

IN THE KING'S NAME.

Be thou a message bearer to the world—
The sorrowing, dying world that lies round thee—
For pity's sake! O make each hour lamp used
With loving-kindness deeds wrought thoughtfully.
Of poverty and sickness hast thou known?
Then stand by those whose happiness is dim.
Bathing with Selfhood (ill) Contentment own
Thy very soul that God would draw near him.
Hast thou been scorned, down-trod, or sharp op-
pressed?
O then befriend the ones than thou more weak,
Wearing the star of Duty on thy breast,
Crying the words that Truth would have thee speak.
What art thou? This—the centre of a sphere,
To which thou shouldst be a life-giving sun;
Bearing within thy life God's temple, clear
With faith to crystallize "Thy Will be done."
Faith, Hope, and Love, flash thou, O ministering
soul!
Like summer dawning on a tranquil sea,
When open wide the Eastern gateways roll,
Moving the world's love-heart, and blessing thee.
Thy voice shall sound as though an angel spoke,
When over Self thy victory is complete;
The joy earth felt when Morning tide first broke
Was great—but thine shall be as great and sweet.
Let "Peace" thy message be! O voice it well,
And be thy daily footprints golden-bright,
Loud chiming like some old Cathedral bell,
To guide the weary traveler to the Night.
Be thou a lamp for vagrant feet to bless;
A solace to the lone, forgotten lives—
The workless poor who know no happiness—
To labor thou, God loves each one who strives.
Then, when the curtains of thy day shall be
Drawn closely round thy bed, and Love's "good-
night"
Shall kiss thy closing eyes, most tranquilly
Thou shalt be borne to God's dear world of light.
For these Heaven's gates swing hourly to and fro
With harmonies that the soul interprets best,
When through all trials its faith doth stronger grow,
E'en though it pass through storm unto its rest.
Be thou the banner-bearer of that love
That breathes on all "forgiveness." Boldly sing
This message, for the Royal Heart above
Proclaims thou art in the service of The King!
Devotion.
Sydney, Australia, 1902.

Some Points Outlining a New
Theory of Life.

MRS. E. M. F. DENTON.

The question "To what are all things in-
debted for existence?" seems likely to claim
as large a share of attention in the century
upon which we have just entered, as it did
in the one from which we have so recently
emerged. If we are, in any sense, better pre-
pared to give a reasonable answer to the
inquiry than were our ancestors of ten, five,
or even one hundred years ago, the reason
is obvious. Beside the better opportunities
afforded us for investigation, we have, in a
measure at least, learned to conform our
theories to the facts of science rather than
to the fictions of so-called Revelation.

Some of these facts brought to our knowl-
edge by modern scientific discoveries have
been such as, in large measure, to destroy
the faith of thoughtful minds in the theory
that the universe is the handiwork of a Su-
preme Personal Creator. Even some of the
more notable advocates of this theory are now
using extreme caution in the matter of pre-
sents it to the public. They realize that as
scientific research proceeds, the resulting dis-
coveries are leading the thinking world far-
ther and farther from this conclusion; and
both the best scholarship and the highest or-
der of talents are being employed in the ef-
fort to prevent, if possible, its entire rejection.

Almost year by year, however, these discov-
eries more and more clearly indicate that
Life, instead of being the "gift" of a Su-
preme Creator—instead of being a "princi-
ple," or "state," or "condition" imposed upon
organized forms by a personal Deity—
whether for their good, or for His glory—
Life, Absolute Life, is the one, and only,
primary force, or substance; eternally self-
existent, boundless in extent, and infinite in
all the possibilities of Being. That, in the
last analysis, the atom of matter is but the
negative pole, or point, of a changeable but
indestructible Life-Unit, while energy, spirit,
with all its potential attributes, whether ex-
pressed as an individual "cell of unaltered
protoplasm" or as Supreme Intelligence, con-
stitutes the positive pole, or portion, of the
same changeable, but indestructible Life-
Unit; not living unit, as if Life were some-
thing that may pass out of, or be withdrawn
from it, thus leaving a residuum without life,
but Life-Unit, and, therefore, a unit from
which Life can never be withdrawn and can
never pass away.

These discoveries indicate that Life-Units
are perpetually and, in a sense, intelligently
active; that not only are they self-existing,
self-energizing and self-regulating, but that
they act effectively upon each other, and
through each upon all within the sphere of
their pulsing powers, uniting to produce
forms and personalities here, disintegrating
forms and personalities there, that they may
re-combine as other forms, and unite in
building up other personalities; that, while

eternally changing and interchanging their re-
lations to each other, they act ever, with
such precision of order, such nicety of adap-
tation, such perfection of adjustment and
with such assurance of results, as puts to
blush all human endeavor, and is the despair
of human intelligence.

These discoveries indicate that only by the
co-operation of what may be termed intelli-
gent activities in the selection and rejection
of Life-Units, thus insuring the precision and
order of their arrangement, of their union
and distribution, could the universe, with its
unnumbered systems of suns and planets, have
been brought into being. So, also, of all the
countless throngs of forms and personalities
which inhabit and have inhabited these vast
and wondrous realms. And, since every form
and personality, of whatever name or nature,
must have been preceded by the union of two
or more Life-Units (as only by such union
could the formation have been effected), it is
evident that Life must be regarded as both
the Source and Substance of all that is.

Life, then, is the Giver—not the "gift!"
And Nature is the sum—the universal Whole
—of Life's marvelous manifestations!

All forms, therefore, whether of matter or
spirit—all personalities whether denominated
gods, or men, must be regarded as second-
ary, or subordinate existences, subject to
Life's law of perpetual change; while Impersonal
Life, with all its glorious promises, its divine
attributes, its transcendent possibilities,
includes and conditions all; and, because
it is self-existing, we may safely assume that
its existence has had no beginning and can
have no end.

With this theory of Life, Theism may have
its one God, or its three Gods; Polytheism
may have as many Gods as it can name—
but, until Life was—until Life-Units could
unite in the production of forms, and forms
could unite in the production of personalities,
not one of them all could have existed; for
what would any personality be if without
form and without life?

Only Impersonal Life, then, is The Eternal,
The Infinite! And Immortality, if we apply
that term to forms, must confess to a limit
if its own duration. It may be "an age limit"
or a cycle limit, but it seems evident that, in
the nature of things, a limit there must be to
the duration of all forms and, consequently,
of all personalities.

With this theory of Life, the question con-
cerning the origin of organic forms, whether
animal or vegetable, becomes invested with
peculiar interest. And here, it would seem,
there can be but one legitimate inference,
viz.: since the negative, or material points of
Life-Units, in themselves alone considered,
must, while thus conditioned, be regarded as
wholly incapable of self-organization, we
must look to the potential powers of these
Units for those organizing energies of which,
everywhere around us, we see such abundant
evidence.

But a little careful thought will convince
us that these potential energies must them-
selves become organized, or they cannot bring
their negative points into organic form. Far-
ther than this, that an organism of these en-
ergies can constitute nothing less than the
living individual spirit so manifestly the real
self of every organic being. Hence, in all
cases, the spirit must be the organism to
which the physical structure is conformed;
nor can there be any question of the "supremacy
of its powers over the material which it can
thus mold to its own likeness.

Again: With this theory of Life, even in
view of the dissolution of physical forms, we
ask with the religious devotee—

"And where's thy victory, Death?" since
the change is simply from one form of Life
manifestation, to another form of Life man-
ifestation, and is, therefore, Life, still.

But when this change comes, what of that
organism of Life-energies—that individual
spirit—at the behest of which the physical
form has, heretofore, so readily responded?—
that spirit which is the animating presence
of every living organic form, from the sim-
plest to the most complex, and without which
it is believed, no material form could have
become organized?—that spirit which is the
basis of all mind, as mind is the basis of all
conscious intelligence? Only too well have
we learned that because of this change the
spirit no longer sustains the relation it had
hitherto sustained to the material organism.

And here the question arises as to the pos-
sible existence of the spirit organism inde-
pendent of its relation to the physical form.
But, since here, as elsewhere, "the less can-
not include the greater," and since, as we
have seen, the individual spirit has brought
the individual physical form into being, con-
stituting it a living mechanism, we must ad-
mit that it is infinitely greater in the scope
of its powers, than is the material form of
which it alone is the organizing and vitalis-
ing energy.

