



THE WORLD OF THE SOUL.

Once in light of summer's beauty when my heart was glad with duty,
Out I wandered in the fields, their rich enchantments to explore;
While I pondered on the splendor falling in the sunlight tender,
Seemed I in a region that I long had known before.
And I heard a voice repeating as if of me entreating,
"All the beauty, all the bliss, these are thine forevermore."
All are thine forevermore!

Like a bird of song above me seemed a voice that loved me,
And the charm of it had magic more and more;
It seemed a new believing until I was receiving
Truth as deep as all the world's profoundest lore;
It sung its strain of feeling the joy of joys revealing—
That made its own sweet song my own forevermore,
Mine forevermore.

Like the sound of water falling was the voice my spirit calling,
And the dream of evil in a moment seemed passed o'er.
I had found the secret learning, wisdom ages had been earning,
And that hearts had closely kept as sacred priestly lore,
I had entered with the sages into science of the ages
That unfolds the universe as ours forevermore,
All as ours forevermore.

Blest for me was plain and mountain, lovely forest and the fountain;
Brook and bird and everything did call me to adore;
Love was mine in pleasure and my life revealed its treasure,
And existence was far sweeter than it was before.
A spirit in the morning was my soul in joy adorning,
And the glory of it was possession pure forevermore,
Splendid this forevermore.

How it came I know not duly, but 'twas there all mine most truly,
Swift intuition of the mysteries that spirits would explore!
All is of the One Eternal, all at core must be supernal
This the glowing summer as a message to me bore;
All is of the life within us that to love and truth would win us,
And would hold us safe and blest and glad forevermore.
Children of the Good forevermore.

Now, methought, beyond all seeming, fearing, hope, or of dreaming,
Life is life and in true blessedness doth its pleasure pour,
Flowing from the first great Giver, like a full and rolling river—
Seeking some wide ocean that lies alluring it before.
Yet the present perfect blessing, now with love my soul caressing,
Teaches me the great Creator reverent to adore,
Child of Love am I forevermore.

What are all the things about us? What were earth and sky without us,
But as paper that the writer all in pieces tore?
We indeed are heart of beauty, we with spirit power and duty,
We with will and strength to love, obey, and feelingly adore;
We with our complete affection win and keep this pure protection,
And since it is right now, it will be ours forevermore.
Since our God is evermore!

All the shades of ill and sorrow had no sense of coming morrow,
Gone was misery that I long had learned to deplore;
Sadness I would then remember as a vanished dream of December,
It was left like stranded ship on sin's forgotten shore;
Lost was old time woe so weary, lost the thought of fortune dreary,
Now, I said, 'tis gone and gone afar forevermore,
I deny it evermore!

Love is in my soul abiding, love in all my life's hiding—
And there is no grief to beat upon life's shore;
All is of the one good Father, all is of his goodness rather
Than of evil, as so many dreamed in days of yore;
In the very heart of being truth is for our open seeing,
That Eternal Goodness brings creation evermore,
Holds and keeps it evermore!

And the soul this truth possessing has the key to every blessing,
For this doth our divine inheritance to us restore;
And then we have endurance in the calm and blest assurance
That in this is esoteric true and faintly lore—
Driving clouds away of sadness, giving sunshine of faith's gladness,
This it does for human hearts now and ever, evermore,
This from more to more.

So sweet nature with her smiling in my heart to love beguiling—
That I may myself the realm of mystery explore,
"Come," she says, to star or flower, "come to sky or come to bower!"
There we see the certainty that teaches to adore:
Something is behind it and the soul is sure to find it,
For it is seeking soul with satisfaction more and more,
And it claims us evermore.

O the great and wondrous story of this universal glory,
That in mist and shadow laid so long and close before;
Now the light is swift increasing, now it dawns in joy unceasing,
Beating like an ocean in its beauty on the shore,
Turning all our tears of sadness into smiles and songs of gladness,
So that paradise should bloom around us forevermore,
In pure joy forevermore.

Thus the soul from fear's dark prison has in liberty arisen—
To the amplitude of life that makes it well adore,
Like a light faith burning in the space of spirit turning

To a justitude from a desert bleak and bare,
And it is in its station like a new and grand creation,
Since it has its spirit power all its own forevermore,
Made its own forevermore.

And I turn to inner being for this truth now I'm seeing,
Finer far than what the scholar found in mental lore,
It's the secret beauty sensed in thought of duty,
Leading from the earth to heaven's starry floor,
'Tis a calm and clear constraining souls in truth are now attaining,
And we grow in this as roses in the light forevermore,
Like the roses evermore!

Once in summer's shining splendor I did every fear surrender,
And I clung to Love because of beauty that it bore;
It became my inner spirit, mine to keep and e'er inherit,
That its kingdom might extend to all the angel's lore;
And I live in love forever in this earnest sweet endeavor
This to hold and realize both now and evermore,
As my life forevermore!

Thus I am in joy attended by these visions true and splendid,
And as the present is so shall be all that lies before;
Now I've nought of sorrow, now from faith alone I borrow,
And no lack or loss have I in weeping to deplore,
Love is mine my life possessing giving me content and blessing,
And I live in joy and power and peace rich forevermore
In hope's summer evermore!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

The Religion of Science.

CHARLES DAWBARN.

A Lecture Delivered in San Francisco, January 26, 1902.

The 19th century has been specially distinguished by man's success in climbing above the tinder box level of his ancestors. Even the tinder box was a great advance upon the yet older method of getting a light by rubbing two sticks. The history of human thought is thus a history of man's limitations at every step. But now that the 19th century has given us the brilliant lamp, the Welsbach mantle and the electric light, the time has come to discard some of our remaining superstitions. At the beginning of the century this little world was still counted as a sort of divine restaurant, with the sun, moon and stars to wait upon the tables. Of course this conception was born of man's self conceit. But to the great mass, even of thinkers, the entire scheme of creation still stands as a graduated scale that may be roughly noted as fish, tadpole, frog, monkey, man, God. Just a hop, skip and a jump from microbe to man, who then shakes hands with Deity, as a prince of the royal family. That there are just as many gradations of intelligent life above man as there are below him has not been a possible conception in any of the various theologies with which ignorant man has been blessed or cursed as he has wended his way upward. The 19th century has been alive with intelligence, culminating today in what calls itself the New Thought. But even the New Thought is still hitched to the old tinder box, as I propose to show in this lecture.

Let us commence with a brief definition of religion and science, which are words we are using every day to express certain thoughts. By religion I mean man's conception of a supreme being as an object for worship, and to whom he looks up as his creator. Science comprises the collection and orderly arrangement of facts, of which it is the province of the scientific philosopher to learn the lesson.

