



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

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## A MASTERLY ADDRESS.

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### The Logic of Natural Phenomena.

"Nature is man's best teacher; she unfolds  
Her treasures to his search, unseals his  
eye,  
Illumes his mind and purifies his heart;  
An influence breathes from all sights  
and sounds  
Of her existence, she is wisdom's self."  
—Street's Poems.

#### NATURAL PHENOMENA.

All natural phenomena are manifested to us through the senses; they are the only avenues through which a knowledge of objects or events can reach our consciousness; and although the cause of the manifestations may be hidden in nature's boundless laboratory, yet the effects are plainly visible. Thus we see that a blade of grass grows day by day through the energy called vegetative life, yet what that life is we do not know. We see an apple fall, as did the great Newton, and we call the force that draws it toward the earth the attraction of gravitation; yet science can not tell us what gravity is, or what causes it.

We know that the attraction of matter for matter molds and forms alike the developments and the orbits in stellar space, yet how, or when, or wherefore, are unsolved enigmas. We know that there is a love among the elements of matter called chemical affinity, that unites an acid and an alkali in a marriage embrace, and an enemy whose antagonistic force will divorce them; but what these contending powers are, science has not discovered. We know that electricity, by a force called induction, begets magnetism, and that magnetism by a similar law becomes the current of electricity, and the great unsolved problem is: "What are these mysterious forces that are interchangeable?" and that under different circumstances and conditions may become either parent or offspring. Around us on every side we see the effects of natural laws which are as wonderful to our senses as any so-called spiritual phenomena, while their primordial causes are beyond the reach of scientific researches or investigations. The eminent savant Lavoisier says:

"We know the effects of many things, but the causes of few."

#### THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

Man, in the former times, through the evidence of our senses, while the latter are only made apparent by a process of inductive reasoning. Effects can be proven by the testimony of observers, while causes are the enigmata of nature's unknown senate, whose laws govern all movements and formations of matter. The mystery of human life has evaded the research of science, yet inductive philosophy teaches us that its continuity is not more improbable than its present existence. The great mystery of life is before the cradle; not beyond the grave. The wonder is that we live now, not that we shall continue to live beyond the phenomenon of death. We witness the present effect called sentient life. We do not know its cause, and we know no reason why it should not continue beyond the casket and the tomb, and if it can and does prove its existence beyond the grave by the same evidence we recognize of this life, how can we doubt or disbelieve?

#### MESSAGES RECEIVED.

We receive through the clicks of the telegraph a communication from a distant friend. The operator interprets the raps of the sounder to us; they narrate memories of the past, relate facts known only to ourselves and the distant friend. We recognize them, and know that the friend is living and communicating with us, and upon this knowledge we act in the most momentous affairs of life. There is nothing in the mechanical devices of the telegraph line or office that carries conviction to our minds. We form our opinion of the truth of the message by the innate evidence it possesses of mutuality, knowledge, memory or affection. And we could not doubt if we would. Then we receive a similar message purporting to come from a friend who has "passed away." We have the same innate evidence of its genuineness that we have of the one transmitted by the mysterious throbbings of electricity. Yet even more for this last communication is written in the handwriting we remember so well. We recognize the mental characteristics of the deceased, the peculiar forms of expression not observable in the telegraph are there, and added to this is the well-known signature whose form is indelibly impressed upon our memory; all these unmistakable evidences of personality are there, and the thinking mind cannot but be convinced that the friend still lives, and that the cast-off raiment of this life exchanged for the glorious habiliments of immortality.

In scientific inquiry philosophers do not ignore the evidence of visible facts because their cause is unknown, but recognizing them, they search for the laws that govern and created them. The eloquent tongue is but a cloud of senseless matter that raps the air in recognized vibrations to which language has affixed a meaning. "Yes" and "no" are but different numbers of vibrations or raps on the membrane tympani of the ear, which English-speaking people have agreed should be an affirmation or negation; yet the phenomenon is not different from the raps on the table by some unknown living force. It is not more mysterious than that which moves the tongue; and when both are governed by intelligence that has human characteristics, how can we doubt the parentage of one more than the other?

#### CANNOT BE COUNTERFEITED.

If we hear human intelligence manifested by tongue or raps, or see it in the

movement of inert and inanimate matter, we must know that a human mind is the unseen "power behind the throne" greater than the throne itself, and that all intelligence, however manifested, is but a mandate of the monarch, human reason, whose scepter is thought, and whose kingdom the boundless realm of intellectual mentality.

We know that all phenomena that manifest intelligence are "sui generis." They cannot be counterfeited. There is no spurious coin among the circulating media of human thought. There is no similitude of the human mind, and when we see it manifested by pen or planchette, or hear it in the raps of tongue or table, we know that we cannot be deceived in the nature of the force that causes the phenomena. If intellect, memory and love control the unseen forces, then they must be phenomena of a human soul, for they can emanate from no other source. There is no fact in the universe that can simulate them. The only mint of the human mind is the human soul, and there can be no counterfeit of either its impress or the pure metal of its coinage.

#### PERSONALITY AND INTELLIGENCE.

Life is not more apparent to the senses than is intellect. It is true that there may be life without intellect, but not intellect without life, and where it is manifested, in whatever form it may be observed, it is certain that life is there also. The faintest raps that convey intelligence are positive evidences of the presence of both life and a human mind. The marks of identification of personal identity are more plain and certain than those of physical form. Men are never alike in body though they may be so in face. The "Tribune" man in England, men have often personated other men from a resemblance in form and features, but never in mentality or intellectual attainments.

If an intelligence manifests itself to us by any means, its personality is demonstrated; and that is absolutely conclusive. Therefore, when a human intellect with its peculiar mental characteristics makes its presence known to us either by raps, vocal sounds, or writing, no fact can be made more clearly apparent to our senses. It matters not that the casket that once contained it in earth has long since been given to death and decay, the soul surely lives, and retains its personality if it can remember incidents of the past, and relate them through any physical phenomena, however insignificant they may appear to those unacquainted with the laws and conditions of Spirit-life.

An orthodox friend remarked to me the other day that he could not believe that the spirits of our dead would stoop so low as to communicate with their earthly friends by raps on old tables and tambourines. A smiling sneer enlivened his intellectual countenance when he uttered this profound argument against well-known phenomena, and was compelled to acknowledge its force and logic with the remark, "that it was strange, it is true; almost as much so as that a spirit should communicate with a denizen of earth through the sonorous vocal organ of Balaam's old and faithful servant."

#### AN "ASINUS VULGARIS."

The credulity of orthodox Christians will permit them to believe that the spirits of our dead are in communication with men through the lips of an "asinus vulgaris," yet they most vehemently deny the possibility of a like occurrence through the hands and lips of their mediumistic friends and neighbors. They believe that such occult phenomena have occurred in times past through the unchangeable laws of an immutable God, and yet deny that they can occur to-day.

The priesthood of to-day claim to be the only mediums between man and future life. They seem to be afraid to admit the possibility of the mediumship of the past occurring at the present time, yet infidelity might draw an invidious comparison between the mediums of Balaam's time and those of the sacred desk or pulpit.