Obviously, then, the spirit must be regarded
as an independent existence from that in-
stant when, by the union of two cells, it be-
comes the organized embryo of a new being.
And the fact that during its entire existence,

at least in this material realm, it is contin-
ually rejecting, or casting aside, such units
as have become too negative to be of fur-
ther service to it, seems to favor the theory
that even the last great change is a similar
rejection, or laying aside, of the entire nega-
tive mass which has at last become unsuit-
able to its needs. But, whether the spirit, as an
organism, continues to exist indefinitely after
its separation from the physical form, or
whether, as such organism, its existence
ceases with that separation, seems destined
to remain a debatable question until we be-
come better qualified to distinguish between
the physical and more spiritual realms of the
universe.

It is clear, however, in the light of this
theory, that, at least in our material realm,
the spirit is the true organism, everywhere
fashioning the physical structure in manifest
accord with its own nature or condition. The
evidences of the truth of this statement are
everywhere about us, and are at all times
apparent where organic forms exist. And
yet, marvelous as it may seem when we real-
ize its truth, with these amazing demonstra-
tions continually before us, we remain
strangely unconscious of the fact that all the
possible powers of a so-called Godhead re-
side in the potential energies of these won-
derful Life-Units.

Evil Influences.

BY PAUL F. DE GOURNAY.

We dwell complacently on the many evi-
dences of our transited joyed ones' affection-
ate remembrance, of their protecting care and
of the wise counsels of our guides; we listen
—with vain self-gratification, or with grateful
humility, according to our lights—to the
teachings of advanced intelligences, who are
moved by a generous love to descend into our
contaminated atmosphere for the purpose of
helping our sincere efforts in search of the
truth. This is the bright side of Spiritualism,
and we can never be too grateful that such
blessings are vouchsafed us.

But, while we rejoice in the possession of
such marked favor, we are apt to lose sight
of the dark side. Dazzled by the light from
above we fail to observe the shadow growing
around us and to detect the hideous forms
that prowl under its cover. Yet these hideous
forms are nearer to us than the resplendent
ones we look up to with love and confidence.
They mingle in our everyday life, watchful,
prompt to avail themselves of every oppor-
tunity to counteract the influence for good of
our teachers and guides. Disregard of this
occult opposition is a permanent danger, the
secret cause of our slow progress, of our mis-
takes and delusions.

To deny the influence over our lives of evil
spirits or their power for harm—would be to
deny the first principles of Spiritualism and
to reveal our ignorance of the true conditions
of earth life. We think of "earth-bound"
spirits mostly as unfortunate whose obdu-
racy prevents them from progressing and who
are therefore self-tortured, living in a hell of
their own making. Let us think, one mo-
ment, of what these "unfortunates" were in
their earth-life, what their feelings must be
in their new estate, and ask what their mo-
tives may be in trying to defeat the plans of
the higher intelligences for the happiness of
mankind.

Good and evil exist side by side in this
world. I will not say evil predominates, but,
admitting that the two are equally repre-
sented, I do say that in this world, as socially
constituted, man's power for evil is greater
than his power for good. We have but to
look around to note the palpable wrongs, the
social, political and economic evils that pre-
vail, and which endeavor to reform are so
often defeated, or, when not absolute fail-
ures, are so slow in attaining their object
that generations pass away ere relief can
come. Yet the sufferers from these condi-
tions are the majority.

This admitted, the next factor in the prob-
lem is the well-known maxim: "What the
man was, that his spirit is—" until he has
progressed, is consolingly added; but that
little word, "until," has no limited signifi-
cation; it may refer to a century as well as to
a year or a day. In the meantime, the logi-
cal inference is that the wrong-doer is at
liberty to ply his evil trade. What human
laws, courts of justice and policemen, prisons
and the gallows could not repress, shall self-
condemnation, tardily reached, cure? The
spirit-world is governed by the law of love,
and love uses persuasion, not rigor. The one
restriction is that a good spirit cannot be
harmful by an evil; but we, mortals, are ex-
posed to temptation and obsession; we may
be helped to resist, we cannot be shielded.

There are schools of crime and vice in the
spirit-world as in this—birds of a feather
flock together—and they have the advantage
of not being circumscribed by any locality;
their membership is widespread, interna-
tional, they have the whole world for their
field of action. Their influence may be felt
by a community, by a people, as well as by
an individual. This fact goes to explain

much of the otherwise unaccountable folly
and wrong-doing which modern civilization
accepts, practices or condones. Wars, avari-
cious schemes, religious persecution (overt or
covert), have, in nine cases out of ten, an
occult origin. How is this possible? By com-
bination, by organization; by the same hy-
pothesis suggestion being made to a sufficient
number of individuals to form a nucleus
which will attract such of the masses as are
in latent affinity.

We find in the spirit world the counterparts
of organizations familiar to us here. The
corrupt politician, the avaricious money-grab-
ber, the fanatic teacher of error, the infatu-
ated materialist and the opiated scientist,
all have their respective circle of influence.
What they can no longer do of themselves,
they accomplish through mortals, by sugges-
tion; they enjoy by proxy the sensations per-
taining to physical life, once so dear to them.
He who has known of an impotent super-
annuated profligate instructing youth in his
vile practices, will not deny this.

The occult action of these associations is
felt every day, but seldom recognized. I shall
give here an example of the backing and
co-operating by one of these spirit organiza-
tions with its terrene prototype, the formid-
able association of Jesuits. It was a personal
experience: A friend of mine was obsessed by
a Jesuit spirit, and, being mediumistic, was
being led into dangerous error. I under-
took my friend's release and, after a pro-
tracted and bitter struggle, succeeded, with
the assistance of my guides, in defeating the
wily spirit's fell purpose. This victory over
one of its members won me the enmity of the
whole order. For a long time I found myself
confronted by adverse conditions, beset by
ruinous difficulties I could not account for.
At last, one evening, at my home circle, the
truth was revealed to me with cynical frank-
ness.

I had a visit from my quondam adversary.
He came accompanied by another of his cloth,
evidently of a higher rank. I wished to
object to their presence, but my guide ad-
vised me to hear what they had to say. This
was far from pleasant. The newcomer acted
as spokesman: "Man," said he, "what folly
is yours! How dare you interfere with our
work? You underestimate, no doubt, the power
of our Order; it is no longer as apparent in
your world as when we ruled the conscience
of peoples and kings. But you may learn
that it is greater than ever, overshadowed
and inspired as it is by its spirit counterpart.
Can you oppose, single-handed, the united
forces of an order whose power even popes
have dreaded? We will still be masters of
the human conscience in spite of the efforts
of your scientists and philosophers. Your sci-
ence! your philosophy! can they match ours?"

Here I smiled and shook my head, which
brought on me, from my old adversary, a
torrent of abuse such as I have never heard
from human lips.

"You renegade! you scum of the earth,"
cried the infuriated Jesuit, "how dare you
resist and denounce us as you have done?
You think you gained a great victory over
me; that success will be your ruin; we will
show no mercy. Your life we cannot
take; we will make it wretched. We will
drive you to despair. Everything, everyone
you lean on will be as a broken reed; every-
thing, everyone will turn against you. We
will drag you to the very gutter, an object of
contempt; your boasted fortitude shall be
tried until, at bay and hopeless, you will
curse God, and seeking relief in suicide, take
your place among the damned."

"You cannot frighten me," I replied; "do
your worst; you cannot shut out the light
that guides my steps."

He glared at me, but his companion whis-
pered to him, disapprovingly, and once more
addressed me in gentler tone,—"the suaver in
mode is a precept with your educated Jesuit."
"My companion has forgotten himself in the
heat of the debate. I do not threaten, but I
wish you, my son, to listen to reason. The
way you have been enticed to enter leads to
perdition. We cannot, we will not let this
great delusion spread. It is with us a struggle
for existence, but we are sure of victory.
It is not too late to retrace your steps. Halt,
look back, recall the past. You have suffered
in your interests, in your affections; you have
had sore trials—all in consequence of your
folly—or we will call it your mistaken views.
Now, I do not ask you to recant publicly; I
insist upon no sacrifice painful to your pride;
say but a word, promise me you will cease
denouncing our Order and meddling with our
plans. Be neutral, this is all I ask, and I
promise you that fortune will smile on you
again; money, position, friends, all shall be
restored. . . ."

