

## TO ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

As the days of toil and labor  
Each to you its burden brings,  
Come there not a thought, O toiler,  
Of diviner, higher things?  
Bowed beneath thy tasks in Egypt,  
Crushed beneath the senses' sway,  
Turn thy face toward the desert  
To the light of coming day!  
Gird thee on the creaking harness,  
Get thee out from Pharaoh's land,  
With the flaming sword of courage  
Waving in your knotted band.  
Up! the morning light still beckons!  
Up! the manna waits for thee!  
Back of thee the sin and striving,  
Wide before the parted sea.

O. R. Washburn.

## Henry David Thoreau.

Suzie C. Clark.

In this celebration of the centennial anniversary of Emerson's birth, his associates and contemporaries likewise invite our cordial interest, not that the separate glory of each depends for recognition on a false conception that they were in any degree satellites of a full-orbed sun, reflections of its radiance, but as being essential and component parts of that galaxy of genius whose achievements stamped the era in which they lived as the Augustan Age of American literature.

It is interesting to recall in this connection, the close and intimate relationship existing between Emerson and Thoreau, the nature-poet, the naturalist and philosopher, who became an inmate of Emerson's home for three years, a helpful member of his family, supervising the business affairs of the household, planting the garden, serving as secretary, and assisting in the editorship of *The Dial*, gaining for himself meanwhile, formative impulse for his own genius and retiring nature, inspiration in meeting the many literary guests from both the Old and New Worlds, who journeyed to Emerson's shrine, and an opportunity for congenial occupation among the trees and flowers that he loved, writing at this time also, many of his essays and giving occasional lectures.

Emerson's children likewise found in Thoreau an unfailing and helpful friend, who fed their fancy and growing intelligence with tales of classic or mythologic lore, Indian legends, and the recital of weird poems. It is recorded by a son of the house "He was a great comfort to us all." As might be expected, Emerson's skill in the use of tools, or in husbandry, was quite limited, a deficiency noticed by his little son Waldo, in his well-known remark: "Papa, I am afraid you will dig your leg," but Thoreau, with equally philosophical quality of mind, was a natural and skilful gardener. Of the little Waldo, "the hyacinthine boy," whose early departure inspired the beautiful "Threnody," Thoreau writes, "He died as the mist rises from the brook, which the sun will soon dart his ray through. Do not the flowers die every autumn? He had not taken root here." Thoreau's own heart was also deeply wrung with sorrow in this same winter of 1842, by the death of his only brother and close companion—John Thoreau.

Mrs. Emerson (whose sweet benignity and graces of character, whose gentle inspiration and strength, were always a help to her gifted husband and who therefore should not be forgotten and ignored at this commemorative season), exerted also a refining and growthful influence upon Thoreau, educating his grandest qualities towards expression, and his lively appreciation of this service is voiced in a letter he once wrote her, from New York: "The thought of you will constantly elevate my life; it will be something always above the horizon to behold, as when I look up at the evening star. I feel taxed not to disappoint your expectation."

It is quite incorrect, however, to claim, as some critics have done, that Thoreau was simply a reflection of Emerson's philosophy, for it is a fact that to some of the Emersonian ideas, Thoreau had given an earlier expression. Their minds were attuned to the same tonic chord, were fed from the same founts of nature and classic literature, tinged by the same environment, therefore it was inevitable that the eolian harp strings of such similarly gifted brains should produce like vibrations, though expression was modified, was restricted or amplified, by the varying temperaments of these two notable men. It is remembered that Helen Thoreau, after hearing one of Emerson's early lectures in Concord, exclaimed, "Why, Henry has inscribed that thought in his journal," whereupon Emerson's sister-in-law, Mrs. Brown, borrowed the book and showed it to the lecturer, thus opening the lifelong friendship between these kindred philosophers. There is a legend current in Concord also, as an amusing instance of the blind devotion of a mother's love, that Madame Thoreau, on leaving a hall where Emerson had just spoken, remarked to a friend, "How like our David Mr. Emerson grows." The sage himself paid this tribute, the year after Thoreau's death: "In reading him, I find the

same thoughts, the same spirit that is in me, but he takes a step beyond, and illustrates by excellent images that which I should have conveyed in a sleepy generalization." Thoreau was perhaps the less lofty, but more specific writer.

It is unfortunate for a thorough comprehension and appreciation of Thoreau's pure and noble life, that the hermit episode should have been so over-emphasized, made so unduly prominent, until perhaps the majority of the youth of today, regard him incorrectly as a stoic, a taciturn, silent recluse, one who permanently withdrew from his fellows, and scorned all social relations with the world. There could be no greater mistake than to thus exalt that brief Walden incident to a stereotyped habit of life. An ardent lover of nature, a student and a reformer, he longed for opportunity and quiet leisure to work out some of the problems that appealed to his large brain and tender heart. He desired to observe nature in her every mood by becoming her close companion, to learn the secrets of her winter sleep, to taste the glad delight of her slow awakening, to listen to her ever-changing music, to become "the self-appointed inspector of snowstorms and rainstorms," he wished to watch the habits of bird and bee and fish, these shy creatures often nibbling at his fingers, or lying in his outstretched palm, as his canoe silently floated through their watery haunts. He felt so closely akin with every living creature that he could harm none, for even when a woodchuck gnawed off a half acre of beans he was raising, he caught it in a trap, carried it two miles away, and then released it to enjoy fresh fields and pastures new. He wanted also favorable opportunities for inscribing his poems and essays, to think out the philosophies, the social and educational questions, with which his active brain was teeming; as he himself explained, "I would fain communicate the wealth of my life to men, would really give them what is most precious in my gift. I will sift the sunbeams for the public good."

Thus he conceived the "experiment" (his own word for his sylvan venture) of building a study in the woods, to which he could retire, at will. Therefore, borrowing an axe of Mr. Alcott, and a plot of land owned by Mr. Emerson, in the woods bordering Walden pond, he hewed timber enough for his little ten by fifteen lodge, was assisted in raising it by his notable friends, Bronson Alcott, Edmund Hosmer, and George William Curtis, and here he took up his abode at intervals, for only two and a half years out of the forty-five years of his life. Every day of this time he walked to his home in the village, not two miles distant, was always the devoted son and affectionate brother, ever ready to meet the family needs, he visited old friends and neighbors constantly, was frequently the gracious and hospitable host to delighted guests from near and far, his family always spending Saturday afternoons with him, bringing contributions of delicate cookery for his larder. He made excursions, while living thus, to Maine and Cape Cod, and recorded the results of his limited solitude, his researches and experiences, in charming volumes of fine thought, noble ideals, and valuable suggestion which have made the world richer and better. When he had tried his "experiment" long enough to fulfil his literary plans, to "sift a few sunbeams for the public good," he closed that brief chapter of his life and resumed his cherished place in the family circle, and the village life to whose interests he had never been recreant.

Here, some years later, he slowly, cheerily, faded from mortal life, being overtaken all too soon, by the family scourge, consumption. His philosophy, like that of his older kinsman in soul, was one of pure optimism, and work to him was a religion, although he would severely censure the "Saint Vitus' Dance" kind of activity which characterizes present day effort. He never held a theory or promulgated a principle that he did not conscientiously live, leading a thoroughly consistent life at every point. He made valuable contributions to natural history, as a pioneer in this field, his classifications of the flora and fauna of New England's woods and mountains serving as trusty foundation and nucleus for the data of naturalists who have succeeded him. Even Agassiz visited him for conference, while he was occupying his Walden retreat, with much profit, although these great minds approached their favorite field of research from the opposite viewpoints of poet and scientist.

Thoreau's flute, on which he was a most skilful performer, was the constant companion of his solitude, and it discoursed to him rare melodies, echoes of the sweet rhythm sung by the pines and the waves, smatches of tone that never were imprisoned by measure or bar. It is related that soon after he had breathed his last, a strain of music swept briefly across his flute, then hanging upon the wall of his room. It was supposed that a breath of wind accomplished this marvel, but might it not be the swan-song of the emancipated spirit ere taking its final flight from the confines of earth? Of

all music, he was passionately fond, and once wrote: "The profane never hear music, the holy ever hear it. It is God's voice, the divine breath audible."

He was among the first interpreters of Nature through literature, drawing rich lessons therefrom, with practical deductions of simplicity in living, as the true secret of growth for mind and soul. His fame must increase as the years go on, his books be more widely read and appreciated. And how voluminous his work, considering his brief existence. Would Emerson, Hawthorne, or Lowell have made such incisive and enduring mark upon the literature of the age, would their influence upon the pregnant thought of that epoch have been so strong had they passed from earth in their fourth decade, before the ripening influx of maturity had been won, their most fruitful years of production so sadly curtailed? Thoreau stands a unique and solitary messenger of Truth and Beauty to all who are ready to receive his myriad-tongued translation. Many of his crisp sentences might serve as daily inspiration to fidelity of purpose and action.

"Be resolutely and faithfully what you are; be bravely what you aspire to be."

"Be faithful to your genius. Write in the strain which interests you most. Consult not the popular taste."

"Read the best books first, or you may not have a chance to read them at all."

"We feel self-congratulation to be as absurd as for a man to break forth into a eulogy on his dog who hasn't one. Have we not our everlasting life to get? If we made the true distinction, we should almost all of us be found in the almshouse for souls."

"Only the day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star."

## Pen Flashes from the Pilgrim.

NO. 1.

Offering no apology for the past in literature, and making no promise for the future, I step right into the field, writing as I am inspired, inspired. Not a day passes but that I am conscious of the presence of invisible intelligences about me. They may be denominated divine helpers.

It is now just half-past four o'clock in early day-time. From this to five is my usual time for rising. How lovely and fresh this May morning, and the more so after the copious showers of yesterday. Upon rising I salute the sun, the trees, the birds. They are my brothers and sisters, for they are afire with life. Life is a unit, and life is everywhere.

Of sleep M. Jules Verne wrote:

"Six hours of sleep suffice for old and young. Seven for the lazy—eight we grant to none."

Some organizations require more sleep than others. This is admitted. Those begotten, born and brought up in the suburbs of "sleepy hollow," find their chief delight in dozing. Such too slothful seldom make a success of life.

Who does not luxuriate in the stillness of silence? Personally, I am never lonesome, unless when in a crowd, or cribbed and caged in a parlor among fashionable, voluble uncongentials.

Though quiet in my library, so rich with the recorded wisdom of scientists, seers and savants—though the waving trees are musical with singing birds and lawns and landscapes afar are vested in their best, and though all nature seems glad and golden, my eyes are tearful as I read of those Kishineff murders and massacres in Russia, by Russian Christians—ecclesiastical butchers!

There are two lies among the millions that ought to be immediately stamped into eternal annihilation, that:

1. The Jews—the wicked Jews—crucified Jesus Christ.

2. That a Gentle, or Christian child is yearly murdered to furnish blood for the pass-over ceremonies of the Jews.

True, Jews loan money, and so do Christians. Vividly do I remember, when hard pressed, financially, in San Diego, California, of borrowing money of a Methodist standing high in the church, and paying therefor 12 per cent. Such excessive usury is an abomination. There is a warm corner in my heart for the Jews. Their industry is admirable. They take care of their own poor. Their circumcision ceremony is pathologically clean and scientific. And the hygienic attitude taught by Moses during an epidemic has not yet been attained by Christian nations. Twice when unable to secure a public hall, or a church for my lectures, respectively in Helena, Arkansas, and Louisville, Kentucky, the Jews gratuitously opened their synagogues for my Sunday lectures. Never had I a truer or more scholarly friend than the late Rabbi I. M. Wise, President of the Hebrew College, Cincinnati, Ohio. Such works of his as "The

Israelitish Nation," "History of the Hebrew Second Commonwealth," "Origin of Christianity," etc., are as invaluable, touching the Semitics, as are Max Muller's relating to the Aryans.

