



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

VOL. 15.

CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1897.

NO. 371.

HIS LAST DREAM.

Where Time Ended and Eternity Began for Thomas Archer.

A Strange and Curious Story.

BY LEON LEWIS.

[Copyrighted, 1896, by the Author.]

Thomas Archer, "The Blind Musician," had been blind from his birth. His parents, who were in humble circumstances, had died in his childhood, leaving him poorly provided against life's inexorable trials and struggles. An only brother, James Archer, had wandered in youth to distant lands, and both boys had changed their abode repeatedly, so that they had finally lost track of each other. But Thomas had found friends when he most needed them, and had become in due course a musician of such note that they secured for him the position of teacher in one of the principal seminaries of a northern city.

But what a life was that lived by the poor blind musician, even when his career had reached its culmination! He had no such luxuries as a third-rate hotel afforded; no compulsion, save his own thoughts and his music; no books, newspapers, magazines, games, outings or other recreations! It was no wonder that his gloom and melancholy became habitual, or that at times he hardly uttered a word for days together. Some of the most influential and ultra-famous patrons of the century eventually thought they would prefer the principal's brilliant and handsome brother to their blind teacher, and it was not long before the movement they inaugurated to this end had been accomplished.

A few sighs and tears in the solitude of his own cheerless apartment were very natural, given to this serious change in the affairs of Thomas Archer, and then he tried to take heart again. He busied himself with the composition of a "Grand Funeral March," which he intended to play as a requiem for one of his deceased benefactors, but the heirs felt to squabbling over the man's effects, and a division of his handiwork for a month or so, reminded Thomas about that time that he was penniless.

He met the claim by disposing of a watch which had belonged to his father, and went on with his compositions without troubling himself particularly about the future, beyond sending an appeal for help to his brother at the latter's nearest address.

Again his landlord presented his claim, and again he met it as before, selling a bracelet which had been his mother's. The outcome of these expedients can be foreseen. There came a time—only too soon!—when he found himself without resources for meeting his landlord's claims. A few days of grace were allowed him, and then he was requested to move, his creditor permitting him, as an unexampled favor, to take his trunk with him.

He found a new lodging, but was soon forced to move again, and this time he was obliged to leave his trunk behind him. And with this event he entered upon a period of his career so full of miseries and privations that it deserves to be called a martyrdom. A few friends of other days who casually heard of his distress—were too proud to appeal to them—gave him temporary and inadequate aid, but at last he was compelled to take lodgings among beggars and malefactors. His craving misfortune was the robbed of most of his wretched apparel in one of these dens while he slept, and to go forth in a pair of ragged jeans in the month of December!

The poor man who still cherished the chimera of his brother's return, now found it difficult to get food enough to keep soul and body together. He wrote several letters to James and elsewhere, hoping to hear from him, but all in vain, and the hour sped by when he realized that he must beg or perish. It cost him a desperate effort to face this alternative, but hunger and cold vanquished his scruples, and he decided to solicit alms by singing in the streets.

In possession of a violin which had been loaned him by a man nearly as bad off as himself, he took his stand at the entrance of a public square. Such music as he produced could not have failed to attract attention anywhere, and he quickly drew around him such a crowd that circulation became impeded. A gruff voice broke in upon the soul-inspiring notes of La Africana, and a rude hand took him by the arm.

"You must move on, my man," ordered the voice, "and don't be caught at it again."

"But I am doing no harm to anyone," protested Thomas.

"Not a word! You are obstructing the sidewalks. No more of it, or I shall have to run you down."

The unfortunate man moved on accordingly, and what resource was now left him? If he sang, he would be arrested. If he refrained from singing, he would starve! Yet twice or thrice he ventured again. His idea was that his long absent brother might have returned and be in the crowd of listeners, thus recognizing him! The few nickels he gained by these two or three last desperate efforts afforded him shelter and something to eat for another day or two, and then—where was it to end?

A heavy snow-storm set in one wintery afternoon raging fiercely, and the poor blind musician wandered on and on therein for hours, until late in the evening, he dropped into a rude seat offered him by a pile of boards at the corner of a lumber yard. His sightless eyes were turned to heaven, and his whole soul cried piteously for assistance, he was so tired, so cold, so hungry!

Suddenly in the midst of his reflections, so vague and confused, a friendly hand touched his arm.

"You—you are not a policeman?" he

faltered, in subdued terror. "No," was the reply, "I merely chance to be passing. This is no place for you. You should go home!" "Home?" echoed Thomas, with a vague and alien feeling revealed at a glance the full measure of his afflictions and sufferings. "I have no home—no friends—not even a shelter!" "Then let me come to your relief. Permit me."

"The stranger took him by the arms and drew him to his feet, adding in the kindest of tones. "Now lean on me. We'll try to find a carriage. You are not afraid of me?" "Certainly not. Why should I be? Your voice tells me you are good and kind."

"What a night is before us! We must be moving," said the stranger, hurrying the blind man away as rapidly as his trembling limbs permitted. "I want to take you to my house before the storm gets any worse. You must have dry clothes immediately, and something warm to eat and drink."

"Heaven will reward you, sir," returned Thomas. "I thought I was going to die in that lumber yard!"

"Say no more about dying, my friend," enjoined the stranger. "Ah, don't you shudder?"

"A little—against the curb. That is one of the inconveniences of being blind."

"What! you are blind?" cried his rescuer, with an interest as keen as sudden.

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been so?"

"From my birth," replied Thomas, trembling as they continued their way through the night and storm. At the end of a brief interval the unknown questioned him in a voice which had grown singularly tender.

"What is your name?"

"Archer, sir—Thomas Archer."

The unknown halted abruptly, an incoherent cry escaping him.

"The youngest son of Hiram and Nancy," he demanded.

"The same, sir."

The blind musician suddenly found himself clasped in an embrace that threatened to smother him.