Now what can we really know, or even conceive of this Supreme Being, or Great First Cause as he is termed by some? Since it has been discovered that all space is full of the raw material out of which everything is made—substance, energy, intelligence, which in unmanufactured form we call "ether"—the old idea of a Creator making everything out of his own will power has become impossible. We discover substance, energy, intelligence in the tiniest atom, and the whole of these atoms necessarily constitute what man tries to conceive as an object for worship. Our conception of an Infinite First Cause must include Cosmos with its myriads of blazing suns, among which this little world of ours is not even as a grain of sand upon the sea shore. So we have the atom at one end of our religious scale, and all the atoms, which we call God, at the other. But the tinder box man lets Cosmos severely alone, and surreys his little planet declares it took a whole big God to make it. Let us test his tinder box logic in the light of today.

In yonder shop we watch the manufacture of dynamos. When we stand before the perfected machine it never occurs to us to say, "God made that dynamo." But the tinder box man, who had not watched the mechanic at his job, would have said that not so very long ago, and would have burned the man who denied it. Science has now taught us that this planet of ours is a big dynamo, revolving in space, and utilizing the very same

forces or energy as the little dynamo. Even the scientist acknowledges that dynamos do not make themselves. But that is not saying that the mechanic of the big dynamo is a god. It merely means that he knows more, and wields more power than the mechanic who makes the little dynamo. Thus the intelligent thinker of today stands with all the self conceit of the tinder box era knocked out of him, and is compelled to acknowledge a being with superior intelligence as between himself and his old conception of God.

Next comes a very important question. What are our relations to this world builder, and what are his relations to us? In other words, what is the extent and limit of his power? Here we call upon science to give us some solid facts before we reply, and we find them in an every-day illustration. Here is an ocean steamer, which embodies, perhaps, the uttermost of mortal man's creative ability. Down in its depths are furnaces fed by slaves of the fire. They are literally in hell, but must stay there; or that steamer will be useless. Upon deck, and in the luxurious cabins we may well, by contrast, call it heaven. So in its present conditions heaven rests upon hell, and cannot get on without it. Take out even one stoker from hell, and you must replace him or there will be trouble in heaven. It is no use that stoker calling upon the maker of that steamer for help in his trouble. As if it today somebody must stoke in hell or the vessel stops. We see at once that the remedy for the ills from which that stoker is suffering is beyond the power of the maker of any dynamo, whether big or little. Intelligence must go to work to learn how to do the stoker's work without any stoker, before heaven can get on without its furnace slaves.

This simple illustration tells us that the maker of the big dynamo, like the maker of the little dynamo, cannot yet make a heaven that does not rest on a hell. The slums of civilization and the savage cruelties of man towards his helpless fellow all attest that our little dynamo is today a fighting proposition as bloody as that of the old Aztec. Of course that is a shock to the tinder box mind that is preaching that God is love. But it is truth, all the same, and it leaves us ready to take another step.

Having determined that our little planet dynamo has a maker, and that he cannot get outside present conditions, our next question is as to how much he really knows of what is going on in our lives. We will return to the question of a creator's love a little further on in our study.

Suppose the possessor of the most brilliant intellect now alive undertook to play the guardian angel to an ant-hill. He already knows that certain ant races have a civilization in some respects superior to our own, for there is not a trace of individual selfishness among the million inhabitants of a flourishing ant city. But he also knows that they quarrel and fight with other races, so he starts in to improve their ethics. Alas! he soon finds that his intelligence and that of the ant cannot contact at any single point. He cannot even guess how they talk to one another, or plan their wonderful engineering successes. So at last convinced that he is limited to his own expression of intelligence, and cannot reach that of the ant, he retires from the attempt. Is not that exactly the position of the maker of our little world? If he does not exchange thought with the microbe and the ant how can he think the thoughts of a tinder box man who knows no better than to kneel down and worship him as the inventor of the friction matches called suns and stars, up in the sky.

Some may ask what then can be his object in manufacturing our planet dynamo out of the raw material of Cosmos? Science offers us a very suggestive fact by way of reply. You all know something of the limitations of man's senses. For instance, man hears vibrations that do not exceed some 30,000 to the second. Between that record and some 400 millions of millions of vibrations in the Cosmic ether he is blind and deaf and dumb, and finds nothing he can touch or taste. For him it is an awful gap. But that does not mean that it is empty. The scientist makes a retort. He then pumps out the air and calls it a vacuum. Nature laughs at him. It is just as full of the raw material of everything as ever. Nature is there with her ether, and her attraction which he calls gravitation, pays no attention to his puny attempt to push it out of his way. So there can be no such thing as a vacuum, and wherever there is the raw material there intelligence is in activity according to the conditions existing. So we see that those conditions in that "awful gap" are altogether outside our sense limits. That means, as a fair scientific inference, that mighty civilizations are around and about us of which we know nothing, and which, most probably, can no more contact with us than we can contact with the ant. And such civilizations, of which we know nothing, may contain the real reasons for the first manufacture of this world dynamo of ours. It is possible the citizens of that interior civilization may be able to contact with the maker, though we cannot. They may thus offer ample motive for their creation out of Cosmic world stuff by a su-

perior intelligence. This is certainly a suggestion justified by scientific discovery up to date.

But man is far above the level of the lower forms of life. He has attained some knowledge to prove that even if he does not stand next to God, he yet has an immortality of his own, and an Aural Selfhood which endows him with high privileges. Let us see what this means.

Those who laugh at prayer to an outside intelligence, and deny its use, are thinking only of the tinder box conception of Deity. Watch the poor stoker at the furnace and hear him cry to God for help to escape from his hell. We have seen that his whole conception of God is a tinder box idea, but his prayer goes out all the same. So stoker Tom prays, and it happens that spirit Jim, himself once a stoker, hears that prayer, and says, "That means me." Off goes his spirit jacket, and with might and main he pulls stoker Tom to a higher level. But remember that just as long as present conditions exist some other poor fellow must take stoker Tom's place or the ship will stop. So both prayer and spirit return are today demonstrated facts as eternal truths. Shut off the old tinder box mortal self-conceit and prayer is discovered to be one of the practical forces of life. But it is intelligence alone which will learn how to some day run our world dynamo without stoker or furnace. The Socialist's pet idea is to make the man at the top help to stoke. That man naturally objects. The real remedy is to do away with stokers altogether. When intelligence can draw its food direct from the atmosphere the goal will be in sight, and not till then.

Now a word or two on this much vaunted assertion of God's love. New Thought men and women shout "God is love," which is a tinder box assertion. Stoker Tom says, "If God made me and put me here, all talk of his love is just a bold-faced lie." And Tom is right, from his standpoint.