Only such movements as are founded in truth and are needed, can perpetually abide. Error has in it the leaven of disintegration and ultimate destruction. When the history of any movement, be it scientific, social or religious, becomes more important than its present activities, its chief work in the world is ended. That merciless law of the survival of the superior removes it as do showers and winds the dry leaves. The presence of cadavers, under whatever name, are offensive, and should be promptly burned or buried from sight.

On the contrary, just so long as a movement founded in truth is fed by genuine phenomena, nurtured by principle, inspired by convictions, stimulated by conscientious activities and guided by wisdom, these—all these mutually supporting and gracing each other, a mighty work may—will be accomplished. This becomes the more certain when the past, lending a venerable dignity to this twentieth-century present, all ablaze as it is with possibilities and optimistic opportunities, continues in the line of widest research, and deepest psychic studies, adding to its storehouse of treasures day by day all that is new, which is true.

Philosophically considered, there are no new truths. It is only our conceptions of them that are new, and these conceptions, in consonance with evolution, are abounding more and more.

The "new thought," as yet undefined, is at best an off-shoot from and rooted in Spiritualism. Every newly-thought-out truth must necessarily pass through three stages of evolutionary unfoldment,—birth and struggling youth up to the plenitude of a full-orbed manhood.

This applies to Spiritualism. Its first stage, fifty and more years ago, was characterized by a whirlwind of excitement, by stirring conviction, by inspired utterances, by wildest expectations, lack of culture and often indiscreet enthusiasm; and yet at the helm were eloquent expounders, and substantial thinkers and statesmen, jurists!

The second stage was often noted for extravagant conceptions, theoretical wranglings, internal excesses, petty jealousies, and pushing ambitions within,—and external ridicule from plodding conservatives, newspaper paragraphists, giddy old cronies, and the gruesome grinnings of semi-imbeciles, whose sepulchral plety was a demonstration of a postponed manhood, all of which was interspersed with an increase of candor, culture and tendency to broad-minded organizations for more effective and constructive work.

Today we are merging into the third stage of this heaven-purposed movement, denominated Spiritualism. The status of Spiritualism at present is one of esteem and honor in the estimation of the scientist, the psychologist, the savant, the broad-minded religionist and the profoundest thinkers, whether of Anglo-Saxon or Latin origin. The opinions of bigots and semi-idiot do not count. Spiritualism is respected in any intelligent community just in the ratio that Spiritualists respect themselves, living up to the highest, truest relations of life.

It is well known that some forty-five years ago I lived in Battle Creek, Michigan, serving the Spiritualist Society for fully six consecutive years. The late Brother Giles B. Stebbins was at the same time located in Ann Arbor, and the eloquent Dr. F. L. H. Willis in Coldwater. Harmonious in thought and work, we often exchanged Sunday exercises. I am still residing in Battle Creek, lecturing for the Spiritualist Society more or less, when not in foreign lands. I have also recently, by invitation, addressed the "Nature Club," in this city; the "Woman's League," "The Temperance Society," and once, officially invited, I addressed the members of the "Young Men's Christian Association," on a Sunday afternoon, and why not? Why not see the good in others? Why not hunt for roses instead of thorns? Why not affiliate with and zealously work in all the great reform movements that gladden these blessed years of progress? Our gospel, all-comprehensive and cosmopolitan, is the gospel of fraternity.

Our gospel, in a word, Spiritualism, the antithesis of chilly materialism, if not the mightiest, is one of the mightiest words in the English language; for its basic foundation is Spirit, and Spirit, pure, essential and immutable, implying and embodying consciousness, life, purpose and will, is God. And man, a finite spirit, fleshly vested, "made"—evolved in the "image of God," is necessarily a spiritual being, and spiritual beings, whether in worlds visible or invisible, just as naturally respond to each other through encircling ether waves, as music responds to music, love to love, and seeds to sun-kissed soils. In accord with these reasonings, we have spirit, spiritual, spirituality, Spiritualism. These are holy and heavenly words, relating as they do to God, angel ministries and the soul's immortality.

While aspiration is beautiful, faith uplifting, and hope cheering, all that I know—positively know of any future existence, I know through Spiritualism—through the mediumship of our sensitives (heaven bless them), and my own mediumistic gifts. And I count all Oriental dreams and speculations, all crumbling towers, monuments, shrines, altars, inscriptions, Bibles and brimming coffers of gold, as dross—poor, perishing dross, when compared with the positive, undeniable demonstrations of a future life—life conscious, life social, life retributive, and life progressive in the enzyoning, upward-reaching spheres of immortality.

Which are you—Spiritualist or spiritist? Those versed in the science of language need not be told that suffixes are great modifiers; nor need they be told that there is a marked difference between Spiritualism and spiritism.

The following passage, rich in thought, though rather too strongly drawn, appeared in the "Light of Truth," of May 16:

Spiritist and Spiritualist—there is a great difference between the two persons; a spiritist may not be a Spiritualist and a Spiritualist may not be a spiritist. A spiritist is a man who believes in spirit existence and spirit manifestations; a Spiritualist is a man who lives a spiritual life, though he may have no knowledge or experience of spirits out of the body. Hence a man may be a spiritist, and yet a bad man, a false man, a perfect demon of a man; and the spirits he deals with may be like himself—bad spirits, wicked spirits, demons of darkness and not angels of light. And another man may be a Spiritualist, a good man, a true man, a perfect angel of a man, and yet may know nothing of good spirits, true spirits, angelic spirits, although attracted by his goodness, they may be all about him, and continually ministering to his spiritual life.

The Rev. John Alexander Dowie, of whose disagreeable history I was thoroughly posted while in both Australia and New Zealand, and who is now figuring as chief of the religious heroes in Chicago, recently reaffirmed in stentorian tones that he was Elijah—the real old prophet Elijah. It might be well for him to write "junior" after his name, lest later he be taken by his devotees for the Almighty.

The "Outlook," one of the most liberal of the sectarian journals, is publishing a preacher's account of his work. This preacher is the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, Rector of St. George's Church, New York City. We quote from the April issue, page 875:

After I had been about a year and a half in Norwich, England, he asked me to preach. The feature of that church was its music. The wife of the old rector had a beautiful voice; they had gathered together a good choir. The pulpit was a tiny black-ack box, with a small desk for the Bible or sermon. This desk sloped down; my Bible slipped, and I had to stoop to get it; in stooping I leaned against the pulpit door; it split open, and I nearly fell out of the pulpit! After I had been preaching for a time, I looked down into the choir, which was in a great box pew in front of the pulpit, after the old-fashioned way, shut off from the congregation by a curtain, and I saw one fellow put his arm right around the waist of the girl next to him and draw her head down to his shoulder; and he kept it there; then he looked up straight into my face and winked. It broke me all up. I walked out of the pulpit, went to the rector, and said: "Dr. —, your choir members are behaving outrageously; I cannot preach until this is stopped." He walked up to the square, where the choir sat, tore the red baize curtain down with a jerk, and exposed them, disconcerted and ashamed, to the full view of the congregation, and then sat down again. I returned to the pulpit and went on with my sermon. In the midst of it I looked up and saw walking up the middle aisle, in solemn procession, a hen with twelve or fourteen chickens! When the sexton tried to drive them out, he was so drunk that he fell right on top of the hen! The old doctor called out, "Let her alone, John; she is doing no harm."

Supposing all this had happened at a Spiritualist meeting in a public hall, a "drunken sexton," a "fellow with his arm around a girl's waist, winking at the speaker," an "old hen with her twelve or fourteen chickens walking up the middle aisle!" What gossip—what an uproar! It would have created among the extra-pious, and what a delectable tidbit for the press reporters.

The spirit of unity, of co-operation is in the air. This is especially manifest in the religious world. I look back sixty and seventy years when Methodists, innocent of silks, satins, furbelows, fine feathers and jewelry were considered noisy, riff-raff rangers by the more orthodox denominations,—the Episcopalian and Congregationalists of New England. To this same end, Bishop Samuel Fallows, in an article appearing in the Chicago Journal, Jan. 20, writing of progress during the 19th century, said:

A few years before the opening of the last century a clergyman of the Established Church wrote thus of Methodist ministers: "They are eating seals, dry dabbles, who turn religion into riot, prayer into strife, themselves into wolves, and the temple of the Lord into a den of devils."

There! That is what orthodox Christians thought of Methodists a hundred years ago!

(Continued on page 4.)



## TO THE SEASON'S BRIDES AND BRIDE-GROOMS.

Mrs. Chas. E. Tobey.

"Two hearts now beat as one,"—they say  
A union hath been blessed today,  
A stalwart youth and maiden fair,  
May now earth's joys and sorrows share.  
All through the arches of life's way,  
That years may seem one peaceful day,  
May doves there choose to spread their wings,  
And each one bring its offerings.

Two souls united thus in love,  
Hold keys to heaven's gates above;  
One peep within its Jasper walls,  
Portrays a place where no man falls;  
A happy home is heaven on earth;  
A place where love may have its birth;  
A spark of love from heaven sent,  
Hath here a tinge of beauty lent.

To light the path through pastures new,  
Which here and there will bring to view,  
A glimpse of fairer gardens still,  
Where spirit comes and goes at will,  
May angels tarry at the door,  
Of new-found home, and evermore,  
Bring blessings from the realms above,  
And hallowed be this home of love.

## The Man of Tomorrow.

A STUDY IN SPIRIT RETURN.

Charles Durbarn.

## Chapter IV.

We have seen that the natural process called "death" is necessarily a disintegration of all forms recognizable by mortal sense. So much is, and must be an accepted fact. We now go a step further. We assert that if form be itself compelled and shaped by conditions in earth life, it will also be adapted and changed by the new conditions after death into shapes that our present senses cannot grasp, or even imagine. Spirits cannot, if they would, tell us about them, even if they made it their effort to become our teachers, for it is a lesson unlearnable by the mortal. And the spirit who comes back into our limitations becomes himself less than a spirit by that return into our atmosphere. We have, however, gone a step still further. We have shown that from microbe to man every form is composed of certain units. These units are unthinkably small, but still blended into molecular forms that go to pieces under the process of death. They cannot come together again on the other side because conditions have changed. That leads the thinker and student far afield, for man and microbe are something more than external form. They have internal organs, also composed of blended units. But these blended units comprise and determine the whole life expression which we call "identity." Our tastes and desires are as much compelled by our surroundings as the shapes of the organs through which they manifest in earth life. After the shape of an organ, or take it away altogether and you have a different being, and this is just what death does. Concession of the brain, or a fractured skull may suppress the individuality known to us, but a mental shock may do the same, as in the case of Miss Beauchamp and many others, now attested and registered by medical scientists. There has been in such case a molecular grouping, which results, as a matter of fact, in a new personality, because all personality is expressed by the molecular blendings of units, into certain forms.