"My God! what horror and what gladness!" cried his deliverer, in an anguished voice. "I have been cruelly neglectful of you, Thomas, but I am your brother James!"

Clinging to each other in a fond embrace, the brothers sobbed and rejoiced in the midst of the streets a full minute, the snow continuing to descend in great flakes upon them.

Starting at length from his brother's arms, James Archer bent a swift glance around in search of a carriage.

"Ah, there it is, thank heaven!" escaped him. "This way, Thomas."

They hastened to take possession of the vehicle which had arrived so timely.

"And now to see how quickly you can get us home, driver," said James, after giving him the least trace of a smile.

"And now to explain, Thomas," resumed James Archer, still holding the hand of his blind brother in a warm clasp. "I left Mexico some time ago, and have acquired a large estate and a handsome fortune, but I have been absent a great deal in Europe and elsewhere, and that is why there has been such a break in our correspondence. I came back four months ago, and discovered that you had dropped out of my old associations, but I have been unable to get the least trace of you. What joy, to have found you so unexpectedly! How fortunate!"

The carriage came to a halt in front of an elegant and brilliantly-lighted dwelling, and a servant advanced briskly to open the door. The blind musician staggered as the cold gusts of the storm struck him again, but in a moment he had been ushered into a handsomely-furnished parlor, where his feet sank into a thick velvet carpet and a warm air began reaching his lungs and dissipating the deadly chill which had assailed him during his long and weary wanderings.

In the course of a few minutes the whole situation had changed for the poor blind musician. He had not only enjoyed a refreshing bath, but he had been clothed from head to foot in the finest of garments. A sumptuous repast, beginning with a warm and fragrant soup, was duly served to him, his brother and a housemaid vying with each other in anticipating his slightest wants and wishes.

"Oh! what joy!" he at length ejaculated.

"Then you find everything about it as it should be, do you, my dear brother?" returned James Archer, embracing him.

"Oh! so nice!"

"You are in every way comfortable?"

"Never so happy before!"

"Is that fine to your taste?"

"Delicious!"

"And how is that roast beef?"

"I never tasted finer!"

"Is there anything else you would like to have?"

"Not the least thing, thank you."

The supper ended, the elder brother conducted Thomas to a luxurious armchair in front of the fire, placing under his feet a soft cushion.

"At eleven o'clock, sir," was the answer.

"And it is eleven now!" pursued her employer, glancing at a clock on the mantelpiece. "She's due therefore. Were all the children with her?"

"Good! Let me take you back to the parlor."

Seated before a magnificent instrument, the blind musician ran his fingers over the keys in wondering ecstasy.

"And now strike up, brother," returned James, in joyous accents. "I want to see if your hands have lost their cunning!"

Thomas complied playing a lively martial air which rose grandly louder and louder, filling the whole house.

"Capital! You are the same great musician as of yore, I see," cried James, at the first pause. "Again, and faster!"

The blind man resumed playing, and continued with ever-increasing brilliancy, his face glowing with rapture.

"I foresee what would be the sequel of our little surprise," remarked James, his gaze turning to the front hall, when the player stopped again.

"My wife and children have returned from sister's, and here they come on tip-toe, as full of wonder as delight! Come in Carrie! Come in, all of you!"

A rush of footsteps over the yielding carpet succeeded, and a group of radiant and inquiring faces surrounded the musician.

"I see you all realize who this dear one is," declared James Archer, turning to his wife and children. "Yes, he is that blind brother of mine of whom we have so often spoken! The name I have so long sought! and who has at last come to us, nevermore to leave us!"

The words were not yet finished when the arms of the sister-in-law enclosed Thomas, and a hearty kiss was pressed to his forehead. And then came the fond caresses and greetings of Joseph and Thomas, all the brightest and best of children, whose ages ranged from ten to fifteen years.

"How good to have you with us, uncle Thomas—after all the trouble and worry we've had to find you!" exclaimed Effie, as great tears of joy and sympathy dimmed her beautiful eyes.

"You shall never, never leave us, uncle," declared Joseph, the eldest boy.

"And you shall sleep with me tonight, Uncle Thomas, and every night," promised his young namesake, again caressing him.

"And you are all right again dear Effie—'all cosy and warm?' inquired Effie, when her father had briefly set forth the circumstances under which he had found his brother.

"Yes, dear—all right," replied Thomas, with a sigh of exquisite gladness. "I was never so comfortable—never so happy! Those pains in my head are all gone—that cold and hunger—that terrible fatigue! The only thing I need now is sleep, my eyes are so heavy! They close in spite of me!"

"Then sleep, dear uncle," returned Effie, with another caress. "You see what a nice lounge we have here—papa's favorite resting place! Joseph and I will assist you to it."

One on each side of him, the two eldest children sustained his steps across the floor to the lounge in question, placing him gently upon it and covering him with a soft and fleecy rug.

"And now sleep, dear uncle," whispered Joseph, caressing his hair and cheeks. "We will all watch over you!"

The blind musician slept accordingly—and awoke in heaven! His last glad dream of earth and earthly things having ended at the very gates of the Better Land!

They found him there at daybreak, two passing policemen, at the corner of the lumberyard in which he had sunk down chilled and exhausted. He was so completely enveloped in the snow which had fallen during the night that they could not see him, and he lay there until the physicians of their station reported subsequently that it was a simple case of freezing, favored by inanition.

"Look at his face, Mike!" said one of the policemen to the other as they were removing the rigid body to the patrol wagon waiting to take it to the morgue.

"Yes, Sam—I noticed it," was the reply. "Poor fellow! he seems to be smiling!"

(THE END.)

THE NEXT WORLD INTERVIEWED

Will C. Hodge, who is now filling his third engagement at Rochester, Ind., writes:

"I have been greatly pleased in the perusal of your new book, 'The Next World Interviewed.' It presents in concise form the opinion and experiences of intelligences whose opinions are worth considering, and contains in small space a vast amount of information that thousands are seeking. It is a marvel how you can furnish such a book at so small a price; it should be in the possession of every Spiritualist and every investigator."