Man's progress in the 19th century has been the result of his learning how to use the natural forces around him. Electricity, like every other expression of energy, has always existed. When man got in its road he was always injured, and often killed. When he learned to keep in line with it he soon found it would turn his shafting. So he hitched on to its belts, and the machines he had invented began to hum with the song of the Almighty Dollar. That was the secret. Just keep in line with a natural force. Don't go criss-cross or you get hurt. There is all the power you want if you hitch on from the side. Keep away from the front or down you go.

But electricity is only one of Nature's forces. There is a far mightier force known to us today as mental energy. It is the power through which man has learned to control electricity. It is the power which invents and improves until man grows more manly with each passing year. But man was not in line with this force in the tinder box era. And it is chiefly in the last century he has been leaving the tinder box behind. And even today the force feels some of the old shackles holding back these New Thought men and women. They cannot get rid of the old idea that God is love. They still believe it is fish, tadpole, frog, monkey, man, God. I would affectionately suggest to these good brothers and sisters, now in the very front rank of human progress, that mental power is Nature's mightiest force, far mightier than electricity. But, also like electricity, get in its road, and you are injured instead of helped. Man has always, through his tinder box ignorance, been getting in its road. And the world maker has undoubtedly got in its road, too. All life lives upon life. As a consequence we have the hells of life in every clime, and in every age, founded upon selfishness. That is mental power misapplied. We have battles in the field with rapid-fire guns and smokeless powder. We have battles in the slums, fought with starvation as the weapon. We have disease, cruel suffering and unnecessary death, all because man has been getting in the road of this mightiest form of energy. And, for the most part, the scientist who could line with electricity, has failed to line with mental power. There were too many dollars in his road. The New Thought man and woman have been trying, all unconsciously, to get into line with this mighty force, and, in some respects, have already made a glorious success. But we must recognize that perfect harmony with mental power would mean perfect love. For love is simply the harmonious action of this mightiest of forces. That is love, and nothing short of that is worthy of the name. Every unselfish attempt to bless man, whether by hand or brain power, is, by so much, getting into line with mental energy. Already thousands of poor sufferers have had occasion to bless this Thought power. The tremendous growth of the Christian Church is founded on the fact that its members have been personally helped by it. But it clings to the old tinder box. Its God is love, and stands next to the man he is supposed to have created.

If you heard a scientist declare that God was electricity you would look at the dynamo and smile. But God is no more love than he is electricity. In fact the tinder box God

is nowhere, and everywhere, but always unapproachable. The actual maker of earth cannot reach you, and you cannot reach him. But you have precisely the same forces to work with that he wields. You can certainly wield this mental power so harmoniously that you can almost do away with hells of poverty, suffering, disease, and indefinitely delay the disintegration of your forms which men call death. Mental Scientists are already traveling that road, but still hobbled by the old thought that man is next to the head of creation. And in addition working with only one hand, since they refuse all help from the brother and sister of the invisible.

When man gets into full line with mental power I verily believe he will learn how to run his furnaces and slums so as to annihilate the present hells of mortal life. But that is not yet in sight, for the man of today may have a friction match in one hand, but he holds fast to his tinder box with the other. Nevertheless it is in the aspiration for full harmony with mental power—the force that becomes love—that the scientist finds the religion which uplifts his soul, and develops his manhood.

The Armor of Love.

True religion is always loving and joyous. The spirit within finds expression in the thoughts we think, the motives we experience, the sentiments we cherish, and the attitude we assume toward ourselves and others. Spirituality is the "hall-mark" which distinguishes the genuine believer from the mere professor; for he who truly believes in himself, and has confidence in the supremacy of good, will necessarily be serene and self-possessed. He will maintain the attitude of trust in truth and goodness, and manifest that spirit in his disposition towards others. Being full to overflowing with generous loving-kindness, he will be proof against thoughts of ill from others, for they will fail harmless and he will be unconscious of their existence. Ella Wheeler Wilcox says:—

"In older times curses were supposed to blight the lives of those they fell upon; but in the light of modern Truth, we find that 'curse' is a mere superstition, and eventually wither the lips which utter them."

"I would have no least fear of being cursed; but I would walk under a shadow of terror if in a moment of blind anger I allowed myself to wish evil to befall my worst foe, or refused to lend him a helping hand if he asked for it and I knew I could aid him wisely."

"That does not mean that I would seek a close association or comradeship with some one who had wronged me, or that I would continue to confer favors upon the ungrateful or dishonest. There are people who can only be really helped by letting them alone. People who, so long as you show them the least consideration, will make a cat's-paw of you for their own selfish and unworthy aims, and eventually drag you with them into trouble and notoriety; just as there are people to whom a loan is a positive unkindness because it encourages their propensity to lean on others and delays the development of their own mental and moral powers. You may prove such a man's best friend by refusing to lend him money, and if in your heart you know your motive was a good one, it will not matter what he thinks of you or how bitterly he reproaches you or how he curses you."

"But if you allow your heart to frame a wish that poverty and misfortune befall any man—beware! That is a thing to fear. You may feel that his wealth is ill-gotten and that he is cruel and unsympathetic and that he needs poverty and sorrow to chasten him, but leave that with God. Go your way, making your own life a rebuke to his—that is better employment than framing curses."

In the court of your own consciousness do not admit the thought that you are at enmity with any other individual. Even if you have been wronged or slighted, never allow yourself to acknowledge the fact by any feeling of resentment or retaliation. The sentiment of hatred will embitter your life and take the sweetness and joy out of your spirit. Let wise old Marcus Aurelius teach you how to rise above pain. He said: "Do not suppose you are hurt and your complaint ceases; cease your complaint and you are not hurt." Some one has said, "Vanquish your hatreds." That is good as far as it goes, but surely it is better not to feel hatred; not to acknowledge even to yourself that you have failed so low as to permit yourself to tolerate such unhappy sentiments! Envy, hatred, malice, uncharitableness, or even what is sometimes called "righteous resentment" are emotions which hurt those who are swayed by them, and, boomerang fashion, do them more hurt, reactively, than they can possibly do those against whom they are directed. Therefore, should you realize that such feelings have entered your heart and are inspiring your thoughts, strive earnestly to carry out the advice which Ella Wheeler Wilcox gives and—

"Bid your heart of all ill will—the ill will which begrudges any life its beauty, or wishes disaster upon every one—and shut nothing out."
Avoid people whom your best instincts and judgment tell you are not desirable associates, but send them good thoughts for a better life, and put away bitter-ness from your mind.

(Continued on page three.)

Twenty-Five Years of Psychical Experiences.

W. J. COLVILLE.

Lecture delivered March 6th, 1902, before London Spiritualist Alliance, in St. James's Hall, E. Dawson Rogers, Esq., President of the Piccadilly Alliance, in the chair.