"Get thee behind me, Satan," interrupted
I; "your game is too transparent and my
conscience is not to be bought."

"Then, let your fate be on your own head,"
he replied, and with a scornful and vengeful
glance, the twain vanished.

"You have stood well the test," remarked
my guide; you will be persecuted; I cannot
prevent others being influenced by these
spirits. They give us much anxiety, for they

are a most hopeless class, learned, but of a
learning based on sophistry, they see only
an artificial light and are blind to the res-
plendent light of God's truth. But, so long
as you are faithful, we will encourage and
inspire you. Be steadfast; the cause of
Truth has its martyrs."

The Jesuits' threat was no vain boast.
Their vengeance was not long making itself
felt; it was, and is, relentless; save dragging
me to the gutter, they have hounded me to
death. The hardest blow was the estrange-
ment of my dearest friend, whom I could not
deter from listening to the tempter's voice.

Beaten and bruised I am, but not con-
quered, and "there is Balm in Gilead" for me;
tender spirit hand, anoint my wounds,
gentle voices send peace to my soul. And it
is because I have been taught the truth, that
I warn my brother Spiritualists against the
wiles of the spirits of evil.

Evolution and Revelation.

In the process of scientific and spiritual
evolution, the more we rise in the hierarchy
of worlds, the more we come into relation
with superior spirits, very good, pure, and
almost perfect.

Is not this our object: to attain to the
radiant source of truth, justice, increased
light and love which synthetizes all things?
Whoever should teach us a positivism of the
kind which produces nonentity and all the
revolutionary consequences of irresponsibility
would indeed.

The One who is absolutely just, the God
who incessantly gives to us, does not desire
to deliver us over to evil spirits who give us
evil counsels to make us yield to abominable
temptations; the contrary is the fact. If I
ask of Him the bread of life, He will not
offer me a stone, for He is reason itself, any
more than a mother would offer poison to her
offspring instead of the milk which strength-
ens it.

This evolution, as Allan Kardec teaches it,
has this object of producing unity by more
and more disengaging the truth, from the
rein-stone of error intentionally incorporated
into their teachings by the superior intelli-
gences from beyond.

We must extract the succulent fruit from
the husk which envelops it, thus procuring
the experience, which is an appreciable good;
with the aid of the divine messengers who
have led us on towards a more rational belief,
we shall construct the complete synthesis,
scientific and religious, of Modern Spiritualism.

How often have not the superior intelli-
gences affirmed that the supreme Hierophant,
in that unspeakable brain whence proceed the
nerves, the ganglia, the tendons whose
number is infinite, through which he directs
all with a mathematical order, had his plan
of divine education which will be unveiled to
us when the council of the great spirits shall
have decided upon it.

Actually, God, the great Educator, has
given only what human infancy can bear, out
of so many essential truths; he waits until
our intelligence matures to feed it better.

The visible part of God in the plan of the
education of the inferior, intermediate and
superior worlds of creation, is rationally un-
folded among all nations, Indian, Egyptian,
Hebrew, Gentile, and Christian; this tran-
scendent part illuminating with a new day
the actual intervention of the masters of sci-
ence in the series of phenomena which leads
us to continued research.

Ballanche, one of the forerunners of the
new faith, or science, has said in his work
Orpheus, IV, p. 43: "Whatever the human
race needs to know of truth according to
time and place, is always divinely revealed
according to time and place; the truth neces-
sary for the human race always has been
and always will be, in the human race."

We are all called upon to conquer, by our
acts, the title of Great Messengers, for we
are to progress outward toward the Father,
the Most High.

The ordinary spirit, which spiritualism in-
sists, corresponds with those beings who dwell
in worlds divine; all these beings, emanating
from the same source, are equally bound to-
gether.

All transformation toward good, the best
and the spirit of justice, lessens the distance
between the children of the same father.

As much as the spirit which inhabits a
high sphere surpasses in intellectual and
spiritual, in creative conceptions, those of
the haughty parvenus of the little human sci-
ence, as the earthly Creator and inventor who
has in view the good of humanity, expresses
the mass of most devoted to material interests
alone.

The studious Spiritualist, who shall have
acquired by continual research and meditation
and who is incessantly progressing, will know
the all-potentiality of the divine force, and
will become so much the more fraternal and
humble, if, in this mental condition, when he
is pope, emperor, or prince of sciences, he
will rate title and crowns as inferior things.
The most humble being who regulates upon

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To Break Men's Chains.

BY KATE H. STILES

More than all else, 'tis my desire
To kindle in some soul the fire
And aspiration to be freed
From servile fear and narrow creed.

Yet would I not one fetter break
From any soul that I might make
That soul a captive to my thought,
Albeit it with truth were fraught.

'Tis Freedom's gospel I declare—
Freedom to seek truth everywhere,
Unmindful of the sect or name.
This is the gospel I proclaim.

O holy task, indeed, to be,
A champion of Liberty!
An armor bearer in life's van,
Proclaiming freedom unto man.

Freedom! O soul-inspiring word!
What hope within the breast is stirred,
As we contemplate what may be,
When human souls are truly free.

For this, I pray for added years—
That I may free men from their fears.
All needful sacrifice I make
With cheerful spirit, for Truth's sake.

The Abbey Chimes, or the Mystery of Glen Avon.

MABEL A. VAN HISE

(Copyright, 1901-'02.)

CHAPTER I.

"Oh, my delighted! It is magnificent, wild, beautiful!"
This exclamation came from the lips of one of the occupants of a handsome victoria, drawn by a pair of superb grays, as it swept around the base of a hill and came in sight of the stately old Glen Avon mansion.
"Yes, the dear old hills are indeed a welcome sight. I may say a relief to my eyes after so many years' absence," replied Miss Clarice Avon's companion, no less a personage than her august mother, Lady Alice Avon.
"Papa is there already," said Clarice.
"See he is just talking to Rover. Oh, look mama! He is talking to a lady."
"I wonder who she is," returned Lady Alice.

"This is the lady I told you about, Alice." (As they approached.) "She has been kind enough to take charge of Glen Avon during my absence. I hope you will become good friends. An old and valued friend of mine. Ah! poor John! Nice fellow! Many a pleasant day's fishing we had together, in the days of 'Auld lang syne.'" said Sir Cecil, regretfully.

Lady Alice barely inclined her head, and would have passed on but for the fact that Sir Cecil, but Lady Avon and I are not strangers. We have met before," said Mrs. Priestly, smiling, and looking very straight at Lady Alice.

"Oh, indeed! Is that so? Well, I suppose you are glad to see each other again. Alice had evidently forgotten you, for when I told her about you taking up your quarters here she did not seem in the least surprised. But perhaps she really had forgotten you," replied Sir Cecil. "However, be that as it may, I am sure my wife is glad to renew the acquaintance."
"Don't you remember me, Lady Avon?" asked Mrs. Priestly.
"Yes—that is—I seem to have a dim recollection of having seen your face somewhere," said Lady Avon, in a hesitating, dreamy way. She seemed unable to remove her eyes from those of Mrs. Priestly. Presently Clarice—who until then had remained unnoticed—touched her mother's arm. That broke the spell. For a moment Lady Alice swayed as if about to fall; but quickly regaining her self-command, she turned and placed her slender gloved hand on her husband's arm. Then she moved on, almost dragging him along, in her haste to get away from the reproachful glance of Mrs. Priestly's dark eyes.

Followed by the other two, Sir Cecil and his wife entered the great hall of the mansion, that had belonged to the Avons for many generations past. The quaint old place was built of rough Bullwell stone, with battlemented walls. It lay in a lovely valley, situated in the heart of the world-famed Derbyshire hills. These immense mountainous hills, whose summits are clothed in ferns all the year round, although their base is bright with many-hued wild flowers, tall ferns and long, waving grass. Here and there tiny springs of clear, limpid water bubble from holes and fissures in the rocky sides and murmuring fall into miniature lakes and pools below. At certain times in the spring of the year, these little brooklets swell to such an extent, and rush down the hill-sides with such force, that they soon become a dangerous torrent. This is chiefly owing to the heavy rains which generally visit these parts during the months of March and April.

