



Progress, the Universal Law of Nature; Thought, the Solvent of Her Problems.

VOL. 13.

CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1896.

NO. 336

THE GREAT MOHAMMED.

This Remarkable Personage Viewed as a Medium

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[This lecture has been repeated many times and portions of it published, and is here reported in its perfect form.]

I had in my mind a series of lectures on the founders of the great religions, in which it was intended to show that these great leaders were simply instruments of a mighty intelligence which planned and executed its purposes through them. They are all men taken from the ordinary walks of life, and because sensitive to the waves of inspiration.

MOHAMMED HISTORIC.

Of these I select Mohammed as the first, because he belongs to an age of more accurate observation, and is least enveloped in the deceptive clouds of myths.

He is, of all religious leaders, distinctively historic; which can be said of none other. Jesus Christ has no historic being outside the New Testament. There is not an authentic sentence, or even word, in the histories of his age concerning him. His birth, brief life and death are enveloped in myths borrowed from old religions, until his existence, even, becomes questionable. Not so the great prophet of the Moslems.

CHURCH HISTORY.

The history of Christ begins with that of the churches, and in the fifth century it had to record the rivalry of the bishops of Rome, Constantinople and Alexandria, with treason, torturing, poisoning and civil wars. The councils by which they sought to establish the authenticity of the sacred writings and incompressible dogmas were packed with lies, presided over by chicanery and fraud.

Legions of monks clamored for their mystic doctrines, and their ignorant votaries were ever ripe for resort to carnal weapons in defense of the wildest fantasies of their leaders.

The Christian world had become divided on the nature of God, one side claiming that he was triune, the other that he was one. The former retaining the sympathy of ancient Paganism, triumphed, and the Unitarians found no mercy at their hands, and were driven by remorseless persecution to remote lands.

Arabia—a wild, unconquered country—gave them shelter. Centuries before, churches had been established there, and Paul visited it. The Histrulians established monasteries, and the desert was the refuge of those who sought to purify their lives by solitude.

RELIGION OF THE BEDOUINS.

The Arab remained amidst these missionary hermits, true to his ancient faith. The desert was broad enough for all, and the solitary hermit, or the monastery brotherhood; the swart, unwashed, ecstatic, visionary, were to the Bedouin, objects of superstitious awe. He gave them the valley or the rocky cavern, while he swept over the plain; a wanderer, restless as the sands beneath his camel's feet.

From the desert of Syria, a desert of sand extends to the Indian Ocean, occupied by a scant population of Bedouins, fierce, implacable, and intensely superstitious. They have a religion of their own, never amended or reformed; the original faith of the childhood of the race.

They worshipped the sun, moon and stars. In them they saw the manifestation of intelligence, and in their regular motions care for the welfare of man. The clear sky of the plains, their wandering life which ever kept the beauties of the heavens before them, the guidance of the stars on their nocturnal marches, contributed to this superstition. No idols were required to represent the heavenly orbs. They were themselves altar-fires burning forever. The Arab gave them names, and as time is enriched by the poetic nomenclature of the desert.

RELIEF FROM THE INFINITE.

The mind seeks relief from the infinite in the finite. The intangible deluges whose water-fires gleamed in the far-away heavens were at too great a distance, and the gods who directly intreated themselves in the people were assigned a holy place; a temple where in their images were preserved. The principle which represented the awful mysteries of creation, was a black stone, said to be a meteor which fell from heaven. It was an emblem of the mother-goddess, as the omphalos of white marble represented the same at Delphi, under the Arabian name of Al or Alilat, the queen of heaven, from whose prolific nature all things received birth. It was a remnant of the old phallic worship of Astarte, and as the cross typifies the masculine, and the dome the feminine, Christianity adopted the former and this earlier faith adopted the swelling dome, contracted to a crescent.

The black stone was placed in the Caaba, or house God-surrounded by three hundred images of men, eagles, lions and antelopes representing the days of the year, as the year was then divided, the most conspicuous being a statue of Hebal, of red agate, holding in his hand the arrows, symbolic of divination. It was located in the holy city of Mecca, which was midway between Yerman and Egypt. There in remote times, the sacred well Zemzem was discovered, which, however much drawn from it, always remained full. To the famished traveler its brackish waters were sweet as nectar, and their abundance awoke his superstition. No apostrophe was sufficiently intense to express the gratitude of the Arab for the gift of its precious nectar. The city grew around it, in a valley two

miles in length and one in breadth, at the foot of three barren mountains. The soil is rock, the pastures remote, the hills covered with dwarf acacia, vegetation refusing to grow on the thin and burning soil. Few places offer less incitements for the foundation of a city, but it was the half-way house, where the caravans from the east met those from the west. However exasperated the roving clans might be, or hot the war they waged, this valley was sacred ground, and no hand might molest those who sought its protection. It became immensely wealthy from this trade, and from the swarms of pilgrims seeking the shrine.

THE TRUCE OF GOD.

Four months in the year all the tribes respected the truce of God, and journeyed to the holy shrine. When they came to the sacred valley, they put on their palmers' robes, and proceeded to the house of God, which they walked seven times around, kissed the black stone, and drank of the waters of Zemzem, after which games, like the Olympic of Greece, were celebrated. The poem which gained the prize, beautifully illustrated, was hung up before the door of the Caaba, orations were delivered, songs were sung, and there was feasting, and then the tribes departed to their stations in the desert.

There was no national government. Sheiks ruled over the clans, or families which were independent could make peace or war, and such regulations as they pleased. Human sacrifice was resorted to, and infanticide was common. Omar, the zealous apostle of Islam, when he remembered how in the days of darkness, before he was converted by the prophet, his child beat the dust from his beard as he placed her in the grave, shed the only tears ever wrung from his fierce heart.

MOHAMMED.

Such was the Arab, at the advent of Mohammed; such the unpromising soil in which the seeds of one of the most wonderful reforms the world has ever seen, were sown. He was born A. D. 565, and to him was assigned the apparently impossible task of fixing the attention of this wild and restless people, overturning their belief, transmitted through unknown centuries, and furnishing them a better. He has been represented as an impostor, a lunatic, a visionary, and epileptic. If so, it were well the world had more such lunatics. The story of his ignoble birth was a fabrication of the Christian writers, who did not hesitate to exaggerate or invent if they thereby promoted their cause. No man in Arabia could trace his lineage to nobler ancestry. His descent from Ishmael may be compared to that of Christ from David, both being alike mythical; but it is certain that he sprang from the Korish and family of Hashim, the hereditary guardians of the Caaba, or the sacred tribe.

His family was characterized by devotion to God, and of his immediate ancestors he was famed by his genealogy, and another by his valor in the armies of Africa. In his earliest boyhood he manifested intense eagerness to understand religious questions, which at twelve was fully gratified. He accompanied a caravan westward to Bozrah, a town south of Damascus, and was then entertained at a Nestorian monastery. The Nestorians were Unitarians expelled from the Roman empire by the merciless persecutions of the dominant Trinitarian Christians. They prized themselves in the possession of the faith and the purity of their Aristotelean philosophy. Then the mind of the young prophet became instilled with a belief in the unity of God, and hatred for all forms of idolatry.

Here Mohammedanism coalesced with Christianity. Unitarianism in this more congenial atmosphere grew so rapidly that it overshadowed its persecutors. Mohammed profited by the lessons he eagerly learned, as is seen by the theology he taught; and his successors cultivated the Aristotelean philosophy, and while Europe remained in stagnation of thought they alone carried the light of the ancient world.

He continued in the caravan trade of Syria, conducting the business of a wealthy widow, Cadijah by name, with such skill and integrity, and charming her taste by his exceptional beauty and politeness of manners, that she intimated through a slave that his suit would be acceptable, and although twice his age, they were married, and until her death, twenty-four years thereafter, he remained true to her trust.

When at the height of his power, years after he had laid her in the tomb, Ayerha, one of the most beautiful women in Arabia, said to him: "Was she not old? Did not God give you in me a better wife in her place?"

Mohammed in a passionate burst of gratitude, exclaimed: "No, by Allah! There never can be a better. She believed in me when men despised me. She relieved me when I was poor and persecuted by the world."

THE BEGINNING OF PROPHECY.

His marriage had placed him in easy circumstances, and the camel-driver and wandering merchant could now devote himself to the solution of the grand religious problems which had worked like ferment in his mind. He devoted day and night to meditation, wandering far out on the desert, especially to the grotto in Mount Hera, a few miles from Mecca. It was a lonely spot. Black rocks, torn and rent in awful desolation, extended on every side, and no sound of bird or insect broke the solitude.

There he sat in the shadow of the night, or walked with restless footsteps the rocky floor, revolving in his mind the dogmas taught by the Christian World; the unity, the three-in-one God, the scheme of salvation through the death of the son; the virgin mother and the countless less important doctrines clustering around these.

There his soul awoke to the grandeur around him. The stars, shining from the vaulted depths of the sky, the awful silence, magnetized his spirit into harmony with nature and inspired him with the one cardinal idea which clearly shone through the tangled maze of human contention, the oneness of God.

WAS HE AN IMPOSTOR.

By Christian writers it is said that there began his imposture, an impudent set aside in all impartial minds by the history of this great reformer. The arguments to vindicate the character of Christ are equally applicable to Mohammed, and if success be a guarantee, the latter must, at least, be acknowledged as an equal, as one-fourth of the human race now bows at the shrine of the crescent.

By his austere life he cleared away the clouds which obstruct the spirit, and brought it into union with the departed. Fasting and various drugs have been used from immemorial times to induce the impressive state, wherein the mind becomes receptive of the thoughts of spirit-intelligences. But communications by such artificial means are unreliable unless received by a refined organization prepared for their reception and expression.

MODE OF LIFE.

Fasting and contemplation produced in Mohammed a highly susceptible state of mind, for which he was prepared by his organization and training. He became clairvoyant and clairaudient. Like Schroeder, he heard a voice and saw shadowy forms. His trance was preceded by depression of spirits. His face became clouded; his extremities cold, and he shook like one with the ague. The veins of his head moved, knotted, his eyes fixed, his head moved to and fro as in conversation with some unseen person, and often he would fall to the ground like one intoxicated.

Then, as though in torture he uttered the messages which were written down by his friends, and afterwards collected in the Koran. He speaks of three chapters during the delivery of which his sufferings were so intense they gave him gray hairs.

THE TRANCE.

The Koran is considered by the learned Moslems as being perfect in its diction, and the crowning excellence of the Arabic tongue. That such a book could be the utterances of an epileptic, or of the victim of hallucination, is beyond credence. They who have investigated the subject will readily understand that the symptoms manifested by the prophet are those invariably accompanying trance.

Mohammed did not understand his own condition. He doubted the voice which spoke to his soul, and thought at times he was a victim of a delusion. He would test the voice, and once when he sat alone with Cadijah, he saw the angel of the voice enter, and was startled by the apparition.

"Do you see?" asked she. "I do," he replied. "Then he raised his veil and said: 'Dost thou see it now?'"

"Glad tidings to thee, O Mohammed," exclaimed she, "it is an angel, for he respects my unveiled face—an evil spirit would not."

HE COULD NOT BE SILENT.

His friends were greatly alarmed, some declaring him insane, while others said he was possessed by evil geni. Truth has this quality, it cannot be concealed. The camel-driver could not resist the temptation to utter his own abuses, after his mind had become illuminated. Others had dimly seen the wrong, but were silenced by the breath of popular disfavor. He not only saw the wrong, he pledged his life for its destruction. The patriarchs of old whispered in his ear, and his tongue would not remain silent.

Popular favor, banishment, torture, death itself were nothing to him. To retain that truth made life more unendurable than the flaming fagot. Supported by invisible powers, as their apostle became superior to all opposing forces. He was filled with the magnitude of his mission and declared himself the messenger of God, and denounced the idols of the Caaba, infanticide and evil practices.

As is their custom, the crowd divided, and asked him to degrade himself to a simple wonder-worker, and show his power by the test of miracles. The poets composed comic ballads, and when he began to preach the people sang them; the women scoffed and the children threw stones. In this dark hour his faithful wife cheered him with the tender sympathy a wife can only give. She was the first to say: "I believe," and the voice knowing of the shadow of the valley through which he wandered, and the anguish of his proud heart, rebellious against the strange destiny thrust upon him, spoke through him this sublime passage:

there is life beyond the grave, and it will be better for me than the present life, and thy Lord will give thee a rich reward. Did He not find thee an orphan and did He not care for thee? Did He not find thee a wanderer in error, and hath He not guided thee to truth? Did He not find thee needy, and hath He not enriched thee? Wherefore oppress not the orphan, neither repulse the beggar, but declare the goodness of God." Every Arab belonged to some especial family or clan, either by birth or adoption. This was necessary for protection. The patriarch at the head of each family was responsible for the actions of all its members, and was bound by the most sacred and inviolable ties to protect them. Mohammed belonged to the family of Abu Talib, and although they did not accept his mission, they were bound to protect him.

HIS ENEMIES WOULD BUY HIS BLOOD.

He incensed the rabble by crying against their sins, "calling the living fools, and the dead denizens of hell" and they went to Abu Talib and offered the price of blood that they might kill the would-be prophet. Talib indignantly refused, but indignantly hinted to Mohammed that if he indulged in such language he might withdraw his protection. Then the prophet who had been maintained in that lofty region of ecstasy where the world swims in unsubstantial shadows below, declared his purpose.

"Yield! Never! Though the sun came down on his right hand and the moon on his left, would he swerve a hair's breadth from the work assigned him. Wealth and superstition united in the clamor against him. Mecca, situated in the deserts, was of itself destitute of resources. The old idolatry brought pilgrims in a constant stream to the sacred Caaba, and four months in a year the wandering tribes gathered there. This made its citizens opulent. If the same prophet brought this old religion into disrepute, where would they gain livelihood? Why should they destroy a belief which gave them wealth, and the luxuries of the Orient? He was mad to listen to denunciations of the idols when the worshippers of these idols brought all their wealth.