(Continued from Aug. 2)

THOMSON JAY HUDSON'S THEORY.

I have been repeatedly asked to describe the difference between telepathic and spiritual messages, and I frankly confess that I have rarely been able to clearly distinguish between them. And this statement suffices to introduce a consideration which is in my opinion a matter of great importance. Take, for example, Thomson Jay Hudson's much-discussed theory of two minds and two memories. Hudson avers that the subjective mind is the sole seat of the telepathic faculty, and in his three celebrated books, 'The Law of Psychic Phenomena,' 'A Scientific Demonstration of the Future Life,' and 'The Divine Pedigree of Man,' he industriously undertakes to prove that, though the objective mind with its memory may perish with the decease of the physical organism, the subjective mind with its memory continues to live on in the life of immortality. If this premise is sound, then Hudson's conclusion, as put forth in his recent article (February, 1902) in the 'Era,' a well-known American monthly, is quite unwarranted, and it is the height of absurdity on his part to declare that Spiritualists are 'fighting in the last ditch,' because recent experiments in the ample field of psychical discovery have abundantly proved the reliability of just such telepathy as Hudson and many others intelligently vouch for. My own experiences in numerous instances have completely satisfied me that in nine out of any average ten instances when psychic communion between friends can be clearly demonstrated, it is almost impossible to discriminate exactly between a message received from a communicant on earth and from one who has passed to the other side of existence. What, indeed, is that 'other side' but the side to which telepathy is indigenous? And can we afford to be sure that when we are functioning telepathically we are not behaving just as we should continue to behave were we suddenly divested of our material envelopes? If the physical frame be but a sheath or vehicle of the abiding entity, which is the true individual, then all these fascinating evidences of thought transference, or mental telegraphy or telephony, accumulating everywhere, are but so many convincing proofs of the reality of our spiritual nature in the here and now, which will prove continuous in the hereafter and the future. Evidences of psychic presence and spiritual guidance having attended my steps from infancy, I cannot specialize any particular season when I have enjoyed the greatest number of distinct proofs of super-terrestrial guidance, but such have always been most distinct and multiple when the need for them has been greatest.

I will now select, almost at random, a few notably striking instances of warning, guidance, and simply interesting seership, which stand forth prominently in my recollection as my thoughts revert to days gone by.

A WARNING VOICE.

Once in California, when I had arranged to lecture in a theatre in Los Angeles while I was yet in San Francisco, I purchased a ticket and secured a berth on a steamer leaving on a Thursday, and due at San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles, by noon next Saturday. It was summer weather and the coast steamers were almost invariably punctual to schedule time. Feeling perfectly sure that I should reach Los Angeles at least twenty-four hours before I needed to appear in the theatre, I felt no apprehension, after securing my tickets, as to fulfilling my engagement, and therefore I was greatly surprised when, while walking up Market street, I heard a voice saying distinctly beside me, 'Change your ticket; go by train; boat will not arrive till Monday.' At first I paid no attention to this strange admonition, and was simply perplexed to account for its origin; but after it had been twice repeated I resolved to run no risk of disregarding a necessary counsel, and I therefore returned to the office where I had secured my passage and changed my tickets from boat to rail, despite the positive declaration of the booking agent that the boats were always on time, and that I could rely on meeting my engagement if I adhered to my first intention. Having procured a railway ticket in compliance with the urgent request of the unseen monitor, I mentally asked, 'What will cause the delay?' to which I received an answer, clairaudiently, with great distinctness, 'Accident to propeller; no danger, but vessel will have to return for repairs; it will arrive safely on Monday.' On arrival in Los Angeles on the Saturday morning, friends remonstrated with me for having forfeited a pleasant water journey at a season when boats were far preferable to trains in that vicinity; but I insisted that as I was announced to deliver two lectures on the following day it was imperative necessary for me to arrive before the steamer, which I was certain would be delayed. Saturday and Sunday both passed and no steamer arrived. I addressed two great audiences before the boat finally got in on the Monday morning, telling a tale of broken propeller and return to port of departure for repairs.

Another incident of quite a different character, but none the less phenomenal, even though less practically useful, concerned an acquaintance I formed in London in 1885, during a course of private midnight seances I was privileged to attend at which conditions were exceptionally fine. To accommodate the several professionals who were members of the circle, we assembled twice a week at midnight and continued our sittings till from 2 a. m. to 3 a. m. Our chief centre of attraction was a huge crystal placed in the centre of a large library table. The crystal was as large as an ordinary globe for containing goldfish, and into this brilliant object we all quietly but intently gazed, with a view to increasing concentration of thought and vision. After we had become susceptible to psychic vision we let our eyes close if they seemed so disposed, and we described whatever came before us. Among a multiplicity of telling incidents connected with that circle, I remember describing accurately scenes then being enacted in a house in Brighton occupied by the parents and other relatives of a young army officer whose regiment was soon afterwards ordered to India. Some months later, when this gentleman was in Calcutta and I in New York, I saw him as plainly as though he were physically beside me, and on the occasion of his birthday, when some friends presented him with a handsome pair of ivory-backed military hair brushes on which his monogram was richly chased in blue and gold, I saw those articles as plainly as though he and I had been actually in a room together, inspecting the birthday presents. A letter which came to me from him a few weeks later described those brushes precisely and contained the words, 'I am sure you are receiving a telepathic despatch from me at this instant.'

SPIRITUALISM BASED ON TRUTH.

Though I have narratives to relate which would fill many a volume, all illustrative of the great question of psychic intercourse between friends yet on earth and those who have 'passed over,' as well as manifold de-