"The Progressive Thinker, always good, is now better than ever, and I feel like congratulating every one of your numerous readers that such a paper can be had before them at a cost of two cents per week. How any professed Spiritualist can afford not to take it, passes my comprehension."

"What a royal Christmas present a subscription for 'The Progressive Thinker' for a year, with 'The Next World Interviewed' would make."

Philip of Macedonia was a drunkard, and transmitted this peculiarity to his son.

Rudolph II. of Germany had but one arm, the left having been cut off in a battle.

John of England had the reputation of being the handsomest man of his age.

It is a great sin to swear upon a sin, but greater sin to keep a sinful oath.—Shakespeare.

Just laws are no restraint upon the freedom of the good, for a good man desires nothing which a just law will interfere with.—Froude.

Those edges soonest turn that are most keen; a sober moderation stands sure, no violent extremes endure.—Aleyan.

In all meanness there is a defect of intellect as well as of heart. And even the cleverness of avarice is but the cunning of imbecility.—Bulwer.

DOUBLE PERSONALITY.

Three Months an Entirely New Man.

A Wonderful Narrative of Changing Mentality.

I.

Stranger and more wonderful than all fiction is the story of Thomas E. O'Shea.

Healthy, wealthy, popular, genial and strong mentally and physically there are yet three months of his manhood that have absolutely dropped from his mind.

He cannot remember an act committed or a word spoken during this time. He cannot recall a day or a night or a gleam of sunlight or a song.

And yet during these three months Mr. O'Shea learned many accomplishments that were again forgotten when his mind resumed its normal stage, says the New York Herald. We read of such cases in fiction and regard them as extremely improbable; we hear of them in medical annals and deem them overdrawn.

Thomas E. O'Shea is a real estate dealer at No. 1 Park row, New York City, and his father is the well known publisher of Catholic books in Barclay street. Since his recovery Mr. O'Shea has married and now has a beautiful home in Ninety-second street.

This story of his strange mishap is related by a friend of Mr. O'Shea, and is given in the letter in all particulars. Mr. O'Shea is now 27 years of age. Before his marriage he lived with his parents in Ninety-second street, and was known among his intimates as a jolly, companionable young man. Being engaged to an estimable young woman, he kept regular hours, and was altogether an exemplary man, when this most unexpected experience occurred.

II.

One night in the early spring of 1893, as Mr. O'Shea was retiring, he noticed an odor of gas in his room. He spoke of it on the following morning, but had apparently forgotten it when he went to bed on the succeeding night.

On the next morning Mr. O'Shea did not appear at the breakfast table. A servant was sent to his room to arouse him. A few moments afterward the family was startled by the servant's screams. Getting to a lower level, the servant had opened the door and had found Mr. O'Shea lying senseless on the bed. The room was full of gas.

Physicians were summoned as quickly as possible, and for hours they labored to restore the unconscious young man to life. They rolled him, massaged him and applied every known remedy for such cases. They had almost given up hope when the patient began to gasp slowly and convulsively. The efforts of the physicians were redoubled, and by evening they announced that Mr. O'Shea was alive.

The gas physician, through the wall of his room had become honeycombed with rust, which had finally eaten through the metal and allowed the gas to escape. On the morning following the accident the parents of Mr. O'Shea were horrified to find that he could not remember his name or any event of his past life. It was as though he were born anew.

III.

His surroundings were strange to him. He knew neither friends nor relatives. The fact that he could remember nothing did not seem to annoy him. He was a man without a past. Neither did he seem to regard a past as the least necessary. Being of his condition he could not be troubled by the memories of his parents calmly as the truth.

They told him that he was their son, and he believed them. They told him that his name was Thomas E. O'Shea, and he accepted it without a murmur, simply because no other name was in his mind. He could not remember his sweetheart, when she was brought before him, but he showed his good taste by promptly falling in love with her again.

As time passed he could remember the yesterday's back to the day of his recovery, but beyond this was an abyss of darkness into which his mind vainly peered. Objects he knew perfectly by name, but of events connected with them he knew nothing.

"What is this?" his fiancée would ask, holding up a flower.

"That? Why, that's a rose," he would reply. "Well, do you remember bringing me a beautiful bouquet of roses the last time you called?"

"No, I confess that I do not remember ever giving you a flower in my life."

Then would come the vain struggle to pierce the blank darkness with his memory. He would knit his brows and think as hard as ever he could, but there was always the jumping off-place beyond which his tortured mind could not pass. His parents tried for days to coach him back to his old mental condition, but in vain.

IV.

Finally, Mr. O'Shea was sent to a private sanitarium. His disposition seemed to have changed with the loss of his memory. He acquired a decided taste for sports. Previous to his misfortune he had been a serious young man. At the sanitarium he acquired a fondness for whist, which he learned readily. In fact, his mind seemed to be quicker and more apt than anything that he had formerly. He also learned wood carving merely for pastime, and became extremely proficient at it.

Another accomplishment which he acquired was that of billiard playing. During the time he was at the sanitarium he became so skillful that he was recognized as the champion player of the institution. His health gradually improved until he was almost as strong as before his loss of memory.

He remained in the sanitarium for six weeks, yet, notwithstanding his good improvement, his mind was as blank as on the day following his semi-apoplexy.

tion. He was visited regularly by his parents and fiancée, and he began to regard them with the affection of former years. Yet he was careless and thoughtless in his methods and manner of life, and on the whole did not seem to care whether school kept or not. All he cared for was to have a few books and companions, with whom he could play billiards or whist. Upon his return home from the sanitarium the change in Mr. O'Shea's disposition became more apparent than ever. Whenever anybody came up and announced himself as a friend he was heartily welcomed by the young man. The conversations that sometimes took place at these meetings were amusing, and even Mr. O'Shea seemed to enjoy them. They were something on the following order:

"Hello, O'Shea; glad to see you. If you've got nothing better to do, come and play a game of billiards."