It is common occurrence for orthodox Christians to sneer at the plebeian mode of spirit communications. They seem to forget that in accordance with a bequest of the great Creator, their Savior, a God, was born in a manger, and for nearly thirty years worked with his reputed father at the lowly calling of a carpenter, and while on his holy mission, consorted with Magdalen and fishermen, depending upon the charity of the public for his daily bread. But what avails the sneers and sarcasm of bigotry and creeds if the facts exist?

"Till they can call the seal from off the bond  
They but offend their lungs to speak so loud."

Under the enlightenment of advancing thought it is impossible to-day to silence inquiry, or stifle the investigation of any subject in which the people feel an interest. As Prof. James H. Blakely, in the Arena for November, says: "The modern mind is thoroughly wide-awake and has quite thrown off the leading strings of ancient timidity. It looks all questions in the face, and demands to be shown the real facts in every realm. All the traditions of his forefathers, the laws of science and the principles of morals are overhauled, and the foundations on which they rest relentlessly probed. And our modern curiosity can see no reason why it should cease its investigation when it comes to the frontiers of religion. It deems no dogma too old to be summoned before its bar, no pope or scripture too venerable to be put in the witness-box and cross-examined as to its accuracy or authority."

Such is surely the spirit of the age in which we live. Science is a

#### RELENTLESS ICONOCLAST.

and has no respect for the sacred images

of past superstition, whether carved in marble or enunciated in the articles of faith of creedal dogmas. What are the facts to be investigated? Is the question of educated thought, and faith and hope to have no place in the laboratories of either scientific or mental research? Faith is no such thing which can be accurately weighed the testimony of the senses, but is rather the dust in the cup of the balance, to be removed before facts are placed therein, lest it give a false impetus to the descending scale; while hope is but an idle wish, often prompted by personal desire and self-interest, and whose gratification would be injustice to the world.

#### IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Is there a life beyond the awful mysteries of death? Is the all-absorbing question of sentient thought, and nothing but facts will ever answer it to the conviction of reason and reflection. The evidence of facts must be proven by the experience of the senses; no other witnesses can truthfully testify in the case, and when the testimony is before the court of the human mind, the verdict will be as involuntary as the movements of the heart and lungs.

No special pleading by faith or pettifoggery by hope will avail to change the decision of that great tribunal. It is certain that a belief in spirit visitations and manifestations is a record of fact for all eyes and among all people, and to-day so-called modern Spiritualism is permeating all Christian organizations. In a covert way it is whispered in many a sermon from orthodox divines. Church members secretly visit the seance-room and there find confirmation of the evidence of the basic facts of creeds. The great religious acrobat and sensational evangelist, Dr. Talmage, in a recent sermon, speaking of death, said: "The apparent feeling of uneasiness and restlessness at the time of the Christian's departure the physicians say is caused by no real distress. It is an unconscious and involuntary movement, and I think it is the vision of heavenly gladness too great for mortal endurance. It is the only heaven breaking in upon the departed spirit. You see your work will be done and the time for departure will be at hand, and there will be wings under you, and song and light on the air, and your father and mother come to meet you, and you will descend into the room, and your little children, whom you put away for the last sleep years ago, will be at your side, and their kisses will be on your forehead, and you will see gardens in full bloom and the swinging-oven of shining beads, and will hear voices long ago hushed. In many a Christian departure that you have known and I have known, there was in the phraseology of the departing one something that indicated the reappearance of those long deceased. It is no delirium, no delusion, but a supernatural fact."

Your glorified loved ones will hear that you are about to come, and they will say in heaven 'May I go down to show that soul the way up? May I be the celestial escort? May I wait for that soul at the edge of the pillow?' And the Lord will say: 'Yes. You may fly down on that mission.' And I think all your glorified kindred will come down, and they will be in the room, and although those in health standing around may hear no voice nor see arrival from the heavenly world, you will see and hear. And the moment the fleshly bond of the soul shall break, the cry will be: 'Follow me up this way! By this gilded cloud, past these stars, straight for home, straight for glory.'

These utterances of Dr. Talmage, when shown of their tinsel rhetoric and gaudy verbiage, are simple

#### AVOWAL OF THE FACT.

claimed by Spiritualists. They assert a spiritual life of our spirits of those who have passed away have a knowledge of the things transpiring on earth. They remember and love those who were dear to them in this life, and that under certain conditions they can return to earth with their consoling influence, and accompany the departing soul to its future home of eternal rest. And when the time comes, as it surely will, when the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism can be enunciated in all the pulpits in the land without danger to the tenure of "Othello's occupation," it will be the religion of the world. Then, and not until then, will the true millennium dawn.

"Then shall death be swallowed up in victory, and all tears wiped away from all faces," and all mankind shall know "That if a man die he shall live again," and "And that death is the crown of life: Were death denied, poor man would live in vain."

Death wounds to cure: we fall, we rise, we reign: Spring from our fetters, fasten to the skies. When blooming Eden opens on our sight, The king of terrors is the prince of peace."

#### AN INTERROGATORY.

Many persons who deny the logic of so-called spiritual phenomena often ask: "Why is it necessary for those who desire communications with the spirits to go to a medium, or a seance, or a spiritual camp-meeting? Why do not the spirits come to us in our everyday life, and during our daily avocations if they can come at all?"

This interrogatory was recently propounded to me by a good brother of an orthodox church. The tone of the question was a compound of honest inquiry and sarcasm, and the interrogator evidently thought it unanswerable. Yet, with a humble suggestion of a lack of information on my part, and a desire to become enlightened, I ventured to reply:

"Why do you hold your prayer-meetings, your revivals and camp-meetings?"

I inquired, "Why cannot the kind Father above forgive his disobedient and repentant children during their daily walks and avocations as well as at the 'mourner's bench,' or during the supplications of a prayer-meeting? Is it necessary to temptance, how from 'eyes that mocked at tears before?' Conversion follows and the penitent sinner goes forth 'regenerated'—a better man, with new resolves, new purposes, new hopes and aspirations. Accompanied and overshadowed by a spirit influence

necessary to plead and argue before the throne of the 'Most High.' That a slip-stroked soul should receive his forgiveness—as a lawyer argues his case in court? Why is it deemed important to call in the services of a trained medium, a minister of the gospel, to exercise his learning, logic and eloquence to convince the Divine mind that the cause of his client deserves immediate consideration and a favorable decree in the court of equity, in heaven, whose sessions seem to be contemporary with the revival meeting, on the earth, with long extended vacations between? Is it true," I asked, "that

"There is an eye whose glance pervades All depths, all deserts and all shades: That there is an ear awake on high: Even to thoughts whisp'ring ere they die."

#### REVIVAL MEETINGS.

"And if the basic facts of all religions are true, why do the orthodox churches and creeds deem it necessary to have certain conditions and mediumistic influences surround their revival meeting before they can hope for a 'pouring out of the Holy Spirit,' as they term it, and the forgiveness of sinners? Is it not true that there are instances of individual conversion where the seance-room, the darkened, silent closet of prayer, where the petitions of a contrite heart have invoked the aid of unseen spirit power and received it? We do not know, with certainty, from whence comes this power, or all the laws and conditions that control and surround it, but we do know that it is not of this material world."

