acted upon by thought-waves psychologically further than to grant the essential premise that there is and ever must be a vital communion between the brain and all the rest of the body.

Disturbances in various parts of the organism can be overcome by bringing into order the centres in the brain with which the affected members are in direct communion. This is very readily explained in Dr. J. H. Buchanan's "Therapeutic Sacrament." It often appears that we are instantly or reflexly affected in a certain organ when we only subsequently feel a sensation there. For all practical purposes it may suffice to state that we feel at whatever point our susceptibility is greatest; therefore, those thought currents which affect our organs, whether strongly or scarcely affect us at all at other times when we are otherwise susceptible.

There are innumerable chord settings in every human brain, each of which is in the most intimate communion with its own corresponding section of the body. When we learn to so discipline our own thought and emotion centres that we open and close our perceptive avenues at will we shall become conscious of doing as we please with our susceptibilities; then and then shall we grow able to admit or refuse entrance to whatever we may wish to approach us, regardless of their source or nature. Mind acts through brain upon all the rest of the organism.

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY TWO

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

One of the sweetest and most heavenly experiences of my whole life came to me about two years ago, after speaking to the society in New York, presided over by Mrs. Brigham and Miss Cushman. Though in poor health, for some time, I was held by the influence longer than I intended, and looking at my watch saw that I had barely time to catch the last train for Arlington.

Bidding a hasty farewell, some of the ladies were helping me put on my wraps, when I heard Miss Cushman telling the audience of my feelings, and that she had indeed believed that when I should become too weak to really speak in public, I should still like the aged apostle John, murmur to the brethren, "Little children, love one another."

Thus was Miss Cushman saying as I hastened down the aisle and out of the door. This was a very happy and a very pleasant calling a heavenly one; for, though quite unworthy to have such words spoken of me, they showed the love that is of heaven itself, and it is this spirit of loving fellowship which animates the members of the society that the inspiration of the Holy Spirit and the wise guidance of Miss Cushman have gathered together. All the workers therein—speaker, president, singers, pianist, and other ministrants are appreciated by all the rest. No criticism jars the spiritual harmony; love fills each bosom, and the sweet influences make the little hall a spiritual home for those who gather there.

On May 26, having been to New York, I had taken a corner seat in the boat, thinking I would have an opportunity for meditation and spiritual communion, when a bright face appeared at my elbow and I knew the pleasure of seeing dear Belle Cushman again, whom I had not met since she brightened one of my suffering hours at the hospital with her cheerful and uplifting presence.

I asked her when she and Mrs. Brigham were going to start for Australia. She laughed and said they were starting then and that that boat ride was the start. And close at hand was Mrs. Brigham, surrounded by a number of her flock, who had come to see her safely placed on board the train for Chicago. I felt that I was in the presence of a great gathering for a little, and I felt grateful to my spirit friends who had so arranged matters in New York as to bring me in the ferry-boat with these dear friends.

Mrs. Brigham looked extremely well, and was most becomingly dressed in dark blue. Her soul-fall and animated countenance radiated love on her companions, which was warmly reciprocated, while one still felt that Miss Cushman's personality is an equal factor in wedding together the members of the Ethical Spiritual Society. May destiny bring them home safe home, and allow me to hear Mrs. Brigham's inspired utterances again, and also see Miss Cushman's graceful form away on

the platform, as she speaks and acts the story of the old man and his violin.

Our friends were to take part in Mrs. Lillie's meeting in San Francisco on the 8th instant, and start on their three weeks' ocean voyage on the 10th. Their tour is laid out by wise Mr. W. H. Terry, and I think it will embrace not only Australia, but New Zealand and Van Diemen's Land.

It is many months since I have heard from my noble and generous friend, William Fowler of South Australia. He has either passed to the spirit land, or else the ether cord has become so loose, and the golden ball so near its final shattering, that he can write no more on earth. Many months ago, he sent me pictures of himself, of the front of his home, and of his garden. The pictures of the house and garden were of the front of his home, and of the family cemetery not far from his own abode. In the shadow of a snow-white cross lies the body of his wife, and there will his body be laid, if it be not already there. May angels bless him forevermore!