One of the noted attractions of the home of Sir Cecil Avon is a grove of "mountain ash" trees. In the fall of the year, these trees are covered with bunches of beautiful scarlet berries, which show up brilliantly as they nestle against the dark green leaves. The grove is wide, and is used as a carriage drive to the park beyond.

I say "park," because the Glen Avon villagers call it a park. The land belongs to the Glen Avon estate, but it is entirely uncultivated. It is one of nature's "parks," a very lovely spot. Many varieties of ferns and variegated grass are found here; and there are grand old oaks and tall poplars in Glen Avon park. Beyond this lies a wood, in the centre of which stands an old monastery; it is very old, and in spite of its south wall having been heavily crumbled away with age, it is still inhabited by a brotherhood of the Franciscan Order. On the western side of the monastery and connected with it, is a church—I should say a miniature cathedral. It is called Glen Avon Abbey, and possesses a very fine peal of bells. There is a peculiar legend connected with the bells. They are scarcely ever rung, unless on what I shall call "state" occasions, such as the death of one of the brotherhood, or a wedding, birth or death in the Glen Avon family.

One night (many years ago) at the midnight hour, the brothers were awakened by the clanging of the whole peal of bells. The people at the mansion were startled out of their beds, the villagers ran out of their houses half-dressed to death, in their night-clothes. The next morning, Lady Alice Avon, Sir Cecil's grandmother, was found dead in her bed. "Who rang the bells?" everybody asked everybody else. Nobody knew, all were surprised, and many were awed. That is the story.

"When in the old Abbey bell tower,
The chimes shall ring at the midnight hour,
Wee wee! unto one of the Avons then!
When their clanging sounds through the fatal gleam!"

As the journey had been a long and tedious one to Lady Avon and her daughter,

the remainder of the day was spent resting. Sir Cecil was closeted in his study with his steward; let us hope said steward was giving a faithful account of his stewardship, for Sir Cecil had been away from Glen Avon nearly twenty years.

It was the fall of the year, and although the sun at noonday was quite hot, it began to get very cold towards night. In the roomy old-fashioned library, lying full-length on a thick fur rug in front of the wide fireplace, where the crackling and blare of the ample hearth a cherry fire, was Miss Clarice Avon, fast asleep! The afternoon had waned and twilight shadows were fast falling, and she was fast asleep. Presently the young girl awoke and rubbing her eyes arose to a sitting posture. She uttered a little nervous cry, as her eyes fell on an object directly in front of her. The fire went out a fitful blaze and lighted up the figure of a gentleman seated in one of the large arm-chairs with which the room was furnished. The face was a peculiar dead white, and the large, dreamy-looking eyes were fixed on Clarice, as if trying to read her inmost soul, so intent was their gaze. The dress he wore betokened his belonging to some religious order of monks or friars. The figure neither moved nor spoke. The young girl shuddered as she looked at him. She tried to reason with herself, that it was only imagination; that she was not quite awake. But no, the longer she looked, the more convinced she felt that it was a living, breathing man. She knew when she laid down on the rug that she was the only occupant of the library. How came he there? If the door had been opened, it would surely have awakened her, as it creaked so long. Still her inmost soul, rose to her feet and took a step towards him, and put out her hand, then uttered a cry of dismay, for she only touched the empty chair! He was gone! Thoroughly frightened now, she flew to the bell-rope and rang for lights; as she did so, the door opened and Mrs. Priestly entered.

"Ah! my dear Miss Clarice, here all alone, and in the dark! It is a good thing you are not afraid of ghosts," said she, laughing.
A servant came in with a taper and lit the tall wax candles that stood in the bronze candelabra on either side of the fireplace.
"Why, my dear child, how pale you look! supper is waiting, and that, I suppose, is what you need; come, the bell has rung twice, and your mother is inquiring for you."
Clarice did not answer, but ran to Mrs. Priestly and throwing her arms round her neck commenced to sob in quite a hysterical way. Mrs. Priestly laid her cry on for a minute or so; then, seating herself on a lounge, she drew the young girl down beside her, and in a gentle voice begged her to relate the cause of her fears.

"I cannot tell what made me cry," said Clarice; "there was nothing to cry for. I expect I am over-tired and a little bit nervous, that's all."
But Mrs. Priestly knew different; there was little that happened at Glen Avon that she did not know, and after a little coaxing she got out of Clarice an account of what she had seen.

"I would not say anything about it to anyone, if I were you, Clarice. But pray stop crying, child. You ought to feel glad that you possess the wonderful gift of clairvoyance. I am pleased that it is so. You say this is not the first time you have seen things, but that you have all kinds of peculiar impressions, when anything unusual is about to happen to yourself or those about you. That is very interesting to me, my dear girl; I am a clairvoyant also, and I hope sincerely that you and I will become firm friends. But let us go down now. Come to my room after supper," she whispered, as they entered the dining-room a few minutes later. "I want to talk to you. My room is the third door to the right after you pass the library."

But two or three visitors were announced, having heard of the arrival of the Avon family, and Clarice had no chance to fulfill her promise to her new friend, Mrs. Priestly, did not go into the drawing-room after supper, but went directly to her own room.

During the absence of Sir Cecil Avon from home, the housekeeper who had lived in the family for many years, died. The steward wrote at once to France and informed him of her death, asking him to send a person should engage another to fill her place. Sir Cecil was considerably shocked when he heard of the loss of his housekeeper. After thinking the matter over he decided to write and ask his old friend's widow, Mrs. Priestly, to take charge of his household until his return. The little woman gladly consented, and once took herself and belongings to Glen Avon. Marian Priestly was quite short in stature, below the average height of women. She had dark brown hair, so dark that it looked black at night. Her eyes were large, luminous, and very blue, and her complexion was large and wonderfully pink. She was a woman of rare abilities and keen, bright intellect, with an infinite thirst for information and new experiences of any and every sort. This gave her a desire early to travel, but until she married Mr. John Priestly she had never been far from her birthplace. After that event she began her husband to take her abroad. He gave way to her pleading, and brought her to see his birthplace, Derby. She liked it so well that she prevailed upon him to settle there. After a few years of happy married life, John entered the spirit land, leaving her alone in the world, for they had no children. She had been a widow just one year when Sir Cecil's letter came.

John Priestly was a retired saddler and leather merchant, and at his death left his widow who was a very old woman, a very plenty of money—that is to say, a good deal to keep her in comparative affluence for the rest of her life. She was therefore not at all dependent on her position as housekeeper; and Sir Cecil did not dream of offering her any remuneration for her services. This true he was, but she was not content with a few other little presents, but that was out of friendship and respect and as a slight return for her kindness. She was now looked upon by him as his wife's friend and an honored guest, though she still took the weight and burden of household cares from Lady Alice's shoulders.

Here something must be said of Lady Alice Avon. That she and Mrs. Priestly had met before seemed very evident. But Lady Alice was puzzled as to when and where. She had an instinctive dislike to Marian Priestly, and avoided her as much as possible; why she could not tell, but she seemed to feel that Marian Priestly knew more of Alice Avon than that lady wished the world to know.

The next few days were spent by the ladies in exploring the rooms of the mansion at Glen Avon. Mrs. Priestly volunteered her services as guide. Through the long halls and fine lofty rooms, past deep embrasured windows where stood beautiful marble statues, along gloomy corridors, up winding staircases, through suites of rooms, some of which contained large, old-fashioned four-poster mahogany beds, with faded satin curtains and many colored silk quilts, she led them on, until they came to the picture gallery. Here their guide stopped, and to the amazement of Lady Avon, who wondered how she knew so much of the family history, she paused before each picture and gave a brief account of the life of the person represented.

"This," said Mrs. Priestly, as she pointed to a full-length portrait of a young and handsome man, "has only been brought here

late; it has been sent by an unknown friend of the family."