THE PATRIARCHS WOULD BUY HIM OFF.

The patriarchs thought they would bribe him to silence. They went to him and said: "What is it you want, Mohammed? Do you wish for riches? We will make you rich. Do you wish for honor? We will make you ruler of the city. Do you wish to be a prophet? We will make you a prophet. Do you wish to be a leader? We will make you a leader. Do you wish to be a king? We will make you a king. Do you wish to be a god? We will make you a god. Do you wish to be a god?"

Failing in this, they entered into a covenant never to buy nor sell, nor drink with the house of Talib. This was like excommunication by the pope, or, in modern terms, a boycott, which lasted three years, causing great suffering in the clan. Yet the influence of the prophet increased, and each clan promised to punish its own members for adherence to him, and a terrible persecution reigned. When the four months' truce of God came, Mohammed had opportunity to preach to the whole nation, and he industriously improved it.

THE FAMILY FEAST.

In the fourth year of his mission, having converted ten respectable citizens of Mecca, he resolved to boldly announce his prophetic mission. He invited his clan to a feast and addressed them:

"Kinemen, I offer you, and I alone can offer you, the treasures of this world and the world to come. God has commanded me to call you to his service. Who among you will support my burden? Who among you will be my companion and vizier?"

A while of silent round the festive board, and there was silence. Then Ali, a youth of fourteen, cried:

"Oh, prophet, I am the man! I will be thy vizier!"

Events proved that Mohammed made no vain boast, and Ali, in after years when Islam fought for almost gained the supremacy of the world, gained the title of the Lion of God.

Mohammed had gained a few devoted disciples, but the hoary structure of idolatry had not been shaken. Yet he did not falter, nor suppress the voice he felt assured was divine. A great trial fell to his lot. Cadijah, who had been a second wife, passed to the land of shadows, and while oppressed with the grief, Talib, his protector, also died.

HIS DEATH RESOLVED.

He was no longer safe, and his preservation, constantly surrounded by enemies exasperated by his stirring sermons, was a desperate task. A remarkable illustration of the power of custom, the unwritten law of the community.

It was determined that each tribe should sheath a sword in his body that the guilt might be common, and thus the vengeance of the family avoided. An angel came to the prophet and revealed the danger, and with a whisper he fled to the cave of Thaur, a league from the city. His enemies came in their search to the mouth of the cave, but as a spider had spun its web over the entrance and a pigeon had built her nest by its side, they were convinced that it was deserted and withdrew.

"We are only two," despondingly said Abubeker.

"There is a third," replied Mohammed. "There is a third—it is God himself."

An historian has said a thrust of a lance at that time might have changed the destiny of the world. It might, but it was not made. Destiny is not thus diverted. They who are chosen to lead never meet the lance of chance. They possess characteristics and the dagger of the assassin, the shock of armies, the fatalities of nature, are guarded against until their work is done.

Call this power providence or the higher congress, ruling the destiny of races, history reveals its influence on every page, or its absence in those barren periods where mankind touched, if at all, the lower stratum. It is seen in the protection shielding Washington, and equally in the assaige which thrust out the life of the Prince Impe-

rial, thus saving France from monarchy.

THE HEGIRA.

The people of Medina had conquered a tribe of Jews, who were constantly prophesying of the coming of a Messiah who would deliver them from bondage. It was their time-old story, in Egypt, in Babylon, in Jerusalem, a man for a redeemer never to come. But their expectations had been renewed on their conquerors. The Arab stood in dread of the fearful, magical book of the Jews, and believed it opened the future to their gaze. Hence when they heard the wonderful stories of Mohammed, they thought he must be the Messiah; they resolved to outwit the Jews and make him their own. They sent a delegation to invite him. At the hour of midnight, in dark ravine near Mecca, a solemn conference was held with Mohammed and his kinsmen, and the delegates promised to receive him as a brother, and obey him as a leader, and defend him to the last extremity. Joining his new friends, he lost protection of his family, and his enemies pursued him to the gates of Medina.

WHAT WERE HIS TEACHINGS?

Thus far Mohammed taught love for man and loyalty to God, and what has been called his intense egotism was only an appreciation of his mission.

He despised carnal weapons, and teaching humility and charity he buried withering rebukes against his oppressors. His virtue was above reproach. He never frequented the wine-shops or looked on the amusements of the vulgar. He was fond of children, visited the sick, was gentle, humble and kind. He always waited on himself, mended his own garments, milked his own goats, and never struck anybody in his life.

When asked to give a curse he said: "I have not been sent to curse, but to be a mercy to mankind."

Once when unkind to a beggar, a verse of the Koran reproached him. "Use no violence in religion." He disdained the life of a hermit, yet imitated the simplicity of that life. He never tasted wine, and his hunger was appeased with a scanty allowance of barley bread, with milk and honey on rare occasions. His ordinary diet was dates and water.

It must be admitted that the character of Mohammed underwent a great change after the hegira. The persecuted reformer, begging a hearing for the inspirations given him in the solitude of the cave and desert, was replaced by a conqueror, and the people of Medina, who had been his disciples, gathered under his standard, and he became a chieftain able to enforce his doctrines. Yet he maintained an austere simplicity. When he preached he leaned against a palm tree, not indulging himself in the luxury of a chair or pulpit.

The ambassador from Mecca was astonished by the respect and reverence shown him by the faithful. He had seen, said he, "Charcoal of Persia and Caesar's of Rome, but never did I behold a king among his subjects like Mohammed among his companions."

THE VOICE CHANGES.

To the devotees his word was infallible law, and they saw glory only under his banner. The faithful cast their shadow over the crystal revelations of the early day. The voice lost its certainty with the passing of the conditions on which its certainty depended. It had revealed moral truths and maxims for the conduct of life. Its purity of diction has been the wonder of posterity, and when compared with the surrounding darkness, proves its supernatural origin. It is not the voice of an insane or deceiving camel-driver, but of wisdom, that has for thirteen centuries furnished the bread of spiritual life to hundreds of millions, and is now accepted as the ultimate source of truth by a greater number than accept Christianity.

The prophet, at the head of an army, did not await the prompting voice—only by glimpses could the light pierce the gloom. He began to envelop his spiritual nature. The sensitive, the prophet, became lost in the statesman and general. The voice came from another source, and utters manifestos and legal regulations in a stilted, inflated style, in startling contrast with its early purity. He was not a hypocrite. He was consistent throughout his entire life; more so, perhaps, than any other example afforded by history.

The character of apostle and general are the attributes of such other. One inaugurates a reform, the other executes, and usually ages intervene between the two. Christ taught, Constantine enforced. Mohammed combined both characters. He lived two lives: that of the apostle before the hegira, when he laid the foundations of his religion, and after the hegira, that of the statesman and general who enforced his doctrines. Experience had taught him the impracticability of overthrowing the old idolatry by persuasion, and as force was now placed in his hands, he saw a wise dispensation of providence and command to use it. He conscientiously believed in his revelations, and believing, every means of spreading the light was lawful. He had preached and persecuted many weary years the idolaters of the Caaba and failed, and now God had given him power to overthrow idolatry and for its revolting rites substitute the true faith. Yet his career, terrible as it has been drawn by the hand of religious hate, is not comparable with the bloody record of the Hebrews. He always gave the option of friendship or battle.

If his enemies accepted the faith of Islam, they became his brethren, with all the rites of the primitive disciples, and a tribute acknowledging dependence usually guaranteed his unbelieving subjects religious toleration.

In ten years he fought nine battles and achieved fifty enterprises of war, and thus prepared his army for the conquest of Arabia. "The sword," said he, to his followers, "is the key to heaven and hell; a drop of blood shed in the cause of God, a night spent in arms, is of more avail than two months of fasting and prayer; who falls in battle his sins are forgiven."

Thus encouraged, and assured by the stern doctrine of fate, constantly repeated in the Koran, the zealous host threw themselves into the face of death with unshrinking fury. If destined to die in their beds, no sword could pierce them, and if not, they could not escape

the appointed time. Their belief made them heroes.

CONQUEST OF MECCA.

The prophet, receiving the divine command that the hour had come, led his army to the conquest of Mecca, which by diplomacy he gained without shedding the blood of a single citizen. The idols of the Caaba were destroyed, except the black-stone, the temple purified, and a perpetual law enacted against any unbeliever setting foot on the sacred ground of the city.

With equal success he met and overcame the attacks of the combined pagan tribes, but with severe conflict. To their ambassador, who said: "Grant us, O Prophet of God, a truce of three years," he replied, "Not a month, nor an hour."

"Excuse us, at least, from the obligations of prayer," pleaded the messenger. "Without prayer, religion is of no avail," was the brief answer.

The cry of the army was an echo of Allah's at the battle of Mutas. "Advance with confidence; either victory or paradise is ours."

Mohammed in the pulpit described in glowing colors the glory of those who died in defense of the faith, but in private the tenderness of his heart was shown by his answer when surprised, weeping over his fallen comrade:

"What do I see?" asked an astonished votary.

"You see a friend who is deploring the loss of his most faithful friend."

HIS RELIGION.

The morality of the Koran and the religion founded thereon may not be perfect, but it is as perfect for the race and time of Mohammed as any religion was, as he was the blossom of its prophetic spirit. Numerous prophets came after him, but weak as the firefly's light to that of the sun, compared with him. He had no master, no council, no support but the Voice which inspired him.

HIS LAST PILGRIMAGE.

Until 63 years of age he was equal to the demands of his great mission. His health began to decline, and at the end of four years, conscious that his days were numbered, he made his last pilgrimage to Mecca, which was replete with mournful interest. He set out from Medina with 140,000 derivatives, with camels garlanded with flowers, and decked with flying streamers. When he approached the Holy City, the scene of his early domestic peace and where he first heard the Voice which had exalted him to the supremacy, he uttered a solemn prayer:

"Here am I in thy service, O God! Thou hast no companion! To thee alone belongs worship. (Thine alone is the kingdom. There is none to share it with thee.)"

After offering with his own hands the camel of sacrifice, he ascended the pulpit of the Caaba and reiterated: "O, my hearers, I am only a man like yourselves, of what dost thou stand in awe? I am no king; I am nothing but the son of an Arab woman, who ate flesh dried in the sun."

On his return to Medina he gave his farewell to his people.

"Everything happens according to the will of God," he said, "and hath its appointed time, which can neither be hastened nor avoided. I return to him who sent me, and my last command to you is that ye love, honor and uphold each other, that ye exhort each other to faith and constancy in belief, and to the performance of pious deeds. My life has been for your good and so will be my death."

HIS DEATH.

His calm contemplation of the approach of death proves of itself the honesty of belief and noble faith of the Great Prophet.

"If there be anyone whom I have unjustly scourged, I submit my own back to the lash of retaliation. Have I aspersed the reputation of a Moslem? Let him proclaim my fault in the face of the congregation. Has anyone been despoiled of his goods? The title I have shall compensate the principal and interest of the debt."

A voice called, "I am entitled to three drams of silver."

He thanked his creditor for accusing him in the world rather than in the next. He enfranchised his slaves, gave orders for his funeral, and moderated the grief of his friends, on whom he bestowed the benediction of peace. To the last he maintained the dignity of an apostle and a serene faith. As he grew weaker, he gazed at the heavens and said in broken accents: "O, God—forgive my sins—be it so—I come."

His zealous followers would not believe the evidence of their senses:

"How can he be dead—our witness, our intercessor."

Abubeker calmly said to the distracted people:

"Is it Mohammed, or the God of Mohammed, who worship? The God of Mohammed liveth forever, but the apostle was a mortal like ourselves, and according to his own predictions has experienced the common fate of mortality."

The humble tomb of the prophet is at Medina, and millions of pilgrims visit it as a shrine of equal holiness with the Caaba.

Thus departed this wonderful spirit. Nay, not departed! His intangible presence has guided the destiny of four hundred millions of people, and the words of wisdom spoken by the Voice has been their bread of spiritual life. The great world-force he was the exponent of is still active, still extending itself along its borders, conquering new dominions—in Africa, in the northern steppes of Asia, in the islands of the sea and the savage peoples, as they cast away their fetishes and idols, cry aloud, "Allah! Allah! there is but one God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God."

GIVES HIS OPINION,

Which He Has a Perfect Right to Do,

That Only Etherizations Are Possible.

TO THE EDITOR:—Some very large projectiles of war having displayed their reliability and effectiveness in penetrating the armor-plate of materialization, I deem it not out of place to take one more additional shot, and if I burn a little powder of common-sense and the missile strikes the mass of error, I hope the penetrability will be the means of dislodging some more of the stones that have built a wall around the sanity of a great many Spiritualists. It is beyond a doubt that more money is spent and wasted to witness this fraud than it takes to support all the Spiritual societies we have. This so-called phenomenon is the cudgel that is making our knowledge of spiritual communion encounter so many protests from people who wish to enter our ranks, but refrain from taking the step when so much exposition is made of this supposed phase of mediumship.

There is only one condition necessary which the medium demands, and then you can see your dead brother or sister or your mother-in-law in their grave-clothes. If you have a dollar you simply give it to the "go-between," and the condition is complete.

I am going to make a sweeping assertion, and I do not care who it may disturb; it is this: There is not one medium who practices in this line that does not have paraphernalia or a confederate, and some have both. You will often read where the medium was thoroughly searched and dressed in a suit of black, and then comes the press account of the occurrence, and the document has the signatures of influential names. In their hurry to search the medium, they did not remember to search themselves; if they had done so, they would have discovered that some one had a second hand clothing store concealed. The desire to make money is so great that this class of people never leave a stone unturned to gain their point, and darkness assists very materially in the scheme.