"I've got nothing better to do, but I'll be lugged if I know you."

"Oh, that's so; I forgot. Well, I'm one of your old chums. By the way, I met Shepard this afternoon. He sent his regards to you. Didn't we have a fine time at the dance given by the Moreys?"

Then Mr. O'Shea would scratch his head for a moment before falling back on his old resort:

"Well, I don't remember you, and I don't know Shepard, and I never heard of the Moreys, but I'll go and play billiards all the same."

V.

When Mr. O'Shea's father would try and induce him to resume his old business in the real estate office, the young man would refuse upon the plea that he knew nothing about the business. Besides, the business was distasteful to him. In the language of one of his friends: "Tom was feeling too good. He was too strong to work."

So the elder O'Shea gave it up and let the young man have his own way. The physicians who had attended him during his misfortune had said that at some future time memory might return as suddenly as it had vanished. It might come slowly or it might come with a shock.

As for Mr. O'Shea, he did not seem to worry much about it. The thing that worried him most was the presentation of bills which he had contracted for flowers and carriages in former times. One or two of these he paid. Finally, however, his father interfered. To everybody who came with a bill he would say: "Just hold that for a while. Tom will be all right shortly and we'll fix it up."

VI.

The confidence that Mr. O'Shea, the father, had evinced in the ultimate recovery of his son was well founded. At the same time he had never ceased in his efforts to jog the young man's memory. Mr. O'Shea probably heard more of his past life than he would have remembered unaided, even if in his normal condition. All these efforts of his ultimate recovery is related as follows:

One evening, about three months after his misfortune, Mr. O'Shea came home, after a billiard battle with his cronies, complaining of a headache.

"Maybe it's your memory trying to re-appear," said his father.

"No such luck," replied the young man, as he walked off to his room.

VII.

The next morning he came down to breakfast, as usual, and began to read the morning paper. The family did not notice anything strange in his demeanor. As he rose from the table he looked at his watch and said:

"It's later than I thought. I'll have to rush to get to the office on time."

"Get where?" asked his father.

"To the office," was the reply.

"What are you going to the office for?"

"Why, for business, of course. I can't very well run myself. I'm not feeling any too well, either."

A great host sprang up in the father's heart. "Say, Tom," he said, "do you remember that real estate deal you made on the Madison avenue property, six months ago?"

"Yes," was the reply, "that was a lucky thing. I got out of it with a good profit. I wish I had more like it."

Then, to the young man's surprise, his father grabbed him and walked around the room with him like a maniac. He called the rest of the family, and there was more waiting and kissing and a general hubbub of gratitude.

When it was all over the dazed and breathless young man sat down in a stupor and looked at his delirious relatives as though they were maniacs.

"And now," said he, when he finally got his breath again, "may I feel inquired whence this overweening joyousness?"

"Why, don't you know? What? Why, Tom, you've been ill for months and have just got over it."

"Oh, I have, have I? Well, now, if this was Bloomingdale I would see some excuse in your conduct. Do I look like a sick man? Poo! I guess not!"

Then the elder Mr. O'Shea was stricken on with a sudden inspiration. "Say, Tom," said he, "how was the weather when you came in last night?"

"It was snowing hard. By the way—where is my overcoat?"

"You will not need an overcoat to-day. Come here."

He led the young man to the rear window. It was summer and the trees were in full leaf. "That does not look like snow, does it?"

O'Shea passed his hand over his forehead in a puzzled way, and said:

"I can't understand it at all. Where have I been?"

VIII.

Then he sat down, while his father told him the story of his loss of mem-

ory. The wonder of it all did not cease with its restoration. The three months that had elapsed since the misfortune occurred were a blank in Mr. O'Shea's mind. Where formerly he was unable to remember beyond the time of his recovery from the accident, it was now impossible for him to remember anything connected with the succeeding three months.

Then the old ordeal of "Don't you remember this, that or the other?" was begun all over again, and Mr. O'Shea was continually and vainly endeavoring to drive his mind through those three months of darkness. He had bought flowers during this time for his fiancée and remembered it not. He had paid court to her during this interval and knew nothing of it.

Who had he been while in this condition? Thomas O'Shea? Here is a morsel for the believers in metempsychosis. Perhaps another soul had crowded into his body, while his own hovered near, not knowing whether to return or fly off into space. No wonder this new soul could not remember the past. And then, who knows but that his own soul, seeing its old tenement walking the earth, came back and, ousting the unlawful occupant, resumed his old abode?

At any rate, Mr. O'Shea worried more over those missing three months than over his entire past, during the time of his aberration. He had recognized a charming young woman as his fiancée during his illness, simply because he had been told that such was the case. He did not remember this recognition, but, of course, he was glad of it.

IX.

When Mr. O'Shea went to his room on the morning of his recovery he was surprised to see a number of pretty wood carvings about the room.

"What are these arrangements?" he inquired of the servant.

"Why, you carved them yourself," she replied; then she showed him the tools with which he had done the work.

Here was another thing that required proof. He would not be convinced until the servant's statement had been confirmed by members of the family. Then he sat down and tried to do some carving. He failed utterly. A novice might have done as well. He was chagrined. Wood carving is a clever thing, and he had forgotten it.

The afternoon of his recovery, in walking along Columbus avenue, he met a friend.

"Hello, Tom," said the latter; "come and let's play some billiards."

"I'd like to oblige you, old chap, but I never play billiards," O'Shea replied.

"Never play billiards? Why, only last week you gave me a discount and a beating. If you can't play I'd like to see somebody that can. Come along."

Then it dawned upon the young man that here was another accomplishment acquired during his period of aberration. He wondered if he had forgotten it. The two friends went to a billiard parlor.