scriptions of most convincing telepathy where both parties have been still incarnate, I must reserve for future opportunities the narration of other striking incidents. But now that I have just rounded out a full twenty-five years of public service, I feel it a solemn duty as well as a high privilege to bear unequivocal testimony to the always beneficial effect which mediumship such as I have developed has had on me from all standpoints. Mentally and physically I owe immensely much to those very evidences and experiences which mistaken people imagine are weakening to mind and body. That there are dangers and drawbacks I do not deny, but through all my varied and protracted experiences on and off the platform, for more than a quarter of a century, I have invariably found that the directions given me from unseen helpers have been sound, elevating, and truthful to the letter in all particulars; while the telepathic incidents, at which I have scarcely more than hinted, have been always interesting, never mischievous, and invariably calculated to throw bright light on many a mystic problem. During the nearly two years which I recently spent below the Equator, I have pursued my way unflinchingly and natively in all varieties of climate and in a great variety of surroundings. I owe a deep debt of gratitude to friends, seen and unseen, for the many tokens of their care and kindness which have brightened all my journeyings and rendered possible of accomplishment the widely extended mission which took me to the Southern Hemisphere. Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Newcastle, and many smaller places in great Australia, I shall ever feel united with as centres of work which I know has already borne good fruit in numerous ways. Auckland, Wellington, and Christchurch in picturesque New Zealand will always remain equally sacred in my memory. During all my Antipodean wanderings I found my psychic faculties fully as clear and as much in evidence as in other lands where the Southern Cross is an unseen constellation. I am now assured that my traveling days are not yet over, and that I still have oceans to cross, and continents to traverse, before I can honorably retire from active service, if such retirement shall ever be my portion. The dangers of Spiritualism are in my judgment greatly overrated, while its blessings are often minimized; for though I have been since 1890 a member of the Theosophical Society, and my acquaintance and connection with the Mental Science movement is a matter of public knowledge, I wish publicly, emphatically, and irreversibly to bear my testimony to the irrefutable truth of spirit communion. With the peculiar theories advocated by some Spiritualists I have no sympathy; and I dare say there are tricky spirits, as well as unreliable people on this side the mystic border; but though I must remain the 'free lance' I have ever been, and work wherever I am called to operate, and therefore cannot pose as exclusively a Spiritualist, inclusively I am as thorough-going an advocate of Spiritualism as any of its most enthusiastic representatives. I owe nothing to developing circles, and comparatively little to spiritualistic literature, or to phenomenal mediumship of an objective type; therefore my assurance of Spiritualism's central claim can never be weakened by any controversy which may rage concerning dubious phenomena. I have seen the unmistakably genuine, the ambiguous, and the fraudulent, and having seen so much I am prepared to testify to this effect, irreversibly—that Spiritualism is based on truth, and no matter how many barnacles may have to be swept from such institutions as are devoted to its special advocacy, the twentieth century must and will witness a spiritual revealing for which all the wonders of the nineteenth, stupendous though they have been, have only paved the way.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Colville on the motion of the President, who said he had noticed with pleasure the evident gratification with which the company had, throughout, listened to the speaker's interesting narrative, and he had no doubt that the friends would be glad if arrangements could be made for Mr. Colville to continue his narrative at an early date. This suggestion was received with manifestations of cordial approval.

THE QUESTION OF SPIRIT IDENTITY.

Continued Record of Psychical Experiences.

Lecture delivered by W. J. Colville before London Spiritualist Alliance, in St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, May 15th, 1902.

The vexed question of spirit identity is one which is always liable to occasion considerable discussion, chiefly by reason of the fact that what appears thoroughly conclusive to some types of mind seems inconclusive to others. It is, therefore, necessary to approach this immense and vital subject not only entirely free from prejudice, but also fortified with clear understanding of the actual worth of the various theories now submitted for popular acceptance as substitutes for what is often termed the spiritualistic hypothesis.

A very friendly correspondent in 'Light' has recently asked whether it is possible for us to explain clearly how we discriminate between telepathic and spiritistic messages—to use the exact words of the courteous truth-seeker who raises the inquiry. Frankly, we admit that it is often quite beyond our present ability to discriminate completely between them, but this lack of ability always to discriminate, far from weakening the testimony favorable to simple Spiritualism, only necessitates a reconsideration of the entire problem of our human constitution before we attempt to formulate an inclusive theory to explain the entire bulk of our diversified psychic experiences. A very large number of thoughtful readers have been much impressed by Thomson Jay Hudson's three celebrated books: 'The Law of Psychic Phenomena,' 'A Scientific Demonstration of the Future Life,' and 'The Divine Pedigree of Man,' in which the hypothesis known as the dual theory of the human mind is very fully and forcibly expounded. Professor Hudson, in common with many other able writers, labors to some extent under a burden of preconception adverse to Spiritualism, which often mars the beauty and consistency of his otherwise excellent literary work. The evidence for telepathy which this author puts forward is very strong and in some instances unimpeachable, but the alleged evidence against Spiritualism is rationally inadmissible, because it is of a singularly negative and supposititious character. We must face our problem bravely, not attempting to disguise the fact that during the past several years much evidence has accumulated in favor of simple telepathy which some over-enthusiastic Spiritualists may have been liable to undervalue because it has been erroneously supposed that, if accepted, it would tend against the interests of the cause which is nearest of all to their hearts. A better understanding of telepathy, and a fuller comprehension of what is logically involved in Hudson's 'two minds' theory, may serve to set many doubters at rest. We must not forget that the title of Hudson's second book is utterly misleading and an entire misnomer, if the evidences of telepathy prove communion between friends on earth but throw no light on the condition of those who have 'crossed the border.' The author persistently claims that of our two minds, which he consistently designates objective and subjective, the former perishes at the time of physical dissolution, but the latter lives on and finds a sphere for fuller and more perfect functioning than it ever enjoyed on earth. This theory accounts for telepathy as a sort of forerunner of the method of communion between friendly entities which will prevail unceasingly in the future life. The only flaw that we have been able to detect in Hudson's chain of reasoning is the poor opinion he seems to enter-

tain of the moral integrity of the subjective mind, coupled with the utterly foundationless assertion that overwhelming evidence of unrestricted telepathy will drive Spiritualists, ere long, even out of that 'last ditch' in which they are now desperately fighting (according to Hudson) to save a lost cause and rescue a forlorn hope. Reasonable identification of telepathy with direct spirit-communion, instead of introducing a new perplexity and further complicating an already complicated situation, introduces us for the first time to an orderly, harmonious, and easily comprehended interpretation of many analogous facts and parallel experiences which have long perplexed the average student of psychic phenomena, though there have always been singularly luminous exponents of mental and spiritual science and philosophy, who have gone a long distance on the road which must lead eventually to universal understanding of man as a spiritual being.

We have frequently been asked to deduce clearly wherein consists the difference between a message received from a friend yet on earth, and a similar communication from one who has 'passed over.' Spiritualistic literature has largely been encumbered with two oft-repeated phrases, 'spirit return' and 'spirits coming back to earth.' These phrases are to a large extent misleading, for, though there are instances where such language may accurately and adequately describe the nature of certain manifestations, such expressions do not by any means correctly serve to describe the actual experiences of the great majority of seers and seeresses of ancient or modern times. Intromission to the spiritual state is a phrase full of deep significance, and, were it used more frequently, it would serve to elucidate many a problem of clairvoyance, clairaudience, clairsentience, and psychometry. Professors Denton and Buchanan, in their learned dissertations concerning psychometry, illustrated by numerous recitals of personal experience, have insisted that a true psychometer perceives the aura of an object, and can at times distinctly see into the spirit-world and become consciously in rapport with denizens thereof. Such quickened perception may fairly be considered as in some degree an anticipation of the means of intercourse we shall enjoy one with another when we have bade farewell to our robes of flesh.