Spiritualists, if you wish to see greater strides in the march of "our child," do not wrap its feet in the shoes of so-called materialization, but let its foot wear be made common sense!

The more rapidly we go to work to clear the rubbish and accept etherization as a fact (and that phase cannot be produced nightly by the same medium) the sooner you will see fruitful results. It has got to come, and the purification will make our belief so much more heavenly. I have been a student in psychic science for twenty years, and it has made my life much happier and better. My aim is to purify all paths that lead to spirituality, and I cannot walk unimpeded in that road until I do my part to cut down the weeds of fraud that are growing luxuriantly in these material realms. In my rambles, if I found many errors on the golden table, I would have always tried to be charitable, but I have always made known my grievances, forcibly if necessary. I have such an aversion to rascality that, where I find the seeds sown, I try to produce an unfruitful condition and nip the germ in its embryonic state. I have been untiring all my efforts to free Spiritualism from this monstrous imposition, and I think it behooves all Spiritualists to do their best and aid in the work.

The author who wrote "The Vampires of Onset" knew his business, and the scenes at Onset one summer ago are forerunners of what has got to come, and the sooner more disinfecting fluid is turned on the disease the sooner the reputation of honest ideas will supplant those destroyed. Now if this argument is more thoroughly discussed the finer sensibilities will be aroused and the Spiritualists who have allowed themselves to be hypnotized will have the spell subject to annihilation.

ROBT. WHITE, JR.

IN MEMORIAM.

[Lines written for the Lincoln Anniversary, held in Hiawatha Hall, Boston, February 9, 1895.]

Oh, thou ascended martyr-saint! we've gathered here to-day
Our tribute to thy life of love and honesty to pay;
For flesh and malice never found a dwelling-place in thee,
Who threw o'er friend and foe alike the cloak of charity.

Oh! there are names to us so dear, embalmed in verse and story,
But Lincoln's name shines grandly out, with a distinctive glory,
And



Progress, the Universal Law of Nature; Thought, the Solvent of Her Problems.

VOL. 13.

CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1896.

NO. 336

THE GREAT MOHAMMED.

This Remarkable Personage Viewed as a Medium

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

[This lecture has been repeated many times and portions of it published, and is here reported in its perfect form.]

I had in my mind a series of lectures on the founders of the great religions, in which it was intended to show that these great leaders were simply instruments of a mighty intelligence which planned and executed its purposes through them. They are all men taken from the ordinary walks of life, and used because sensitive to the waves of inspiration.

MOHAMMED HISTORIC.

Of these I select Mohammed as the first, because he belongs to an age of more accurate observation, and is least enveloped in the deceptive clouds of myths.

He is of all religious leaders, distinctively historic, which can be said of none other. Jesus Christ has no historic being outside the New Testament. There is not an authentic sentence, or even word, in the histories of his life concerning him. His birth, brief life and death are enveloped in myths borrowed from old religions, until his existence becomes questionable. Not so the great prophet of the Moslems.

CHURCH HISTORY.

The history of Christ begins with that of the churches, and in the fifth century it had to record the rivalry of the bishops of Rome, Constantinople and Alexandria, with treason, torturing, poisoning and civil wars. The councils by which they sought to establish the authenticity of the sacred writings and incomprehensible dogmas were packed assemblies presided over by chicanery and fraud.

Legions of monks clamored for their mystic doctrines, and their ignorant votaries were ever ripe for resort to carnal weapons in defense of the wildest fantasies of their leaders.

The Christian world had become divided on the nature of God, one side claiming that he was a trinity, the other that he was one. The former retaining the sympathy of ancient Paganism, triumphed, and the Unitarians found no mercy at their hands, and were driven by remorseless persecution to remote lands.

Arabia—a wild, unconquered country—gave them shelter. Centuries before, churches had been established there, and Paul visited it. The Histrulans established monasteries, and the desert was the refuge of those who sought to purify their lives by solitude.

RELIGION OF THE BEDOUINS.

The Arab remained amidst these missionary herds, true to his ancient faith. The desert was broad enough for all, and the solitary hermit, or the mystic, or the visionary, were to the Bedouin, objects of superstitious awe. He gave them the valley or the rocky cavern, while he swept over the plain, a wanderer, restless as the sands beneath his camels' feet.

From the desert of Syria, a desert of sand extends to the Indian Ocean, occupied by a scant population of Bedouins, fierce, implacable and intensely superstitious. They have a religion of their own, never amended or reformed; the original faith of the childhood of the race. They worshipped the sun, moon and stars. In them they saw the manifestation of intelligence, and in their regular motions care for the welfare of man. The clear sky of the plains, their wandering life, their reverence for the stars, the guidance of the stars on their nocturnal marches, contributed to this superstition. No idols were required to represent the heavenly orbs. They were themselves altar-fires burning forever. The Arab gave them names, and astronomy is enriched by the poetic nomenclature of the desert.

RELIEF FROM THE INFINITE.

The mind seeks relief from the infinite in the finite. The intangible delves whose watch-fires gleamed in the far-away heavens were at too great a distance, and the gods who directly interested themselves in the people were assigned a holy place: a temple where in their images were preserved. The principle which represented the awful mysteries of creation, was a black stone, said to be a meteor which fell from heaven. It was an emblem of the mother goddess, as the omphalos of white marble represented the same at Delphi, under the Arabic name of Al, or Allat, the queen of heaven, from whose prolific nature all things received birth. It was a remnant of the old phallic worship of Asia, and as the cross typifies the masculine, and the dome the feminine, Christianity adopted the former and this earlier faith adopted the swelling dome, contracted to a crescent.

The black stone was placed in the Caaba, or house God: surrounded by three hundred images of men, eagles, lions and antelopes representing the days of the year, as the year was then divided, the most conspicuous being a statue of Hebal, of red agate, holding in his hand the arrows, symbolic of divination. It was located in the holy city of Mecca, which was midway between Yemen and Egypt. There in remote times, the sacred well Zemzem was discovered, which, however much was drawn from it, always remained full. To the famished traveler its brackish waters were sweet as nectar, and their abundance awoke his superstition. No apostrophe was sufficiently intense to express the gratitude of the Arab for the gift of its precious nectar. The city grew around it, in a valley two

miles in length and one in breadth, at the foot of three barren mountains. The soil is rock, the pastures remote, the hills covered with dwarf acacia, vegetation refusing to grow on the thin and burning soil. Few places offer less inducements for the foundation of a city, but it was the half-way house, where the caravans from the east met those from the west. However exasperated the roving flocks might be, or how the war they waged, this valley was sacred ground, and no hand might molest those who sought its protection. It became immensely wealthy from this trade, and from the swarms of pilgrims seeking the shrine.

THE TRUCE OF GOD.

Four months in the year all the tribes respected the truce of God, and journeyed to the holy shrine. When they came to the sacred valley, they put on their palm fronds, and proceeded to the house of God, which they walked seven times around, kissed the black stone, and drank of the waters of Zemzem, after which games, like the Olympic, of Greece, were celebrated. The poem which gained the prize, beautifully illuminated, was hung up before the door of the Caaba, orations were delivered, songs were sung, and there was feasting, and then the tribes departed to their stations in the desert.

There was no national government. Sheiks ruled over the clans, or families which were independent could make peace or war, and such regulations as they pleased.

Human sacrifice was resorted to, and infanticide was common. Omar, the zealous apostle of Islam, when he remembered in the days of darkness, before he was converted by the prophet, his child beat the dust from his beard as he placed her in the grave, shed the only tears ever wrung from his fierce heart.

MOHAMMED.

Such was the Arab, at the advent of Mohammed, such the unpromising soil in which the seeds of one of the most wonderful reforms the world has ever seen, were sown. He was born A. D. 565, and to him was assigned the apparently impossible task of fixing the attention of this wild and restless people, overturning their belief, transmitted through unknown centuries, and furnishing a better one. He had been represented as an impostor, a lunatic, a visionary, and epileptic. If so, it were well the world had more such lunatics. The story of his ignoble birth was a fabrication of the Christian writers, who did not hesitate to exaggerate or invent if they thereby promoted their cause. No man in Arabia could trace his lineage to nobler ancestry. His descent from Ishmael may be compared to that of Chival from David, both being alike mythical, but it is certain that he sprang from the Korish and family of Hashim, the hereditary guardians of the Caaba, or the sacred tribe.

His family was characterized by devotion to God. One of his immediate ancestors he saved from famine by his generosity, and another by his valor from the armies of Africa. In his earliest boyhood he manifested intense eagerness to understand religious questions, which at twelve was fully satisfied. He accompanied a caravan westward to Bazarah, a town south of Damascus, and was then entertained at a Nestorian monastery. The Nestorians were Unitarians expelled from the Roman empire by the merciless persecutions of the dominant Trinitarian Christians. They prided themselves in the possession of the faith and the purity of their Aristotelean philosophy. But the mind of the young prophet became agitated with a belief in the unity of God, and hatred for all forms of idolatry.

Here Mohammedanism coalesced with Christianity. Unitarianism in this more congenial atmosphere grew so rankly that it overshadowed its persecutor.

Mohammed profited by the lessons he eagerly learned, as is shown by the theology he taught; and his successors could trace the Arabian philosophy and thought Europe remained in stagnation of thought they alone carried the light of the ancient world.

He continued in the caravan trade of Syria, conducting the business of a wealthy widow, Cadijah by name, with such skill and integrity, and charming her taste by his exceptional beauty and politeness of manners, that she eventually came to love him. He was a man of noble character, and although twice her age, they were married, and until her death, twenty-four years thereafter, he remained true to her trust.

When at the height of his power years after he had laid her in the tomb, Ayerha, one of the most beautiful women in Arabia, said to him: "Was she not old? Did God give you in me a better wife in her place?" Mohammed in a passionate burst of gratitude, exclaimed: "No, by Allah! There never can be a better. She believed in me when men despised me. She relieved me when I was poor and persecuted by the world."

There he sat in the shadow of the night, or walked with restless footsteps the rocky floor, revolving in his mind the dogmas taught by the Christian World; the unity, the three-in-one God, the scheme of salvation through the death of the son; the virgin mother and the countless less important doctrines clustering around these.

There his soul awoke to the grandeur around him. The stars shined from the vaulted depths of the sky, the awful silence, magnetized his spirit into harmony with nature and inspired him with the one cardinal idea which clearly shone through the tangled maze of human contention, the oneness of God.

WAS HE AN IMPOSTOR.

By Christian writers it is said that there he began his imposture, an imputation set aside in all impartial minds by the history of this great reformer. The arguments to vindicate the character of Christ are equally applicable to Mohammed, and if success be a guarantee, the latter must, at least, be acknowledged as an equal, as one-fourth of the human race now bows at the shrine of the crescent.

By his austere life he cleared away the clouds which obstruct the spirit, and brought it into union with the deity. Fasting and various drugs have been used from immemorial times to induce the impressive state, wherein the mind becomes receptive of the thoughts of spirit-intelligences. But communications by such artificial means are unreliable, unless received by a refined organization prepared for their reception and expression.

MODE OF LIFE.

Fasting and contemplation produced in Mohammed a highly susceptible state of mind, for which he was prepared by his organization and training. He became clairvoyant, and clairaudient. Like Socrates, he heard a voice, and saw shadowy forms. His trance was preceded by depression of spirits. His face became clouded, his extremities cold, and he shook like one with the ague. The veins of his face became knotted, his eyes fixed, his head moved to and fro as in conversation with some unseen person, and often he would fall to the ground like one intoxicated.

Then, as though in torture, he uttered the messages which were written down by his friends, and afterwards collected in the Koran. He speaks of three chapters during the delivery of which his sufferings were so intense they gave him gray hairs.

THE TRANCE.

The Koran is considered by the learned Moslems as being perfect in its diction, and the crowning excellence of the Arabic tongue. That such a book could be the utterances of an epileptic, or of the victim of hallucination, is beyond credence. They who have investigated the subject will readily understand that the symptoms manifested by the prophet are those invariably accompanying trance. The blood rushes to the brain, which becomes congested, while the extremities become cold and the vital forces so disturbed that convulsions are induced.

Mohammed did not understand his own condition. He doubted the voice which spoke to his soul, and thought at first that he was a victim of a delusion. He would test the voice, and once when he sat alone with Cadijah, he saw the angel of the voice enter, and was startled by the apparition.

"Do thou see aught?" asked she. "No," he replied. Then she raised her veil and said: "Do thou see it now?" "No," he said.

"And tidings to thee, O Mohammed," exclaimed she, "it is an angel, and he respects my unveiled face—an evil spirit would not."

HE COULD NOT BE SILENT.

His friends were greatly alarmed, some declaring him insane, while others said he was possessed by evil genii. Truth has this quality, it cannot be concealed. The camel-driver could not rest in the midst of great and crying abuses, after his mind had become illuminated. Others had dimly seen the wrong, but were silenced by the breath of popular disfavor. He not only saw the wrong, he pledged his life for its destruction. The patriarchs of old whispered in his ear, and his tongue would not remain silent.

Popular favor, banishment, torture, death itself were nothing to him. To retain that truth made life more unendurable than the flaming fogot. Supported by invisible powers, as their apostle he became superior to all opposing forces. He was filled with the magnitude of his mission and declared himself the messenger of God, and denounced the idols of the Caaba, infanticide and evils great and small.

As is their custom, the crowd divided, and asked him to degrade himself to a simple worker, and show his power by the test of miracles. The crowd composed comic ballads, and when he began to preach the people sang them; the women scoffed and the children threw stones. In this dark hour his faithful wife cheered him with the tender sympathy a wife can only give. She was the first to say "I believe," and the voice knowing of the shadow of the valley through which he wandered, and the anguish of his proud heart, rebellious against the strange destiny thrust upon him, spoke through him this sublime passage:

"By the brightness of the moon that rises, and by the darkness of the night which descends, thy God has not forsaken thee, Mohammed. For know that

there is life beyond the grave, and it will be better for thee than the present life, and thy Lord will give thee a rich reward. Did he not find thee an orphan and did he not care for thee? Did he not find thee a wanderer in error, and hath he not guided thee to truth? Did he not find thee needy, and hath he not enriched thee? Wherefore oppress not the orphan, neither repulse the beggar, but declare the goodness of God."