Now let us see what all this means to us in our present study. If such facts contradict what we have believed, and have been taught to believe about spirit form in the next life, it is the belief must go—not the fact. If certain organs will be missing in the next life then the form cannot be the same. So form becomes a subject for careful study and investigation before we are ready to answer our question why the learned man of Nippur does not come back and teach us to translate his hieroglyphics.

That learned man of Nippur passed over, like every other mortal, and was, of course, subjected to every effect produced by death. That is to say, his organism was changed by the process and the new conditions. The first great change he would note was that though he might perhaps see or sense the form of some mortal friend or acquaintance he could not make him sensible of his presence. No shout would reach that mortal ear; no outstretched hand was met with a friendly grasp. The old senses by which he had lived his earth life had vanished. Even the old sense of touch was gone. He found himself passing through matter unconsciously that yesterday was solid to his touch. So he looks at his own form and begins to investigate the change. He realizes his continued intelligence, but soon finds that it must manifest in quite different ways. Yesterday he crossed the bridge, or waded through the stream. Today his thought carries him across, almost unconsciously. He no more realizes the process than the babe learning to walk in earth life. He wants to converse with those who have given him greeting into his new life. The old larynx, tongue, lips and lungs by which he expressed himself in earth life are not only left behind but would be useless now. The faculty of thought exchange, dimly pictured by telepathy in earth life, becomes prominent in this new condition and in his new form. Thoughts are exchanged, not words. His sight and hearing are by comparison with the old, almost unlimited, since the slow vibrations of earth life are left behind. That which he would desire to say is perceived, and a reply flashed that needs no sound.

It is true that as mortals neither the writer nor the reader can realize this further than the few telepathic experiments of today may suggest. Those experiments are, however, just enough to show the student that his present sense organs would be useless under conditions of a new life form, invisible and intangible to mortals. He will neither see, hear, smell, taste nor touch as he did on earth. If he did he could greet his earth friends just as before. Such are a few plain facts following the change called death, which is the passing of one of Nature's critical points. The passing of this critical point carries with it of necessity, as we have seen, changes of form, both external and internal. Such changes would affect both the man himself as we know him, and every other form which today lives, moves and has its being within the human organism. But we must here take into serious consideration that such a change is not in itself progressive. For instance, Here is solid ice. When you change its vibration it must change degree after degree, and really but one degree at a time. Presently there comes a point where the ice is no longer solid, and yet can hardly be called water. It is then in the state which we rather inelegantly call "slush," and slush it must remain until it is sufficiently changed to become water. The same law applies to all "critical points" through which Nature plays the magician, and works her wondrous changes. Of course this "slush" point will remain if, for any cause, the continued change of vibration is arrested. That ice must either (1) go on and become water; or (2) return to ice; or (3) continue in its condition of slush. But in the case of man, and

as far as we know of all animal life, return after the death vibration has once been passed has become impossible. But it is not impossible for progress to be so arrested, or become so slow that the state we have called "slush" shall be indefinitely continued. In fact it must be continued unless further change is taking place.

Manhood's form, just like ice, passes into the slush stage. It may be an almost momentary experience, or it may last indefinitely. This entirely depends upon whether there is a continuance of the change which we call "progress." And of course every single degree of such change is carrying the form further and further away from earth life and the vibrations of its old mortal form. But suppose it does not progress—does not continue this change, what then? The answer is plain and logical.

Since it cannot, under natural law, go back to the mortal, and does not go on to the spiritual, it remains, as a matter of course, in the "slush" state of vibratory matter. It has become something which, to our mortal sense, is neither matter nor spirit. But instead of calling such forms "slush" we prefer to speak of them as "dwellers upon the threshold," which, however, means precisely the same thing. Such a form is vastly nearer to its old vibration than if it had gone on and become spirit return. Herein is the very essence of spirit return, which we must clearly understand if we want to solve these problems, and discover why the old man of Nippur does not return and explain his hieroglyphics. We have equal cause for wonder at the absence of his spirit successors of today, who undoubtedly have access to all knowledge of which records have been kept.

It is obvious that when man's form has disappeared from earth a certain change of molecular vibration has taken place, which has broken up the old molecular formation. But the same units are there, for substance is acknowledged to be indestructible. Just enough change has taken place to destroy the old form, and nothing more. The clairvoyant eye has repeatedly watched the change to this point, and seen the intelligence and energy gather itself together into what seems almost a copy of the old form. This is natural. It is the "threshold" stage through which the matter is passing, which is a condition between that of mortal life and the real change into spirit form. It is only a degree or two from the mortal, and unless the progress continue, it will and must remain there.

But the changes in the various organs of which we have spoken depend upon the law of use and non-use. Every portion that was mortal contributes its quota after death. Further changes must depend upon the conditions and surroundings of the new life. If the change stops at this point we have what have been called "spirits" because we can neither see them nor hear them, unless we are sensitive beyond the normal. In reality they are neither spirit nor mortal. They are nameless, and are living in "slush" bodies, which we have concluded to call "threshold forms." They are all but mortal. Just a degree or two of vibration changed and they are nearly back again. They in many cases haunt earth life; or with just a degree or two of vibration changed in the other direction they vanish from our sense perception. But in either case they are still living under this law of change which demands either progress into spirit life, or else a continuance of the "threshold" form, because return into solid matter has become impossible. This is not only logically clear, and a natural fact, but it carries with it much that we need to know and study if we would grow wise to our own salvation from the perplexities of modern spirit return.

Being without progress a threshold spirit necessarily knows nothing more than he knew

as a mortal. For every acquisition of knowledge in itself implies some progress. Whilst very close to earth life the "deceased" is just far enough away to neither see nor sense normal mortals. Among such threshold spirits there is, of course, no uniformity. Not even two leaves in a forest are alike in all respects. So the threshold spirit who is nearest earth life can almost, and sometimes quite, clap hands with a mortal very nearly on his own level. This is the acknowledged "spirit return" of today, which, with all its inconsistencies and limitations, is an absolute and natural truth.

San Leandro, Cal.  
(To be continued.)

## The Ideal Home.

Let us understand, then, that a house should bear witness in all its economy that human culture is the end to which it is built and garnished. It stands there under the sun and moon to ends analogous and not less noble than theirs. It is not for festivity; it is not for sleep; but the pine and the oak shall gladly descend from the mountains to uphold the roof of men as faithful and necessary as themselves; to be the shelter always open to good and true persons; a hall which shines with sincerity, brows ever tranquil, and a demeanor impossible to disconcert; whose inmates know what they want; who do not ask your house how theirs should be kept. They have aims; they cannot pause for trifles. The diet of the house does not create its order, but knowledge, character, action, absorb so much life and yield so much entertainment that the refectory has ceased to be so curiously studied. With a change of aim has followed a change of the whole scale by which men and things were wont to be measured. Wealth and poverty are seen for what they are. It begins to be seen that the poor are only they who feel poor, and poverty consists in feeling poor. The rich, as we reckon them, and among them the very rich, in a true scale would be found very indigent and ragged. The great make us feel, first of all, the indifference of circumstances. They call into activity the higher perceptions and subdue the low habits of comfort and luxury; but the higher perceptions find their objects everywhere; only the low habits need palaces and banquets.

Let a man then say, My house is here in the country for the culture of the country;—an eating-house and sleeping-house for travelers it shall be, but much more, I pray you. O excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at any village. But let this stranger, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behavior, read your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price, in any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles, and dine sparingly and sleep hard, in order to behold. Certainly, let the board be spread and let the bed be dressed for the traveler; but let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things. Honor to the house where they are simple to the verge of hardship, so that the intellect is awake and reads the laws of the universe, the soul worships truth and love, honor and courtesy flow into all deeds—Emerson.

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many—not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.—Dickens.

The gods have placed sweat on the pathway to excellence.—Hesiod.

## Memorial Day Tribute.

Mrs. Chas. E. Tobey.

We have all listened on some Memorial Day to the emulation of those whose love for their country bade them climb the ladder of self-denial, and although each round perhaps meant a greater sacrifice, they, led by courage, were eager to grasp for another, even though the top was never for a moment in sight.

These beautiful tributes tell from the lips of pastors in fervent prayer and soulful discourse; from the well spring of song there gushed forth strains of sweetest music, so laden with buoyancy and hope, that we could not mistake the voices of loyal youths and maidens; beautiful also to see and hear were the exercises of the little children who so proudly did their best to enrich our lives with gems of song, and bits of rhyme, that breathed of the loyalty of the writer; add to all these the march of the comrades as in reverence they visited the graves of fallen brothers bearing in their hands the tokens of remembrance and love; lastly the respectful ceremony as accompanied by solemn strains they knelt, and caressingly expressed their sympathy.

Such a beautiful expression  
Of man's love for his brother  
Should teach all creation  
To love one another.

Honoring the valiant soldiers being one of the sweetest and holiest customs of the age, and one that leaves a lasting impression on the minds of the young, leads us, as we sometimes ponder, to ask ourselves, if our lives might not be ideal examples to posterity should we seek for living heroes whose lives we could brighten by kindly words and deeds.

Just one look from window of home or workshop, and some burdened soul cannot escape our notice; turn the pages of memory and one may find there, search our own homes; there is hardly one in existence, but within it dwells some member who is weaker physically or mentally than the others; granting this not to be so, an uncultivated spirituality may attract our most earnest efforts.

Is there not ample opportunity for sympathy to lend the fragrance of her flowers? Should our labor be unceasing, how many human souls would be spared breathing the sad refrain:

Toils of earth have snapped asunder  
The thread of life that bound the soul  
To mortal spheres where lived in wonder,  
The spirit that now has reached its goal.

While sitting lonely by the window,  
Gazing down the quiet street,  
Traveled not for days together,  
But by children's busy feet,  
Comes a crowd of men and women  
Dressed in black, with faces grave,  
Bearing in their hand a token  
Of a love 'twas theirs to give.

Ah! too late have come the flowers  
To the house of mourning brought;  
We should scatter them in showers  
To the living, should we not?  
How beautiful the spirit shown!  
By our friends on funeral day!  
Let us from this the lesson learn  
To strew the flowers while we may.

May God implant in every soul  
Such love for one another here  
As will make our life a perfect whole  
And earth become a heavenly sphere.

## THROUGH THE LAW OF DESIRE.

LOUISE VESCELIUS SHELTON.

(All rights reserved.)

(CHAPTER IX.—Continued.)

Aminta, conscious of Helena's efforts, endeavored to struggle against the tendency, which as time passed began to paralyze her energies. It was useless, for her senses were slowly closing to the sentiments of those around her, until she moved about the house like one in a dream. Continued thoughts of Joseph, and her intense desire to know more of the life beyond, had led her to silent hours of meditation and solitude, and in so doing, she had placed herself in a negative condition. She had relinquished her birthright of individuality, and at a cost. The doctor became anxious as he noted the change in Aminta, but was cautious in his answers to Helena when questioned in regard to her. It lacked six days of being the anniversary of Joseph's death, when, as Aminta sat softly playing a Chopin nocturne in the dim light, the room was illumined, a sigh breathed itself through the air, and Joseph stood looking into her eyes.

## CHAPTER X.

"I have come at last," he said, smiling down upon her. Aminta was not surprised to see him. "Did my desire to see you once more reach you, brother?"

"It was the compelling force that brought me to you. I came through the law of desire. Your desire went out to me with such power that I could but answer to it."