"Who?" asked Lady Avon, sharply.
"That I do not know; I said an unknown friend," replied Mrs. Priestly. "It is the living image of your husband, when he was young, which is peculiar. See (pointing), here is one of Sir Cecil Avon, painted when he was about twenty; notice how exactly alike they are in form and feature. There is one exception; the dress is very different."

"He is very handsome," said Clarice.
"And oh! I did not notice it before. Though he looks so young, not more than nineteen, he has the dress of a monk on. Don't you think that at—?" Suddenly the memory of what she had seen in the library on her first night at Glen Avon, flashed across her mind, and she shivered. Mrs. Priestly's eyes sought hers, and there was just a faintly anxious look in them—a warning—which Clarice evidently understood, and remained silent, leaving her sentence unfinished. Lady Avon had not noticed the glances passing between Marian Priestly and her daughter. She was absorbed in contemplating the beauty of Lady Alice Avon, her husband's grand-mother, and in wondering what caused her sudden death. The picture represented her when she was between the ages of thirty and thirty-five, a very beautiful woman with light eyes and wavy masses of golden hair. She had clad in the short-waisted dress of her time.

"Come, mama," said Clarice, who was now (to outward seeming) quite composed. "Come, let us go and see the hall-room. I want so much to see it. Which way, Mrs. Priestly?"

The way to the hall-room led them back through some of the rooms they had already traversed.
"What room is this?" asked Clarice, turning the handle of a door on her right; "we did not go in here, did we?"

"The book-room, or rather the room I occupy," answered their guide. "But you may look in if you wish." She opened the door, and all they saw was a cosy little bed and sitting-room combined. There were fancy-work baskets and books and papers littered around on chairs and table.

"What a nice, pleasant room!" exclaimed Clarice. "I suppose you are fond of reading, aren't you?"
"Well, yes. I read and study a good deal now," replied her friend.
"I thought so."

"Why? What made you think so? Seeing the books?" asked Mrs. Priestly.
"Yes, that, and because you shut yourself up away so much; I can never find you," replied Clarice, laughing.
"Well, when I am not otherwise engaged, you will always find me here, now you know where my room is," answered her friend, significantly.

"I should think you would get nervous, sleeping out here all alone; even the servants don't sleep here, do they?" asked Clarice.
"No, indeed! not in this part; they say there are ghosts and spooks here; and you couldn't hire them to come in this time, could you?" she replied, smiling.
"Here we are at last!" (throwing open a pair of large folding doors).
"Oh! this is delightful!" exclaimed Clarice, as she caught her mother round the waist and commenced waiting down the long polished staircase.

"Stop, Clarice," said her mother, coldly; "I am not so young as you are; my dancing days are over." Lady Avon sighed wearily, and intimating that she had seen enough for one day, retired to her room to dress for lunch. The afternoon was spent in driving in the park, and admiring the charming scenery around Glen Avon.

In the evening, Clarice Avon, pleading headache, retired early to her room. A bright fire burned in the grate in her tastefully furnished dressing-room, and after her maid had removed her clothing and robbed her petite figure in a prettily plumed and ribboned dress, she drew a lounge up to the fire and placed her young mistress on it.

"Hand me that book, Ninette; I will read awhile. Thank you. Now leave me, but remember, with all due respect, that I am nervous tonight."
How charmingly beautiful young Clarice Avon looked as she reclined there. A perfect form, a faultless face, and grace in every movement. Clarice had a fair face, pure oval in shape, with finely chiseled features, a broad white forehead, fathomless eyes, and a pair of long, dark, wavy hair, which she wore in a simple, but very becoming, manner. She was not like her mother in any one particular. Clarice was fair, slightly above the medium height, and slender, while Lady Avon was very tall, proportionately stout, and a brunette of the most pronounced type. The young girl soon tired of reading, and laying down her book, called Ninette to come and braid her hair for the night. "Now lower the lamp, please; I shall lay here awhile longer; but I shall not need you again tonight, Ninette."

"You are not nervous, then, Miss?" asked the girl.
"No, the book has dispelled the feeling. I am all right now. Good-night, Ninette."
Clarice laid there awhile with her eyes closed. Presently she opened them and fixed them intently on a large mirror, which reached from floor to ceiling. In a changed voice she murmured, as if in answer to a question.
"Yes, I thought so. Then Lester is—Oh, yes, I see now he is coming here on horseback." (After a pause.) "Oh, dear, look! the horse has become unmanageable! Ah! how hard Lester tries to curb him. But—Jolly well, he has thrown him. Is he hurt, I wonder? Yes, he is terribly hurt. He does not move, but just lays there so still. There are some people coming to his assistance; they lift him up. Now I can see his face—Why, how strange! That is not Lester at all, but another man. Ah! it is—"

(To be continued.)

Constructive Spiritualism.

MRS. H. T. STEARNS.

In taking possession of our cottage here at Cassadaga in the summer of 1888, the rappings after camp closed seemed to be a deluge, they overcame me, but as lighter raps followed, and more foreboding, they occurred close by me, and formed rhythmic expression, I noticed that the movements were not of any mortal disturber; they seemed like heavy stones thrown against my house on all sides in different ways. It was not a new experience, as I was located after many years, in a place where I had been told that I should find. Mrs. Conant-Pearse now owns that place. Two years later I built the Octagon Hall. There were corner stones laid out at the dedication of that place, and to myself, when ready to use, came the same unseen rapping voices. We carried on meetings three summers in this hall before it was dedicated. We sold it with the understanding that W. J. Colville should, with others, carry on a school for teaching in all lines of transcendental knowledge. Mrs. Marion H. Skid-

more and the wife of President Gaston, with Mrs. Abby Louise Pettigill, Mr. Caldwell and F. H. Hanson paid me for this building, and took stock of the association. These persons in this move placed themselves in the line of helping support a school of broader culture. Some teaching has been carried on in the place by Mr. Colville and others. If money are being raised for these schools of advanced thought in all lines, we give our facts as in place, that as a broader expression of Spiritualism is needed, here stands an open door to be used in the needed lines. We write this to call President Barrett's attention to the subject at this time, and to all others interested, that action in given lines may not be delayed, that agitation will be a help to forward movement.

In Re "Psychical Research." By James Henry Hyslop, Ph. D.

E. A. BRACKETT.

This is a work containing six hundred and forty-nine closely written pages, purporting to be the outcome of eight personal seances and five by proxy, where he was represented by the omnipresent Dr. Hodgson, with the noted medium, Mrs. Leonora E. Piper of Arlington.

It is not a work that appeals to the public and can never be popular even with those interested in the subject. It is singularly verbose, containing many good things, often covered up in a wilderness of words and often conflicting and contradictory, while claiming to be scientific. It makes the mistake of using supposed facts that have not been proved and have no scientific standing.

His efforts to escape from Mrs. Piper's subliminal self and to avoid giving her any muscular suggestion, is simply laughable. While he loses no opportunity to express his contempt for mediums and Spiritualists, he confesses that in order to make himself understood he is obliged to borrow what he is pleased to call "spiritualistic lingo."

No true scientist will allow himself to abuse any subject, however unreasonable it may appear, for he knows that "outside of truth is nothing but a forest of impossibilities." He seems unimpaired by the fact that acquired talent is not transmitted in this life and probably not in the next; that character is always superior to intellect; that man is what he feels; that he cannot be anything else and that in all cases true character is the chief element in the life of a man.

The book is conspicuous for the absence of this element and the non-appearance of that simplicity and modesty which is ever the accompaniment of a healthy mind, and lacks the strong intellectual grasp that seizes salient points and brings them to the front arranged in their proper relations. It is simply a jumble of words and phrases, and the methods of investigation as set forth in the beginning of the book, seem lacking in common sense; are exceedingly absurd, outrivalling the best efforts of Mark Twain.

He claims that the question of fraud never had any standing in Mrs. Piper's seances, to show that Spiritualism is not respectable. One of them states that "the early Christians were made up of the people that the respectable did not have anything to do with. Spiritualism has, until modern times, been made up of much the same class of people." And this from a man who presides over a Christian church, who knows that the Christ was the embodiment of a pure democracy, a despoiler of all caste, and an intense lover of all humanity. The Pharisees did not think him respectable and put him to death. He knows also, that the heroic bearing of primitive Christians, in meeting torture and death, has won the admiration of the whole Christian world.