Every Arab belonged to some special family or clan, either by birth or adoption. This was necessary for protection. The patriarch at the head of each family was responsible for the actions of all its members, and was bound by the most sacred and inviolable ties to protect them. Mohammed belonged to the family of Abu Talib, and although they did not accept his mission, they were bound to protect him.

HIS ENEMIES WOULD BUY HIS BLOOD. He incensed the rabble by crying against their sins, "calling the living fools, and the dead denizens of hell," and they went to Abu Talib and offered the price of blood that they might kill the would-be prophet. Talib unflinchingly refused, but he gently hinted to Mohammed that if he indulged in such language he might withdraw his protection. Then a group who had been maintained in that lofty region of ecstasy, where the world swims in unsubstantial shadows below, declared his purpose.

"Yield? Never! Though the sun came down on his right hand and the moon on his left, would he swerve a hair's breadth from the work assigned him. Wealth and reputation upheld in the clamor against him. Mecca, situated in the deserts, was of itself destitute of resources. The old idolatry brought pilgrims in a constant stream to the sacred Caaba, and four months in a year the wandering tribes gathered there. This made its citizens opulent. If the famous prophet brought this old religion into disrepute, why would they gain livelihood? Why should they destroy a belief which gave them wealth, and the luxuries of the Orient? It was madness to listen to denunciations of the idols when the worshippers of these idols brought all their wealth.

THE PATRIARCHS WOULD BUY HIM OFF. The patriarchs thought they would bribe him to stop. They went to him and said: "What is it you want, Mohammed? Do you wish for riches? We will make you ruler of the city." "All they asked was that he leave off the little matter of preaching. Mohammed replied by a quotation from the Koran: "Oh, prophet, fear God, and obey him: the unbelievers and hypocrites will not be with you."

Failing in this, they entered into a covenant neither to buy nor sell, eat nor drink with the house of Talib. This was like excommunication by the pope, or, in modern terms, a boycott, which lasted three years, causing great suffering in the clan. Yet the influence of the prophet increased, and each clan promised to send its own members to adhere to him, and a terrible persecution reigned. When the four months' truce of God came, Mohammed had opportunity to preach to the whole nation, and he industriously improved it.

THE FAMILY FEAST.

In the fourth year of his mission, having converted respectable citizens of Mecca, he was invited to a family feast. He invited his clan to a feast and addressed them: "Kinsmen, I offer you, and I alone can offer you, the treasures of this world and the world to come. God has commanded me to call you to his service. Who among you will support my burden? Who among you will be my companion and helper?"

A crowd of scorn went round the festive board, and there was silence. Then Ali, a youth of fourteen, cried: "Oh, prophet, I am the man! I will be thy vizier!"

Events proved that Mohammed made no vain boast, and Ali, in after years when Islam fought for and almost gained the supremacy of the world, gained the title of the Lion of God.

Mohammed had gained a few devoted disciples, but the theory structure of idolatry had not been shaken. Yet he did not falter, nor suppress the voice he felt assured was divine. A great trial fell to his lot. Cadijah, who had been as a second voice, passed to the land of shadows, and while oppressed with this great grief, Talib, his protector, also died.

HIS DEATH RESOLVED.

He was no longer safe, and his preservation, constantly surrounded by enemies exasperated by his stinging, sacrilegious words, is a remarkable illustration of the power of custom, the unwritten law of the community.

It was determined that each tribe should shed a warrior in his body that the guilt might be common, and thus the vengeance of the family avoided. An angel came to the prophet and revealed the danger, and with Abubeker he fled to the cave of Thaur, a league from the city. His enemies came in their search to the mouth of the cave, but as a spider had spun its web over the entrance and a pigeon had built her nest by its side, they were convinced that it was deserted and withdrew.

"We are only two," despondingly said Abubeker. "There is a third," replied Mohammed. "There is a third—it is God himself."

An historian has said a thrust of a lance at that time might have changed the destiny of the world. It might, but it was not made. Destiny is not thus diverted. They who are chosen to lead never meet the lance of chance. They possess charmed-lives, and the dagger of the assassin, the shock of armies, the fatalities of nature, are guarded against until their work is done.

Call this power providence or the higher congress, ruling the destiny of races, history reveals its influence on every page, or its absence in those barren periods where mankind touched, if at all, only the lower stratum. It is seen in the protection shielding Washington, and equally in the assaig which thrust out the life of the Prince Imperial, thus saving France from monarchy.

THE HEGIRA.

The people of Medina had conquered a tribe of Jews who were constantly prophesying of the coming of a Messiah who would deliver them from bondage. It was their time-old story, in Egypt, in Babylon, in Jerusalem, a man for a redeemer never to come. But their expectations had great influence on their conquerors. The Arab stood in dread of the fearful, magical book of the Jews, and believed it opened the future to their gaze. Hence when they heard the wonderful stories of Mohammed, they thought he must be the Messiah; they resolved to outwit the Jews and make him their own. They sent a delegation to invite him. At the hour of midnight, in a dark ravine near Mecca, a solemn conference was held with Mohammed and his kinsmen, and the delegates promised to receive him as a brother, and obey him as a leader, and defend him to the last extremity. Joining his new friends, he lost protection of his family, and his enemies pursued him to the gates of Medina.

WHAT WERE HIS TEACHINGS?

Thus far Mohammed taught love for man and loyalty to God, and what has been called his intense egotism was only an appreciation of his mission.

He despised carnal weapons, and teaching humility and charity he hurled withering invectives against his oppressors. His virtue was above reproach. He never requited the wine-shops or looked on the amusements of the vulgar. He was fond of children, visited the sick, was gentle, humble and kind. He always walked on himself, mended his own garments, milked his own goats, and never struck anybody in his life.

When asked to give a curse he said: "I have not been sent to curse, but to be a mercy to mankind."

Once when asking a beggar, a verse of the Koran reproached him. He said no violence in religion. "Use no violence in religion," he said. He never tasted wine, and his hunger was appeased with a scanty allowance of barley bread, with milk and honey on rare occasions. His ordinary diet was dates and water.

It must be admitted that the character of Mohammed underwent a great change after the hegira. The persecuted reformer, begging a hearing for the inspirations given him in the solitude of the cave and desert, was received with open arms by the people of Medina. His scattered disciples gathered under his standard, and he became a chieftain able to enforce his doctrines. He became austere, austere simplicity. When he preached he leaned against a palm tree, not indulging himself in the luxury of a chair or pulpit.

The ambassador from Mecca was astonished by the respect and reverence paid him by the faithful. "I have seen," said he, "Charos of Persia, and Caesar of Rome, but never did I behold a king among his subjects like Mohammed among his companions."

THE VOICE CHANCES.

To the devotees his word was infallible law, and they saw glory only under his banner. The world cast its shadow over the crystal revelations of the early day. The voice lost its certainty with the passing of the conditions on which its certainty depended. It had revealed moral truths and maxims for the conduct of life. Its purity of diction has been the wonder of posterity, and when compared with the surrounding darkness, proves its supernatural origin. It is not the voice of an insane or deceiving camel-driver, but of wisdom, that has for thirteen centuries furnished the bread of spiritual life to hundreds of millions, and is now accepted as the ultimate source of truth by a greater number than accept Christianity.

The prophet, at the head of an army, did not await the prompting voice—only by glimpses could the light pierce the clouds which began to envelop his spiritual nature. The sensitive, the prophet, became lost in the statesman and general. The voice comes from another source, and utters manifestos and legal regulations in stilted, inflated style, in startling contrast with its early purity. He was not a hypocrite. He was consistent throughout his entire life; more so, perhaps, than any other example afforded by history.

The character of apostle and general are the antipodes of each other. One inaugurates a reform, the other executes, and usually ages intervene between the two. Christ taught. Constantine enforced. Mohammed combined both characters. He lived two lives: that of the apostle before the hegira, when he laid the foundations of his religion, and after the hegira, that of the statesman and general who enforced his doctrines. Experience had taught him the impracticability of overthrowing the old idolatry by persuasion, and as force was now placed in his hands, he saw a wise dispensation of providence and command to use it. He conscientiously believed in his revelations, and believing, every means of spreading its light was lawful. He had preached and persuaded many weary years the idolatry of the Caaba and failed, and now God had given him power to overthrow idolatry and for its replacing rise substitute the true faith.

Yet his career, terrible as it has been drawn by the hand of religious hate, is not comparable with the bloody record of the Hebrews. He always gave the option of friendship or battle.

If his enemies accepted the faith of Islam, they became his brethren, with all the rites of the primitive disciples, and a tribute acknowledging dependence usually guaranteed his unbelieving subjects religious toleration.

In ten years he fought nine battles and achieved fifty enterprises of war, and thus prepared his army for the conquest of Arabia. "The sword," said he, to his followers, "is the key to heaven and hell: a drop of blood shed in the cause of God, a night spent in arms, is of more avail than two months of fasting and prayer; whose falls in battle his sins are forgiven."

Thus encouraged, and assured by the stern doctrine of fate, constantly repeated in the Koran, the zealous hosts threw themselves into the face of death with unshrinking fury. If destined to die in their beds, no sword could pierce them, and if not, they could not escape

the appointed time. Their belief made them heroes.

CONQUEST OF MECCA.

The prophet, receiving the divine command that the hour had come, led his army to the conquest of Mecca, which by diplomacy he gained without shedding the blood of a single citizen. The idols of the Caaba were destroyed, except the black-stone, the temple purified, and a permanent altar erected against any unbeliever setting foot on the sacred ground of the city.

With equal success he met and overcame the attacks of the combined pagan tribes, but with severe conflict. To their ambassador, who said: "Grant us, O, Prophet of God, a truce of three years," he replied, "Not a month, nor an hour."

"Excuse us, at least, from the obligations of prayer," pleaded the messenger. "Without prayer, religion is of no avail," was the brief answer.

The cry of the army was an echo of Abdalla's at the battle of Mutas: "Advance with confidence; either victory or paradise is ours."

Mohammed in the pulpit described in glowing colors the glory of those who died in defense of the faith, but in private the tenderness of his heart was shown by his answer when surprised, weeping over his fallen commander: "What do I see?" asked an astonished votary.

"You see a friend who is deploring the loss of his most faithful friend."

HIS RELIGION.

The morality of the Koran and the religion founded thereon may not be perfect, but it was as perfect as the race and time of Mohammed would allow. It was the highest and best for his people, as he was the blossom of his prophetic spirit. Numerous prophets came after him, but weak as the firefly's light to that of the sun, compared with him. He had no master, no council, no support but the Voice which inspired him.

HIS LAST PILGRIMAGE.

Until 63 years of age he was equal to the demands of his great mission. His health began to decline, and at the end of four years, conscious that his days were numbered, he made his last pilgrimage to Mecca, which was replete with mournful interest. He set out from Medina with 140,000 dervishes, with camels garlanded with flowers and decked with flying streamers. When he approached the Holy City, the scene of his early domestic peace, and where he first heard the Voice which had called him to the supremacy, he uttered a solemn prayer:

"Here am I in thy service, O God! Thou hast no companion! To thee alone belongeth worship. Thine alone is the kingdom. There is none to share it with thee."

After offering with his own hands the camel of sacrifice, he ascended the pulpit of the Caaba and reiterated: "O, my hearers, I am only a man like yourselves, of what dost thou stand in awe? I am no king; I am nothing but the son of an Arab woman, who ate flesh dried in the sun."

On his return to Medina he gave his farewell to his people.

"If anything happens according to the will of God," he said, "and hath its appointed time, which can neither be hastened nor avoided, I return to him who sent me, and my last command to you is that ye love, honor and uphold each other; that ye exhort each other to faith and constancy in belief, and to the performance of pious deeds. My life has been for your good and so will be my death."

HIS DEATH.

His calm contemplation of the approach of death proves of itself the honesty of belief and noble faith of the Great Prophet.

"If anyone among you I have unjustly scourged, I submit my own back to the lash of retaliation. Have I aspersed the reputation of a Moslem? Let him proclaim my fault in the face of the congregation. Has anyone been despoiled of his goods? The little I have shall compensate the principal and interest of the debt."

A voice called, "I am entitled to three drams of silver."

He thanked his creditor for accusing him in this world rather than in the next. He enfranchised his slaves, gave orders for his funeral, and moderated the grief of his friends, on whom he bestowed the benediction of peace. To the last he maintained the dignity of an apostle and a serene faith. As he grew weaker, he gazed at the heavens and said in broken accents: "O, God—give my spirit—be it so—I come."

His zealous followers would not believe the evidence of their senses: "How can he be dead—our witness, our intercessor."

Abubeker calmly said to the distracted people: "Is it Mohammed, or the God of Mohammed, you worship? The God of Mohammed liveth forever, but the apostle was a mortal like ourselves, and according to his own predictions has experienced the common fate of mortality."

The humble tomb of the prophet is at Medina, and millions of pilgrims visit it as a shrine of equal holiness with the Caaba.

Thus departed this wonderful spirit. Nay, not departed. His intangible presence has guided the destiny of four hundred millions of people, and the words of wisdom spoken by the Voice have been their bread of spiritual life.

The great world-force he was the exponent of is still active; still extending itself along its borders, conquering new dominions—in Africa, in the northern steppes of Asia, in the islands of the sea, and the savage peoples, as they cast away their fetishes and idols, cry aloud, "Allah il Allah; there is but one God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God."

A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers.—Shakespeare.