If at this point we are reminded that the question of spirit identity is especially our theme at present, we may surely claim that if we are called upon to identify those intelligent beings with whom we are in communication, we must apply the same laws of evidence to this matter as to questions of individual identification when only mundane matters are involved. To identify a fellow-being in any world is not always easy, and indeed it often is found to be extremely difficult when we rely solely on outward tests. 'The hands are the hands of Esau, but the voice is the voice of Jacob' is a vivid Scriptural instance of the extreme difficulty experienced by an ancient patriarch in deciding which of his two sons was actually in his presence. The blindness of Isaac is easily typical of the condition in which most people are found when some sort of deception is successfully practised upon them. Evidences of two kinds are presented together. One set of evidences appeal to feeling, the other to intelligence. We judge people very often by outward appearances which we subsequently find to have been altogether deceptive, and if it be admitted in any degree that there are deceiving spirits who sometimes visit us, we are obviously placed in precisely the same position with reference to them as with regard to persons yet on earth who play us false because we are open to deception. The difficulties attending spirit identification are not necessarily greater than those surrounding the identity of persons who are yet encased in mortal garments.

No purely external tests are always valid. Indeed, to place extreme reliance upon such alone is to encourage swindling, and play into the hands of forgers who are usually very capable of simulating perfectly the outward garb of those they seek to personate. Testimonials, references, and letters of introduction constitute no infallible criteria, as these may all be counterfeit or stolen. The only sure way to identify anyone absolutely is by cultivating psychic perceptiveness, and this is more apt to be strongly developed in highly sensitive persons than in any others. Deception is, however, less likely to be practised on the spiritual than on the material side of existence, because the motive to deceive is far less strong. Expectation of worldly gain urges most deceivers on earth to ply their nefarious vocation, and it may be safely assumed that at least ninety per cent. of all deception would vanish from the earth if no financial or other ulterior gain could accrue from it. To palm oneself off as another would be objectless folly in which very few people would care to indulge did they not think they saw in such deception a means for self-enrichment or aggrandizement.

It may with some fairness be assumed that when communicating intelligences who display only very meagre intelligence profess to be very celebrated and illustrious personages, they may be hankering for the incense of adulation, but when no great names are given and no pretensions claims are made, it is difficult to see what reason could be fairly given for simply stupid masquerading or deliberate misrepresentation of any sort. We know from experience that auto-suggestion on the part of the alleged recipient of a spiritual communication may account for some instances of falsification, especially when such self-deception tends largely to self-glorification or the gratifying of personal vanity. A great drawback to untainted spirit-communion is the prejudice and vanity of many sensitives, but this very foolishness on their part sometimes serves to reveal an aspect of truth which is frequently neglected, viz., that there may be perfect sincerity and frankness on the side of the unseen communicator, while the person to whom the communication is made may be the sole suggester of the deceptive element.

A lady in one of the Southern States of America declared that she was in direct communion with George Washington, the first President of the United States; but her friends as a rule laughed at her claim, because by means of automatic writing through the lady's hand, and by means of trance speaking through her lips, 'George Washington' expressed himself most ungrammatically and in negro dialect. On a notable occasion when 'George Washington' was speaking through this lady's mediumship, he was distinctly seen by a fine clairvoyant who had been invited to a seance, and at the conclusion of the address this seeress described what she had witnessed during its delivery, which was the presence of a very decided African of Ethiopian tint and cast of feature, and who appeared strongly attached to the lady through whose mediumship he had been able to deliver a lengthy message. On being requested to describe all she saw, the seeress went on to give particulars of a venerable old servant who had been named 'George Washington,' who had been a faithful retainer of the family prior to the Emancipation Proclamation issued in 1865, and had in that year steadily refused to accept his freedom, as he dearly loved the old estate and was devotedly attached to his master and mistress, parents of the lady through whom he was then able to communicate and whom he had often nursed during her earliest girlhood, ere he passed to spirit life, when she was not over eight years of age. That simple incident served to explain the entire problem, and it afforded a thoroughly rational explanation of a phenomenon belonging to a class, by no means uncommon in America, which have led to denunciations of fraud where none existed—theories of wicked personating spirits, and many other vagaries of unbalanced judgment—to say nothing of the would-be clever remark made by people who were more 'smart' than wise, that it must be a terrible thing to die if in our post mortem condition we so quickly and sadly de-

teriorate. An instance like the foregoing will bear thorough sifting, and it is surely much easier to explain such an instance in the light of direct spirit communion than by straining an auto-suggestive or telepathic hypothesis to the breaking point to invent an improbable, in place of a probable, interpretation. Had the lady referred to suggested the matter to herself she would certainly have been fairly grammatical, as she was a comparatively well-educated woman, and not being a negro she would not have clothed an imaginary message from George Washington, as she conceived of him, in negro dialect. Admitting telepathy, mental telephony, or telephony, or ought else that is in any measure psychical, nothing can well be more likely than that a good old negro who had been for many years a faithful servant to the family residing on that particular estate, should seek an avenue of communion with it through the agency of a member to whom he had been greatly attached just before he passed into the realm of spirit.

It is doubtless true that many spirits leave the earth and all pertaining to it, very shortly after the demise of the physical body, while others remain closely connected with the scenes of their earth existence, not because they are earth-bound in the sense of being unhappy creatures who cannot, on account of their sensual vices, rise above the mundane level, but because their affections still cling to persons and places with which they have enjoyed pleasing associations up to the latest moment of their terrestrial existence. Andrew Jackson Davis, as well as Swedenborg, and many other gifted seers, have said much concerning the many spheres in this solar system encircling the various planets, which have often been numbered from one to seven, and then again divided and sub-divided into circles within circles, like wheels within wheels in Ezekiel's visions; and those who have become strongly attracted to such teaching—and their name is legion—have brought forward the revelations of these prophets to disavow the declaration, made from a somewhat different standpoint, that multitudes of spirits cannot return to earth as they have not yet taken their departure from this planet's immediate atmosphere, or even from the exact localities where a large portion of their earthly days were spent in work or amusements in which they took a decided interest.