"Well, what shall it be—a discount?" asked Mr. O'Shea's friend.

"Oh, anything you like," was the reply. "But I tell you I can't play."

Neither could he. His efforts were those of a man who had never handled a cue. They were laughable in their awkwardness. Then Mr. O'Shea told of his experience in the wood carving line, and the game was declared off. Here was another fine accomplishment gone wrong. For a while after this Mr. O'Shea almost suspected to hear somebody speak him of knowing how to speak Sanskrit or Volapuk.

Of course he did not know how to play whist. His failure in this direction followed naturally in the wake of his wood carving retrogressions. In fact, he began

THE GREAT QUESTION.

Is Philosophically Passed Under Review.

The Question Is: Spiritualism vs. Christianity.

The students of Spiritualism may be very religious, but they are not Spiritualists. A Spiritualist cannot be a religious man, for he has facts upon which to base his calculations, and hence his knowledge.

The phenomena of Spiritualism is the effect, and not the cause of the existence of an immortal spirit.

Spiritualism comprehends the natural laws which govern our earthly, as well as our spiritual bodies. To simply believe, or to have a knowledge of the existence of immortal spirits does not constitute a Spiritualist. The Chinese, Hindus, and American Indians have had such a knowledge for thousands of years; and the Christians (now called Christians) have believed they might have a spirit, for nearly nineteen centuries.

Spiritualism is founded upon facts, and is not therefore a belief or a theory. To admit that a Baptist, Methodist, Catholic, or any other believer in Christianity can be a Spiritualist is a direct contradiction of the fundamental principles which underlie the foundation of Spiritualism.

Spiritualism is a science, for the laws which cause men to have immortal spirits, as well as life, must be as scientific as the laws which cause mathematics.

The mathematicians are not divided into denominations like the Christians, each with a conflicting mathematical creed; but all professors of mathematics accept the laws of arithmetic and teach them alike, the world over.

Spiritualism is not religion, for all religions are opposed to science and natural morality; and are, without exception, founded upon theories.

The Christian religion must ever remain a faith without reason, and a theory without fact or foundation.

Christianity has made truth sacrilegious and falsehood sacred. Christianity is opposed to reason, and forbids liberty of conscience and investigation. Spiritualism fosters reason, teaches freedom of thought and invites all men to investigate and learn for themselves its truths.

The Spiritualists do not claim to know all things relative to the immortality of the spirit, but they do claim to know that which is a contradiction in itself, and that which is not.

The Christian religion is founded upon a supposed God; and its Bible is supposed to be the exact word of its God. If one-half of the Christians Bible be true, the other half cannot be true; for one-half contradicts the other half. It is impossible to believe the Christian Bible, if men are to use their intellect and reason.

The immortality of the spirit is known to the scientist of Spiritualism like all other sciences are known; and that is, through the use of the intellect. The scientist will continue to search for the facts which are bound to underlie a discovered phenomenon.

Spiritualism includes the fact, that the spirit of man will always find something new to learn; and comprehends the inexhaustible nature of the sources of knowledge. It cannot be complete for its students, through a continuous effort to discard the false or unreal, and to acquire a knowledge of the true.

The Christian Bible teaches that it is the beginning and ending of all that may be known or understood; and yet its followers do not know one thing regarding that which they believe in, and teach others to believe they know and comprehend.

The Christian teachers answer all questions regarding their Bible with one answer, and that one answer is: "All things relative to the Holy Word of God are mysteries." To illustrate the Christian's mode of teaching, I will here insert two of the many questions, all of which are answered by the universal Christian answer—mystery:

1. Why were men inspired to write Scripture centuries before Jesus was born, and are not inspired to write Scripture to-day?

2. Did God create himself?

3. Is God something, if so, is He not matter?

4. If God is material, and is an intellectual being, did He create material and intellect?

5. If the material of man's body and his intellect always existed in God, did God create man?

6. Has space and material and its conditions a creator?

7. If the material composing God always existed, did not the endless suns and planets always exist?

8. Is God the universe of matter, or a part of the universe of matter?

9. Has space and material and its conditions a creator?

10. Has the universe a top, a bottom, or sides, and has it a center?

I have only space for a few remarks upon the above questions, but every student of Spiritualism should answer the above questions intelligently; for the answers to these questions form the basis of Spiritualism.

INSPIRATION.

An idiot cannot be inspired, because idiots are unintelligent; and there is no power that can inspire the mind that is void of intellect. Inspiration, like knowledge, must be received through the intellect, and all intelligent beings are therefore inspired. The value and usefulness of inspiration may ever depend upon the moral character, disposition and intellect of the individual who may be inspired; and not upon the source of that which inspires. No sane man can reason for a moment that the men who wrote the Old Testament were inspired by a God, any more so than the prophets of to-day; and regarding the character of the heroes of the Old Testament, the moral character and intellect of the writers of fiction to-day are superior to those who were supposed to have written Scripture, for they can at least imagine what a godly man should be.

CHRISTIAN MYSTERIES.

The ministers of religion from the time of the first Bible to the present Christian Bible have taught that the immortality of the spirit was a mystery. The whole fabrication of mysteries has been invented by the priesthood for two purposes: First, to please crowned heads who gained power through them; and second, to become the rulers of men themselves.

THE CHRISTIAN'S GOD.

The Christian's Almighty God is believed by them to be an omniscient being, who always existed along with chaos until the creation of man and order, some six thousand years ago; which was the beginning of all things excepting God and matter. But every man who dares to reason knows, if a God and matter ever existed, eternity will not admit of a beginning. They

believe their Christ God is part woman and part God, and that their Almighty God betrayed a virgin. If there was a personal identity or intelligent being who created the universe, no doctrine of infancy could be more blasphemous than the Christian's doctrine of the immaculate conception. But mystery is their fount of knowledge and faith the cup from which they drink of its mysterious falsehoods.