Call him wise whose actions, words and steps are all a clear because to a clear why.—Lavater.

Foresee misfortunes, that thou mayest strive to prevent them; but whenever they happen, bear them with magnanimity.—Zoroaster.

GIVES HIS OPINION.

Which He Has a Perfect Right to Do,

That Only Etherealizations Are Possible.

TO THE EDITOR:—Some very large projectiles of war having displayed their reliability and effectiveness in penetrating the armor-plate of materialization, I deem it not out of place to take one more additional shot, and if I burn a little powder of common-sense and the missile strikes the mass of corruption, I hope the penetrability will be such so many protests from people of the means of dislodging some more of the stones that have built a wall around the sanity of a great many Spiritualists. It is beyond a doubt that more money is spent and wasted to witness this fraud than it takes to support all the Spiritual societies we have. This so-called phenomenon is the cudgel that is making our knowledge of spiritual communion encounter so many protests from people who wish to enter our ranks, but refrain from taking the step when so much expiation is made of this supposed phase of mediumship.

There is only one condition necessary which the medium demands, and then you can see your dead brother or sister or your mother-in-law in their grave-clothes. If you have dollar you simply give it to the "two between" and the condition is complete.

I am going to make a sweeping assertion, and I do not care who it may disturb: it is this: There is not one medium who practices in this line that does not have paraphernalia or a confederate, and some have both. You will often read where the medium was thoroughly searched and dressed in a suit of black, and then comes the press account of the occurrence, and the document has the signatures of influential names. In their hurry to search the medium, they did not remember to search themselves; if they had done so, they would have discovered that some one had a second-hand clothing store concealed. The deceiver is not a medium, it is a great class of people who leave a stone unturned to gain their point, and darkness assisted very materially in the scheme.

Spiritualists, if you wish to see greater strides in the march of "our child," do not wrap its feet in the shoes of so-called materialization, but let its foot wear be made common sense!

The more rapidly we go to work to clear the rubbish and business, the more materialization as a fact, and that phase cannot be produced nightly by the same medium the sooner you will see fruitful results. It has got to come, and the purification will make our belief so much more heavenly. I have been a student in psychic science for twenty years, and it has made my life much happier and better. My aim is to purify all paths that lead to materiality, and I cannot walk uninterruptedly in that road until I do my part to cut down the weeds of fraud that are growing luxuriantly in those material realms. In my rambles, if I have found many errors on the golden tablet, "Truth," I have always tried to be charitable, but I have always made known my grievances, forcibly if need be. My aim is to purify all paths that lead to materiality, and I cannot walk uninterruptedly in that road until I do my part to cut down the weeds of fraud that are growing luxuriantly in those material realms. In my rambles, if I have found many errors on the golden tablet, "Truth," I have always tried to be charitable, but I have always made known my grievances, forcibly if need be. My aim is to purify all paths that lead to materiality, and I cannot walk uninterruptedly in that road until I do my part to cut down the weeds of fraud that are growing luxuriantly in those material realms. In my rambles, if I have found many errors on the golden tablet, "Truth," I have always tried to be charitable, but I have always made known my grievances, forcibly if need be. My aim is to purify all paths that lead to materiality, and I cannot walk uninterruptedly in that road until I do my part to cut down the weeds of fraud that are growing luxuriantly in those material realms. In my rambles, if I have found many errors on the golden tablet, "Truth," I have always tried to be charitable, but I have always made known my grievances, forcibly if need be. My aim is to purify all paths that lead to materiality, and I cannot walk uninterruptedly in that road until I do my part to cut down the weeds of fraud that are growing luxuriantly in those material realms. In my rambles, if I have found many errors on the golden tablet, "Truth," I have always tried to be charitable, but I have always made known my grievances, forcibly if need be. My aim is to purify all paths that lead to materiality, and I cannot walk uninterruptedly in that road until I do my part to cut down the weeds of fraud that are growing luxuriantly in those material realms. In my rambles, if I have found many errors on the golden tablet, "Truth," I have always tried to be charitable, but I have always made known my grievances, forcibly if need be. My aim is to purify all paths that lead to materiality, and I cannot walk uninterruptedly in that road until I do my part to cut down the weeds of fraud that are growing luxuriantly in those material realms. In my rambles, if I have found many errors on the golden tablet, "Truth," I have always tried to be charitable, but I have always made known my grievances, forcibly if need be. My aim is to purify all paths that lead to materiality, and I cannot walk uninterruptedly in that road until I do my part to cut down the weeds of fraud that are growing luxuriantly in those material realms. In my rambles, if I have found many errors on the golden tablet, "Truth," I have always tried to be charitable, but I have always made known my grievances, forcibly if need be. My aim is to

THE WOMAN'S ERA.

THREE NOTABLE WOMEN—HEROIC WOMEN—WHERE WOMEN MAY VOTE.

W E desire to introduce to the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER a trio of notable and truly interesting women.

The first of these goes to show that as compared with man, woman has a physical being that is the superior of that of man in rejuvenating power, and that it is possible to not only "grow old but," like the face of springtime nature, to again put on the attributes of youth. The woman who has thus become young again is

"AUNT" MARY CRABTREE who resides on Troublesome Creek, in Knott County, Kentucky, and who will be 91 years old the 15th day of next August. "Aunt" Mary is now in possession of all her faculties, has cut a new set of teeth, and can read without glasses. The most remarkable feature, however, is that her hair, which was gray when she began to turn dark again some nineteen months ago, and now is of a dark, glossy brown, just the color it was when she was a girl of 18.

We have written to "Aunt" Mary for additional particulars and will give her reply to the readers of this paper. That interesting woman corresponded, Carolyn Halsted, the following account of the second of our notable trio of women.

MRS. ELIZA H. ALEXANDER, a pioneer philanthropist among pioneers in the far West, who took up her abode in the building of a hospital, which she accompanied with vim and promptness.

Carolyn Halsted says that the idea of a hospital was conceived one Sunday and on the following Wednesday the idea was an accomplished fact, though it had not been constructed, stone upon stone, in that space of time. The project originated in the fertile mind of a woman, Mrs. Eliza H. Alexander, and she it was who, almost in the twinkling of an eye, had obtained a suitable building, made it ready for its purpose, secured a lady to act as nurse and a doctor to prescribe for the three patients found waiting to become the institution's first inmates.

It all came about in this wise. Mrs. Alexander went to visit her son in Sedro, Skagit Valley, Washington State. Sedro is one of those marvels of western civilization—at first a lumber-mill and postoffice, reached by the river alone, and in a year's time a prosperous town with half a dozen lines of cars leading to it, shops, hotels and macadamized roads. Mrs. Alexander reached it in its earliest stage, and being a woman of broad sympathies and keen intelligence, her heart and brain were appealed to by the complex conditions that met her at every turn. Especially was she touched by the sufferings of the pioneer people who had nothing and no one to turn to in their extremity.

One Sunday morning she read in the little paper of the place a woman who lay dying and leaving behind her a little baby eight days old. On inquiry she learned that it was a case of death simply from lack of proper attention, as nothing was yet provided for sick folk in Sedro, although religious services were held each Sunday morning in a temporary room that was reserved for a church in this western town.

After service this Sunday Mrs. Alexander, who had been all the morning thinking over the poor, dying woman's case, spoke to a few ladies present and asked them to join with her in providing help for the case in hand and for future emergencies. On the spot they formed the St. Elizabeth's Guild, whose object would be to start a hospital in the city and whatever other charities might be necessary from time to time.

At once Mrs. Alexander called upon the gentlemen of the land camp and succeeded in securing from them the use of rooms in a vacant building. Bright and early on Tuesday morning she managed to get a big lumber-wagon and started it on a foraging mission. She stopped over night at a hotel, then on her route, and before she had made the circuit of the camp she had stored in her wagon, as donations from the Sedro inhabitants, everything in the way of furnishing needed to put her hospital in shape for patients.

The next step was to find someone to be put in charge of the hospital and its patients. Her husband was discovered whose house had been less fortunate and who was left with three children on her hands. She was installed as matron and her little ones became the nursery's first inmates. The first patient put in an appearance at once, one William Cameron, already delirious with typhoid pneumonia, alone and helpless in the lumber camp, was cared for and soon recovered, declaring the embryo hospital "a heaven on earth."

Such was the inception of the St. Elizabeth Hospital at Sedro a short time since; to-day it is a flourishing institution, and all due to the efforts of one energetic and great-hearted woman, Mrs. Eliza H. Alexander, one of whose tenets is to be kind to all with a will the thing that lies nearest at hand.

Mrs. Alexander is herself as interesting a woman as can be met with. She is a Southerner by birth, a lady of means, education and refinement. She is so versatile in her tastes and characteristics that she turns from art to music, from music to invention, from invention to social and literary prominence, with equal facility. She is a talented artist and her paintings are accorded the merit of being placed on exhibition. She has patented a host of household conveniences and is now at work on a comfortable bicycle seat. She is an accomplished musician, a philanthropist of wide scope and is just perfecting a new cottage at Beaver Tail, on Commencement Island, to be a Mecca for art students. She has designed it entirely herself, and it is a novel and unique structure, with studios and a driveway that runs entirely through the center of the building.

She has a rare collection of curios from foreign lands, including ivory, rurs, cabinets and Indian enameled with copper, old silver and sandalwood pieces of extreme beauty and value. And with it all she is a most womanly woman, the embodiment of simplicity and true sincerity.

MRS. JAMES GILMOUR, of No. 275 Macon street, Brooklyn, N. Y., has, under the name of "Becky Sharp," written "How a Woman May Woo," in which she cleverly states how far a woman may go to encourage a man to propose marriage. Mrs. Gilmour did not write for fame but for fortune, although she has acquired a little of both by her unique production. It seems that the New York Herald offered a prize of \$100 to the woman writing the best letter in answer to the question outlined above, and the answer of Mrs. Gilmour was adjudged the prize. Her answer is as follows: Solomon, the wisest man that ever

lived, says of a good woman: "Her price is far above rubies." Certainly, from his extraordinary and extensive experience with the sex, I should consider him competent to pass judgment.

We will presume that you are a "good, womanly" woman, such as he describes, and that you are desirous of approaching a man on the subject of matrimony; that you are anxious to induce him to propose.

First—Select the man on whom you intend to bestow the privilege of your attention, note his behavior and general conduct, and then, if you deem him worth the winning, hold fast to him. We are strictly enjoined to "Hold fast to that which is good."

Second—In your after companionship with him bear in mind the fact that you are a woman of great price, "far above rubies," and you will never compromise yourself by any incoherence of speech or manner.

Seek his society in such a manner that he is not cognizant of being sought after; be bright and cheerful in his presence, sympathize with him in his troubles, stimulate him to best efforts in his business affairs, cheer him when he is depressed and encourage him to confide in you.

Dress becomingly for him, but never gaudily. When he is absent from you write him a few interesting, charming letters, wherein, if you are adept in the art, you can weave a few insinuating expressions, which may work wonders. "The pen is mightier than the sword."

Above all else, prove yourself a good listener. If he monopolizes three-fourths of the conversation, you will have the more chance to study his character, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." I guarantee that you will get in your thirds in the sweet by and by.

I should scarcely advise your treating him to specimens of your cookery. His mother might excel in the culinary art. Moreover, it was an unlooked apple with which Mother Eve beguiled Adam. Of the abundance of that temptation I shall say nothing of the success every thing, in that she moulded Adam to her will. Time enough to "feed the brute" when you have to do so; then feed him to your heart's content, and feed him well.

If you are making any progress with him accord him trifling familiarities, which will cause him in proportion to his affability and his interest in you. Your womanly intuition should, by this time, enable you to judge whether or not you have found favor in his sight and to act accordingly. "Be ye wise as serpents, but harmless as doves."

Should there spring up between you a mutual regard, treat him to some of the choicest gamines, touches which are indispensable, not because they are womanly or wrong, but because their language is mute and sacred to the two persons most concerned.

Do not always agree with him; it is sometimes wiser to disagree. If you have a spark of wit in your nature you ought, by this time, to have made yourself necessary to his existence, and that he will miss you when you are absent, and will begin to realize that "It is not good for man to be alone."

Though all progresses well, draw the line at promiscuous osculation. Never permit him to kiss you; that is the privilege of the engaged. But, since the Apostle says: "Greet ye one another with an holy kiss," you might vouchsafe him just one—some night at parting, perhaps. But if he attempts to return it do not permit it. Tell him "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Finally, you might inform him that you can put him in the way of finding a "good thing," and refer him to the twentieth-second verse. If he be a manly sort of fellow, he will, as a matter of course, follow the lead of the prophet, and thus find favor with you and the Lord.

Should your innate modesty rebel somewhat at this suggestion you may console yourself by remembering that it is indeed your leap year privilege.

If you are the dear, womanly, nestling creature you ought to be, he must have proposed long ago. If he has not, discard him, for either he is not worthy of you or you are not "en rapport" with him.

In that case try again. **BECKY SHARP.** The above letter won the prize over nearly four thousand letters received in answer to the question "How far may a woman go to encourage a man to propose marriage?" The Herald says that this question "is always of vital interest to many women—and to many men. It is always of profound interest to most thoughtful persons. But just now the question looms large on the horizon, made prominent by the clamors concerning woman's rights. Moreover, the fact that this is leap year and that by an ancient custom the privilege of wooing is accorded to woman in leap year, gives a peculiar timeliness to current discussion, while zest is added by the calendar's decree that there shall be no other leap year until 1904, a variation from the ordinary of only centennial frequency."

HEROIC WOMEN OF ZEITOUN.

We hear it often said that women should not vote because our army and navy is composed of men only. It would be just as valid an objection to woman suffrage made by a man, that our army and navy is composed of women only. We are accustomed to believe that the days have passed when such horrors can be repeated. The siege of Zeitoun is a story of greater heroism, greater self-sacrifice, greater suffering than that of those terrible days which ended with the glad cry of salvation. "The Campbells are coming!"