"We believe it to be demonstrated spirit-life, and this theory will account for all so-called spirit-manifestations, whether they occur in the seance-room, the closet of prayer, or around the 'anxious seat' of religious revivals. What we know of spiritual laws teaches us that there is an increased force in the concentration of mental energy, as there is physical power in united physical efforts." Here our interview ended, but it was suggestive.

The realm of mentality is as boundless as space, and must be governed by laws as fixed and certain as the laws of nature. The search for those laws, the study of their effects and potentialities constitutes the whole volume of spiritual philosophy. It seeks for "truth for authority," not "authority for truth." Truth asserts itself, and requires no endorsement in the intellectual marketplace. It asks no assistance from hope and faith to establish its claims, but it is willing to aid them in their dark and uncertain investigations. Here, as in all researches after cause and effect, we must reason from the known to the unknown, from facts to the logical conclusion to be drawn therefrom.

We witness certain phenomena and their explanation is apparent; science has investigated, and discovered the laws that govern them. The source of these laws is unknown, yet have their operations been formulated and their power calculated, with unvarying accuracy. We observe other occurrences of like character, and logical attributes them to the same cause. The mental effects produced by certain events are nearly the same in all minds. The difference is only in degree. The knowledge of a great catastrophe happening to the inhabitants of a certain locality causes a general emotion of commiseration.

The feeling of sympathy for the sufferers of the Johnstown flood was like all over the world where the tale of woe was narrated. There was a difference only in the degree of intensity of the emotions, not of the kind. The result of a murderous battle or the ravages of a deadly pestilence; the effects of an earthquake on land, or a storm at sea, produce nearly the same feeling in all minds. Therefore, we know that the kingdom of human mentality is governed by general laws as fixed and certain in their operations as those that control the material world.

#### CONVERSION OF SINNERS.

There is in the realm of religious thought and experience a phenomenon known as "The Conversion of Sinners." A wave of mental reformations commences at the center—a so-called "religious revival"—and spreads over the country as if carried on the wings of the wind. It is peculiar to certain localities, conditions, and seasons of the year. In the rural districts it never commences in seed-time or harvest, nor anywhere in the summer months except at camp-meetings, where there is a concentration of the psychical forces of mediumistic ministers, and willing and receptive minds. There can be no doubt of the good effect produced by these mental cyclones in purifying the moral atmosphere—that without them would be some poisonous fumes, and the conversion of man, and their effort for gain. All religious revivals of greater or less magnitude are the result of a concentration of mental forces and spirit power focused at certain points favorable to their development. There must be an opportune time, a congenial place and conditions, and congenial environments. In country districts or rural hamlets it would be impossible to inaugurate a "revival" in haying, harvest or fair time. But the winter comes. There is comparative rest from physical labor for the artisan, and the farmer and his family. A noted medium—"called an itinerant evangelist"—appears on the scene and commences to hold his services or evening meetings. The semi-darkness of candle or lamp-light affords better conditions than does the glare of day. Heartfelt prayers are uttered, sacred music produces mental harmony. There is a concentration of many minds in invoking spirit influence, and in accordance with nature's unvarying psychical laws it comes. Affectionate spirits of the dead, hither on angel wings, over the seance, or a loving mother, whose prayers in behalf of a wayward son availed naught from her earthly home, now touches with spirit-fingers the obscure heart of her sinful child, and tears of repentance flow from "eyes that mocked at tears before." Conversion follows and the penitent sinner goes forth "regenerated"—a better man, with new resolves, new purposes, new hopes and aspirations. Accompanied and overshadowed by a spirit influence

therefore rejected, he lives a moral, honest life. And so the seance goes on. The spirits of those who have passed away continue their efforts, and men and women are truly made better through their influences. It is not that mysterious, mythical essence called "The Holy Ghost," that produces these beneficial results. It is more probable that it is the "ghosts" of our dead who still retain their friendship, loves and memories of the past, and who, from their spirit-home, bring comfort, hope and faith to those once dead to them in life.

#### PSYCHIC FORCES.

All psychic phenomena are similar in their nature and nearly alike in cause and effect, and we can well understand that in the various camps founded by the believers of orthodox and Spiritualism there is a concentration of psychic forces operating through the various mediumistic influences, yet modified by surroundings and conditions. If there is a spirit-world, and if under the unchangeable laws of the intelligence that governs the universe, the spirits of the dead visited the earth in times past, they must be able to do so to-day; and when hundreds of honest, earnest seekers after truth congregate together in camp or seance-room to invoke their presence, we can well understand that the conditions must be favorable for manifestations.

The Christian world believes in spirit visitations of the past and of the present. Sacred and secular history record these events of bygone centuries, while the rustic angel wings amid the whiffling of spirit voices are often heard by ears growing cold and senseless in death; and eyes forever blind to earthly visions see the ethereal forms of spirits waiting for the soul that is passing away. This is a universal belief and is properly made the theme of consolation by ministerial lips, both in public and private funeral oratories.

If spirit visitations are facts, it is evident that conditions are as necessary to their return as to their passing away, and while they often visit their earthly friends in the silent closet of prayer or the congenial seance of home and fireside, yet it is certain that the camp atmosphere is favorable for a greater variety of manifestations, and more powerful exhibitions of spirit force than the private seance and mediumship. Just as the physical force necessary to religious revivals is more strongly evolved at camp-meetings and in the circle of prayer around the altars of the churches than in the workshops or markets of trade. What the oracles call conversion seldom comes to men while engaged in their business; neither is it incident to political meetings, Fourth of July celebrations or public festivals; but it is the result of concentrated religious fervor focused at places of cognate conditions. So it is with spirit manifestations.

At a "spiritual camp" all thought is directed to the future world; all the public lectures, invocations and conferences serve to concentrate the aggregate force of human mentality to words the one absorbing enigma: "If a man die, shall he live again?" The frequency of inspiration, voiced in song and sermon, is directed to and enters into the great problem of death and a life beyond. Spirit influence, presence and manifestations are invoked—and unless nature's laws and phenomena bear false testimony to inquiring man, they come with their heaven-born energy, wiping away the tears of mourning grief, soothing the aching heart of affliction and gliding the darkening cloud of death with the sunlight of demonstrated immortality. They reinforce the evidence of faith, and the testimony of hope, and with whispered words of memory and love assert the glorious truth that there is no death, only transition.

F. L. McCreery asserted a logical deduction from nature's varied phenomena in his beautiful poem, entitled "There is no death," to which, in conclusion, I call the attention of my audience.

#### THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! the stars go down  
To rise upon some other shore,  
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown  
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! the forest leaves  
Convert to life the viewless air;  
The rocks disorganize to feed  
The hungry mosses they bear.

There is no death! the dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the summer showers,  
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinged flowers.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,  
The flowers may fade and pass away—  
They only wait, through winter hours,  
The warm, sweet breath of May.