Just what he means by the statement, it is not easy to determine. If he means it as a fling at Spiritualists, it is not true. I have been in close touch with them from the beginning of the movement to the present time. As a class I know them to be honest, sincere and truthful, and possess a great amount of good sense that some of the members of the society would do well to emulate.

Respectability has no meaning except to those whose egotism leads them to believe that they are superior to their neighbors. We pity the man whose self conceit prevents his recognizing the help of spirit struggling to express itself even in the lowest forms of humanity.

Our civilization is artificial and our estimation of character is often based on a false education. We have already stated that character is superior to intellect, that it grows out of the affections, and that it is first, last and always the true basis of all wisdom. Judged by this standard, the book has more illuminated points struggling for a clearer expression, only to be blown out by the turn of the next page.

It is refreshing to the evidence becomes more and more apparent, that he may be standing in the presence of the spirit of his father, that a more genial and hearty bearing is manifested. But this is dissipated when, in his conclusion, he deems it necessary to face public opinion.

He may be, in his social and domestic relations, as affectionate as a woman and as gentle as a child. These things are sacred to his inner life. We are not dealing with them, but with the dramatic play of an artificial character posing as a scientist; masquerading as a factor in the spiritual world, the bird to find its song; treading the stage with inflated ideas of his own self importance, advancing to the footlights and demanding applause.

In the evolution of Spiritualism, however crude and unsatisfactory some of its manifestations may be, it can gain nothing by a transfer into such hands. So long as individual magnetism exists, affecting the relations between sitters and mediums, any medium, no matter how good, is liable to be charged with fraud by some one who is ignorant of what is required for a successful seance. If you treat a man with distrust and lack of confidence, playing the detective with him, you can scarcely expect his friendship, love and affection, and you end your acquaintance without having learned anything of his better nature.

If you cannot enter a seance room with that confidence that calls for mutual respect between you and the returning spirit, you had better keep away—the seance is not for you.

For years the members of this Society have prided themselves on the supposed fact that they were pursuing a scientific investigation of the spiritualistic phenomena. The statements as recorded in this book express the folly of any such claim. We rise from the perusal of it with a tired, listless feeling; a half hypnotic impression that, having discovered something which he thought new, our author, in his efforts to press it into a scientific form, exploded it into a shower of about three hundred and forty thousand words that whirled and cried, like a swarm of bees through his mental at-tendants. Few will think the printer for having hired them.

An excellent cabinet photo. of "The Poughkeepsie Bear" (A. J. Davis) for sale at this office. Price 25 cents.

The movement to establish "Old Home Week" observance in Massachusetts is a most excellent one. It will bring back once each year to the soil of the old Bay State the sons and daughters who have wandered into the West, and awaken within them tender memories of home and its sacred surroundings. It is a movement that should receive the hearty support alike of the sentimentalists and prosaic business men, for it means much in both directions. By all means let us have an "Old Home Week" in Massachusetts.

the pure white flag of peace, and by the very favorable report of the *Chicago Tribune*. In the newspaper the following words were printed: "The speech of a good impression, and I trust a large one, been made on the communication of Dr. Hiebert's views, and other peace advocates had worked assiduously to render the occasion a comcommodore, and they were in no way disappointed in the outcome, despite the severity of the winter weather." New York, where I always feel greatly honored, I have had during the past two years an unbroken succession of large and important meetings. My varied work carries me to all sorts of places, and among all classes of society, and I am truly glad

By the Fireside.

"A dreary night, and the wind
Moans restlessly around the dreary place,
As if some lone-souled spirit, who had stinned,
Had come back to see his dear one's sad,
Sweet face."

The dying flames creep upward, then fall
back, as if they, too, were thinking of by-gone
years.
Like the lonely one who sat there by the
fireside,
While he looks, and his eyes grow dim with
unshed tears.

He looks, for in that place where flames are
dying.
He sees the face of a loved one who's passed
on.
Holding back the gathering tears, he's cry-
ing.
"Take me to the land where you have gone!"

But the picture disappears, and in its place
Another form comes forward to the fire.
His face is bloated and he cannot speak.
His anger, and breathe forth his deadly ire.

But look! The lonely figure drops!
For in that moment God has called him
home.
The call goes through his system as in
shocks.
He starts and says, "My darling, I have
come!"

Stoneham, Mass.

Susie's Fourth Letter.

Please, good morning. Are the little boys
and girls all bright awake? Next time has
come. You see, I'm here to stay a while
week with my mother. Do you know what
it is to be away from your mother? If you
do, then you know how good it is to get back
again, that is, if she can see you and hear
you; if she couldn't, it would be dreadful.
There's a lovely girl in our school, and when
she goes to see her mother, it is no good at
all for her mother is in a hard body that is
deaf and blind to her little girl, and it makes
the girl feel awful bad. Now why don't that
lady grow a hard body that can see or hear?
Couldn't she? You see, our teacher says our
food we eat goes to make our bodies, and if
we want a good body, we must pick out the
food that will make it. Can't folks in
hard bodies do that too? We like good things
to eat, don't you? We mostly eat fruits and
nuts and grains, and we eat them mostly
straight. It seems so funny that you hard
bodied folks put so many things together,
and stew them up and bake them down.
Maybe that is the reason so many of you are
deaf and blind. (That's a theory.) Some of
us like one thing better than another. There's
one boy here, he likes potatoes best of any-
thing to eat. And one girl that likes
peaches. Now I like melons and 'limmons
best, but the 'limmons want to be awful ripe,
you know. And we get hungry, too—that's a
fact—and teacher says it's 'cause our bodies
have used up all the food we have given
them and calls for more, and if we grow, we
must have something to grow on, and besides
growing, we are using up our bodies all the
time in doing things, just as you do your
hard bodies. What a fuss it must be to grow
two bodies at the same time, as you do.
Does your teacher tell you how to pick out
your food so you will grow well and keep in
balance? If you don't keep in balance, you
will get sick. We sometimes get sick. That's
because we have been careless and get out
of balance. We don't take medicine like I
saw a hard-bodied lady do the other day, but
we just stop eating the wrong food, or doing
the thing that put us out, and make a bal-
ance again. Shouldn't think folks could ex-
pect to get well when they keep on doing
things that made them sick. Please, I do
want to tell you I've got some new shoes,
brack ones, with red strings. Good-bye, till
next time.

Spectfully, Brack Susie.

Dictated through the mediumship of Jessie
S. Pettit-Flint.

Cancer Microbe Said to Have Been Discovered.

The Cancer Germ said to have been dis-
covered by an Eastern Physician caused
great surprise. Heretofore this disease was
supposed to be caused by cell growth.
Careful experiments are being made. Dr.
Bye, the Eminent Cancer Specialist, of Kan-
sas City, Mo., is being besieged by hundreds
of people suffering with this dread disease.
The Doctor is curing many cases, thought to
be incurable, with the combination of a Med-
icated Oil. Persons suffering or having
friends afflicted should write for an illus-
trated book on the treatment of cancer,
tumor, ulcer, piles, fistula and all skin and
wound diseases. Address Dr. W. O. Bye,
Cor. 7th & Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

A Grain of Sand.

"Mother! mother! there's something in my
eye! please take it out quick!" Flossy was
hurrying to her mother's room. Her blue
eyes were bloodshot, her eyelids swollen, and
the tears were running down her cheeks.

"Why, what is it?" asked her mother, as
she put her arms around the child.

"I don't know; it's a awful big thing. The
wind blew it in my eye a minute ago."

The mother examined the afflicted eye care-
fully, but could find nothing except tears.

"I don't see anything in it, dearie."

"But it's there, mother; please do get it
out. It makes me so uncomfortable."

The mother looked again. Then she bathed
the hurt eye with warm water, and told
Flossy to keep it closed for a time; but the
poor eye did not get any better. Something
was in it—something as big as a marble,
Flossy thought.

"Well, Flossy, I think we had better go to
Dr. Wright and see what he can do," said
her mother, after trying everything she could
think of for the relief of her little daughter.

Dr. Wright was the good doctor. Flossy
loved, and she stood very quietly with her
face in the light as he kept her eyelid open.