The story, though fragmentary, but enough have been accumulated from reliable sources to make the outline of this story complete. It needs no coloring, no filling in of detail to make it stir any blood which still loves a hero and hates a tyrant. Let me sketch that outline in

simplest, plainest fashion, and you shall judge if there are any more thrilling pieces in all history.

The people of Zeitoun took up arms because they learned that a large body of Turkish troops was marching upon the city. Rumor had it, and it was a well-founded rumor, that a massacre had been ordered. Hundreds, then thousands of refugees began pouring into the city from the surrounding country. Zeitoun situated on a plateau upon a mountain side. A cliff towers up 2,500 feet above one side of the city; a sheer precipice of 250 feet is the opposite boundary. A fort on the hill beyond the precipice commands the town and is always garrisoned. There is only one approach to Zeitoun, and that the citizens feared, and named. Their first problem was to capture the fort, which was impregnable against assault. They succeeded in making the water supply useless, by pouring in kerosene and other pollution. Three days later, when the garrison was exhausted by thirst, they attacked the fortress, and after fifty days of fighting, they captured it, together with rifles and about 10,000 cartridges.

There still remained in the town the Turkish Governor, with a staff of about six-five guards. While the men of Zeitoun were fortifying the road leading to the town and besieging the fort opposite, the governor's guards undertook to set fire to the city.

The women of Zeitoun were equal to this new emergency. They armed themselves with axes, attacked the guards before they could accomplish their purpose—overpowered them, and made them prisoners.

By this time the Turkish army had arrived outside the defenses of the city. They numbered, when the siege was fully established, 70,000 men, half of them regular troops and the rest Bashi Bazouks. The Armenians mustered 60,000 men, reckoning every one above 13 years of age as a "fighting man."

A few days after the siege began a great battle was fought. Every man of the Armenians was engaged, and there was no one to guard the prisoners who had been quartered in the governor's establishment.

Seeing their opportunity, the prisoners broke out and were again about to fire the town when the women of Zeitoun arose once more.

At this time they stopped at nothing. They slew every one of the two hundred and fifty men who had been captured at the fort and threw their bodies over the cliff.

After the siege had continued some time, and when thousands were dying from hunger and sickness, the Armenians endeavored to negotiate terms with the besiegers. The reply was: "Surrender at once, or we will spare two in every ten. Wait one day and we will have the life of every man, woman and child."

So the weary siege went on. Once the Turks bombarded the city. Out of 3,000 shells thrown, fully 1,200 fell within exploding, into the mud walls and roofs of the houses.

The women gathered up the unexploded shells, carelessly opened them and emptied out the powder and shot, of which the defenders were in great need.

"The shelling of the town is a great blessing to us," they said. Various desperate resorts were adopted by the Armenians for the discomfiture of the besiegers. A score of them, disguised as Turkish soldiers, got into the Turkish camp one evening and began firing all about them.

The Turks thought a mutiny was taking place. They began firing at each other. There was a panic and many were killed. One foggy morning early in the siege, the Armenians collected a great herd of mountain goats and drove them toward the Turkish camp. These goats marched in almost perfect silence, their black with white faces. Just outside the Turkish lines a few Armenians behind the goats began firing. The Turks thought an army was upon them; they abandoned everything and fled. The Armenians despoiled their camp before the Turks rallied and came back.

The Turks themselves admit that they lost thirty thousand men. The Armenian loss by Turkish bullets was only about 150, but disease and hunger were terribly fatal. Of 12,000 refugees who came to Zeitoun at the beginning of the siege, 4,000 perished before the armistice was proclaimed. Hundreds of children died of smallpox, and although there was food enough for the city to last for a year, the Turkish soldiers, owing to faults of distribution, the deaths by starvation were many.

READ AND TAKE COURAGE.

Alice Stone Blackwell says that "sixty years ago women could not vote anywhere. In 1845 Kentucky gave school suffrage to widows; in 1861 Kansas gave it to all women. In 1869 England gave municipal suffrage to single women and widows, and Wyoming gave full suffrage to all women. Michigan and Minnesota granted women school suffrage in 1870, Colorado in 1870, Nevada in 1870, Oregon in 1878, Massachusetts in 1879, and New York and Vermont in 1880. In 1881 municipal suffrage was granted to the single women and widows of Scotland. Nebraska gave school suffrage in 1883 and Wisconsin in 1885. In 1886 municipal suffrage was extended to single women and widows in New Brunswick and Ontario and other countries. Washington to all women. In 1887 municipal suffrage was extended to all women in Kansas, and school suffrage in North and South Dakota, Montana, Arizona and New Jersey. In 1891 school suffrage was granted in Illinois. In 1892 municipal suffrage was extended to single women and widows in the Province of Quebec. In 1893 school suffrage was granted in Connecticut and full suffrage in Colorado and New Zealand. In 1894 school suffrage was granted in Ohio, a limited municipal suffrage in Iowa, and parish and district suffrage in England to women, both married and single. In 1895 full suffrage was granted to the women of South Australia, and in 1896 full suffrage was granted to the women of Utah."

Ethel Maude Colson has given us a couple of appropriate verses entitled

THE COURAGE OF TRY IT AGAIN.

There are three kinds of courage in this world of ours. Which help to make projects go through; There's the courage that comes, like the blooming of flowers, When our life, like the springtime, is new;

There's the courage which comes at emergency's call, To the weakest, most timid, of men, And then there's the kind that is noblest of all—

The courage of "Try it again." To patiently labor, the end not in sight, When failure seems drearily nigh, To cheerfully plod through the darkness and night,

And conquer our task though we die; To carry a smile when the outlook is dark,

And the path leads through swamp-land and fen, Ah! this is the courage which makes a bright mark—

The courage of "Try it again." The women of America will not forget the words of Thomas Paine: "The harder the fight the more glorious the victory." Well did Prof. Huxley say: "Women will find their place."

WILLIS F. WHITEHEAD.

PROFOUND TEACHINGS.

Synopsis of Two Lectures by Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullene.

The Promised Coming of the Messiah—Prophecy, Revelation, and the End of the World.

On Sunday, March 22, Mrs. Bullene delivered, under control of her guides, the most ablest lectures that I have ever been the lot of mortals to hear. In the limited space which I am allowed, I can but touch upon one in a dozen of the strong arguments given in these addresses to the First Spiritual Society in this city, each one of which, if stenographically reported in all their eloquence and well-weighed sentences, would make a full page or more of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

The topic for the morning lecture was "The Promised Coming of the Messiah." The speaker said the purpose of studying this question was one of deep import, and that the great secrets of the past as well as the mysteries of the future could not be fathomed unless they could be evolved by analogy with the records of the past.

"The word Messiah embodies a thought—a principle—too deep and grand for human expression. Christ was not a myth, but a grand spiritual teacher, though His apostles were ephemeral and all of them deserted him at the last moment. The burden of his teachings were the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

"The theological dogma that Jesus was one with God was the reverse of His teachings. He never once claimed to be the divine son of God. His power was spiritual. When he told the woman at the well that she was ever after, though a stranger, her, he simply manifested the spiritual power of clairvoyance. 'I am the resurrection and the life,' simply referred to that spiritual power within him."

"Every individual is divine as Jesus was divine, and have the power within them, which will inevitably manifest itself—when developed upon their devotion to truth. The power of clairvoyance belongs to every child of earth."

"The display of imagery was the language of the Orient at the time the Scriptures were written. The promised coming of the Messiah means a universal re-embodiment of the Christ principle. It is coming to all individuals and nations, and it is: 'The veil will be rent asunder from top to bottom and let in the sunlight of truth and spiritual power. Denominational lines will fade away and disappear.'"

"Would that the children of earth could see the expressions of devoted Christians when they enter through the spiritual gates of the temple of the soul called death, when they and no devil, Christ, no God, no Devil, and no seething hell for their enemies."

"The Messiah is at hand now. The theological chains of bigotry that bound you are already broken, and, like Paul and Silas, you have become free."

A literary gentleman, and reform political speaker, present, who has heretofore ridiculed the idea of spiritualism, declared that "no mortal could have delivered that speech. It is beyond human possibility."

In the evening Mrs. Bullene spoke on

PROPHECY, REVELATION, AND THE END OF THE WORLD.

In opening the evening discourse the speaker said that the authority which theology had attached to the Bible was ephemeral and movable, that its teachings were symbolical, and that, when weighed in the balance of reason, there were found to be many errors in its prophecies. Continuing, the speaker said:

"Is there a power of prophecy delegated to a few individuals by the Infinite ruler of the universe, as theology teaches? We emphatically deny it. This power of prophecy is your birth-right, just as much as it was Daniel's or any others of the ancient prophets. These prophets of old were eliminated with power, and they understood."

"The conditions depend only upon a large unfoldment of the psychic powers, when the sensitive becomes surrounded by currents which, when properly understood, lead to certain inevitable conclusions."

The priesthood were given to this study, were the secrets of the Orient, that they might gather these prophetic forces about them for obvious purposes. "By adding a 'Thus saith the Lord,' it carried with the command a dread that caused their sayings to become oracles to the people, though their prophecies were no more reliable than those of the mediums of to-day. The greatest stumbling block in the way of spiritual development is the teachings of the priesthood that made you believe that you were poor, helpless beings and that it was a sin for you to think or act for yourself."

"Every investigator of Spiritualism knows that many mediums of the present time give prophecies as remarkable as any recorded in the past. All men are prophetic with more or less accuracy, according to their development. The poet has said that 'distance lends enchantment to the view,' and never was a nobler truth uttered. It is the distance that casts the divine halo about these ancient seers and their prophecies. Look around you at the present time and you will find it so."

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as many of the churches claim, for when John of Patmos would have fallen down to worship the angel who gave him the revelations, the angel said: "See thou do it not for thou art thy fellow-servant, the prophet."

"How many times has the date been fixed by Miller and others for the end of the world? and how many are the poor fanatics who have become wrecks by disposing of all their earthly effects to prepare for the event? Think of the mental anguish of these poor, misguided wretches who have been waiting all these years for the planet to be rolled together as a scroll and consumed by fire!"

"Now there is a spiritual and symbolic truth about this ending of the world.—When the human race has reached its final come, when we shall have fathomed the mysteries of the supernal spheres; when we have fathomed the mysteries of Deity; when death becomes transition, in a universal sense, and nature's laws are so thoroughly understood and obeyed that we shall have heaven on earth, then will the ages and cycles have finished their course, will no longer produce life, and must inevitably pass back into universal cosmos."

"This we know to be a fact by the testimony of aerologic stones."

"Prof. Wm. Denton, the great psychometrist and geologist, in his investigations read one of these stones and secretly took it to be more than thirty centuries old, who gave corroborative testimony through it concerning a planet that had once been inhabited like our own, but had since been broken up and returned to the realms of universal matter."

San Diego, Cal. ERNEST S. GREEN.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

O Angel of Death in your garments white, And your gleams and glimmers of misty light, Standing so pure and fair beside The dust, whose soul went out with the tide.

Cannot the sounds of human weep, That greet your path wherever you go, Your false wand in bayonet hold, For 'tis our soul has vanished and its casket is cold?

When your breath, so cold, her child is nigh: "O angel, I pray you! take instead Some weary and sinning soul," she said, "And leave to me this fatherless one, Whose day on earth has just begun; Whose tender feet have yet to climb The steep and rugged path of Time."

Would it not be better to hasten on, And leave to this mother her little one, Whose innocent life has filled her cup With joy, and peace, and contentment up?

Surely this life so young and fair Has much to do ere it enters there, Where no mother's hand can shield or caress The one that on earth she loves the best.

And this old man that stands over here— Could you not let him have another year To spend with friends, and children and wife, Before he departs for spirit-life?

If he has one year, he says he is sure The thoughts of death he can then endure And leave in content this earthly sphere, Where live the ones he loves so dear.

The Angel turned, and then he said: "As I stand in silence beside the dead, And with clearer eyes the future scan, I see all things concealed from man. I see this mother in future years, And know the lessons of sorrow and tears, That nature's laws to her conveyed By the cross of death in her pathway laid."

And she knows that the child she mourned on earth Was entirely prepared for spirit birth, Else it would not have passed to another sphere, For its life had not been perfected here. For this brief earth-life is all it will need To complete the experience that nature decreed.

Should come to this soul in just this way, By the forces sublime of creation's day. So if I should take the soul defiled In place of the pure and innocent child, The mother, the child and the sinner, too, Would be imperfect their whole lives through.

And could I add another year To the old man's time allotted here, He would still have something on earth to do, And instead of one year would ask for two.

For man is loth to leave earth's shore, And rebels at nature more and more As he feels the sands of life run low, And realizes he has got to go. So in nature no mistake you see, But perfect work and harmony, With laws unchanging and sublime, Controlling life throughout all time.

And by unseen forces that never rest Is the hand of affliction on mankind pressed, In the manner, and time, and degree and place, That brings the most good to the human race.

But man is an egotist and fails to see How small a part of creation is he! How powerless his future and life to arrange, Or one single law of nature change.

JEANIE GILMOUR.

An Unparalleled Offer.

Twenty thousand copies of "The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World," in paper cover, are to be given away to new subscribers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. By sending to this office a three months' subscription to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER—25 cents—you will get the book. It has been selling for 50 cents. This offer will hold good only during April. When you send in your order get your friends to unite with you. We want to reach 20,000 new readers.

"Any one of our present subscribers, who will send us a new three months' subscriber with his own subscription (extending it not less than six months), can each have a copy of the book."

"In consequence of the great interest of Spiritualists and thinkers generally in spreading the truth in regard to death, we have concluded to extend the above offer through the month of May."