There is no death! the choicest gifts  
That heaven hath kindly lent to earth  
Are ever first to seek again  
The country of their birth:

And all things that for growth or joy  
Are worthy of our love or care,  
Whose loss has left us desolate,  
Are safely garnered there.

Though life become a desert waste,  
We know its fairest, sweetest flowers,  
Transplanted into paradise,  
Adorn immortal bowers.

The voice of birdlike melody  
That we have missed and mourned so long,  
Now mingles with the angel choir  
In everlasting song.

There is no death! although we grieve  
When beautiful, familiar forms,  
That we have learned to love, are torn  
From our embracing arms.

An awful form stalks through the land,  
With poisonous breath and silent tread,  
It steals our best loved ones away,  
And then we call them dead.

Although with bowed and breaking heart,  
With sables garb and silent tread,  
We bear their senseless dust to rest,  
And say that they are "dead."

There is no death! they have but passed  
Beyond the mists that blind us here,  
Into the new and larger life  
Of that serene sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of clay

To put their shining raiment on;  
They have not wandered far away—  
They are not "lost" or "gone."

Born into an unending bliss,  
They leave us but to come again,  
With loving words and fond caress  
To soothe our grief and pain.

Though disenthralled and glorified,  
They still are here and love us yet;  
The dear ones they have left behind  
They never can forget.

And sometimes, when our hearts grow faint  
Amid temptations fierce and deep;  
Or when the wildly-raging waves  
Of grief or passion sweep,

We feel upon our fevered brow  
Their gentle touch, their breath of balm;  
Their arms enfold us, and our hearts  
Grow comforted and calm.

And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread—  
For all the boundless universe  
Is life—there are no dead.

F. L. McCREERY.

#### Baby Dying of Old Age.

The following item comes up from St. Louis, and bears the record of curiosities so far enrolled:

"Physicians of this city have discovered a remarkable phenomenon in the person of a child 8 months old which died of senile debility. The child was Herman Robert Burch, son of Enoch Burch, a fisherman who lives in a little cabin on the bank of the Mississippi river, just opposite Bellefontaine cemetery."

"The child, which was brought to Dr. Randall, of the North Side dispensary two weeks ago for treatment, was a monstrous. Its body had ceased to grow after birth, but the head was fully developed, the face bearing all the marks of an old man. The head was covered with coarse hair, and on the face was a straggling beard."

"Dr. Kendall stated that the baby's head was perfectly developed in every way, even to the bones, which were hard and brittle, as with the case of advanced years. He did not have a great opportunity to study the case, as his attention had not been called to it until the evolution was complete. During the time he was watching it, however, he searched in vain for a parallel case."

#### Sees Vision of Death.

A dispatch from Wilkesbarre, Pa., to the secular press says:

"Robert Montgomery was working in his chamber in the Winable colliery about two weeks ago, when, according to his story, he felt the presence of something supernatural. It was some minutes before he could see anything, but then he managed to discern the outline of a man with a warning finger upraised. He spoke to the 'shape,' but received no answer. He felt, however, said, a peculiar chill in the air, which penetrated to the marrow of his bones. He at once left the mine and told his friends that he had received warning of death, nor could any argument convince him that it was merely a case of hallucination. He could not be persuaded to return to the mine. A couple of days after he had seen the apparition he roused to leave his bed, and, although a physician told him he was not ill, Montgomery could not be convinced. Although no sickness manifested itself he grew weaker and died."

#### THOUGHTS RETROSPECTIVE.

As through the past I look in swift retreat  
To pictured days and hours, where gleeful  
I stand

The mists of Moments bright, with yonder  
Of Time and Fate advancing, yet so  
sweet.

The joy unconscious of those youthful  
days,  
That even now I quaff the mellowed  
wine—

And find it but a phantom that is mine—  
And sighing, oh! my heart the while it  
plays

So willfully and wantonly with what is  
lost.

The dear, dead rose of old youth's happy  
play:  
Yet, oh! the past is not so far away!  
What matters now? The precious bloom  
is dust.

A time has past, and we can barely  
speak—  
To say in brief, 'tis true some years have  
past

Since, joyous blooming-tide, I saw you  
Yet I, across a chasm, sadly seek  
Companionship with all the old, free,  
happy times,

When all the morning sunshine at my  
feet  
But seemed to vie with careless joys  
that beat

Impatient pinions, keeping stroke to  
useful chimes  
That crowned my girlish fancies in  
their spell.

The while I watched the blue and curling  
smoke  
That floated the horizon, snake-like, to  
provoke

The dreams that charmed me, ere they  
bade farewell  
ELLA GIBSON MAGOON.

Resentment is, in every stage of the  
passion, painful, but not disagreeable  
unless in excess; pity is always painful,  
yet always agreeable; vanity, on the  
contrary, is always pleasant, yet always  
disagreeable.—Home.

Reason elevates our thoughts as high  
as the stars, and leads us through the  
vast space of this mighty fabric; yet it  
comes far short of the real extent of our  
corporeal being.—Johnson.

There is no opposing brutal force to  
the stratagems of human reason.

L'Estrange.

Who ever saw old age, that did not  
applaud the past and condemn the  
present time?—Montaigne.

They could neither of them speak for  
rage and so fell a-sputtering at one  
another like two roasting apples.—Con-  
greve.

## UNIVERSALISM.

Considered a Dead Issue by  
Orthodoxy.

Having Performed Its Mission the  
Enemies Think It Should  
Now Expire.

While the thousands of Christian Endeavorers were in enthusiastic session at Washington, says the New York Sun, a large convention of the Young People's Christian Union of the Universalist church was in progress at Jersey City. The youthful optimists, so far as the future world is concerned, represented eighteen States and reported that never was the condition of the society so prosperous as now. It seems that, for instance, branches exist in every Southern State except Louisiana, and that a Universalist minister is supported at Atlanta as a Southern missionary of the Union.

The report of the progress of Universalism is surprising, for the denomination has largely dropped out of public attention during recent years. Formerly it was made conspicuous by the attacks upon it in which orthodoxy so generally engaged. The Universalists were treated as religious outlaws by the orthodox press, and by the denials of everlasting damnation and the history of our American polemics contain the records of many notable contests against them as pernicious infidels, who rejected a doctrine fundamental to Christian theology. Because they did not believe in hell they were singular among Christians. The separation between them and such churches as are now represented in the Christian Endeavor Society at Washington was complete and irreconcilable. The two classes of religious opinion were diametrically opposed. A Presbyterian boy, for instance, looked on a Universalist boy as little less than a heathen. Not to believe in hell was regarded as the extreme of religious perversity. To deny hell, it was argued, was to deny the Bible and all revealed religion, and to invite the everlasting punishment so wickedly rejected.

Now the spirit pervading the Universalist Convention at Jersey City and the Christian Endeavor Convention at Washington is a different one. The two might have met together without there being any discoverable line of separation between them as to the matter of hell. Not a word was said at Washington which could have offended the sensibilities of the Jersey City Universalists. Hell was not even mentioned in the Christian Endeavor convention. The young people were not terrified by descriptions of the lake of fire and the everlasting torments of the damned. The love of God was dwelt upon, but His anger never.