THE RULERS OF THE UNIVERSE.

The rulers of the universe are the always-existing forces or conditions, which govern all things animate and inanimate. The principal forces are attraction of gravity, life and intellect.

The attraction of gravity rules the planets and suns; life rules the unconscious bodies, or trees and plants, and intellectual rules men. The forces which govern the universe of worlds cause men to have intellect, but those forces are unchangeable, and they cannot feel, think or comprehend. Outside of the fleshly and consequently the spiritual body of a conscious being there cannot be a feeling being called God. Man is his own god—upon his intellect depends all he may know, comprehend and feel.

The unconscious forces of the universe, which control the intellect or reason, are the first part of a living being. Intelligence never made or caused one thing to exist, but simply comprehends the things which have always existed.

The always-existing and uncreated forces, unlike the forces arranged by man, are perpetual forces, which need no mightier power than they own to do their work in order and harmony.

ALWAYS-EXISTING NATURE.

Man is part of the universal universe, and everything in the universe points to the fact, that all things of the universe always existed and that their conditions existed with them. Every sun and planet has an unchanging condition, and the spirit who is the real man is also an unchanging condition, which like the always-existing suns will continue to exist throughout eternity.

If man can depend upon his intellect to know anything at all he surely knows that the endless universe, with its unchanging conditions, always existed.

The Christian teachers have ignored and suppressed this fact, from the beginning of time, and have taught that time. But truth will ever be mightier than falsehood, and will triumph over superstition, as man journeys on and learns more of facts and less of theories. I will now return to my subject.

CHRISTIANITY VS. SPIRITUALISM.

The Christian doctrines in reality teach that man has no spirit or life hereafter. They tell us that a God first created the human body, and then put into it life and intellect. If this was true, when man's body became lifeless again through death, the result would be, that there would not be any more of man existing after he died, than there was of him when his first lifeless body was made—or no man at all.

Life after death would return to the source from whence they came, and the body would return to the elements of which it was composed.

Spiritualism has proven that everything has an identity, and that all conditions beings have an eternal existence or consciousness.

The Christians have ignored all living beings except man, and they have pronounced upon animals the materialist's dictum that when they die there is no more of them. The Christian believes that animals, like their own earth, are sun, moon and stars, were all made especially for the benefit of the animal called Christian. When a man admits that animals have no immortal existence, he declares he has no himself.

The only apparent difference between man and beast is, that man can comprehend more to reason upon; but when men are more to reason upon, they must be more lower than a beast.

If lack of comprehension, and hence reason, would doom animals to an eternity of nothingness, then all babes and the majority of large children, together with all idiots, would be forced out of existence. Christianity has never admitted one thing, but it has demonstrated one fact to prove that man has an immortal spirit. The cause is apparent, for the Christian Bible teaches materialism pure and simple, and forbids reason and investigation.

Spiritualism does not depend upon the Scriptures for its knowledge of a continued existence. The uncreated heavens filled with the uncreated worlds is its chart and the condition of the endless universe is its book of eternal laws. Spiritualism deals in facts, and investigates phenomena. The so-called phenomena of the spirit world, however, may be false, according to the individual or medium who may witness or cause others to witness a phenomenon. But the facts which point to the proof that we will continue to live throughout eternity cannot be falsified or contradicted by the so-called phenomena of the spirit world. The facts which point to the proof that we will continue to live throughout eternity cannot be falsified or contradicted by the so-called phenomena of the spirit world.

Science has proven that all things, animate and inanimate, have entities which cannot be destroyed. The tree that has lived and died can never become some other tree no matter how it may be changed in form or composition. It is bound to remain the kind the tiny kernel sowed.

The tree is forced to realize as much when changed in death as it did in life. I must continue to be an entity and a form to those who may comprehend and observe its existence. Man no less than a tree must also realize as much when changed in death as it did in life, and be forced to exist in a conscious state to maintain his entity. The spirit of man is composed of many conditions and is therefore itself a condition. Condition cannot exist without matter to act upon and therefore the elements which formed our earthly body are also furnished with a spiritual body.

All things are eternal, and that which is the germ of identity in the tree, as well as in man, belongs not to the progenitors of either, but to the always-existing conditions of matter. Men are born, and made, but their conscious and intelligent condition was neither born nor made.

The Christian Bible teaches that man was made by a God. This absurdity alone is sufficient evidence that anyone who believes in, or accepts the principles of the Christian Bible cannot be a Spiritualist. The Bible teaches that God destroys all reasons for an eternal conscious existence for man. The conscious existence of man, to be eternal must be as old as eternity.

If the absurdity of Christianity was all we had to contend with, we might cease our adverse criticism of its name and its teachings, and accept its doctrines; but such is not the case. Christianity teaches men to hate each other. It separates nations, races, friends and families. Its history is replete with its crimes and ferocious and inhuman deeds. It causes wars, desolation, sorrow and death wherever it goes; and to-day it continues to oppress, degrade and enslave its followers. It seeks to ostracize from society, business, and political office, all who openly oppose it, and openly derides and questions the right of franchise of the Indian, and the colored man.

No hate can exceed that which one

sect of Christians bears for another, as is exemplified in the hatred Catholic and Protestant Christians bear to each other. A faith without reason must ever be a source of evil and a curse to mankind.

Christianity has thrived and spread through persecution, oppression, torture and murder. It has caused millions of men and women to be tortured, then drawn and quartered, flayed, hanged and burned, that the name of its Christ might be glorified, remembered and retained.

No society, at this time, is better acquainted with the persecutions inflicted by Christians, than the society of Spiritualists. And yet, in the face of these facts (which should cause the Spiritualist to shudder with horror at the very name—Christian), some of the societies of Spiritualists have prefixed the name Christian to the names of their temples.

Can it be possible that men and women so soon forget the wrongs and sufferings of others?

Truth and humanity demand of the Spiritualists that they should condemn the monster that has soaked every Christian church in the blood of martyrs.