While indulging in personal reminiscences, and not desiring to repeat a record of experiences already published and circulated, I will narrate a very recent instance of what seems to me clear evidence of spirit identity. When I was in Australia about eighteen months ago, in Sydney, I frequently employed the services of a bright, enterprising young man, who was an excellent typist, and to whom I dictated portions of several books and numerous magazine articles. Before taking my last earthly farewell of this young gentleman, on the eve of his departure for New Guinea, whither he went to occupy a post of trust and influence, he said to me that he hoped when I returned to England he might accompany me on the ocean, as he much desired, though by birth an Australian, to visit the Mother Country, which, though twelve thousand miles distant, is invariably called 'home' by Australasians. My reply was that though I could not definitely foresee my own plans for the near future, and could, therefore, promise nothing, I held myself in full readiness to fall in with his wishes should opportunity occur to favor the carrying out of the project. Shortly after his arrival in New Guinea in full possession of health, and seemingly of vigorous constitution, he caught the local fever, and in three days he had made his exit from the mortal body. I cannot say that he was very frequently in my thoughts, or that his loss would seem to me irreparable; still there was a link of sympathy between us which evidently made it possible for him to manifest his presence to me on more than one occasion during three distinct stages of my voyage from Sydney, via New Zealand and across America, to England. The first time he attempted to make himself known to me was between Sydney and Auckland, but as I was seldom alone during the four brief days that voyage occupied—I cannot remember any very definite evidence of his identity, though I was fully conscious of his presence. The second visit which I know he made me was en route to California, when I had a large cabin to myself on the 'Sonoma,' and not being much acquainted with any of my fellow passengers I had many opportunities for quiet silence and uninterrupted meditation. I well remember distinctly feeling the presence of my young friend with me, just as I had known him in Australia, and so real and tangible was the sense of that presence that it seemed exactly as though another person was sharing the cabin with me. I was quite awake, perfectly calm, and fully able to determine all he said to me, and yet I am certain I heard nothing with my external ears except the motion of the vessel passing through the water. Not only did I feel, or sense, his presence, but he gave me information concerning his situation in New Guinea, and the circumstances of his life there, which I subsequently learned, through correspondence with a mutual acquaintance, were correct in every detail. On the third occasion, when I am strongly realized his presence, I was nearing Plymouth on my voyage from New York last February, and on that occasion he gave me information concerning his present state and occupation, and told me several things in regard to my own near future, which have since been fully verified. Such definite, direct, and truthful communications certainly do not proceed from lying spirits, nor do they emanate from my own sub-self, whose reputation for veracity and sanity I am naturally interested to maintain; and when I speak a good word for my own subjective mind—which is to live hereafter when my objective mind has perished—I stand up equally for the corresponding sub-selves or subjective minds of all my neighbors. It is immeasurably more rational to maintain a reasonable spiritualistic version of such facts as I have just related than to invent, and uphold at all hazard, a contradictory and extremely complicated theory of the mysteries of telepathy, which serves to befog far more than to enlighten rational inquirers. In seeking to reply definitely to the very natural inquiry whether there is any marked difference in appearance between the psychic, or astral, body of a person yet on earth, and of one who has parted company with earthly raiments, I venture to suggest that only when the factor of clairvoyance is added to telepathy is this clearly determinable. Usually the appearance to psychic vision of one who has left the flesh is more ethereal than that of one who is still connected with it, but when only a sense of presence is realized, and intelligence is inwardly communicated, it is often impossible to decide whether the despatch in question is being received from a friend yet on earth or from one who is more frequently designated a 'spirit.'

Unnecessary difficulties in the way of rational spiritual identification are created by many persons who evidently mistake identity which pertains to abiding individuality for the most external incidences of ever-fluctuating exterior personality. Such questions are often raised as, 'If you see my father can you describe his appearance? does he wear a beard? how is he dressed?' and much else of the same almost ridiculous character. A little sober reflection must convince the veriest tyro that such questions, answered one way or another, cannot determine identity. We all know that fashions alter and habits change with wonderful rapidity, and it is by no means difficult for a man to remove a full beard in a few moments, or let one grow in a few weeks, thereby completely altering one aspect of his appearance. Black hair easily turns white, stout persons grow thin, and slender persons become stout, very frequently, while changes wrought by passing years and varying emotions frequently suffice to render old photographs, once speaking likenesses, no longer discernible, unless to the acutest students of physiognomy.

(To be continued.)

and copy of the paper containing the reference to the

OF SALE BY AUCTION OF LIGHT FURNISHING ON

spods are sown, which will find fruition in a fairer world.

He is the family, imperfect though it may be, designed to endure. Parents and children, brothers and sisters, will be recognized as such in the world beyond. And those members of the circle who have lovingly and yet selflessly stood for right principles and action will meet the affection and the reverence which are their due. The same in heaven's bright light will not regret the sacrifices he has made, the courage with which he has stood his hard post, nor the love he has bestowed.

The love which seems here to have been worthily given, will be recognized and ap-

prevailed there by those who now seem to be indifferent to it. Love softens and mellow the hardest heart, and prepares the soil of the soul for beautiful and fragrant flowers in Heaven's bright day.

Patience and courage, suffering one! All things (neither reason nor God admit any exceptions) all things work together for good to them that love God. And loving God is loving that which is true, beautiful, and good for everlasting to everlasting.

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

Paragraphs of Interest From Magazines.

THE PRECOCIOUS CHILD.

The genuinely precocious child is very rare. Parents are seldom justified in attributing to their children powers which are transcendent. The vanity of so doing would be harmless in itself if it did not sow a crop of terrible mistakes in the treatment of the child which tends to its bodily and mental undoing. The signs of brain lag in a child, says Dr. Grace Peckham Murray, in the August *Delineator*, are easily read, and the warnings should be heeded at once. Parents should be watchful that the growth of the mind should not be made at the expense of the body, and the body at the expense of the mind. The child's mind is bound to be active about something; that is its normal condition. The mischief comes from overtaxing it with matters which it cannot comprehend, or gorging it with impressions that at best the child can only partially comprehend.

A TOURNAMENT OF MARRIAGE PROPOSALS.

To such of our friends as wish to make a proposal of marriage and do not know exactly in what words to frame it, the present number of *Will Carleton's Magazine*, *Every Where*, will be "mighty interesting reading." A prize is being offered for the best proposal, and several other prizes for such as may be of excellence, but fall below the very first grade. To people that could find words with which to propose several times, if such a process were necessary (and it might be if one were repeatedly rejected), there is a good chance to make money. It will pay you to send for this genial and interesting magazine, which is only fifty cents a year, or five cents per single copy.