"I want to return with you," said Aminta, pleadingly. "I want to go to the celestial home, brother," she cried with hands clasped in supplication. "I cannot wait much longer, or endure these narrow confines. If I had never heard from you, who have my soul's confidence, what there was on the other side, I could, perhaps, have attuned myself to this life! But now I suffocate. I must escape from this my 'island of misery.'"

Joseph stood silently at her side, and looked lingeringly at her sweet face. His eyes, even more brilliant than when in earth-life, pierced her spirit. Repose was written in them, and she knew that she must wait. He took her hand with a gentle touch, which Aminta returned with a hand clasp. Questioningly she looked at him! Was he the same flesh and bone as formerly?

"What form is this you wear, Joseph? It is the same, and yet it is not, tell me."

"This form was my inheritance on entering the Celestial sphere, and it is infinitely stronger in every way than the old earth form," replied Joseph. "Yours, dear, is awaiting you, nearly ready for occupation." As Joseph continued talking Aminta's heart almost ceased to beat. "And now, sister, I have found a still greater world far into the beyond than I knew when I was here before, and as much more beautiful than the first stage I reached was more perfect than this. A Being (of whom I will tell you later) led me to the border of that land, and taught me to control my will and I could then glide over the surface of the country I had hitherto only trod upon. The light was more roseate tinted, with no speck, no dust, while the grass was greener than I had ever seen it; like a great carpet spread under the feet. Lilies stood taller than I, with their stalks and leaves transparent. The limbs and the leaves of the trees were also transparent, and the foliage took on the form of feathers waving on the perturbed breeze. Many of the homes resembled alabaster,

and as I came to one, an impulse seized me to descend and enter. I had only to point my foot downward as I came to the house, and touch the steps and walk in through the open door. There the members of our household greeted me with a smile of welcome, and accompanied me to a central court where tall trees stood and fountains were playing and birds singing. There were father and mother. As soon as I saw them, I realized that this was another home of theirs farther on, and that the first garden in which we met was in comparison as a porter's lodge to the master's mansion, and I knew that there were advancing stages in their life as on earth." Joseph here opened his eyes with an intense look of joy and continued:

"Sister, we have met; Alisa and I. We have seen each other and we know, we understand. There has been no need for explanations. She lives in a great white mansion where lovely children whose mothers are yet earth-bound, are now living. Alisa in her trailing white robes and golden hair that ripples in masses over her shoulders is more beautiful than anything you can imagine. The little babes which she carries over the swiftly running stream nestle to her white throat as a dove under its mother's wing. There are no homes over there more beautiful than the great white houses where the babies sleep and laugh and grow in stature. The gardens are filled with white butterflies, and tall, white lilies and tinted orchids which swing in the wind in their cobwebby foliage, and sweetest lullabies are heard in the air. Unutterable chords are struck when that word 'Love' is spoken. It means triumphant power; it is the one word that expresses all things."

"It is impossible for me to hold my tears any longer," said Aminta, breaking down utterly and sobbing bitterly. "I am only living from day to day hoping for the signal to call me to the new home made ready for us. Oh! how long it is in coming. Why must I wait?"

Aminta's face was a picture of despair. "Hush, dear," said Joseph tenderly, "for I have a message for you; it is that you will soon be with Alisa."

"Don't say that, Joseph, if it is not true," cried Aminta pleadingly.

"Alisa came to tell me that everything was prepared for your arrival, and that she would be waiting to accompany you on the white raft. She will be with you, and you will fear nothing!"

With a gesture full of sympathy he lifted his hand, and placing it on Aminta's head, continued: "Your desire is about to be granted. On the anniversary hour of my release from mortal vision we will be here and we will take you with us."

"In six days?" asked Aminta. Joseph bowed his head in the affirmative. Aminta gave him one long, intense look, and then slowly sank on her knees saying:

"Oh, let me see this new life with you to lead the way!"

Joseph rose to his full height and covering his face from Aminta's gaze said: "I wish to tell you one thing more before I go, sister. As I was walking by the river's side listening to the waters, the music suddenly ceased, and there stood before me a Being whom I cannot yet look upon. A voice so perfectly modulated as to make all other sounds seem harsh in comparison, spoke to me, but it was in rhythmic strains that it spoke. This influence pervaded space, and was neither that of man, nor woman, but a seemingly Perfect Being that combined the two, so that I realized I had no love to express which it did not fully understand; and I had nothing to give which it had not still more to offer from a full store-house. I had a sense of what Spirit itself is. Perfect in itself, and yet I and you and we of our household, were component parts of it. I cannot tell you except in part, how my very soul seemed to dissolve when we met. I had been in search of one Perfect Being,

one long since made perfect, and when we met, I felt that I saw before me the adorable expression of what I would some day become, simply through the indwelling power of development emanating from the central force like a supreme ray of light.

## CHAPTER XI.

"I could not stand another moment, and was slowly sinking to my knees, when the Being spoke and in such dulcet tones, that the great old organ at Ulm, which has no mate on earth, seemed harsh in comparison."

"Not there," said the voice, "but in the height of your stature, with your heart beating against mine, for I am only the son of prophecy and your elder brother. Shall we lift the veil and view the heights celestial, where we shall meet again, some day?"

"An instant later, a scene of such beauty and entrancing vistas lay before me, that I could not breathe. Rolling from below our feet lay a valley that stretched away to a grassy slope on whose side, hanging like white lilies, were temples overshadowed by camellia trees in full bloom, unlike any that I had ever seen before, so wide-spreading and yet so perfectly proportioned. Over these grassy slopes were scattered mansions of alabaster of every size and description. Each one had its own peculiar vines and trees blooming around it, and the guardians of the place knew the souls who dwelt therein by the flowers which bloomed near the entrance. The slopes generally rose to a high mountain in the far distance, and there through that wonderful light could be seen a fairy-like city, symmetrical and more beautiful than any dream of fancy, for it was the home of the Perfect Being, who continued, saying:

"We will go there later. You shall see from the jeweled tower which is lost in the stars, how you have journeyed from your darkened home on the earth planet, and how every time you were disappointed and stumbled blindly along the way, it was a step upward to join us here."

"Oh, what rapture it was, Aminta, to hear him talk, for every word that He uttered struck a responsive chord in my heart, and I knew then what he said was true."

"Shall we go on," I asked?

"Do not be too impatient, for it is necessary that you should return to earth once more, and yet, again, for the longing desires of that earth-born soul will call you back even from the celestial spheres," he replied.

"Must I return to earth? Oh! cannot a messenger be sent to bring Aminta to me, for I cannot leave this place that I have longed to see and yet never realized a jot of its glorious beauty. No words can paint it and make it understood to those who have not seen it, and if I return down that awful abyss to earth again, and lose you, brother, how can I hope to regain these heights? Nothing there allures me but Aminta's intense desire to join me. Her love was all that I had there, I know, but the joy of this unthought of blissful moment, makes earthly love seem like apples of ashes compared to the real fruit."

"Then you would wish to go on alone, and partake of all the delights prepared for you as your birthright? Shall we go? Choose."

"A great struggle took place within me. Then I heard a distant cry and a chord struck from your tiny instrument down here reached me. Its tenderness, its trust, its fidelity were heard where we stood. I looked up to where the Being who called himself my elder brother stood. His eyes were closed, but he could see through the lids and read my thoughts as well, but he did not presume to do it, for there is no desire in the celestial realms to possess anything that does not belong to one. As I hesitated, I heard you cry with infinite tenderness:

"Joseph, have you forgotten me? and my heart was riven."

"I will go back," I said. Then came one glorious moment, for I had heard a rhythmic chant in the air as we stood there, but so intent was I in gazing on the scene at our feet and into the beyond, that I had not noticed that our Brother was surrounded by a legion of the most adorable creatures that eye had ever seen. They were swaying back and forth above the green sward and their garments being of azure-like quality, created a vibration until each one had a special tone that blended with those nearest, and so on and on through the band, until I awakened to the fact that they were each one in tune with the Infinite Mind, and the glorious anthem which gradually began to steal upon my ear was an "Alleluia," snatches of which I had often heard in the organ loft, but could never catch clearly enough to fasten in my memory and so give to the world. Oh! to think of trying to do such a thing! It could not have been understood only in the company of such a celestial choir. It was a song of triumph over what I had decided upon doing that they were singing, for it seems that my giving up their world for a moment of time to descend into the depths to reach you, sent them into a song of rapture. "Another soul redeemed," they seemed to say. But I had made the decision first. After hearing that song it was no effort for me to return, for I would have been wretched if you could not have heard those chorals in the skies. But every step to them is made through a decision on the part of each soul whether he will accept and go forward or not, and you are unaware of it until after it has been made."

"Joseph, I understand; I know now how utterly small and selfish I am," cried Aminta. "Oh, what a miserable creature I must be to have shed tears and given you one instant's reason to look backward! Did you not earn the right to your release from your form of clay, and now to think that I could have uttered a sigh to bring you back from those realms of light?"

There was such an expression of deep self-pity on Aminta's face that Joseph tenderly laid his hand on her suffering head.

"That is all right, Aminta. The greatest thing in the world is to learn to forgive yourself. Besides, if I had not made that decision to return because your love and desire drew me to you, I would not have heard the 'Alleluia.' I can hear it yet, Aminta, but I cannot give you a note of it through the agency of any earthly instrument. There is nothing created here that can translate that song, and I have been wondering ever since how I could have turned from it and come to you. But I only knew that through the entrancing song came a voice, and that voice drowned out all other sounds. It said:

"Brother, as our hearts have beat once in conscious unison, the tie can never be severed. You belong to me, for you are a part of me. Return to that other heart which cries for this celestial life like a little child; it is attuned to the songs we sing here, and she is pining to join the band: her longing desire is for the life which speaks to her in the stillness of the night; in the watches of the morning when the swinging orb of day throws its taper against the eastern sky and nature cries aloud. She thinks that she weeps for you, and that her heart loves you only, but it is not so; she longs for the life shed of dross, which she sees reflected through her love for you. There is a body Terrestrial and a life as well. There is a body Celestial and a life also of which the terrestrial is but a shadow. But shadows are such real objects to children; your sister will soon belong to our Celestial household and will come and claim her own."

"I turned away from my Brother to descend by the







## BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

## SPECIAL NOTICE

THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, located at 204 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass., is now publishing a new and complete edition of the *Banner of Light*, containing all the material published in the paper since its first issue, and is for sale at a special price of \$1.00 per copy. The book is bound in cloth and is a valuable addition to the library of every student of theosophy and spiritualism.

Those who order the book should be sure to specify the edition desired. The book is sold by mail order only, and is not available at the bookstore. The price of the book is \$1.00 per copy, and is payable in advance. The book is sold by mail order only, and is not available at the bookstore. The price of the book is \$1.00 per copy, and is payable in advance.

Those who order the book should be sure to specify the edition desired. The book is sold by mail order only, and is not available at the bookstore. The price of the book is \$1.00 per copy, and is payable in advance. The book is sold by mail order only, and is not available at the bookstore. The price of the book is \$1.00 per copy, and is payable in advance.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1903.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON AT 4 O'CLOCK FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE  
No. 204 Dartmouth Street, next door to Pierce Building, Copley Sq.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS,  
THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,  
14 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,  
and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE  
Per Year.....\$2.00  
Six Months.....1.00  
Three Months......50  
Postage paid by publishers.

Issued by  
BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.  
Harrison D. Barrett.....President.  
Frederic G. Tuttle.....Treas. and Bus. Man.  
Harrison D. Barrett.....Editor-in-Chief.  
Marguerite C. Barrett.....Assistant Editor.