Vengeance has no foresight.—Napoleon. None but direct villains are capable of ingratitude.—Pope. I love victory, but I love not triumph. Mme. Swetchine.

A sleep without dreams, after a rough day of toil, is what we covet most; and yet, how clay shrinks back from mere quiescent calm.—Byron.

The creditor whose appearance gladdens the heart of a debtor may hold his head in sunbeams and his foot in storms.—Lavater.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Published by Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullene, 275 Macon Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CRIMES OF PREACHERS.



PRICE 25 CENTS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

SCIENCE OF THE SOUL.

LOREN ALBERT SHERMAN. Sets forth the Philosophy of Existence, with detailed consideration of the soul, and its relation to the physical organism. Its title page claims that the book is

A SCIENTIFIC DEMONSTRATION of the Existence of the soul of man as his conscious individuality independently of the physical organism; and the ACTUALITY OF SPIRIT RETURN.

The first eleven chapters are devoted entirely to manifestations of the soul incarnate, with a clear position of the psychic phenomena. The succeeding four chapters set forth the philosophy of spiritual philosophy, with evidence in detail, much of the history of the great spiritual manifestations. Its title page claims that the book is

The price of the book is \$1. For sale at the office of The Progressive Thinker.

THE MISSING LINK.

In Modern Spiritualism. By A. LEAH UNDERHILL. One of the Fox Sisters.

AN ACCOUNT OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM—as it is, from its inception at Hydruntine, N. Y., including the experience of the Fox Family, spiritualists and otherwise, could not fail to be very interesting to the widest circle of readers. Such an account is written by one of the Fox Sisters. This is the fact in this instance, the volume having been written by A. Leah Fox, after her marriage with Daniel Underhill. The account, experience, trials and triumphs of the Fox Family, and the history of the movement which can elsewhere be found. It is a most important part of the history of the great spiritual movement which now numbers its votaries by millions. Every Spiritual

SPIRITUALISM.

Its Relation to Modern Science.

TO MAKE EVERY MAN A GENIUS BY DEVELOPING THE BRAIN—MARVELOUS DISCOVERIES BY VARIOUS SCIENTISTS.

THE following articles from the secular press give something of an idea of what is going on in scientific circles of to-day.

The spirit of free-thought and investigation is everywhere manifest. Every person of an inventive turn of mind is trying to invent something to unearth or unravel a deep mystery or bring to light something heretofore supposed to be unobtainable secrets of human existence. The ray has been the cause of the greatest activity in science that has been known for many years—since the first discovery of the power of electricity in draft and lighting possibilities; but this having come through the human brain, Professor Elmer Gates, of the State University of Pennsylvania, has been developing the possibilities of brain development and declares that the human brain may be developed to any degree. He says that the average intelligent person makes use of only about two per cent. of the possible powers of his brain.

THE HUMAN BRAIN DEVELOPMENT IS UNLIMITED.

This is, of course, very interesting to know. But what is much more interesting and vastly more important is the positive assertion of Professor Gates that he can take a child and get most of the other 98 per cent. of possible brain development by carefully training him.

A man with highly developed brains, like Edison, for instance, can call forth now Professor Gates declares that he can produce better brains than Edison's—that he can, in other words, make geniuses out of children who follow his method of training.

The brain is known to be made up of a considerable number of individual faculties. Certain functions or faculties are in certain portions of the brain. Professor Gates takes these, one at a time, and does not attempt a general development of all the faculties of the brain at once.

Professor Gates has recently left Philadelphia, to establish in Washington a college for the study of brain culture. Whatever he finally succeeds in accomplishing, his theories are at least interesting, and certainly the positive assertions of a scientist of his standing are worth attention.

What bids fair to be one of the most wonderful experiments ever performed in psychology will be carried on shortly by Professor Gates, of Washington. He has recently gone there from Philadelphia, where he was connected with the State University, to establish at the capital a college for the study of the mind. What he proposes to do is something which, while entirely new to scientists, has been fully demonstrated already by him in his work in Philadelphia and New York.

Professor Gates' new university is to rise this summer under his home at Chevy Chase, a new and beautiful suburb of Washington. Here will be established the many lecture and experimental halls, but at present the private laboratory of Professor Gates is the only scientific room which has been built. This is a long, narrow, fitted with every modern appliance for study, and in the long hall are different rooms, each devoted to a particular branch of psychology.

Professor Gates is the pioneer of mind art in this country—in fact, in all the world—and he is the first to apply to the brain a systematic course of development which will give the revolution of the present methods of education. For some time past he has been working at his experiments on animals and people, and he is now ready to prove to the world the truth of the new and strange theories which he is advancing.

The Professor has made the statement that at his university he is prepared to work out a transformation in the human brain that it will undergo such a change that it will expand beyond all belief, and that he will train in its halls the human mind to such an extent that it will become something far beyond what is known at present. He intends, also, to take criminals, and, by changing their brains, to make of them good and moral citizens.

That he can take an ordinary child and make of it a genius in any vocation, or that he can from a criminal secure a respectable person, he has demonstrated. His method is to take a person, and by a systematic course of training, secure a development of their senses through the numerous channels which the material world affords. This involves a long training, where the patient must regulate his diet, have regular sleep, his temperament must be examined, and his respiration, his sensibilities—in fact, every attribute of his being—must be tested, even down to his breath, and every emotion of his soul.

Allowing a human being the standard of the brain, the average brain is only developed, as Professor Gates says, two per cent., which leaves 98 per cent. undeveloped—a vast area whose functions are useless. That is, people have only two-hundredths of the mind which they might possess, and the most of the reasoning faculty is dormant, this a vast number of capacities are not even known. Gates holds that the world has never been understood; that no one has explored the brain, and that it has been suffered to lie undeveloped since creation.

His studies in psychology have shown him that the mind is composed of minute cells, and that in the brain there are located, in different parts, the senses and sensations and faculties which go to make up a human mind. These cells are capable of being enlarged by a repetition of their functions, and if we wish to enlarge a cell we have to reproduce sensation, which makes a chemical change, and this increases the size and number of the cells and enlarges the brain structure.

The course of training, having developed the common faculties of the mind, now turns to some special vocation: if a person wishes to become a painter or an electrician or an athlete they take up a new branch, which is composed of things tending only to this one object. They are obliged to acquire through their senses all knowledge that they can secure of the particular art, and thus they become saturated with it. But most important of all is the fact that, by innumerable repetitions of exercise of the faculties of the brain, the cells which receive the exercise are greatly enlarged, and their structure replaced by such matter as relates only to the desired art. The sum of human knowledge on the science is engrained into this new set of cells, it is classified, and the new brain sets to work and accomplishes wonderful results.

If one wishes, they have only to put themselves into training, and their

with ether and a small incision made. The first few drops of blood are permitted to escape and the wound is then closed.

When the blood again begins to flow the point of a glass tube is placed at the wound and the operator sucks into the tube as much blood as is required for the experiment. This blood is then diluted with acetic acid, which separates the red from the white particles.

These, being two distinct liquids, are then placed in separate glass tubes. A minute drop of the white mixture is then placed on a piece of ground glass. Upon this is superimposed a thin glass slide, fitted for the microscope. This glass slide is marked in accordance with the plan designed by Dr. Thoma.

It is divided into a circle, which is crossed and recrossed by a number of minute lines. There is one of these slides for the red corpuscles, and one for the white, and the two differ in size. In each the lines of the glass are separated by exactly the diameter of these corpuscles.

The diameter of a white corpuscle is 1-2500 part of an inch, the red corpuscle being even smaller. The glass slide is marked into 256 squares, and each of these is divided into sixteen smaller squares, each of which is again subdivided.

The operator having placed this slide under a powerful microscope, proceeds to count the number of corpuscles in a certain area of the squares. From this he reaches an average of the number in each, and this is multiplied by the whole number of squares marked on the glass.

In this way it has been proved that the number of corpuscles in a given quantity of blood can be accurately and easily computed. The apparatus is among the most delicate used in surgery.

This is the first successful attempt to determine with mathematical certainty the relative healthfulness of human blood. The same principle may be applied to the blood of animals, but a new set of marked glasses would first have to be made, as the corpuscles in such blood differ in size from those in the blood of human beings.

HOW NOT TO GROW OLD.

Most people dread to grow old, and as a result they die at an early age. The English people have been putting in some of their leisure moments in trying to infuse the bloom of youth into old age, and rob the grave of its victory and death of its sting.

Here is the latest discovery in that direction: English medical experts have discovered a preventive of old age. Dr. E. C. Register and Dr. J. C. Montgomery, of London, prepared a scientific treatise, in which they speak of the discovery with enthusiasm. They propose to adjourn the ravages of age by treating the arteries. The keynote of their system is that "a man is only as old as his arteries." The principal form of degeneration in the human frame is known as atheroma, this discovery aims at removing this cause. Atheroma consists, principally, in blocking up the blood vessels with calcareous matter, and this hinders nutrition. In other words, man commences in the gelatinous state and ends in the calcareous. The endeavor is simply to put off the danger of this latter condition.

Joseph Medill, the editor of the Chicago Tribune, has recently been making a series of experiments to ascertain the possibilities of the new treatment. He decided that one of the principal causes of atheroma came from drinking ordinary water. Since water is the great solvent, it gathers in passing through different soils, various salts. If taken into the system in large quantities it is likely to leave deposits in the arteries.

Many of the commonest foods are also bearers of this calcareous matter. The cereals contain it in considerable quantity, and the flesh of animals, especially of the older animals, is rich in it. In short, the more nitrogenous matter there is in the food we digest, the more we lay ourselves open to the deposits of these calcareous salts. We grow old just in proportion as our systems secrete the phosphates and the carbonates of lime. The numbers of years one may live depend on the amount of these man-made poisons in the food.

The secret of youth depends, so these scientists declare, on proper diet. There are, besides, certain ways of treating these arteries directly, which will keep them in their original or gelatinous condition. It is claimed that a proper attention to these tendencies will keep a man young for an indefinite number of years.

These enthusiasts go so far as to calculate just how much a man is likely to shorten his life. They contend that a lack of a sufficient amount of regular exercise tends directly to bring on the "diseased" condition known as old age. All forms of dissipation also tend to lessen one's chances of continual youth, since they tend to block up the blood-vessels and thus to hinder nutrition. The friends of the new elixir argue that the great age to which many a man mentioned in the Bible attained was due to the unconscious obedience to the rules governing the arteries.

CURIOUS FREAK OF LIGHTNING.

Here is something we leave to be explained by the X-ray scientists. Something wonderful, not invented by man—that of lightning photographing a landscape upon the interior of the skins of a flock of six sheep killed by its terrible shock.

From the village of Coombe Bay, which lies about four miles from Bath, comes a story of a curious freak of lightning. Near the village there is, or was when the incident occurred, a large wood composed of oak and nut trees. In the center of the wood there was a small pasture, quite hemmed in by the surrounding woods. Here five sheep were kept by their owner. The flock being small, the pasture only fifty yards in extent, contained herbage sufficient for them.

One day, while the sheep were in the field, a severe thunderstorm came on, and one flash of lightning killed simultaneously every sheep in the pasture. It is to be presumed they were mortally injured by their owner, but, no doubt, considering that they might be of some profit to him, although dead, he sold their bodies to a butcher in the neighboring village of Coombe Bay. The butcher began his business of skinning the lightning-struck animals. He was assisted by a young butcher and his assistant, on the interior of each sheepskin they found printed an elaborate and faithful picture of the landscape surrounding the sheep pasture.

These natural pictures were in no respect suggestive of the impressionist drawings for three months and the Encyclopaedia of Death and Life in the Spirit-World, in paper cover, a book containing four hundred pages, printed in fine style. This offer holds good only during the month of April.

Any one of our present subscribers who will send us a new three months subscription with his own subscription, and send us a copy of the book, can each have a copy of the book.

In consequence of the great interest of Spiritualists and thinkers generally in spreading the truth in regard to death, we have concluded to extend the above offer through the month of May.

Don't Delay.

We want to reach a class of new readers, and in order to do so we are willing to make a great sacrifice. For 25 cents we will send them THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for three months and the Encyclopaedia of Death and Life in the Spirit-World, in paper cover, a book containing four hundred pages, printed in fine style. This offer holds good only during the month of April.

Italian lady who, while sitting in the window of her villa at Lugano, received a severe shock from a stroke of lightning, although she never recovered completely, the impression of a flower, which must have been in the path of the lightning-flash, which reached her, was printed indelibly on her body."

COLD AT A SHILLING A POUND.

A Des Moines, Ia., dispatch, dated the 21st ult., gives the following wonderful results of X-ray experiments by an Iowa farmer:

When it was announced a few days ago that George Lawrence Johnson, a farmer living near Fairfield, had discovered a process allied to the X-rays, and which he termed "X-ray rays," by means of which a base metal could be transmuted into gold at small cost, people treated the matter as a joke. Investigation by a correspondent at Fairfield, who has induced Mr. Johnson to talk about his discovery, puts a different light on the matter. It is found that Johnson is a graduate of a college, New York, and is provided for financially and is possessing a complete chemical and physical laboratory at his country home. He simply claims that an ordinary base metal, which has been considered a chemical element, is a compound of which gold is the principal part.

After the publication of Professor Roentgen's discovery, Johnson became interested, and, in company with Mr. Minear, duplicated some of the easier experiments. After securing several pictures they concluded to experiment on the comparative transparency of several metals to the X-rays. By accident a block of one of the most common metals was placed in the box in a certain relation to the anode pole of the Crookes tube.

After two hours Mr. Johnson observed that this metal was undergoing a change. The surface nearest the tube was covered to a depth of one-fourth of an inch with a white powder. Beneath this powder the metal presented uneven surfaces of yellowish color. More metal was procured and a like result followed. The change must have resulted from its proximity to the anode pole of the Crookes tube. Rays of great chemical power must have been thrown off, and Mr. Johnson called these "X-ray rays."