It is not only the above-mentioned attraction, but the very best original literature obtained, that makes this number of *Will Carleton's Magazine* and *Margaret E. Sangster*, Write to Every Where Publishing Company, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CHILD SLAVERY IN THE SOUTH

The states in which the evil of child slavery in cotton mills is most trying, are Georgia, Alabama and the two Carolinas. Efforts have been made to secure legislation in these states such as is enforced in all northern communities for the protection of the children, but thus far the unscrupulous methods of the owners of the mills, backed by the short-sighted and foolish pride of the people, in the growth of an industry which is fed by the tears and the blood of little children, have been sufficient to defeat them. The mill-owners boast that they control and will continue to control the legislature, and their boasting seems justified by the fact that in each of these four states they succeeded within the past years in defeating measures of this character. In South Carolina, which now leads in the number of mills and studies, a measure which proposed only to prohibit the employment of children under twelve years after May, 1901, was voted down in the closing session of the last legislature. Within sight of the capitol, within hearing of the law-makers who voted to sacrifice young lives to capitalist greed, mills were running, employing for more than twelve hours every day, fully four hundred children under twelve years of age, some of whom were only six or eight years old and few of whom had ever attended school. In the community in which these children are placed, of six thousand people, the total enrollment of pupils in school was less than one hundred for the term, and the school teacher said to the writer, "The mill calls all the children out whenever it needs them." The five mills in this community are paying, in the statement of the officials made to the writer is correct, from eighteen to forty per cent, upon the capital invested. Another official acknowledged that in his mills children as young as six and seven years were being employed.—*High Cameron in The Pilgrim for August.*

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE THOUGHT.

I have a friend who has worked for nearly half a century at an exacting profession. He was well instructed and, in certain lines, is learned, so that his work and his writings have given to him a distinct reputation. In his time he has had success, such as many a beginner would look forward to with envy. But his means now are limited, and the leader apprehension as to the few remaining years in which he is likely still more to dwindle hangs heavily upon him. "I suppose," he says grimly, "that it will be fairly well with me if I die soon enough." From his point of view he is one of a multitude of victims of the "modern tendency." He holds that the remuneration of capital and of enterprise on a large scale have impaired and threaten to destroy the importance of the individual. The incentives to individual effort and its rewards are disappearing. On the one hand, everything tends to specialization; on the other, specialties are becoming subordinate to an inexorable system. The trail of organization is over all. Men are becoming, not mere machines, but minute parts of great machines. Each human wheel must turn its given number of times on its fixed axle each day until it is thrown aside and another is fitted in its place. And more perfectly each individual performs the task he has succeeded in obtaining the less likely he is to get a better. From all this my friend predicts the slow deterioration and final decay of that free and varied intellectual energy the exercise of which is a delight in itself, and the love of which in the past made the professions what they were, and are no longer.

It is of no use to point out to my friend the statistics that tend to show that the world is not so degenerate, and that the variety of original work required by the vast undertakings of the day was never approached before, while the earnings of labor tend to increase and the average well-being advances. He declares that averages are cheats. "From 'The Point of View,'" in the Fiction Number (August) of *Scribner's*.

THE LEADERSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

The United States Senate has been called the greatest legislative body in the world. Probably it is. It has a rival, it will be found in the House of Commons. As the Commons dominates the legislation and policy of the kingdom, so the Senate dominates the governmental activities of the Republic. The man who rises to the first rank in the body like the Senate is a man of power. Only ten or a dozen of fourscore and a half form that select company. There are no weaklings among them. Accident or wealth may get a man into the Senate, but it will not get him into the inner circle. He who not only obtains entrance to this managing and leading

coterie, but who comes to be recognized as the most brilliant, most useful, most powerful member of it, must have something in him which rises very nearly to the height of genius. It places him next to the President of the United States himself in actual potentiality in our government; and winning this station may be a greater credit to his intellectuality and character than the Presidency itself. Accident may take a man into the White House, but it cannot put him where John Coit Spooner stands today. In estimating the true meaning of this high place, we must remember that the Senate comes nearer to being the Government of the United States than any other part of the system. Of late years it has completely eclipsed the House of Representatives. To the President it is a sort of council of state—a council which molds him much more than he molds it. The Senate is largely controlled by this inner circle of a dozen men. Actual personal leadership it will not have. According to the ethics and traditions of that body, no man may aspire to such commanding influence in it as Speakers have wielded or chairmen of ways and means committees have enjoyed in the House. The Senate will recognize no captain, not even the President of the United States. It is a stickler for the theory of equality. Presumably one Senator is as good as another. But in practice there is the dominating inner circle; and when one thinks of that circle, the first man who comes to mind is Spooner, of Wisconsin, by upstart of him as near to the leadership of the Senate as any man may hope to get.—From a sketch of "Spooner, of Wisconsin," by Walter Wellman, in the *American Monthly Review* of Reviews for August.

OUR OWN VOLCANOES.

North Overton Messenger's article on "The Volcanic Activity of the Earth" in the *Era Magazine*, contains a large amount of useful knowledge. Here are a few crumbs: "In our North American possessions we have volcanoes to spare. There are 15 active craters in Alaska, and a score more in repose which may at any time break forth. The Alaska volcanoes have been active during all the time the country has been known to civilized man. In 1796 an island was formed 20 miles north of Unalaska by volcanic action; eight years later, when revisited, the soil was still warm. This island has gradually been increasing in size, and probably by upheaval of land. Just across Bering Strait, another volcano in Kamchatka, 15,000 feet in height, erupted in 1829 with a noise that was heard for fifty miles. One of the volcanoes in Cook Inlet is 14,000 feet high.

"The Philippine Archipelago presents probably the most interesting area of volcanic activity to American scientists. Thus far the Spanish records must be relied upon to describe the system; but in the near future the American Geological Survey will take the subject in hand and begin a more careful inspection. The volcanoes of the Philippines run in two parallel belts northwest and southwest through the Archipelago. In fact, the Kurile Islands in the north to Java, Australia and New Guinea in the south, are at a distance of more than 120 degrees of latitude. This region has been the scene of many frightful seismic catastrophes involving enormous loss of human life. The volcanoes not only are of prodigious size, but seem to possess unusual latent energy. The greatest cataclysm the world has known occurred in this area, when Krakatoa exploded and half of an entire mountain sank into the depths of the sea.

"The Spanish records give numerous accounts of eruptions of volcanoes in the Philippines. In 1641, one immense volcano in the southeast extremity of Mindanao, another on the north coast of Luzon, and another in Luzon were active at the same time. The explosion of the Luzon volcano tore up three mountains, forming a lake in their stead. The noise of the outbreak was heard for miles, and created intense consternation throughout that region. In 1766 the volcano of Mayon, on the island of Luzon, exploded and destroyed 12,000 lives. Mayon still is active and is held responsible for the numerous earthquakes that occur in the vicinity. The book is inaccessible and the crater never has been fully explored. Off the northwest coast of Mindanao is the extensive volcano of Catarman, with a crater lake, the water in which alternately disappears and overflows. In 1856 a volcanic island appeared off Luzon, rising to a height of 700 feet, and it has since pushed up to a level of 800 feet above the sea. The Philippines, indeed, appear to be located over the seat of intense subterranean activity. The possibilities of disaster are illimitable, and the earthquake, that dread companion of the volcano, certain to be a constant menace to the population."

WORKS ON HEALTH.

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SPIRITUALISM.

By JUDGE JOHN W. EDMONDS, and DR. GEORGE T. DEXTER.

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