Matter for publication must be addressed to the EDITOR. All business letters should be forwarded to the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

25 cents per Aque Line.  
DISCOUNTS.  
3 months.....10 per cent.  
6 months.....25 per cent.  
12 months.....50 per cent.

200 lines to be used in one year, 10 per cent.  
500 lines to be used in one year, 25 per cent.  
1000 lines to be used in one year, 40 per cent.

20 per cent. extra for special position.  
Special Notices forty cents per line, Minimum, each insertion.  
Notices in the editorial columns, large type, leaded matter, fifty cents per line.  
No extra charge for cuts or double columns.  
Width of column 2 7/16 inches.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 9 A. M. on Saturday, a week in advance of the date when they are to appear.

The BANNER OF LIGHT cannot vouch for the honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which appear fair and honest are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns, they are at once discontinued. We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of persons who they have proved to be dishonest or unworthy of confidence.

## Pen Flashes from the Pilgrim.

(Continued from Page 1.)

What do Methodist ministers, such as Dr. Buckley of New York, now think, and sometimes say of Spiritualists today—Spiritualists fully, and in every way their peers!

A letter just received from Alfred H. Love, Philadelphia, expresses regret that I was not present at the Hague Court anniversary, held in the old Mennonite church. Coupled with this is a cordial invitation to attend the Longwood Progressive Friend's 50th anniversary, Chester Co., Pa., June 4; and the further invitation to attend the 38th anniversary of the Universal Peace Union, to convene later in the Peace Temple, at Mystic, Conn. Nothing would—nothing could so delight me as to be present, the companion of these noble, peace-loving souls, bearing my testimony against war, and in favor of peace through arbitration.

The thought of crashing navies, crimson battle-fields, armless sleeves, legless trousers, orphan children, weeping, heart-broken widows, mourning mothers, and benumbed consciences, consonant upon war,—thrills with pain every nerve in my sensitive nature, and my soul cries out, "How long, oh, how long before the nations of the earth will rise above the status of beasts!" And, sad to say, Christian nations are the bloodiest fighting nations on earth. Army chaplains pray for victorious engagements—pray like saints, and then fight like maddened devils, as did Stonewall Jackson and Bishop Polk of Louisiana, during the Civil War.

In all my wanderings, the wide world over I have never met the man perfect, nor the man infallible; and yet I have met many who would pompously mount the judgment seat, don the ermine, and both judge and condemn their fellow men. This class of self-righteous souls, who are ever throwing bouquets at their own feet, would do well to take down an old dust-covered book, and read Matt. vii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Rom. ii. 1-11; to be followed by a careful perusal of Lincoln's great speech and all to be further considered by a series of self-examinations.

Wait not any longer this work to begin. By work we grow stronger. Be steadfast and win.—Thos. Hill.

Calm deliberation will bring us near to Truth, but heat, anger, strife and war only drive her far afield.—Elbert Hubbard.

## A New Departure!!!

Ever in touch with the progressive thought of the age, the venerable "Spiritual Pilgrim," the young man of eighty-two summers, is constantly sending out to the world speaking germs of truth, whose combined rays are filling all minds with wisdom. The Banner of Light, recognizing the inestimable value of these thought flashes from this world renowned author, traveler, lecturer, has made

## SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT

with the distinguished and exceptionally gifted friend of our Cause, to take charge of a Department in its columns. Under the attractive caption

## "PEN FLASHES FROM THE PILGRIM"

Dr. Peebles will greet our readers from week to week, discussing such subjects as he feels impressed to present, touching upon social and all reformatory matters. Wit, wisdom, pungent satire, logic, fact, will all flow from his pen, and we know that our readers will be signally helped by what this gifted youth of over eighty years will have to say. Every reader of the Banner of Light should make a

## SPECIAL EFFORT

to secure one new subscriber at least, in order that the truths given by Dr. Peebles may find their way into a million homes. Subscribe for the Banner at once, and induce your friends to do likewise. Watch its columns for the initial paper from the earnest, traveled and learned "Spiritual Pilgrim."

## Editorial Notes.

## SCATHING INDICTMENT OF VIVISECTION.

Never before in the annals of the Anti-Vivisection Society has that body made so profound an impression on the English public as during the past few weeks. This large representative humane organization has now an enormous and ever-increasing membership all over the British Empire, and as many of its spokesmen and other active members are men of exceptionally high positions both scientifically and socially, it gains a hearing in the columns of the daily press, and can call together audiences of from two thousand to three thousand persons to listen to its tremendous declarations. On Friday, May 1, an immense gathering was convened in St. James' Hall, and hospital laboratories were mentioned by name where most disgraceful cruelties were carried on in defiance of law and order to the great disgust and horror of the tender-hearted section of the British public, which is now getting its eyes pretty widely opened to the atrocities committed in the name of science falsely so-called. Many very eminent physicians and surgeons are lifting up their voices in clamorous protest against practices leading to dangerous misleading consequences while they outrage every fine susceptibility of human nature. The great difficulty experienced in supporting many hospitals is largely due to the people's knowledge of the shameful outrages on human as well as animal life often perpetrated within their walls. People have only to know of grievous wrongs to be led by conscience and reason, acting as a unit, to rise in indignant protest against a wrong's continuance. The more we trust the common people the safer are we; for the heart of a great nation is always on the side of equity, even though its head is sometimes turned away from righteousness.

## ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

Nothing can be more hopeful for the peace of Europe and eventually for that of the whole world, than the newborn friendly attitude now taken by France to England and by England to France, and we have to thank the good sense and gracious temper of King Edward VII. and of President Loubet for this delightful cessation of the long drawn out hostility. Two great nations separated only by a few miles of water which can be crossed in less than two hours, ought certainly to live on terms of mutual friendship, and now, though it would be absurd to suppose that the ancient "hatchet" is completely buried beyond resurrection, there is great cause for heartfelt congratulation on account of the altered tone of feeling in France toward England and in England toward France. It is always a pleasant duty to chronicle the progress of the peace sentiment which is certainly rising where war did formerly most abound, and it is also very delightful to observe the part now being played by forces which have long been decidedly militant and on the side of extreme militarism, in promoting the end of peace which all sane and sober thinkers are longing to see consummated. The nations are getting heartily tired of warfare, and though there are still many indications of military prowess all over Europe, the feeling is growing in all directions, that though prepared for war, it is far better to live in peace.

France is decidedly on the upward move; her industries are improving; she is turning her attention to agriculture and to the increase of her commerce, and what is still more to the point, she is improving her moral temper, becoming more calm and reasonable, and in every way preparing to meet the glorious future which, according to numerous predictions, is now in store for her. Both in France and England, America is looked upon as friend and neighbor and there is little likelihood of any serious disagreement between any two of these three great powers within the next year and many years beyond the next. Almost every seer who publishes his visions speaks in glowing terms of coming international amity.

## DANTE AND SIR HENRY IRVING.

The old Lyceum Theatre is now in ruins to make way for great improvements in the Strand, but Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, though not just now acting on the same stage, are both doing splendid work in London. At Drury Lane, the largest theatre in England devoted to legitimate drama, Henry Irving is presenting Dante to large and enthusiastic audiences and spectators who are quite as

greatly charmed with the magnificent scenic effects in which the play abounds as with the superb acting of Henry Irving, whom the character of Dante suits perfectly, and his truly excellent and wonderfully well balanced company. The Divine Comedy is always fresh to the public, as it is always of thrilling interest to students. The visions of the great Florentine poet deal with those themes of deathless interest which touch one generation as greatly as another, for however many changes may come to pass in our modes of thought and expression, we are all intensely interested in the development of such traits of character as when developed will cause us to escape all that corresponds to an Inferno and to the attainment of all that may be described as Paradise.

"Art has no fears of sea sickness," said M. Sardou to an interviewer. "Why, then, should it be wonderful that a Frenchman should write a play specially for the English stage?"

This epigram happily summarizes the veteran dramatist's view of a play, which should appeal to any audience, no matter what its nationality.

But though, doubtless, the purely literary merits of Sir Henry Irving's production will be the subject of many discussions for the next few weeks, there is another matter that will interest both the ordinary playgoer and the student.

M. Sardou is mainly responsible for the mental portrait of Dante that is presented to us, but what of the purely physical portrait? Does Sir Henry Irving, as he appears on the stage, really resemble the great poet-philosopher, the man who could leave his study to take part in the struggle on the battlefield, and who, amid his dreams of another world, could yet find time to become an active politician in this one?

To decide this point we must turn to the portraits of Dante that the artists of long-distant centuries have left for us. The most authentic, perhaps the only one upon which much reliance is to be placed, is that painted by Giotto, which is now one of the treasures of the Municipal Palace at Florence. Giotto is known to have been a personal friend of Dante's and must, therefore, have had unique opportunities of studying the ascetic features that he imaged in paint. This picture has a history. For 400 years it was lost to the world. Then, one day, while some work was being carried out at the Municipal Palace, a workman happened to scratch one of the whitewashed walls. The few flecks of white-wash that fell disclosed paint beneath. With scrupulous care, more of the covering was removed, until at last the picture that all the world knows today was revealed.

It is this picture that Sir Henry Irving has taken as his model, and his own clearly-cut features have helped him to give us a living portrait of the poet whose fame the centuries only increase.

For the dress he has had a less definite guide, and earnest research has been necessary to correctly realize the costume of those days from which we are separated by six slow-moving centuries. A bronze statuette by Carrier shows practically the same robes as those that Sir Henry Irving has adopted.

This statuette is a beautiful piece of work, for which £500 was paid, and it is now in the possession of the Dante Society, of Albemarle street, London, having been presented by Dr. Walter, of Venice.

Of Beatrice we have no portrait except the word-picture that Dante himself left us. She whom he first met on that long ago May-Day of 1274, is described as one whose love guided him for thirteen years, and who revealed to him the mysteries of Paradise. In Dante's own words:—

"She had already been so long in this life that in its time the starry heaven had moved towards the east the twelfth part of a degree, so that she appeared to me about the beginning of her ninth year, and I saw her about the end of my ninth year. Her dress on that day was of a most noble color, a subdued and goodly crimson. . . . At that moment I saw most truly that the spirit of life which hath its dwelling in the secretest chamber of the heart began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith."

How the world of today would value a painting, however crude, of that woman whose beauty captivated the heart of one of the foremost thinkers that the centuries have given us, he who, astrologers said, was born under "the glorious stars pregnant with virtue, to whom he owed his genius," the stars that they believed were favorable to literature.

Of Dante we know much, of Beatrice we would know more. We have read of his travels, his exile, the persecution that he suffered, of the time when he was condemned to be burned alive if he should come into the power of the Republic. We are told that he visited Paris, and in those distant ages is even believed to have crossed the Channel and to have seen Oxford; but we could even spare some of this knowledge if we could but exchange for it some glimpses of the woman whose love was an inspiration, and whose death turned his thoughts to things not of this world.