Under such circumstances the continued existence of the Universalist Church is an example of the persistence of an organization when the reason for its passing away. It is now defending a citadel against which there is no longer any attack. Protestantism generally has abandoned the doctrine of hell. It is preached no more in the Protestant pulpits of the refined sort. Perhaps its terrors may be made to influence some rougher class of men, but the great massing at the West or in the South, but is used only by violent preachers whose bad taste is deemed reprehensible. Here in New York it is rarely heard in a church, but is relegated to the use of the profane solely.

The issue made by the Universalists, accordingly, is now dead. Nothing remains for them to fight over. The present and real issue is as to the authority of the Bible, upon which depends the whole fabric of Protestant faith; the doctrine of rewards and punishment, and every other dogma, and the conclusion of theology. Of course, if the Bible is the human production which Dr. Briggs calls it, nothing remains in that system for the doctrine of hell to stand upon, and there is no longer any use in talking about it, except as a matter of speculation purely. If it is not revealed from God, it is simply a subject for reasonable examination as to whether it is probable or not that men are to be punished everlastingly for any offence of commission or omission.

Universalism, as a distinct issue, is out of date; Briggsism is the current infidelity, and its reach is infinitely wider. This from one of the secular press with orthodox proclivities, is a very liberal acknowledgment of the great truth in the tide of orthodoxy, from the rampant, creed-bound, hell-fire and brimstone doctrine of a few years—only a few years ago—and now they would monopolize the Universalists' stock-in-trade and have the little band of "heretics" merge into orthodoxy. Why not turn the merging act the other way and let the Universalists swallow up orthodoxy—the doctrine of all being the same—and make one grand and great universalism of all? The name conveys broad ideas, and the victor should surely maintain the name under which the victory was won. Furthermore, the leadership that has done so much to make a new and a better God—a God on the latest plan of religion—"the new God"—are the more competent to present this hell-less and devil-less religion.







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SAURDAY, SEPT. 5, 1906.

### Another Scholar to the Front.

"A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom," is the title of two volumes from the pen of Andrew D. White, LL.D., president of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. The second volume is late from the press.

Preachers and religious journalists give assurance that the civilization of the world is indebted to Christianity for all its wonderful achievements. A glance at the healing agents employed to relieve human suffering tells its own pitiful story. The devil was the evil principle, the cause of disease, and since it was impossible to make a decent devil of him, the next best thing was to induce him to relax his hold on the unfortunate victim.

In earlier times they tried to drive him away by violence; but blows, intended for his discomfiture, fell on the patient, and when the Prince of Evil retired, unfortunately, he always took the poor sufferer with him. Then foul odors were employed for the same purpose. If these failed they fed him on blood of dogs, and on the lives of toads; and, by way of suggestion, the fibres of a hangman's rope, anointing the patient at the same time with ointment made from the bodies of executed victims. Toothache was cured by friction with a dead man's tooth, and the breath of a donkey was a sure antidote for poison. Long experience taught these ecclesiastical physicians specifics for the cure of all diseases. We quote a portion of a paragraph from Dr. White's chapter "From Miracles to Medicine" to illustrate:

"The water in which a single hair of a saint had been dipped was used as a purgative; water in which St. Remigius' ring had been dipped cured fevers; wine in which the hair of a saint had been steeped cured lunacy; oil from a lamp burning before the tomb of St. Gall cured tumors. St. Valentine cured epilepsy; St. Christopher, throat diseases; St. Eutrophius, dropsy; St. Ovid, deafness; St. Gervase, rheumatism; St. Apollonia, toothache; St. Vitus, St. Anthony, and a multitude of others, the maladies which bear their names. Even as late as 1748 we find certain authorities in Bavaria ordering that any one bitten by a mad dog shall at once put up prayers at the shrine of St. Hubert, and not waste his time in any attempts at medical or surgical cure."

In the twelfth century we find a native cure attempted by inducing the invalid to drink water in which St. Bernard had washed his hands.

Space is too valuable to follow with these instructive quotations. Suffice it. The church made continued warfare on the medical profession so long as it had power, fighting as they have fought every other danger, in the name of God, and defeated, like demagogues, they came to the front, and claim it was the church and the teachings of Jesus that made these great reforms possible, and there are still persons, who wish to be classed as men of intelligence, who endorse these ridiculous claims.

### The Bible and Science.

The petrified remains of a whale eighty feet in length have been found in the hills north of Lombey, a few miles back from the sea, in Santa Barbara county, California.—News Item.

These discoveries of marine animals, far inland, and buried hundreds of feet beneath alluvial deposits, perhaps overlaid by rock formation, used to be quoted as evidences of a universal deluge, and confirmation of what is called Bible history. Since geology has come to the front as a science, it is shown that the deepest valleys, the highest mountains, at some period in the earth's history, have been the bed of an ocean; that the fossil remains of the inhabitants of the deep had there rested, and been covered over by drifting sands which subsequently had hardened into rock; that in some great convulsion of nature the bed of the ocean had been uplifted, the waters had receded, and the islands which had sported in the waves were left, covered by alluvium, far inland, which modern explorations in the bowels of the earth are bringing to light. There is neither mystery nor miracle about the matter, and the Bible record only proves the ignorance of those who wrote the book, as also those in later times who have been its expounders.

### The Bible in Schools.

Gerald Massey, the distinguished scholar, author, and Spiritualist, replying to a correspondent, wrote:

"Most certainly I would exclude the Bible from children's schools. It would have the Bible-teaching for all future teaching, as unscientific, immoral, and false as the facts in nature. The mass of people who are Bible-taught never get free from the erroneous impressions stamped on their minds in infancy, so their manhood or womanhood can have no intellectual fulfillment, and millions of them only attain mentally to a sort of second childhood."

Riches do not exhilarate us so much with their possession as they torment us with their loss.—Gregory.

### A Wonderful Revolution.

Until the advent of Modern Spiritualism, short of fifty years ago, the churches taught a material resurrection. They believed the body rested in the grave until reanimated on the morning of the Judgment Day, when it would be reunited to its severed parts, and ushered into the presence of the Great Judge, where it would be welcomed to its heavenly home, also assigned to the regions of the damned. Deny it as earnestly as Christians may, the almost-entire church literature down to the period mentioned abounded with the idea of a material heaven and a material hell. Each was to be inhabited by material bodies, the resurrected from earth-life. The Apostolic Creed, claimed to have been invented about A. D. 600, declares: "I believe in the resurrection of the flesh." Canon Gregory only a few years ago is reported to have said:

"I take away the physical resurrection of Jesus, and the foundation of our spiritual life is gone. If the Christ did not rise corporeally from his tomb, then that tomb is the grave of Christianity."