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

"Warnings."—The Tolling Clock.

Two Visions.

BY MISS IDA L. SPALDING

My maternal grandfather, by occupation a farmer, lived nearly sixty years ago with his wife and family of young children on a small Vermont farm bordering on the Connecticut River.

One day he was at work in the barn with several men who were helping him through the busy season. My grandmother was engaged in some household duty, her children were at school, and he was alone. He began to toll like the bell in the church steeple, appraising the good people in the vicinity of the death of some member of the community. The children, frightened at its solemn tones, huddled closely about their startled mother. They too had heard of the church bell in the distant village toll and recognized its dread message. The number and order of the strokes indicated the death of a man, and then followed the age of the deceased, as was the custom in those days. Fortunately my grandmother had the presence of mind to count the heavy strokes which came so slowly, dolefully and with appalling regularity.

Suddenly sounds of voices were heard. The men were coming to the house on some errand. The clock ceased to toll, the spell cast upon the little group was broken, and with a cry of relief my grandmother greeted the appearance of my grandfather and his companions.

But her story was received with open incredulity. She and the children, whom she brought forward as witnesses to corroborate her statement, were mistaken—they imagined all they had heard, and laughed at their fears the men returned to the barn.

Scarcely had they disappeared from view, however, when the interrupted tolling of the clock began once more and continued until it had struck a certain number of times, exactly how many I have been told, but have now forgotten.

The next day a messenger from the home of my grandfather's father, thirty miles distant in the state of New Hampshire, arrived, bringing the sad intelligence of the sudden death of the last twenty-four hours before. He had been ill, but his condition had not been considered serious, and hence my grandfather and my grandmother's sister, who lived on the adjoining farm had not been notified of their father's illness.

But most significant to my grandmother was the fact that the deceased passed away at the age indicated by the tolling clock on the previous day. It had indeed been a "warning" and so remained in her estimation as long as she lived.

The above is the story, plain and unvarnished, as told me by my grandmother and also by my mother, and I believe that on this day she cannot recall the incident without feeling again something of the terror that thrilled her small being that memorable day so long ago.

Perhaps an experience of my own may not prove uninteresting to the reader. In the fall of 1862 my mother and I were boarding at a small country hotel two or three miles from my grandfather's.

My mother had for some years been deeply interested in the claims of Modern Spiritualism, and it was her custom while we remained in the village to attend two or three evenings weekly with a young lady friend for the purpose of developing whatever mediumistic gifts, if any, that they possessed, and of more thoroughly investigating the phenomena. Of necessity I also was a member of the "circle," and during the last two or three years of age, I took much pleasure in the proceedings, being assured at those times of the especial nearness of the "angels," who were as real personages to me as were my mortal friends.

The morning after one of our circles I awoke before my mother, who occupied the same room, had arisen. We were chatting gayly, when, breaking off abruptly, I asked, "Don't you want to know what I can see?"

Laughingly my mother assented, thinking it was some childish fancy, and I began to tell her what I saw. I asked her to question I do not know, for I do not recall that I had any premonition of what followed.

Taking her answer in all seriousness, I closed my eyes, and the scene then presented to my spirit vision is as vivid in my memory as though it were a picture. I saw a man, a young man, a young man of eighteen, a volunteer in a Vermont regiment of infantry stationed in Orleans under command of Gen. B. F. Butler.

Started by my words, my mother tried to shake my story, but all in vain. I stoutly asserted the truth of my statement. It was no "make-believe," I strongly maintained. I had seen just what I had described.

About the same time my youngest uncle, a lad of fourteen or fifteen years of age, was lying in bed one morning, wide awake, but in a passive state of mind, when he distinctly saw his soldier brother, whom he had seen in a vision, mounted on a horse. He had time to think of the strangeness of his experience, he saw the soldier thrown violently to the ground by the steed which had suddenly become unmanageable.