Why permit the name Christian to be associated with the truth of Spiritualism? Why should we cling to the name of a religion that teaches that four-fifths of mankind have been going to hell for nineteen centuries, and has cursed the other fifth itself? The Indian has long ago established beyond a doubt, the falsity of the Christian doctrine, and it now remains for the Spiritualists to spread the truth, and teach the science of eternal life.

Every scientist is forced to be an atheist or infidel; and no Spiritualist will dare to decide that portion of mankind who think and reason for themselves. If the Spiritualist believes that he is not a Christian, he is not a Christian, and it is not the pleasure or in the power of the Spiritualist to curse the ignorant or to damn the heretic; for beneath the science of Spiritualism lies the fact that each being is complete and sufficient unto himself. The Christian doctrine is the false science of the term, because truth can never harmonize with lies, and reason with a faith without a fact to substantiate it.

Every man and woman who desires to work for the good of humanity should brand the Christian religion as a fraud and libel on the sanity of mankind.

Spiritualism, unlike Christianity, does not have to be boxed up like the priest and Bible to be sent to India, China, Turkey, or any other place; for a spirit belongs to every living creature, and Spiritualism is the common property of all, whether they be aware of it or not. Christianity is like a tree, its trunk is the Pope, its branches his hierarchy, its roots the many Christian sects; and many of the so-called Spiritualists are like the roots of the tree, which are cut off from the trunk, and thus die.

To destroy this tree, we must begin to dig at the tiny roots which feed and sustain the trunk.

The civilized condition of a nation will always depend upon the education and scientific attainments of its people, and not upon the number of its priests. Art and music subdue the will, but never convince the mind. Science convinces the mind, and invention has brought men into a closer communion of minds and caused a greater union and fellowship among mankind. Christianity has always opposed science and invention, and has always been a hindrance to the progress of the human race.

Spiritualism does not claim to have found a remedy that will wash away men's crimes; and it does not propose to fit liars, thieves, and murderers for heaven. It proposes to show the way to a higher plane of life, and cause them to practice morality and to strive to be just and humane to every living creature.

W. F. WILD.

THE CAUSE AT SEATTLE, WASH.

To the Editor: Your valuable paper has been a source of both pleasure and profit to the writer for several years, and we look for it each week as for the coming of an absent friend. We seldom see any correspondence from Seattle, however, and I wish to say a few words about the spiritual cause in this city and vicinity.

There are a great many Spiritualists here and there are three meetings held every Sunday evening; one is under the supervision of Mrs. S. J. Lenout, an inspirational speaker. The First Spiritual Society has been in existence for about two years. It usually has fair audiences.

The Fremont Society holds meetings in the suburb of that name; the attendance is small.

A few weeks ago "The Seattle Spiritual League" was formed, of which the writer is secretary. The management is in the hands of a group of men and women who are earnest investigators of the spiritual philosophy, with a desire to obtain and disseminate the truth, pure and simple as we see it, and we think that by being true to our cause, we can rely upon the honest assistance of the spirit world, and in the work we have secured the commodious banquet hall in the new Masonic Temple, corner of Pike street and 2nd avenue, where we meet every Sunday at one o'clock for mediums' meetings, and at 7:30 for evening services.

We have had fair audiences, and have secured discourses from home talent which were most excellent. We hope to have their continued assistance.

As the seats are free we depend upon contributions from the audience to meet expenses. We solicit correspondence from speakers and mediums who may think of coming this way, a visit to our beautiful city might be pleasant as well as profitable. Any inquiries about "The Seattle Spiritual League" or matters in the spiritual field in this city, will receive prompt attention by addressing the president, Mr. H. B. Carter, or Wm. Seinfeld, secretary, address either at 49 Maitland Block, Seattle, Wash.

The footprint of the savage in the sand is sufficient to prove the presence of man to the atheist who will not recognize God, though his hand is impressed on the entire universe.—Hugh Miller.

The press was not granted by monarchs; it was not gained for us by atrocities; but it sprang from the people, and, with an immortal instinct, it has always worked for the people.—Disraeli.

A cruel story runs on wheels, and every hand oils the wheels as they run.—George Elliot.

CONSUMPTION

TO THE EDITOR: I have an absolute cure for CONSUMPTION and all Bronchitis, Throat and Lung troubles. My name is Wm. Seinfeld. I have been cured of this disease. I will send FREE to anyone afflicted, THREE BOTTLES of my New Discovery Remedy, upon receipt of a letter stating the name and address of the afflicted person. Always sincerely yours, Wm. Seinfeld, 1001 First St., Seattle, Wash.

THE FOX HOME.

To the Editor:—I see various opinions expressed in The Progressive Thinker, about "The Fox Home." I believe in "living memorials." I would say, build a home for sick or tired mediums; yes, the aged and homeless ones, a place where they might live in peace and comfort, and be able to rest and recuperate. If rightly conducted, it would pay its own expenses after being built and furnished nicely. Make it a home for the reunion of the spirits of both worlds, a spot to be remembered by all who should visit it, and be sacred to every lover of truth and light.

Let it be dedicated as the home of the mothers of Spiritualism.

MRS. CRIT L. CISM.

The game of life looks cheerful when one carries in one's heart the unalloyed treasure.—Coleridge.

A SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

The Writer Is Confident It Is a Good Thing.

AND TELLS OF THE ONE IN BUFFALO.

In the December 12 issue of The Progressive Thinker Brother J. W. Dennis has some strictures upon the name of "church." Dennis is a Spiritualist, and he does not want anything that is churchified. But he is our brother, nevertheless. Bro. Dennis does not want a spiritual church; he is satisfied with a "society," and yet every kind of a thing can have a society, from a young folks' debating society to a "scientific society." Gamblers, thieves, drunkards, stage-struck amateurs, politicians, musicians, mechanics and all who organize for some strictly secular purpose have each a "society." Even the belles and beaux have their "society." It is a common word, and a better word, Bro. Dennis, to take the place of "church." This word means something more than a mere society. It has been applied to a building, perhaps, more than to the association of individuals worshipping therein. But, no matter what Webster has defined it as meaning, how it may be applied, the word "church" is an era of creation. Why not create a new definition of the word "church," as we do of some other words?