"Ah!" said the doctor; and in an instant
he held his instrument toward her. "Here it
is!"

"Where?" asked the mother. "I don't see
anything."

"I don't either," said Flossy, "but my eye
does not hurt any longer."

"It's just a tiny speck of sand," replied the
doctor, "too small to see unless you know
where to look for it."

Some days after, Flossy was sitting about
the room where her mother was sewing; it
was rainy weather out-of-doors, and Flossy
was in a bad humor; nothing pleased her.

"Please don't, Flossy," said her mother,
over and over again. "You make me very
uncomfortable. If you don't stop worrying
you must go away by yourself."

Flossy sat down by the window, pouting.
In a little while her face brightened, and she

"I'm like that little grain of sand, mother,
don't you think so?" she said.
"What do you mean?"
"I'm not very big, but I make people un-
comfortable when my temper gets in the
wrong place. I love you, mother—I love you
truly; and I would not hurt you as that sand
did me for anything. The sand could not
help itself, but I can, and I will, right away."
—Our Boys and Girls.

(Continued from page one.)

the face of the earth possesses a soul which
has the power to become all things. Let this
being learn to create for itself a relative hap-
piness in helping its brethren in humanity by
all the means at the disposal of a mind en-
lightened and exempt from prejudices, and in
the inferior world it will create for itself
such blessed existences that there are no ex-
pressions known to our sphere which can
express and name them.

Let us thoroughly imbue ourselves with the
idea that the permitted commonness or fre-
quency of our communications with the in-
visible world or the relations of ordinary Spir-
itualism with divine Spiritualism marks a
remarkable stage in the superior education of
men. It is just here, the struggle of the good
and the best against evil in opposition to
all the abuses of individuality, since our
mind is undergoing a progressive evolution;
we have thus plain proof that God watches
over his children and appoints them to con-
tinual and eternal progress.

Those philosophers possessed of prescience
have declared that the celestial messengers
of the superior sphere are the direct mes-
sengers of God in his relations with man, who,
detached from the ordinary succession of
things must always better comprehend the
quality and sublime grandeur of these rela-
tions.

Divine spiritualism will still be for a long time
the ordinary spiritualism of the masses, but
this last improves with each day beneath
influences from on high; our earthly
humanity discharges itself of its tenden-
cies to perversity and impure influences
which make it grovel about the place, which
stifle all generous initiative.

These persons possessives-possibilities worship
gold, raise altars to things which attract to
their milieu powerful disincarnated spirits,
all those who create a true hell for him who
makes it.

The action of Modern Spiritualism cannot
be completely realized in our society, since to
guide it well needs missionaries from more
advanced spheres who must be able to enter
in one kind of hell, to incite us to study and
application of truly humanitarian works.
Their doctrines, higher than ours, violently
conflict with our prejudices, our customs, and
in this case we make martyrs of these divine
revolutionaries.

It was always a crime, according to estab-
lished religions, to invoke astral spirits, the
souls of the dead; the guardians of the laws
inflicted the most severe penalties upon in-
novators; thus were all Messiahs immolated.

New generations turned their Messiahs into
Gods; they built temples and punished in
their rage, but also blinded against the
very ones formerly condemned by common law.

There are still some absurd people in all-
iance with the Hebrew contract of God with
Moses; slaves of Exodus and Deuteronomy
who expressly forbid invoking the souls of
the dead, evil spirits and strange gods; they
imagine that the earth has not moved since
Moses, and that Jesus could not make a
new alliance with the human race.

With Ballanche, in his social palingenesis
let us say: "Had human doctrines no direc-
tion save among the Hebrews? Were the
rest of the nations abandoned to the uncer-
tainty of the middle ages, and at once of
all revelation and of all tradition?"

"Is it not written in the acts of the apostles
that God never leaves himself without wit-
nesses? Is it not this which is the substance
of the general traditions of the human race,
translated into all tongues, acclimated among
all nations according to the time and the
guages, transformed into all worships accord-
ing to times and places? Is it not recorded
in those very acts of the apostles that Moses
was learned in all the science of the Egypt-
ians? Does not the science of the Egyptians
then enter into the preparatory process of
Christianity?"

If it all the grosser forms of worship the
notion of a God, one and eternal, exists, and
if the diverse revelations are interpreted to
direct ancient dogmas, why were they not
given to the initiated? Many distinguished
theologians have unanimously declared that
the point of divine spiritualism extended even
to the gentiles.

The worship of Vesta flourished at Rome;
she was the tutelary divinity protecting the
kingly people which absorbed all nations; this
worship prepared for the reception of the
doctrine of Jesus, that of the man God, who,
by his doctrine, could enlarge the ancient
mosaic doctrine by the addition of the cross.
Since then, God, who in antiquity was only
the Father, became the Brother of man.

These successive movements of thought
have effected but slow improvement in our
earth, for in the universal order, nothing is
done by leaps and bounds. With Modern
Spiritualism, in place of the fitful people
turned toward good, we have a third of the
new teaching has allowed much serious
mental and moral advancement. The spirit
revelation has given a shock to thinkers of
all parties and forced savants to occupy them-
selves with it.

Indifference cannot be the law of the
Dien-raison movement, which is order itself;
its divine plan is always unfolding itself
more and more in the universal life, and
consequently its incessant revelation has never
ceased to be effective in time.

If we have made progress through the
good and well being of another, the Spiritual-
ism of disincarnated beings, and that of the
superior guides charged with the strict sur-
veillance of a happy sphere seem to us un-
faded in principle, and then they become fused
together; consequently they are associated or
confounded with divine Spiritualism, that
eternal loving.

In order to make this distinction it needed
that incarnate souls should descend forcibly
and fatally towards opaque and material
worlds of the lowest class; then the sublime
work of God being displayed to us, we be-
came the reason of a necessary division in
the love, the seal, the co-operation with the
universal plan, of all which is evolved.
There, evil takes the name of separation (that
of Satan), of discord and struggle. There is
continual opposition; death succeeds to life,
light to shade, hate to love; the general
agreement is suppressed and replaced by the
implacable struggle of interests. There evil
is all, and Satan is its real and effective per-
sonality. Too far from eternal justice, un-
happy man takes flight at this infernal work
and perpetuates its reign.

Constant trials are necessary to man to in-
duce him to break through each barrier upon
the road which he should follow. He makes
his way slowly, weeping, groaning. He slays,
covers himself with blood and at length some
groin too strong for him forces him to go
forth free from his shackles. Expiration
forth frees him to see the light, to per-
ceive the world beyond, to cleanse himself

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from his stains, to become more perfect by
patiently undergoing his trials.

At last, we see the good and comprehends
the importance of it. For good is God, and
he alone exists. In the infinite universe there
is only his substance throughout infinity.
God has given us to form an alliance
with Him a Syria Sident, a Hermes,
a Confucius, a Buddha, a Christ,
a Mahomet, and a more formal, the
establishment among the men who have lived
at the epoch when these superior men gave
us their revelation, and it is thus that we
make progress beneath this dust of earth,
that we incessantly try to fill up the abyss
hollowed out by the ages, the abyss which
separates us from God and from his rays of
beneficence.

In transforming ourselves we shall trans-
form our sphere, we shall put it into
harmony, into affinity with the superior
worlds. Our aura enters into communion
with theirs.

We are no dreamers, but very positive logi-
cians, we oppose the dark and black magic
of the middle ages, and its tendency to
ceremony, which a new school is trying to re-
habilitate in reviving the empire of evil, and we
are its opposites.

The immanence of the actual contemporary
spirit is striking. The manifestations related
by the Sanscrit, Chinese, Egyptian, Persian,
Greek, Roman, during the middle ages, the
middle ages, to have apparently disappeared
under the pressure of Roman Catholicism,
and in 1848 they reappeared in the United
States and spread over the civilized world;
they were unprovoked and sprang forth like
lightning. During four thousand years noth-
ing, the occult forces, re-established, no
more, in fifty years this revelation has con-
quered the world, and to obtain the same re-
sult, that of Jesus required a thousand years.

Some slighter are determined not to
perceive the sublime harmony of creation, its
infinite and immense ensemble. Nevertheless
this all forms, unite, solidify, which the
belated equally penetrates through all
parts, whether it be a solar system or a
humble worm.