## A NEW BOOK, BY OSMON WILBERFORCE.

As a preacher in Westminster Abbey and rector of one of the large Westminster churches, Dr. Basil Wilberforce is a prominent personage in the religious world, and one who often sets people thinking rather deeply. As a pulpit orator he has few, if any superiors at present in the English Established Church, and his sermons when printed are always well worth reading and re-reading. A recent volume is now exciting great interest, and as it has been advertised in "Light," many Spiritualists are perusing it with a good deal of thoughtful interest. Its title is "Feeling After Him." It is a volume of sermons preached for the most part in Westminster Abbey. The writer says in his preface: "The preacher does not assume to provide a clear solution to the weary problems which surround human existence; he merely records the experience of a heart 'feeling after him,' with an unshakeable conviction that the responsible

Creative Spirit is, by virtue of His Omnipotence, under obligation to effect, here or elsewhere, the moral perfection of all that He has caused, by thought-generation, to be."

Among the contents are sermons on Predestination, Free Will, Auto-Suggestion, Universalizing the Christ, The Immanence of the Logos, All Things Work for Good, The Origin of Evil, God is Love, Love to God—Service to Man, The Silence of God, Optimism, The Laborers, Spirits in Prison, Missionary Obligation. All of which, as well as the others which complete the volume, are replete with very lucid and helpful spiritual teaching.

There is no dogmatism and no pretense in these hearty appeals to the hearts and minds of thinking, and often struggling men and women. The singular freedom from overstatement, coupled with the very earnest appeal which the book makes manifest, renders it extremely acceptable to the many in and out of the Church who like to read the honest utterances of a man of deep thought and intensely vital sympathy. There is every reason to be thankful at present for the great amount of really excellent literature of a broad and deep religious character which is being substituted for the harrowing and depressing tracts and sermons, which not very many decades of years ago were considered the only fit spiritual food to place before any who desired to tread in paths of piety. Canon Wilberforce is quite a Universalist and very largely a Spiritualist.

Another remarkable religious work written from a somewhat different standpoint is Religion for All Mankind based on facts which are never in dispute.

A recent work by Rev. Charles Voysey, B. A., minister of the Theistic Church, London, has just been issued by Longmans, Green and Co. It is worthy of far more than passing notice. In the preface the author says: "The following pages are written for the help and comfort of all my fellowmen, and chiefly for those who have doubted and discarded the Christian Religion, and in consequence have become Agnostics and Pessimists."

My object is to bring proofs of the Wisdom and Righteousness and Love of God in those events and experiences which are commonly called "evils." It is not possible to explain everything, but it is possible to explain by far the greater part.

My method is to base every argument on facts—undisputed facts which no one ever even wishes to doubt or deny.

I keep absolutely clear of all so-called "Divine Revelation" as an authority. I use many of the true and beautiful words in the Bible, especially from the Old Testament, but only as illustrations, never as a basis for belief.

The first part of the book is occupied in stating the bare facts on which the Theistic Faith is founded, answering the great question "What do we know?" From these facts I have drawn what appear to me to be strictly true and reasonable inferences, exactly as men of science build up their systems on well-established facts.

It is for intelligent persons in all ranks of life to judge for themselves whether my inferences are or are not correctly drawn, and thankful shall I be for any correction of error into which I may have fallen.

Finally, as my researches into God's facts have immeasurably increased my admiration of His matchless wisdom and have revealed to me many more wonders of His unspeakable love, working even in the things we most dislike and dread, my heart longs to make known to others the thoughts which have brought so much bliss to my own soul.

Oh! that my words may win many hearts to trust and love Him and to find in His presence the fullness of joy!

I have, therefore, offered this book at a price which will barely cover the expense of production, that it may be within reach of all, and at the same time give proof that the work is not being done with mercenary aims.

At the close of the main argument I have added a sermon illustrative of Theistic Faith as applied to the events of life. It is entitled "The Uncertainties of Life," and was preached on the 29th of June, 1902, just after the King had been struck down by the dangerous illness which cancelled all the arrangements for the Coronation.

I have also inserted Four Sermons on "Sin and Its Consequences," dealing with individual experiences in detail, and I have concluded the work with a Sermon on "The Reasonableness of Prayer."

One helpful word I may say here: Let all who take up this book remember that God is our best teacher, and not any man, not the wisest and best who ever lived; therefore, if we would learn the truth, we must pray to God to teach us what to believe and what to reject out of the human words which lie before us.

"It is the right and duty of every man to think for himself in matters of religion." So runs the first article of the Theistic Faith. We have only to remember that, if we will, God will help us to think aright."

As a contribution to current religious thought, this book is both wise and timely and ought to have a wide circulation in America as well as in England.

What Do We Know? What Do We Think? Death. Pain. Pain Caused by Man. Avoidable Sorrow. Benefits and Consolations of Sorrow. The Final Issue of Good. Origin of Sin. Conscience and the Moral Codes. Human Liberty. Human Love. Religion. Relation Between Religion and Morality. Grounds of Hope for Immortality. True and False Anthropomorphism. The Term "Personal" as Applied to God. The Highest Impulse to Morality. The Omnipresence of God. The Uncertainties of Life. Sin and Its Consequences. The Forgiveness of Sins. Sin Caused by Lack of Love. The Sense of Sin and Its Moral Value. The Reasonableness of Prayer are the subjects dealt with. Each chapter is beautifully written in clear and forcible language; it can be obtained for seventy-five cents.

W. J. Colville.

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?

Draw near them, then, in being merciful; Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

No thoroughly occupied man was ever yet very miserable.—L. E. Landon.

## Offer Extraordinary

## A Great Opportunity!

## EVERY READER INTERESTED

## In What?

In the Banner of Light's wonderful premium offer to every subscriber! It is the opportunity of a life time and every one should embrace it.

What is this offer? Every subscriber now on our books will receive a handsomely bound copy of Dr. J. M. Peebles' greatest work,

## "THE CHRIST QUESTION SETTLED,"

for sending us one new yearly subscriber. This makes this splendid book

## FREE!

to every subscriber who will send us ONE NEW NAME for one year's subscription, accompanied by two dollars. This is the price of the Banner alone for one year, yet we give this excellent book Free to any Old Subscriber who will send us

## ONE NEW NAME!

Authors, scholars, seers, prophets and savants in all lands unite in pronouncing "The Christ Question Settled" to be one of the best works ever penned by Dr. Peebles, and by far the best and most exhaustive ever written upon the subject. Both mortals and spirits testify to its worth, and declare it should be IN EVERY HOME ON EARTH!

This volume of nearly 400 pages, elegantly, richly bound, contains the ripest thoughts of Col. Ingersoll, Rabbi I. M. Wise, Prof. J. R. Buchanan, B. B. Hill, Moses Hull, Hudson Tuttle, J. S. Loveland, W. Emmette Coleman, with the testimonies of the controlling intelligences of J. J. Morse, W. J. Colville, Stanton Moses, Mrs. M. T. Longley, and others, concerning the existence or non-existence of Jesus Christ, his mission, etc., with the interspersed writings, criticisms and conclusions of Dr. Peebles. This book, wrote W. J. Colville in reviewing it, "takes high rank, and will be long looked upon as a STANDARD CLASSIC regarding the subject of which it treats."

Here is The Great Chance to place this great book in every home. Subscribers, now is the time for YOU to act!

Will you help the good work? If so send us a good subscription list. For one new name you will receive a copy of "The Christ Question Settled," or if you already have it, any book we have in stock of the same price. For TWO NEW NAMES we will send you "The Christ Question Settled," and another work of high literary rank, to be selected by us. For three, four, and more new names, all for one full year, we will send you Dr. Peebles' great work, accompanied by as many volumes of fine reading matter as you send us names.

This is our Offer Extraordinary and Banner Subscribers, it is now YOUR time to speak! Will you accept it? Send in your subscriptions AT ONCE!







## SPIRIT

## Message Department.

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

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

These circles are not public.

## To Our Readers.

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

In the cause of Truth, will you kindly assist us in finding those to whom the following messages are addressed? Many of them are not Spiritualists, or subscribers of the Banner of Light, hence we ask each of you to become a missionary for our particular locality.

Report of Seance held May 21, 1903, S. E. 56.

## Invocation.

Surround us, oh spirit of divine love, with the influence, the power of love; refresh us with the inflowing of the love of truth. Strengthen us with all that is holy and pure and good, and so refreshed and strengthened may we go forward with the common duties of life, finding nothing small or mean, nothing low or homely, but everything glorified, everything possible beyond comprehension and our own spirits attuned to all that is best. We would understand the peace and the joy of truth. We would be so lifted above the sordid cares and conditions that we may be a strength not only to those about us, but a bright and shining light in the world. May we fully understand that no life well adjusted, no life purely and sincerely lived is without its influence and its force in the world and may we as truly understand that every opportunity put aside, every low thought, everything that brings us down from the very loftiest heights of truth has its influence and its effect on those about us. May we fully understand these things and be strong to live the pure life. May every unhappy soul find its joy and comfort and because we would have this so, we make the effort to cast away the fear, the doubt of separation, of distress that death has brought. May no sentiment of folly enter into our condition of life to lead us astray from the one revelation of truth that death is not, but that life is ever opening on and out into brighter and better conditions. Amen.

## MESSAGES.

## Hattie Weston, Long Island City.

The first spirit that I see this morning is a woman about fifty years old. She is slender, fair and frail looking. Her eyes are quite sad and but for the freshness of her face would make her look much older than she really is. Her name is Hattie Weston, she comes from Long Island, N. Y. She says, "What a pity it is that we have to go through so much pain and sorrow before we begin to understand the truth. I suffered intensely when I first came over here and could see no sort of use in the condition that had fallen upon me and mine and it was only after diligent search and great effort that I became convinced that I could return to my own. I would like so much to reach Willie. I'd like him to know mother is trying to do what she can to make his life better and stronger. Tell him please there isn't a step he takes in which I am not interested, not a day passes that I do not hover near him to give him of my strength and my help. I am still a Christian if Christian means to try to follow the life of Christ for I have never found anything that could take the place of the example set by him for those who are struggling on through life and I still make effort to live as I think he would be pleased to have me. I know there are many who believe that just as soon as they are safe after death and there is no special judgment day they go on as if there was no need of living the Christ-like life, but I want to impress it upon my Willie boy that there is no other life that is so sincere and so much needed in the world today. Perhaps this will look like a sermon when you have it printed but this is my thought, and my mother who is with me and whose name is Hannah says she feels much the same as I do. Thank you."

## Elizabeth Jordan, Oakland, Cal.

A lady about twenty-five years old, comes here now. She is slight and delicate like a flower, fair, with light brown hair, and her manners betray good breeding. Her name is Elizabeth Jordan, she was married and lived in California, Oakland. Her husband's name was Benjamin, they called him Ben. She says, "I wasn't married very long and I felt deeply grieved to leave earth life when it held so much for me. You who are still living can never know the first agony of the soul when it finds itself on the other side of all that it has held dear. There is something that separates us from those we love. I have never been just the same since I came here that I was before. I have the same thoughts and desires but I cannot make it so real as to feel myself in the family as before. I suppose part of this feeling came from the very literal way in which I was put out of the life, just as though death had ended everything for me until the great morning of joy should dawn, when my friends would come too, and in that very practical way everything was put away that belonged to me. It seemed to make me turn to spirit conditions and see what I could find there. Aunt Anna is helping me to come today and she says, 'Please tell all our friends we are trying to be as brave and strong as though we had understood all about this from the beginning of our lives.' I am still trying to paint a little and occupy my mind for I have a mind over here as well as my spirit and I am trying to occupy my mind with something that shall keep me from dwelling too much on the past. I haven't been much among the children. I couldn't quite bear it. Sometimes I suppose I will not yet. Oh it is so hard to speak! It seems as if I could take up life again with more strength than I ever had for having had this opportunity to speak and I thank you so much for giving me the chance."