Hervey's Meditations, Young's Night Thoughts, Baxter's Saints' Rest, and Edwards' Sermons, books in almost every well-to-do Christian family half a century ago, would lose all their vitality if stripped of their material character. The learned Jasper, of "the sun-dog move" fame, and even Talmage, in some of his wildest utterances, may still discourse in the same direction, yet scarcely a churchman of any repute to-day takes any stock in this old-time teaching. Their God is a spirit, as are all the heavenly hosts, and the regions in space they occupy. Indeed, their idea of spirit surroundings in the continued life is substantially identical with that of Spiritualists, with the possible exception, many do not believe in the return of spirits. They are, however, in a state of transition, and in another generation few, if any, will reject that feature of the new faith.

In view of this great revolution in the public mind, why should not Spiritualists be hopeful?

While the subject is under consideration there is another feature seldom mentioned, which presents a cheerful aspect. The infidelity of the past generation very generally repudiated the belief in a future life. True, there were exceptions. The good Thomas Paine, whom churchmen have belied and libeled more than any other character of a century ago, expressed a belief in immortality, and furnished the best arguments the world had ever known in support of that belief. And the same in regard to a God, though he repudiated the Jewish idols posing as God, and repudiated the three-headed one of the Christians. He knew nothing of a Devil, or an endless hell, and exposed the fallacies of the Bible, hence he was a "bad man," and no terms of reproach were too foul for Christians to apply to him. But the infidel to-day, instead of denying a future life, is content to say he does not know, as his own title, Agnostic, indicates.

Spiritualists, then, in less than half a hundred years, have revolutionized the intellectual and religious world, changing the idea of a future life into a spiritual instead of a material one, bringing the larger part of humanity into a common belief in this regard. When the race shall cease to be tied back by creeds, and books written in the ages of ignorance and barbarism shall be relegated to the disbelieving priests who made them for man's enslavement, and the world shall be governed by knowledge instead of faith, there will be but little divergence in religious belief.

### Now Is a Good Time.

They who have taken a trial trip of three months with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and found it the most interesting and instructive of all Liberal papers published, without regard to the side they represent, should not deny themselves the pleasure of its reading now that the heated term is over; but should get their subscriptions promptly and get ten others—twenty, if possible—to join them. Everybody writes that they like the paper, that they gain more real knowledge from it than from any other paper they ever read; they love our contributors; they love the editorials; they love the very few selections; then why should they not become permanent patrons? The cost of typesetting is no greater on a paper of 100,000 circulation than one of 20,000, neither is the cost of the matter any greater; but the good the larger circulation can accomplish cannot be counted in dollars and cents. The price fixed for the paper is so low we cannot afford to employ canvassers, so we have to rely on the voluntary aid of those who are already patrons. "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," accomplishes wonders in the physical world, and now we ask it for the permanent upbuilding of the best Liberal and Spiritual paper published on earth. Good friends, thanks! Confident of your immediate assistance in rolling up subscribers, we will order an immense stock of paper and ink, and make sure of the necessary assistance in mailing, to let them come singly or by scores, there will be no delay at this end of the route, however large the additions may be.

### A Suppressed Revelation.

This good one is told of an English saint of the long ago, who was supposed to have died. As he was being lowered into his coffin grave, face upward and uncovered, he opened his ghostly eyes, took in the situation and assured his mourning Christian friends he was not dead; had only fallen into a trance, from which he had just awakened. He said he had visited the spirit-world during his absence from the flesh, and had learned much mortals ought to know. To the priest who had a few moments before made a long prayer in his interest, he said: "I found your preaching is not true. There was no fall of man, there is no hell, no redemption, no—just the good preacher said: 'For God's sake, fill in the earth, and stop the blasphemy's mouth.' The narrative says this was done, and the residue of the interesting revelation was never told."

"Human Culture and Cure. Marriage, Sexual Development, and Social Upbuilding." By E. D. Babbitt, M. D., LL.D. A most excellent and very valuable work, by the Dean of the College of Fine Forces, and author of other important volumes on Health, Social Science, Religion, etc. Price, cloth, 75c. For sale at this office.

### An Unreliable Historian.

The genuineness of Josephus has been called in question by contributors to these pages. Consulting Kitto's Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature the other day, article "Resurrection of the Body," we were surprised to find the following:

"Josephus is not to be relied upon in the account which he gives of the belief of his countrymen."

Good heavens! If the Jewish historian cannot be trusted when he relates the religious belief of his own people, when can he be trusted? His relation of Alexander's visit to Jerusalem is known to be untrue. His account of the translation of the Jewish Scriptures into Greek, at Alexandria, by the Seventy, is now universally conceded by scholars to be false. Save wherein he substantially agrees with his rendering into Greek of the Old Testament, which he calls "The Antiquities of the Jews," he seems to be everywhere at fault, wherein we have anything that synchronizes with his narratives. Prof. Edwin Johnson, who has probably brought into service a riper scholarship than any other student of ancient history, says, in his "Rise of Christendom," p. 287: "The Hebrew literature was derived from the traditions of the Arameans, and the Antiquities of the pretended Jew, Flavius Josephus, were produced by Basilian monks, probably in some monastery of Southern Italy." Of Jerusalem, he says, p. 329: "No such city ought to appear on any historical map until the 12th century."

Again, on p. 290: "There is absolutely no evidence from architecture, from coins or any documents of antiquity, that this people (the Hebrews) ever enjoyed dominion in the city founded by the Romans as Aelia Capitolina, and conquered by the Arabs."

Dr. J. C. Batdorf's Advertisement.

The printer made a miserable blunder last week in making up the pages of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, transposing Dr. Batdorf's splendid testimonials to Dr. Watkins' advertisement. Dr. Watkins does not require the testimonials of any other physicians, having enough of his own, legitimately gained, to use, and Dr. Batdorf, honest and skillful himself as a physician, doesn't wish to lend his testimonials, as they are attached to himself alone as a reward of merit. But mistakes will occur in the "best regulated offices"—and especially in a printing-office.

Storage of Gold.

The astounding assertion is made that there is more gold in the sacred vessels, medals, chains, etc., preserved at the Vatican than in the circulation of the whole of Europe.—News Item.

Poor, deluded servant girls in all Catholic churches contribute of their scanty earnings to increase these golden gewgaws with which the Vatican abounds. Peter-pence adds to the collection, as does the confessional. From a thousand other sources the drain from the impoverished toiler goes on to increase the luxurious surroundings of the ecclesiastical lordlings, whose office it is to tyrannize over the people in the name of God. Allowed to run on a few centuries more without interruption, and the wealth of the world is theirs.

### President Barrett.

President Barrett of the National Association, was in the city last week on his way to the North Collins Meeting, N. Y. He has won golden opinions on the Pacific Coast, and at the various camp-meetings he has attended.

### Hon. A. B. Richmond.

Mr. Richmond, recognized as the Sage of Cassadaga, favors our readers this week with another excellent address.

### A WORTHY OBJECT.

A Project to Help and Protect Homeless Boys.

The Ramenstein Home at Cheltenham, Chicago.

On April 3, 1896, a meeting of the officers and members of the First Occult Society of South Chicago, was held to organize a society to help and protect homeless boys, and from that time till the present the work has been progressing slowly but surely.