Mr. Johnson then sent a block of the metal, and I have since had a test made by a friend at Columbia College, John C. Hotchkiss, asking him to determine its nature. A reply has been received in which preliminary results were given. The yellow metal, Mr. Hotchkiss says, "is probably gold." The base metal used is a secret. According to Mr. Johnson, it is 92 per cent. gold, and we can decompose a pound in three hours at an expense of 134 cents per ounce. This means at a cost of about 50 cents to produce about \$153 worth of gold. Steps have been taken to patent the process in this country and abroad.

DR. T. WILKINS.

Joseph King's Seances.

TO THE EDITOR—Mr. Joseph King, a materializing medium, of Pipestone, Mich., has been with us four days and gave us four seances, and we are very much pleased with them. The third night he was here he proposed to the company to give us a test seance, which he did to our entire satisfaction. There was a committee chosen from the circle to put the medium under test conditions, which was done, and we were very much pleased with what we got. We all think and believe that Mr. King is perfectly honest, he is proved to us that night. There were about twenty-five persons materialized that night, and some of them came out across the room and led their friends to the cabinet, and were recognized, and then dematerialized in full view of the friends that stood by the cabinet.

At the close of the seance, we found Mr. King just as the committee had placed him, and we were all very much pleased with the result. Mr. King to anybody wishing to visit with their spirit friends, as an honest medium.

JAS. R. LOWTHER.
J. C. KINNE.
GEO. N. BALDWIN.
LAURA E. BALDWIN.
CORLA L. LOWTHER.
MRS. ELMER DENNIS.

Leonidas, Mich.

THE SOCIALIST.

I love my neighbor, and grieve to find My fellow simple, halt or blind. I wish that every girl and boy Were born in honor, brought forth with joy.

I wish each hungering soul before Swung opportunity's open door. I wish the privilege to each sent To reach his highest development. I wish each man were the master of Himself, but servant to all in love. I wish that each might his right assert To pay according to his desert. I wish to every true man's arms Some glorious woman would yield her charms.

I wish each father might view with pride His perfect progeny by his side. I wish for each a serene old age, Respected, dignified, worthy, sage. I wish that each, with his fate content, To his long home in his full time went.

For these desires I am said to be An enemy of society. The explanations no other than— Society is the foe of man.

MILES MENANDER DAWSON.

While I do not believe as Brother Bach does as to the cause of frauds, I do believe there is a remedy to get rid of them, in the way I have suggested. Some of the frauds that were exposed at Lily Dale last summer are again on the road, traveling over the country holding lectures, and are supported by good Spiritualists. This is all wrong, and as long as it is done we will have fraudulent mediums. We have the remedy and let us apply it.

Eudora, Kan. O. G. RICHARDS.

REMARKS.

Our good Brother Richards is wrong in his estimate of Mr. Bach's views. Mr. Bach does not convey the idea that all Spiritualists are to blame. Spiritualists are to blame for certain conditions of affairs, but not for the frauds themselves. These Spiritualists were to blame for harboring and encouraging that villain Clifton in this city, who made \$2,000 here without giving a single genuine manifestation. That statement would not, of course, embrace all the Spiritualists of this city. The careful reader will see the point. Mr. Bach is one of those who make the distinction between the field, and an honor to our cause, and is highly esteemed by all who know him. We knew Clifton to be a fraud, and yet, at one time had we so stated we would have been bitterly assailed by Spiritualists—not all the Spiritualists, Brother Richards.—EDITOR.

What Shall Be Done with Them?

I notice in the last issue of your paper, under the head "Important Questions," an article by Wm. H. W. Bach, of Aberdeen, S. D., giving his views as to the cause of fakirs and fraudulent mediums, and suggesting a remedy, etc. While Brother Bach's views of having a National Board of Examination may be a good one as a remedy, I cannot agree with him as to the cause of fraudulent mediums.

I do not believe, as he says, that Spiritualists are alone responsible for the frauds and fakirs that we hear so much about of late. I consider the charge a base slander on the Spiritualists of this country, to say they are alone responsible for these mountebanks that are traveling over the country, robbing the loving and personating, and pretending to communicate with so-called dead, under the name of mediums.

It is not the language of Brother Bach pretty strong and sweeping in its character? And is it not an insult to the Spiritualists of this country? Does it not savor of an apology for these frauds and fakirs, by swarming all around us like a devouring army of grasshoppers, infesting our ranks, and blighting the glorious cause of Spiritualism? It appears that way to me, and I think there are tens of thousands of Spiritualists that will agree with me in this view. I, for one, do not enter my solemn protest and denial of such charge.

I have been a Spiritualist and an honest investigator for about thirty years, and during that time have visited many mediums in various parts of the country, and my observations and experience is that in no case did the people demand anything unreasonable in the way of manifestations. The question with them was not a demand for something better, but was that they received genuine spirit manifestations, or was it a fraud? They were satisfied with what they received if they knew it was genuine; in fact, no demand was made as to what they ought to have, or for something better. It is true that some times they have been disappointed in not getting communications from our spirit friends at our circles and our sittings with mediums but that cannot in any sense be called a demand on the mediums for something better or unreasonable.

If Spiritualists are responsible in any sense for fraudulent mediums, it is because of their credulity and gullibility, and not in this demand for the impossible; but even in such cases I do not believe they should be held responsible for the frauds in our ranks.

Spiritualists, especially the older ones, know that spirits can do many wonderful things, and various phases of manifestations, and knowing that, they are very apt to accept everything done as genuine without a question. Fraud mediums know this, and they take advantage of it and many times impose on these unsuspecting Spiritualists.

These fraud mediums never consent to be put under strict test conditions. It breaks the conditions they say. They say that if they perform their circles in such a way that they will not be detected, by sitting the old dyed-in-the-wool Spiritualist closest to them, knowing they are not watching for tricks and fraudulent manifestations. The medium will say that conditions would not be good if others were to occupy their places, and that a little skepticism, and could watch the corners, so to speak.

I have no use for frauds of any kind in this world, and especially so when it comes to communicating with us and our dear friends who have passed from our mortal vision.

There are no words too severe to condemn, nor punishment to inflict, in my judgment, on those who would not only rob one of his money, but deceive by pretending to call back from the Spirit-world our dear friends, on whose cold graves we have shed so many bitter tears.

There ought to be some way to weed out this class of shysters from our ranks, and there certainly is. The way and it is this, and I consider it one of the principal reasons we have so many frauds. As soon as a fraud is exposed, a great cry will go up by certain Spiritualists and mediums that we should be very careful. Take the Lily Dale exposure, of last summer, for instance. No sooner had the management of that place been exposed to entrap the frauds and expose them than several who claimed to be good Spiritualists and mediums rushed to the defense of these frauds, and some of them even went so far as to accuse the management of being in collusion with the frauds and they succeeded in making many good Spiritualists believe it was true without giving them the matter a serious thought. Just think for a moment how unreasonable to believe that a management of a camp like the Lily Dale, the Mecca of Spiritualism in America, would become participants criminals—partner in crime—and collude with a set of frauds and all fakes to bring discredit upon the cause of Spiritualism. Of course the thing is too absurd and ridiculous to be believed for a moment, and to a thinking mind. Still I have heard quite a number of Spiritualists take that view of the matter. Now it might be said that in this sense Spiritualists are somewhat to blame for frauds. They give aid, comfort and support to that wretch, which enables them to still continue in this nefarious business.

We believe it is the duty of all Spiritualists to set their seal of condemnation against fraud mediums, and when one has been exposed, not to support or countenance him in anyway. If Spiritualists do this, it would not be long until they would all be weeded out of their ranks.

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There ought to be some way to weed out this class of shysters from our ranks, and there certainly is. The way and it is this, and I consider it one of the principal reasons we have so many frauds. As soon as a fraud is exposed, a great cry will go up by certain Spiritualists and mediums that we should be very careful. Take the Lily Dale exposure, of last summer, for instance. No sooner had the management of that place been exposed to entrap the frauds and expose them than several who claimed to be good Spiritualists and mediums rushed to the defense of these frauds, and some of them even went so far as to accuse the management of being in collusion with the frauds and they succeeded in making many good Spiritualists believe it was true without giving them the matter a serious thought. Just think for a moment how unreasonable to believe that a management of a camp like the Lily Dale, the Mecca of Spiritualism in America, would become participants criminals—partner in crime—and collude with a set of frauds and all fakes to bring discredit upon the cause of Spiritualism. Of course the thing is too absurd and ridiculous to be believed for a moment, and to a thinking mind. Still I have heard quite a number of Spiritualists take that view of the matter. Now it might be said that in this sense Spiritualists are somewhat to blame for frauds. They give aid, comfort and support to that wretch, which enables them to still continue in this nefarious business.

We believe it is the duty of all Spiritualists to set their seal of condemnation against fraud mediums, and when one has been exposed, not to support or countenance him in anyway. If Spiritualists do this, it would not be long until they would all be weeded out of their ranks.

While I do not believe as Brother Bach does as to the cause of frauds, I do believe there is a remedy to get rid of them, in the way I have suggested. Some of the frauds that were exposed at Lily Dale last summer are again on the road, traveling over the country holding lectures, and are supported by good Spiritualists. This is all wrong, and as long as it is done we will have fraudulent mediums. We have the remedy and let us apply it.

Eudora, Kan. O. G. RICHARDS.

REMARKS.

Our good Brother Richards is wrong in his estimate of Mr. Bach's views. Mr. Bach does not convey the idea that all Spiritualists are to blame. Spiritualists are to blame for certain conditions of affairs, but not for the frauds themselves. These Spiritualists were to blame for harboring and encouraging that villain Clifton in this city, who made \$2,000 here without giving a single genuine manifestation. That statement would not, of course, embrace all the Spiritualists of this city. The careful reader will see the point. Mr. Bach is one of those who make the distinction between the field, and an honor to our cause, and is highly esteemed by all who know him. We knew Clifton to be a fraud, and yet, at one time had we so stated we would have been bitterly assailed by Spiritualists—not all the Spiritualists, Brother Richards.—EDITOR.

What Shall Be Done with Them?

I notice in the last issue of your paper, under the head "Important Questions," an article by Wm. H. W. Bach, of Aberdeen, S. D., giving his views as to the cause of fakirs and fraudulent mediums, and suggesting a remedy, etc. While Brother Bach's views of having a National Board of Examination may be a good one as a remedy, I cannot agree with him as to the cause of fraudulent mediums.

I do not believe, as he says, that Spiritualists are alone responsible for the frauds and fakirs that we hear so much about of late. I consider the charge a base slander on the Spiritualists of this country, to say they are alone responsible for these mountebanks that are traveling over the country, robbing the loving and personating, and pretending to communicate with so-called dead, under the name of mediums.

It is not the language of Brother Bach pretty strong and sweeping in its character? And is it not an insult to the Spiritualists of this country? Does it not savor of an apology for these frauds and fakirs, by swarming all around us like a devouring army of grasshoppers, infesting our ranks, and blighting the glorious cause of Spiritualism? It appears that way to me, and I think there are tens of thousands of Spiritualists that will agree with me in this view. I, for one, do not enter my solemn protest and denial of such charge.

I have been a Spiritualist and an honest investigator for about thirty years, and during that time have visited many mediums in various parts of the country, and my observations and experience is that in no case did the people demand anything unreasonable in the way of manifestations. The question with them was not a demand for something better, but was that they received genuine spirit manifestations, or was it a fraud? They were satisfied with what they received if they knew it was genuine; in fact, no demand was made as to what they ought to have, or for something better. It is true that some times they have been disappointed in not getting communications from our spirit friends at our circles and our sittings with mediums but that cannot in any sense be called a demand on the mediums for something better or unreasonable.

If Spiritualists are responsible in any sense for fraudulent mediums, it is because of their credulity and gullibility, and not in this demand for the impossible; but even in such cases I do not believe they should be held responsible for the frauds in our ranks.

Spiritualists, especially the older ones, know that spirits can do many wonderful things, and various phases of manifestations, and knowing that, they are very apt to accept everything done as genuine without a question. Fraud mediums know this, and they take advantage of it and many times impose on these unsuspecting Spiritualists.

These fraud mediums never consent to be put under strict test conditions. It breaks the conditions they say. They say that if they perform their circles in such a way that they will not be detected, by sitting the old dyed-in-the-wool Spiritualist closest to them, knowing they are not watching for tricks and fraudulent manifestations. The medium will say that conditions would not be good if others were to occupy their places, and that a little skepticism, and could watch the corners, so to speak.

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Eudora, Kan. O. G. RICHARDS.



GRAND TEMPLE OF THE MAGI,
1910 Washington Boulevard,
Chicago.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Hereafter, until further notice, this Temple will hold all regular convocations, on Sundays, in the degree corresponding to the number of the Sunday in the month: First Sunday, first degree; second Sunday, second degree; third Sunday, third degree; fourth Sunday, fourth degree; fifth Sunday, fifth degree.

OLNEY H. RICHMOND,
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Suspension of Convocations.

Beginning May 1, 1896, the Grand Temple at Chicago, will temporarily suspend its meetings until notice is given in this paper of their again commencing.

The Grand Temple will be opened in Cleveland, Ohio, Jurisdiction of the Western Reserve, during the suspension of labor in Chicago.

may be considered a mine of valuable information for every patriot in the land. Price 1¢. For sale at this office.

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A lecture delivered to ladies only. By Mrs. Dr. Hulbert. Paper, 10 cents.

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THE DIAKKA AND THEIR EARTH
ly Victim, by the Seer, A. J. Davis. Is a very interesting and suggestive work. It is an explanation of much that is false and repulsive in Spiritualism, embodying a most important recent interview with James Victor Williams, a resident of the Summer Land. Price 50 cents. For sale at this office.