We are destined to the process of evolution,
it is the divine law, and the more our spirit
is open to noble and generous aspirations, the
more our part of influence is exercised over
the belated equally penetrates through all
parts, whether it be a solar system or a
humble worm.

We are placed so low that we need to con-
sider our forces absolutely bounded by our
earth, and that an irremediable sterility can
slide evocations to spirits gone forth out of
our humanity.

The superior humanities, it must not be
forgotten, are the only spokes representing
the whole, the universal influences by study,
meditation, continued volition.

This necessity for continual divine inter-
ventions irritates him who knows nothing of
true immortality and has never had clear and
rational explanations on this subject; and,
further, the religious dogmas which the
strange gods to the official worship which
they prescribe, on the penalty of excommuni-
cation, death here below and damnation in
the life beyond.

Hearts full of prejudice, almost brutalized,
as are human beings plunged into the ma-
terial and united to the absorbing interests of
the flesh, protest against each coming of a
Messiah and desire no happy innovations.
The Pharisees of all epochs banish divine in-
novators and their doctrines, rather than lose
a piece of silver, a lucrative place, a domain,
or political or religious power.

They always find abject motives for listen-
ing only to egotism.

Ordinary spiritualism then inevitably imposes
itself. Before all these resistances and in our
subordinate phase of knowledge and educa-
tion, God necessarily employs this inferior
aid, always paternal and saving.

The friends of whom Abraham availed
himself, used the oracles, the inspired priest-
esses, the sybils among the antique nations.
They caused to speak, through their inspira-
tion, Menes, Minos, Moses, Confucius, Pytha-
goras, Chrishna, Buddha, Socrates, Plato,
Roger-Bacon, Seneca, St. Augustine, St.
Paul, Averroes, Forner, Allan Kardec, Jean
Reynaud, Jackson Davis, Eugene Nus, Van
der Naffien, etc.

In order to reach the heart of the people
and make it vibrate, these guides aided an
Eschylus, a Virgil, a Goethe, a Shakespeare,
a Cervantes, a Corneille, a Dante, a Victor
Hugo, the whole poetic lyre.
These geniuses could have done nothing of
themselves had there been no Messiah, abso-
lutely devoted, who would despise corporeal
death, live modestly and be beheaded or
crucified. From the tomb of the apostle were
to rise other martyrs who would aid the new
epoch.

These representatives of the divine will be re-
incarnated and claim again a place beneath the
sun. They will cause us to make more rapid
progress in our evolution, they will bring us
the new Easter and bring us to the
communion of science, knowledge, and holy
meditation.

As for these new philosophical ages, they
will incite all nations to the most providen-
tial of fraternities.

Five hundred before Christ, Joel and
Isaiah, after Isaiah, predicted the times in
which we live as well as the truths to be
revealed to us.

With Kepler and Newton, science and
reason will make us serious contemplators of
the great work of Parabrham; having en-
larged the capacity of our senses and incited
to the new spirituality, we shall better em-
brace the beauties, the harmonies, the mag-
nificence, geometrical, and rational grandeur
of the universe. We shall have acquired
more of poetic, more true social science, more
humility.

With Jean Reynaud of the Institute we
will say: Is it not time that the great sci-
ence of the visible sky should at last apply
itself to the science of God, to that of the
soul, to the science of the heaven of ideas?
As for us, for many years, we have believed
it; we have often endeavored to attain to
some useful points of this comparative sci-
ence.

In order to continue the evolutionary pro-
cess it is necessary constantly to free ourselves
from the childish authority of the churches,
in the name of which they pretend to be the
sole interpreters of the doctrines of Christ.
But, as it was prophesied that God would
bring down the excessive inflation of the
womb of the church and certain of its mem-
bers ought to cease, and the churches become
humanitarian, for the spirit comes to those
who know how to comprehend it; it will yet
form a universal church without difference of
sects and of religious faith.

The proof that intellectual and spiritual
progress is continuing, without pause, in the
state of evolution, is that the Spirit (or the
Holy Spirit) descends by evolution upon all
beings, indiscriminately; it is not the private
possession of the servants of the Christian
temples.

The prophet Habakkuk has said: "Let the
glory of God as the waters cover the sea."
And Joel: "Henceforth I will spread my
spirit over all flesh, your sons and your
daughters shall prophesy; your old men shall
be taught in dreams, and your young men
shall see visions. Then I will pour out my
spirit upon my servants and my hand-
maidens."

And Jeremiah: "Each of them will no
longer need to come to his brother, saying:
Know the Lord, for all shall know me from
the least to the greatest, for I will pardon
their iniquity, I will blot out their trans-
gressions."

Then the barriers thrown up to prevent us
from interpreting the scriptures and knowing
them cannot prevent the divine springs from
flowing and from filling us full. Jesus has
said: "I have yet many things to say to you,
but now you are not able to bear the weight
of them."

In Spiritism, the Spirit, John 3, 8, it is
said: The Spirit bloweth where it listeth.
The Spirit of truth could not aim only at the
ignorant apostles; the effusion announced be-
forehand to be universal. That of the apos-
tles was bounded by their understanding.

Jesus talking with the Jewish scribe Nico-
demus pronounced these words which have
an uncalculable extent: "The Spirit bloweth
where it listeth and you hear its voice, but
know not whence it cometh nor whither it
goeth." That far distant prophecy affirmed
by Joel, Jeremiah, Habakkuk, Daniel and
Jesus, clearly indicates that the divine Spirit-
ism will call all humanity which shall have
fulfilled the process of evolution, to know
what these spirits can teach, choosing, in
each milieu, and without prejudice, mediums
fit to reproduce the divine lessons, and simple
as may be the manifestations of ordinary
spiritism, they have none the less attracted
the attention of Hare, Charles Edmonds,
of A. Russell Wallace, Colonel de Rochas,
the chemist, David, Victorien Sordou, Robert
Dale Owen, William Crookes, Allen Kardec,
Jose de Fernandez, Scarpa, A. Aksakof, Bout-
lerof, Schaparelli, Finel, C. Flammarion, C.
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omer, Falcomer, Dr. F. Willis, M. E. Daw-
son-Rogers, E. Volpi, D. Metzger, Leon
Denis, Dr. Pascal, Dr. Encausse, Comman-
dant Courmes, Colonel Olcott, G. Delama,
Vicente de Torres Solanet, E. Rose, etc., that
is to say the attention of men belonging to
the scientific and philosophical world.

Que habent aures audienti audiat, re-
peated Jesus in discoursing to the Israelites
to render more comprehensible to them the
In novissimo dierum intelli getis of
Jeremiah. What he means to say, in ration-
ally superior logic, in place of futile,
very gross, and frequently puerile ceremonies,
my Father will be worshiped in spirit and in
truth.

St. Paul, in his first epistle to the Corinth-
ians, chap. 1, v. 19, quotes these words of
Isaiah: "The wisdom of the wise shall be-
come foolishness, and the prudence of the
foolish man shall vanish away." So was it
at the first coming of Jesus; so will it be
at the second coming which all the disciples of
Modern Spiritualism tend to hasten.

The new era inaugurates itself by the aid
of numerous phenomena which men of
science examine in despite of their scholastic

see this extraordinary evolution demonstrated
by speech, experience, and the book.
The money castle formerly inaccessible
opens its doors; the academic race studies the
exterior world, emerging from that castle
consecrated to empty positivism. The move-
ment is slow, but the manifestations scruti-
nized by the exact method, balance in hand,
impose upon us the following conclusion:

It is the inauguration of a new era which
will certainly perpetuate itself, by the aid of
the establishment of the reality of invisible
forces too long unknown.

It is thus for the philosopher and the at-
tentive observer the universal diffusion of the
divine Spirit, the coming of the fortunate
time which will bring us the Reign of God.

In concluding let us repeat what we have
placed at the head of this little unpretentious
memoir: The higher we rise in the hierarchy
of worlds, the more intimate is our relation
with superior spirits, of very good, pure, and
almost perfect. It is incontestable, scientifically
and spiritually we do evolve.

P. G. Leymarie.



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