Mr. Ramenstein, who first proposed the idea (being prompted by his guide, Dr. Wiseman), and for whom the home is named, owns and has leased one acre of land to the society for ninety-nine years at the nominal sum of \$5 per year, located at Cheltenham, Ill. The land has been ploughed, graded and fenced, and a small frame building put on it, which, from its lack of class-room and the applications made, is entirely too small for its needs.

It was at first proposed to take children of all denominations, but as it is thought and said by a large majority that Spiritualists are a little wrong in the head, it has been decided to take boys belonging to Spiritualist parents who cannot afford to educate their children in this grand truth, or whose parents have passed over, leaving their children to be cared for at any charitable institution that will take them in. So if your readers know of any such boys—preference being given to those between six and fourteen years of age, please write and obtain all particulars from Mr. F. Ramenstein, 8226 Reynolds avenue, Station S, Chicago, Ill.

Plans are being drawn for a permanent building, but funds are needed very badly (Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond has once lectured for the benefit of the Home) to carry on this great and noble work. Will all who read this contribute what they can to this worthy cause? Treasurer's address: Mr. A. Fong, Commercial avenue, Station S, Chicago. (The number I have not got.) The society has a State charter.

ANNIE FORD, Sec'y.

1115 93d Street, Station S, Chicago.

This enterprise to which attention is called by Secretary Annie Ford is a practical move in line with suggestions repeatedly urged upon Spiritualists in the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It means an advance in the right direction toward practical humanitarianism. It is practical work for the upbuilding of humanity in education, morality and spirituality.

Such enterprises are worthy of all praise, and of liberal substantial assistance of money and good-will on the part of Spiritualists in particular.

Let Spiritualists "join in" and aid this most worthy Spiritualist humanitarian work.

The cause which produces sick headache is more promptly removed by Ayer's Pills than by any other medicine. They easily and speedily correct all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, and restore to these organs regular and healthy action.

## DEATH OF A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

GAIL HAMILTON.

She Saw the Spirit-Land.

She Wrote Just Before Her Death, Telling of Future Life.

She conversed with the Spirits of Dead Friends and Relatives.

A BAND OF THE IMMORTALS SANG TO HER WHILE SHE WAS FLOATING IN SPACE—DEATH A PLEASURE, NOT A PAIN—GLAD RECOGNITION OF PERSONS SHE HAD KNOWN ON EARTH—WHAT A DYING CHILD SAW—A WOMAN GIFTED WITH SECOND SIGHT.

NOTE FROM GEN. W. H. PARSONS.

TO THE EDITOR:—I hasten to mail you the enclosed valuable remarkable contribution to the sublime truth, both of our philosophy and phenomena, from the last contribution to literature by Gail Hamilton (Abigail Dodge) shortly before her death, entitled "Experiences," "By-way of History," first written in 1884, and just published by her (1896) under the title of "X Rays."

The extracts are embodied in a full synopsis of its spirit and facts, from Hamilton, Mass., pending the funeral of the author, and published in the New York Journal, which votes several columns to the theme. As a tale of the supernatural the Journal says:

"Such a tale from the pen of such a woman will do much to advance the cause of Spiritualism."

I marked and you published her remarkable experience last year (1895), when she fell in the Blaine mansion and came so near the "border land" that she saw across the valley and heard the voices and beheld the forms of friends gone before.

As our camp-meetings are now in full progress, this last contribution is timely and bound to make a national sensation in literary and church and philosophical circles, therefore publish in your next issue, if possible.

I sent you the report of the new Sinaitic discovery of the Syrian version of the new gospel narrative, and the oldest in existence. You reproduced the original picture of a specimen of the manuscript. I send you a picture tablet of the stone record of the only relic of the Hebrews in Egypt, the days of the Pharaohs. With your usual enterprise reproduce this picture tablet.

W. H. PARSONS.

HAMILTON, MASS., Aug. 19.—The funeral of Mary Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton) will be held to-morrow at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at her late residence in this town. The Rev. Mr. Nichols, of this city, will conduct the services.

Since her return home from Washington, after her first shock in 1895, Miss Dodge's health had seemed good, except that she had a short attack of indigestion last May. After recovering from that she devoted her time to writing and distributing her last book. The work of mailing the copies sent for was carried on at her home here. This added much to her labors, and her friends were surprised that she should undertake that task. She stood the hot weather well, went out doors, and last Saturday enjoyed a carriage ride.

STORY OF HER LIFE.

Gail Hamilton left behind her the story of her life—a story weird and mysterious; a story that to the believers of the occult will carry conviction; a story that to the superstitious will prove most-mystifying, and a story that even the cynical will be compelled to stop and ponder over. It is a story that goes beyond the pale of life and passes into the land of death. It is a story supernatural in all its essential features, and yet it is a story of her own life, told by Gail Hamilton before she passed finally into the land of the great unknown.

A TALE OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

Such a tale from the pen of such a woman will do much to advance the cause of Spiritualism. In "By-way of History," written by Abigail Dodge in 1884, and published by her in 1896 under the title of "X Rays," she took her readers not only into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, but beyond. Speaking of a clergyman well known in Hamilton, Ohio, who had fallen suddenly ill, she said:

"Though a clergyman, he had been a man of the world also. Strong, alert, fond of mountain and stream, loving the interests, the activities, even the bustle and hustle, the fun the frolic of this world, he should and by right have had a long and vigorous life; but he passed too soon into a decline, whence he went swiftly plunging down, as it seemed, to death. Life held only by gasps of agony at long intervals. Then came a rally, then another return of consciousness, and yet again the rush to death, the return to life; and the third time, against the despair of all, life prevailed and the conflict was over. Sitting alone with him in his library one morning, he turned a short corner in the conversation by asking me suddenly in an arresting voice, with eyes not upon me, but gazing afar:

"THE AFTER-LIFE NOT UNDERSTOOD.

"What do you understand by the Valley of the Shadow of Death?"

"I made answer to the best of my defining ability on short summons.

"I have become pretty well convinced," he continued, "that a good deal of our preaching has been words wasted because we don't know what we are talking about. The truth is something we cannot imagine. I have learned what the Valley of the Shadow of Death is. I have been in it, and it is altogether different from what I supposed. I was ill. I was here at home. I was lying in bed. And suddenly I went out into the universe. For the first time I felt what it was to touch nothing. I never before knew what it was not to touch anything. I did not want to touch anything. All was immensity. I looked above; I saw nothing. It was infinite space around me, beneath me; only vastness, infinity."

"Were you afraid?"

"Not in the least. I was perfectly tranquil, perfectly serene. Strange as it seems, I did not think of God; I did not think of my sins. I only thought one thing—How vast it is!"

"Do you think you were conscious?"

"Entirely so. I was even conscious of being home. I knew that my family were around me, but also I was out in the universe. I cannot otherwise describe it—the consciousness of enlargement."

"Had you any pain?"

"None at all. Perfect rest. Floating out in absolute peace; but I went back again. Three times I had the same experience. Three times I went out into the immensity; into the infinity of the universe."