## Sarah Swift, Harrisburg, Pa., to Leonard Swift.

I see a woman about forty-two or forty-three years of age. She may not be quite as old as she is or quite as young, but she is a quiet, sensible little woman; she isn't very stout but rather tall and large with a clear skin and not much color. She says, "I am Sarah Swift; I am from Harrisburg,

Pa.; I want to go to Dr. Leonard Swift. I am not unhappy. That is the first thing, and mother is with me and so is Angie and they are so glad to have me with them that in a way it is a recompense for my absence from you, dear. It isn't as hard now as it was at first, but you know we talked it over and I was prepared for it. I am sorry I could not have been braver when we did talk but I wanted to stay so. It is hard to want to live and know there is so much in the world that can help people, and yet to feel yourself just passing away. If it had not been such a horrible thing that caused my transition I would have been better satisfied, I think, and yet I do not know that makes any difference. I feel pleased with the pictures, particularly the small ones. They are good and I am also pleased that the doctors, you will know what I mean. Give my love to Edith and to Bessie. Tell them both that I think of them very often, and for yourself, you know what I would say. Thank you."

## Lucy Evans, Waltham, Mass.

There is the spirit of a woman named Lucy Evans; she lived in Waltham and Waverley, and said word to James that she is happy as a lark. She says, "I am often with you, James, and have been with you of late when you have been taking the little trips away. I think it is good for you and I am glad you have started in this kind of a way. It will be helpful not only for your health but for your business. It has been some time since I came over but I am just as much in touch with your life as the first day I opened my eyes in spirit life. You know I had an awful cough before I came, but I didn't breathe once in spirit that the cough was not gone and while sometimes I have had a reflection of what I went through, it doesn't bother me at all."

## Charles Davis, Dedham, Mass.

The spirit of a man comes and stands beside me; he is quite stout, a little above medium height and has a heavy face as though he thought seriously and deeply on everything that was brought to his attention. He is about forty-five or forty-eight years old and is a very earnest man. He says, "I am Charles Davis from Dedham, Mass. This is new to me. I must say it is entirely new. I was so interested in my own affairs and the conditions present about me that I did not realize that it was at all important to seek to find out about the other life. I wish I could give you a history of my first experience. It was rather laughable after all, because I had made preparations for my death, knew that I was coming and made all the arrangements as to what should be done, and it was absurd when I first came over here and found myself so conscious of what was going on. There was something gratifying though because I left affairs behind in a very orderly and settled state, but it seemed so strange that I did not know enough to make preparation for continued conversation with myself after I had gone. Send this word to Fred and tell him Alexander found me just about as soon as he came over here and it was quite a surprise to him as well as to me but he is getting along pretty well. I wish Mary would give a little more attention to the spirit problem, I might be able to assist her."

## George Nickerson, Harwichport, Mass.

The spirit of another man stands beside me. I think he is about forty-five years old, not very stout, has rather bushy hair and very dark eyes. His hair has some gray mixed in it and he says he is George Nickerson and belongs in Harwichport, Mass.—Cape Cod. He laughs and says, "Yes, I am a Cape Codder and I never come back to the old life and see what's going on that I don't feel I would like to enter in once more to the life and its conditions. You might think I was unhappy from that statement but it is not true. I am as happy as one can be with plenty of work and plenty of people about me. I have so many friends left that I thought I would like to speak to and enter into their life in a degree. Mother and father are both with me. They have been here some time and they are as eager to reach the people that they were interested in as I am. There have been some few changes about the home where I used to live and I haven't been displeased, although it would have troubled me to have had it done when I was here, but as it is now, I feel that perhaps it is better for those who had it in charge. I saw Leander the other day and he was as full of fun and good humor as anybody ever saw him before he went away. I think of a thousand things I want to say and yet they are all so jumbled one after another, that I am afraid I would make not a very connected story but I don't like the water any better than I did, although I lived near it so long. Thank you."

## Edna Brown, Oswego, N. Y.

A little girl about fifteen or sixteen years of age, very fair and delicate looking, is here now. Her eyes are dark but her face is like wax as though for a long time before she went away she had that very delicate waxy look. Her name is Edna Brown and she says, "I lived in Oswego, N. Y. I want to go to my father who is named William and tell him that he and mother must not feel so badly over my coming here. It is a shame for them to be so disturbed about my death. I don't mean that it is a shame for me but I mean that they should suffer so when I am there so often and am striving so hard to say something to them. It was not pleasant to die because I wanted to stay with them and there was so much for me to do and live for, but it wasn't any use for me to try to stay and they understand all about it now. I have a little brother over here named George and he is grown larger than I am, he is just as nice as he can be and takes care of me just as much as though he were my father. He says he is a sort of a father in the spirit life because he has been here so much longer than I and then I have Aunt Ada and she is good too. I send my love, and oh so many kisses and so many desires to come and speak to you both face to face."

## Mrs. Bemis, Plantsville, Ohio.

Here is the spirit of a woman about fifty years old. She is thin and quite old and looks like her because she is so. She has light brown hair, blue eyes and a very sad looking face. Her name is Mrs. Bemis and she says it is so hard to be so near and yet be unable to say all she wants to. "I'd like to reach Alonzo, he is in great need; if I could bring strength from the spirit to make him better it would be the happiest moment of my life. I have a home, dear, and I am busy in it; I am getting ready for you. It helps me so much, everything I do—no know that some day you will be with me. I am able to go to other places and sometimes when I have been very tired and almost discouraged over ever being able to speak what I wanted to, I have taken a little journey to see what it is like over here in the spirit. Everything stands out so much clearer over here, great distance doesn't seem like distance because I am able to see things almost as plainly when they are a long way off as when I am close to them. It is a clearer air and it is rather fascinating to try to see all the things that one can. Tell George I'd like him to know I have tried to help him materially. It seemed best to do so because he was in such need. I used to live in Plants-

ville, Ohio. I was well-known there and have many friends still alive. I came over to the spirit when roses were in bloom and I had great quantities of them around me, and now I bring them, great beautiful roses from the spirit, to my many friends who need the inspiration of a touch from the spirit."

## Edgar Smith, Wheeling, W. Va.

Now a man, just as big and strong and vigorous as any man I ever saw, comes to me. He stalks in here as though he owned the whole place and he seems to sweep his hand around with an air of "Let everybody stand back while I speak." He doesn't do it unkindly, but it seems to be more his way; whenever he did anything he did it with force and it was his business. His name is Edgar Smith. He says, "I am from Wheeling, West Va. It is quite a trip to take to come to Boston to give a communication, but I wanted Helen to know I know what she is doing and how things are being carried on. Sometimes it seems as though I would have to get back in a more definite way than this and just speak to her as no spirit ever spoke before, and then I find that I can't do it. It is all lost and I have come to make this effort today. I don't know that it is any-thing, but I mean, but I want Helen to know I understand. I don't see how the affair will be straightened out until you do something yourself, Helen. Take a stand and don't change after you have taken it and don't be afraid, but just work along your own way with your own independent thought and you will be surprised how easy it comes. I have seen Tom and Bert. I don't speak of them because they are no more important than the rest, only that I am better able to get near to them. Ma says she will help me to help you if you will do your part of it. I have been here long enough to know that spirits can't do it all. These people who sit back and wonder why the spirit doesn't do this or that or the other, don't have much conception of what spirit life is like. You folks have got to do your part and help along, else we are impatient. I do send my love and I wouldn't come this way unless I were interested and I might tell you a thousand things I do but they don't bear on this subject at all. You may be pleased to know, though, that I have the dog. He is my constant companion. Thank you."

## Verification.

## Mrs. Minnie Soule.

Dear Friends: I intended ere this to write and verify the message which appeared in the Banner Oct. 25 from Mrs. James Clark, Hallowell, Me. I went to Hallowell to learn if there were such people as Jane and Amos Clark and found a gentleman who said he attended school with Amos Clark and he had a wife whose name was Jane. I also intend as soon as I can to look up the M. F. Hutchinson if possible to whom a message was sent in Banner, Jan. 31. I know Mrs. M. F. Hutchinson who with her family made her home in Augusta but has moved away.

Georgianna S. Davis.

Augusta, Me.

## THE POET.

Let me go where'er I will,  
I hear a sky-born music still:  
It sounds from all things old,  
It sounds from all things young,  
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,  
Peals out a cheerful song.  
It is not only in the rose,  
It is not only in the bird,  
Nor only where the rainbow glows,  
Nor in the song of woman heard,  
But in the darkest, meanest things,  
There always, always something sings.  
'Tis not in the highest stars alone,  
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,  
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,  
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,  
But in the mud and scum of things,  
There always, always something sings.  
—Emerson.

## Spiritual Evolution or Regeneration.

## THE LAW AND PROCESS OF THE UNFOLDMENT OF THE CHRIST IN CONSCIOUSNESS.

R. C. Douglas.

This is a series of metaphysical essays on the Bible account of the six days of creation and the seventh day of rest and on six steps or degrees in the life of Jesus the Christ and his resurrection. The author is a close Bible student and independent thinker, who has studied well the spiritual meanings of the Scriptures. He speaks to all who are seeking spiritual development. His interpretation of the life of the Christ is very beautiful, in pointing out "the way" for the realization of the Christ in consciousness. He has made certain portions of the Bible the basis of his argument, as they contain the fundamental principles of the philosophy of the eternal order of all evolution, whether cosmic or spiritual. The Scriptures have been written to teach Truth, and there is a scientific law running through them, a law as accurate as the laws of physical science.

The one thing which all the world is seeking is truth, the pearl of great price. Truth is eternal, unchangeable, spiritual principle, as Lucretia Mott says: "Truth for authority, not authority for truth." Because truth is eternal principle, the great teacher said, "I am the truth." Truth is divine and is authority. We naturally seek truth intellectually, as though it was an objective something which the mind can grasp and analyze, but spiritual truth is not of that way, because it is not a thing of intellect, but being spiritual it must be "spiritually discerned," then having conceived the spiritual idea, we may clothe it in intellectual formula, that by the symbolism of words, we may convey our conception to others.

With this introduction he turns to the first day, Gen. 1, 3. God said: "Light be and Light was." Man is man's A B C. None can read God aright, until he first spell man. (Quarles.) Pope says: "The proper study of mankind is man." Then it is necessary that we see him as he is in truth, not from the earthly point of view, but look at him as God sees him, "His son, made in His image." This is the true man, not as he appears to be. Being God born, he is naturally a worshiping being. Hence religion is the man's conception of God, dark, superstitious, etc. But our twentieth century will evolve a purer Christian system of religious thought.

Swedenborg called religion "an exact science." The tendency of today in this direction is so great that we have "Christian Science," "Mental Science," "Divine Science." He says that he will reason logically, philosophically and scientifically concerning God, Man and the Universe, and why should not spiritual as well as material things be scientific? As the spiritual underlies the material, the spiritual sciences should receive our attention first; for there is always an exact correspondence between the material and the spiritual. (Swedenborg.)