"I asked him if it had affected his view of death. He said:

"I am fearing always that it may have been a hallucination."

"But to his inward thought it was manifestly not a hallucination, but a very real experience."

SAW HER BROTHER'S SPIRIT.

Another experience related by Gail Hamilton was that of friends who lived in New England. A young man had entered the War of the Rebellion and perished untimely. His sister shortly after fell ill of some baffling, mysterious malady. During one of her many short convalescences she was sitting at table with the family—father, mother, sisters and grandmother—when her dead brother appeared to her to enter the room, no longer dead, but smiling, living, welcoming. He passed slowly around the table as if taking in the presence of each one, then paused a moment and said:

"I shall come again on Wednesday," and silently disappeared.

Her grandmother was, at the time, quite well, but sickened the next day and died on the coming Wednesday.

Referring to the death of the wife of Frances Gillette, formerly United States Senator from Connecticut, Gail Hamilton said:

"Several times she seemed to awaken, as it were, and have a sense of her mother's presence, twenty-five years gone. With great feeling she spoke her own dear mother's name, and then exclaimed, faintly, ecstatically, at intervals, her beloved greeting:

"What can I say? How delightful. Beautiful. Beautiful. Beautiful. And thus she went along the pleasant path and is seen no more."

HER OWN EXPERIENCE.

And now comes the weirdest part of this most weird of books. It is the story of Gail Hamilton's own experiences in the realms of the supernatural.

"So far I had written," said she, "when it befell me to be tented in that valley of shadows. My experience there I am sure that you, dear neighbors, and all friends, will be glad to learn, chiefly because it was experience, a little, also, because it was mine."

"It was early morning, but so swiftly the darkness fell that I have always thought of it as evening. I was standing by a lounge in my room when I felt myself sinking. There was no pain, no alarm, no fear, no feeling. I had but one thought, that it would be a shock to the family to find me on the floor, and that I must get upon the lounge. I might have succeeded, but the seat of the lounge had a movable lid, and instead of pulling myself upon it, I pulled the cover off. When, or if, I gave up the struggle, I do not remember, or the lapse of time, only there was a lapse, and then I heard a voice at the door, asking: 'Is it all right?'"

"I answered: 'No, it is not all right.'"

"Unlock the door and let me in."

"I cannot. I am on the floor and cannot get up."

HEARD, BUT DID NOT SEE.

"Another lapse of time, and then familiar voices were all around me. I saw nothing; but I seemed to hear everything—lamentations that I had fallen and hurt myself. I told them that I did not fall, but let myself down. Much of the time, immediately succeeding, I was in a passageway between two rooms. The room on one side was this world, that on the other the next world. The doors of both were closed.

"Once I asked, 'Am I supposed to be alive still?'"

"This question I did not afterward remember until it was repeated to me. Then I remembered not the question, but the circumstances that led to it. So many friends were around me who had gone out of this world that it suddenly occurred to me whether I myself might not be already gone, and I was about to ask, 'Am I dead or alive?' But I thought if it should turn out that I was still alive the

question might sound rather harsh, and I deliberately softened it to, 'Am I supposed to be living still?' Once, in reply to a morning greeting, referring to two brothers whom some of you have known, and who had died—one a few years, the other a few weeks before, and using their full names, which were not commonly spoken—I said:

"If I can get rid of the Stanwood ghost and the Brown ghost, and be left to myself, I should feel very well. I could get along with my own ghost, but I don't like to have so many ghosts following me around."

HER SPIRIT JOURNEYS.

"To myself it seemed as if my spirit were partially detached from my body—not absolutely freed from it, but floating about, receiving impressions with great readiness, but not with entire accuracy, as if the spirit were made to receive impressions through the bodily organs, and without them could not rely implicitly upon its own observations. Many foolish things I undoubtedly said, but many I distinctly remember to have refrained from saying because I knew they were foolish."

To those who live in dread of death this woman left much consolation.

"Beloved, you, if any such there be, who through fear of death have been all your lifetime subject to bondage, be of good cheer. For seven weeks I lay encamped on the further, if not the furthest, side of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and it was as gentle, as natural, as deep as sleep. Its activities were as simple as going into the next room. Its atmosphere was peace. Its only gloom was my keenest pity for those who remain behind. I hope and think that its shadows mark the four dreams of life. We are born into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and we die out of it into the life eternal, which is to thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

WRITES OF "FAILURE."

In the chapter entitled "Failure," she writes to Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, missionary in Turkey. To him she told the story of her unsuccessful efforts in behalf of Mrs. Maybrick, and in her letter severely scored the British Government.

"Man of God," said she, "if there is ever a cause in which human beings have a right to claim divine assistance, surely such a cause is this. On the one side innocence helpless, on the other side oppression powerful. God thus far has sided with power. Secretary Blaine, who worked earnestly for the relief of the oppressed, died. Secretary Gresham gave it his prompt attention, twice leaving his office and coming to me to inspect the new evidence, which he declared so strong that it could stand cross-examination. Mrs. Maybrick had a perfect case. But in the midst of his efforts to press the British Government into ordering a cross-examination, Secretary Gresham died. Dr. Tidy and Dr. McNamara, eminent physicians in English official service, who offered irrefragable evidence of her innocence, supplementing it in pamphlet and press, died. I, who could offer, as results have proved, no help save sympathy, but never failed in that, was in one moment reduced to inaction and unconsciousness. But Secretary Matthews, who had judged and imprisoned the victim, lived in the sunshine of promotion as Lord Somers or other. Secretary Asquith lives and his wife died, leaving him to marry the New Woman, to whom his attentions had been so pronounced that his wife's discomfort thereat overflowed into the gossip of the drawing-room and the newspapers."

PROOFS OF A FUTURE LIFE.

Following her letter to Dr. Hamlin, Miss Dodge, under the title of "Hints of Heaven," tells a number of almost incredible happenings that came under her own observation:

"A new page in the Book of Life was opened to me," said she. "At first the question arose, Why has God given us such an eagerness to know, yet withheld all knowledge? Then, has he? Has he so withheld knowledge? Has he not rather in this, as in all other matters, given us hints and helps, but left it to human will to use them? Has he not created man with as much knowledge of the relation between this world and the other world as between the cathode rays and the human eye? As between Mars and the earth? Is not our ignorance due to our theories and our stubborn, stupid adherence to them in spite of facts, rather than of God's orderings? Do we not look upon the borderland as forbidden ground, and bar discovery by a mistaken sense of prohibition and therefore unhalloved curiosity? Certainly, as I look back along my path, I see many facts which have a direct bearing upon this question, but which I never classified, never even marshalled, only looked at as marvels, inexplicable and unrelated, with no orderly bearing upon a question







phases of the science is succinctly presented, and the various theories and experiments described occurred in Chicago. The pictorial illustrations add much to the interest and value of the work, and the text is so arranged that the casual reader, as well as helpful and instructive to the student, will find it a most interesting and profitable volume, bound in cloth. Price, \$2.00. For sale the office of THE PROGRESSIVE BUSINESS.

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