The practical object of the book in Christian Science is to train the mind in spiritual thought, so that we may be initiated in these mysteries. The whole Bible is a book

of concealed mysteries, written by mystics in symbol, metaphor, allegory. Genesis history of creation is one of the most ancient of allegories, not original with Moses. We must here eliminate time and space for there are neither with God so "in the beginning" is the Moses way of beginning his history. This Genesis story is an allegorical picture of the cosmic order, designed to show the process for the unfolding of the spiritual consciousness in the individual; it is the story of Regeneration, the great theme of the Scripture, and the first necessity is Light, so Light was.

The second day: "Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters and let it divide the waters from the waters." Gen. 1, 6.

The second day of this symbology is the second step in spiritual evolution. Every great unfolding has its six periods, the seventh is the perfect attainment. Unfolding is the order of life; progress is the law of the universe. Notice that in this allegory it is always "the evening and the morning" which make the "day," never otherwise, as that would be advancing downward.

We are taking our second step in search of the light of truth; and we must use the grasper of denial. To this end we must establish a firmament to divide between the waters, that is discriminating between classes of thoughts, the true from the false. We are to reject from the mind all that cannot be measured by the perfect plumb line of truth. The mind must be emptied of its errors and errors before it can receive truth. Two great errors prevail in man, the first is the reality of evil. God alone is, and God is good and as He is all, there cannot really be any evil. We must then deny the reality of evil. The second error is the reality of matter. From the standpoint of the animal-human they seem real, but from the standpoint of the divine-human they are not real. This radical denial of things of the old consciousness, may distress us at first, but old things are to be put away.

The third day—Affirmation and concentration: "Let the waters under heaven be gathered together in one place, and let the dry land appear." Gen. 1, 9.

Our first two steps having been taken, we will advance another step, but in the nature of the case, we may not be able to open up fully developed spiritual senses all at once. The divine wisdom is unfolded to us with our unfolding.

When the waters of thought are gathered together, they form a compound of character, which is the dry land that always appears. The waters under our firmament are the thoughts we make practical in life, and they determine character. Discrimination of thoughts was our previous step. In this we came to affirmation of the truth, and that fills the mind with beautiful pictures of joy, harmony and health. Our ideals are our greatest, most useful and helpful pictures, and our highest ideal is our conception of God. Our first affirmation is that man is the Son of God, with all that it implies. Our second will be whatever God is, that I am. Our third is: Since I am a son of God, I am holy like him, not a sinner. The fourth is: God's will is my will. He explains these affirmations in great length.

Fourth day, the two great lights: "And God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day, the lesser light to rule the night." Gen. 1, 16. There are two great lights, by one or the other of which every man is guided. To the children of the Regeneration both lights are in constant daily use, but to those of the generation only the lesser light is known, they are in spiritual darkness. The greater light (the sun) is spiritual wisdom. The lesser light (the moon) is the symbol of intellect. The one is divine, the other human; one is of eternity, the other of time. Knowledge may be found without; but wisdom is to be found only within.

The fifth day, thought and expression: "God said, let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that has life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven." Gen. 1, 20. This chapter treats of the creative power of thought. Mind is the creator of the idea, and will is the executive power which executes the divine purpose, that the divine thought may be visibly expressed. This is the universal order of mental action, as seen in this allegory. Infinite mind is thus the great First Cause and Origin of all things. The unfolding of the human mind is the theme of this Genesis symbology, in which sea, water, the deep represent the mind and thought. Thought derives its energy and creative force from conscious will, which sends it forth. Acting, living, creative mind has power to generate feeling, living thoughts. The waters brought forth the moving creatures and fowls. The beasts represent our passions, the sensations of the flesh, while the fowls are thoughts that soar above the plane of the senses, who aspire high, mounting as on eagle's wings.

The sixth day, creation of man. Gen. 1, 26-27. This chapter treats of God imaging himself in man. Everything in the universe images God in a certain degree, but man is the highest expression. His crowning work, man, was at first spiritual like God, the physical developed later on, and crushed, as it were, the spiritual, but the true conception of man is Man as God sees him from the standpoint of truth, the false conception is man as viewed from the standpoint of the senses. God saw His creation and pronounced it very good, and as He has purer eyes than to behold iniquity, he sees man as His image very good; that is the standpoint of truth, and our unfolding will bring us to the same view. This closes the first part of the book. The second part will follow the six days of the Christ's symbology.

In tracing out the process of spiritual evolution in the Mosaic course, the author has shown in the symbolism of the great allegory of creation the law of the soul's unfolding through divine order in the six days necessary to every great unfolding, when the soul reaches the end of its struggles in a spiritual condition, its Sabbath of rest. Then in the six days of the Christ course he outlines the same process of regeneration, as allegorically set forth in the unique life of Jesus of Nazareth, the archetypal man, whose life course was the prophecy of the experience of every individual evolving the Christ consciousness. The first step in the way of spiritual unfolding is the conception of the divine idea of germ-principle in consciousness. The New Birth is the first step for every initiate in the way of the true Christian life. Christ born in the soul.

The second step is the soul's unfolding in wisdom, indicated by the mystical expression "twelve years old." This unfolding continues until the fulness of wisdom is attained. Wisdom is the spiritual nutrition of the soul which builds it in strength and power, unfolding its manhood to the "stature of Christ," attaining which it receives the baptismal revelation: "This is my Beloved Son."

The third great step is overcoming and discrimination. Here you wrestle with temptation, and prevail like a son of God. Here you must solve the problem of good and evil, and thus demonstrate your son-ship. Here all things of temptation must be met (the 40 days fast) and all overcoming must be done, and thus demonstrate your son-ship.

The fourth great step is demonstration in words and works, healing the sick and reforming the sinner, by showing your understanding and appropriation of the Kingdom of Heaven.

The fifth great step is "Gethsemane" or self-renunciation, a most heart-searching experience, when we are confronted to the divine will until this lesson is learned: "Not my will, but thine," must be the language of the soul, even to the utter giving up of self, before you can advance to Calvary. Many have taken

the first four steps, but few have had the courage to pass the severe ordeal of Gethsemane.

The sixth great step is Crucifixion, another deep experience of the heart, the one preceding and making possible the glories of the resurrection of Christ in our consciousness. We must crucify the carnal self, the son of man before the true self, the "Son of God" can be realized in consciousness.

The teachings of the book are nothing but "Christian Science," no evil, no sin, no matter and no disease. The book is well worth reading and cannot fail to interest metaphysicians.

Published by Lee and Shepard, Boston. Order of Banner of Light Publishing Company. Price \$1.20.

## "Hundreds and Hundreds of Thousands of Lives."

Riverbrook.

So Prof. Wallace is right after all, Flammarion and the rest to the contrary notwithstanding. This earth is the centre of the Milky Way and the centre of the universe; therefore the first chapter of Genesis equally true, the earth created for man's growth, the sun, moon and stars merely to give him light and warmth. The whole drama of the life of man is played upon this earth. Adam and Eve, the apple tree, the serpent and all the rest are no longer myth or allegory, but facts. Mark Twain's weeping at the grave of Adam is no longer funny.

We were also told that "when we awake to the Hebrew Bible, reincarnation supplies it, for as we are to live and re-live here for 'hundreds and hundreds of thousands of lives,' it is very easy to be seen that Earth is the important dot in the universe. Here things commence; here they live practically through eternity; here only they progress. The rest of the universe has no progression. It is too busy turning celestial somersaults in a mad effort to give heat and light to the royal earth.

The present writer, however, is one who does not accept the theory of reincarnation nor the "centre of the universe" idea of Prof. Wallace. In an article to the Banner some few weeks ago I gave it as my opinion that reincarnation is unscientific and unnecessary in the Cosmic Economy, and I still hold to this idea, notwithstanding the sympathy extended to me for my ignorance by a recent contributor upon the same subject.

The readers of the Banner have recently been told that the idea of reincarnation being in the minds of so many people, cropping out in magazine articles, in poems or in lectures, is a strong indication of its truth. It is nothing of the kind. Thousands more people do not believe in reincarnation than do; thousands in the Christian churches especially and thousands of free-thinkers most emphatically disbelieve in it, so the weight of that argument is decidedly against reincarnation. We were also told that "when we awake to consciousness here, the whole world seems a familiar friend to us. There is nothing new or startling in any scene or happening. It dawns upon us that we are thoroughly at home." Surely such statements bear their own contradiction upon their face. Nothing can be more obviously false than such words. Why, the very first look the child gives is one of interrogation, and as soon as he can speak he begins to ask "What is this, or that, or the other?" A child has been called a living question mark and the definition is certainly a very apt one.

I was born and reared in a seaboard city, never leaving it until when a lad of eleven I went on a short journey into New York State and obtained my first view of mountains. I have never forgotten the trip. Every peak that I saw was a revelation to me, something entirely new, as different as possible from every idea I had had of a mountain. Every scene that came to my view was decidedly "new and startling" to me. Years afterward, when I traveled West and beheld the magnificent "Rockies," I was equally astounded at their grandeur. I had seen our Eastern meadows, too, before that Western trip, but the prairies were another revelation to me; and so today, I often see and hear things in Nature which to me are "new and startling." The sea is always "new" to me. I always see some new light or shadow or scene upon it, which reveals it in a new beauty or in a more sublime phase.

Of course there was "nothing new" to Columbus in the sights he beheld when he landed on a new world. "Nothing new" to De Soto when he gazed upon the mighty Mississippi. "Nothing new" to the people of the old world when they saw the strange race of men, the vegetation and other alleged wonders of a new world. Oh, no! They simply gazed at them all in astonishment that was feigned, not real; for they had all seen just such things in some one or another previous life they had lived upon this earth. It is a little odd to think of the early geologic strata do not show any trace of human remains, while they give abundant evidence of lower animal existence; and that present science almost foresees a time when life can no longer be sustained upon this earth; but these are only minor points and if insisted upon would seriously threaten the probability of man's having lived here or being destined to live here for anything like "hundreds and hundreds of thousands of lives."

Belief in reincarnation leads simply to reductio ad absurdum, as the great majority of the arguments offered in its behalf indicate. It is narrowing. It is soul and spirit killing. It drives from our minds the conception of the Great God, Infinite Intelligence or whatever you please to call it, and seats upon the throne a little god, limited in almost every way, or when it does not do this, it is openly atheistic.

What a wave of rejoicing has swept around the world, gladdening thousands of hearts, since it was announced fifty years ago, that angels had come to earth once more, with the self-same message of other years upon the plains of Judea "Peace on Earth. Good will to men." Over and over and over again have the words been sounded, and faltering, trembling ones footsore and fainting ones, buffeted and bruised through a long and weary life, have taken fresh hope and courage at the view of the Elysian fields of rest and peace and joy and the gladness of reunion with loved ones escaped long before from the shackles of earth, and eternal progression with them over the boundless plains of Infinity. But now comes the reincarnationist, resurrecting a foolish dogma of a visionary religion of the Orient, in an endeavor to shatter it all at a blow; by making us believe that all the rest, the joy, the eternal companionship and eternal growth in celestial spheres is an empty dream, and that we must live over and over and over again in the darkness, the sin and the shame of materiality, the lives toward whose laying down we had looked forward for so long.

Oh the gloom, the hideousness of such an idea! An idea distinctly material in its every phase; contradictory at every turn of the highest and noblest aspirations of the soul. What a calamity against the mere thought of love, which embodied in a God or looked at as an abstraction! And oh the narrowness of it! Pity my ignorance if you will, and as you have done, but my God is a great God; a God of an illimitable universe, not a planetary deity. Mine is a God whose universe is peopled with happy spirits, living in unutterable joy in the holy influence of His