But, from the Greek, we learn that church means "a sympathizing body of believers." We may have added knowledge to faith, but yet we have that highest form of belief which is founded upon the possibility to demonstrate by fact. Surely, we desire to be a sympathizing body. One of the cardinal ideas of Spiritualism is the love of humanity. We talk of a coming universal brotherhood and sisterhood. How can we achieve it unless we are a sympathizing body?

It is because we are carping critics and sticklers over petty things that we make not more rapid progress. We are debating as to whether Spiritualism is a "religion." Of course it is a system of ethics, deduced from facts, but cannot it also be something more? Can it not satisfy the spiritual instinct and aspiration we call religion? Does it not appeal to the highest faculties of the human mind, and satisfies the soul's strong desires, and teaches of immortality, and proves our destiny and life beyond the grave? What "religion" has ever done that much for the uplifting of the human race? Does it not lift the human heart to a higher plane of life, and create a reverence? Does it not make the human heart feel a spirit of worship? What other attributes can create a Christian? Is it only essential that a Christian church shall be a blind worshiper of the man called Christ? Or is the Christ-spirit be embodied in each person of earth, and thus lift the church from pagan forms of worship, and into the grandeur of sympathizing fellowship in moral attainment, intellectual desire, and soul aspiration? As Spiritualists, we may be able to create new ideals in religious church and Christianity.

By Christian, meaning a person imbued with the Christ-spirit, and striving to all that is good, pure and true, who will deplore being called a Christian Spiritualist? Indeed, it will be very difficult for Bro. Dennis to disprove that Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism are not identical.

Then, again, Christianity has been dwarfed from the spiritual truth why not engraft the grand old trunk with a new and vigorous growth, that its utilities and fragrance may be more beneficial to our race?

We will not have a "church" that can be described by all the obnoxious adjectives of Bro. Dennis, but we will reform it into a temple for the worship of reason, fact and inspiration.

Our church will be the schoolhouse of the soul! It is more than a "society" of carping, fault-finding, destructive iconoclasts; but is a church for harmonious aspiration and endeavor to grow in wisdom, purity and love.

Stay away, Bro. Dennis, if you cannot co-operate upon the high plane of thought and desire. No one should dog or mar the efforts of anyone, or body of persons, who seek to benefit their fellowmen. If the spiritual church will sooner get the people away from a creedal, bigoted, intolerant and unreasoning faith, and let them seek for a higher and broader plane of action. We must make progress as humanity can be led. Force does not avail.

I shall continue to urge on Spiritualists to organize as a church. Mrs. Kates and self have organized several churches, and they are prosperous and continuous. Many have been helped to feeble life have had only a desultory and inharmonious existence. There is more perpetuity and a greater force in a spiritual church than in a spiritual society. Of course, we will be Spiritualists! It is the name we are proud of. And we do it so much we should never cease to do it, but by every possible means in our power.

Mrs. Kates and self are now serving the "First Spiritual Church" of Buffalo, N. Y., and they meet in their own edifice, over the door of which is painted boldly: "Spiritual Temple." We find the "conditions" are better than the "society" met in a dirty upstairs hall. The working members are struggling hard for growth and usefulness. Really, Bro. Dennis, you do damage by your severe criticism. As a good, true and earnest Spiritualist, you should help them to achieve the great good their souls are striving for, and in such cases we are having the spirit help. There are others here and elsewhere who hold back their help and refuse even their presence for such small differences. Let us each and all have a broad spirit, and fraternize upon the broad basis of "the greatest good for the greatest number." Fraternally,

G. W. KATES.

DAMNED ANY WAY.

Robert G. Ingersoll is damned by the church for attempting to crush the Christian's body of a future existence. Spiritualists are damned by the church for substituting a "certainty" for that hope. And so we are damned if we do, and are damned if we don't.

H. J. SWERINGEN.

NOTABLE SEANCE.

A Quartette of Spirit Voices Joins in Song.

A Special Thanksgiving Service.

To the Editor:—On Thanksgiving Day myself and family were invited by Mr. Eliaht Wood, proprietor of Wood's Hotel, at this place, to come and take dinner with himself and family. When dinner was ready, there were seated at the table seven Spiritualists that are outspoken and willing at anytime to climb on the honsetop and proclaim to the world their sentiments.

The dinner was excellent, but there was a "vacant chair" at the table that we all regretted could not be occupied at that time by a medium that is very near and dear to us. His name is George W. Runyan, who owns and resides on a farm, place Anthony P. O., Delaware County, Indiana.

In introducing Mr. Runyan to the readers of The Progressive Thinker, will say I have the best of reasons to consider him an honest man with honest habits, and therefore an honest medium in every respect. His pure and honest intentions as a man and his charitable disposition, and sympathetic nature, attract to him a band of spirits that gives honest results in his work as a medium.

In some respects his phase of mediumship is different from that of other mediums. When giving a private reading or holding a regular seance he is put in a deep hypnotic sleep or trance by the control.

Communications from spirit friends are generally through the trumpet, and are so regulated and restricted by the controls that deception or vulgarity is not permitted. A new form of the controls generally settles the question with any member of the circle that tries to make any disturbance or is inclined to play wise or smart. Mr. Runyan has been a medium for over fourteen years, but he would not hold seances for mixed circles or strangers until he felt that the spirit friends would be fully developed to stand the severe tests that are usually exacted by skeptics and a certain class of investigators, more especially a certain class of ignorant persons with gross, immoral habits, that pretend to be Spiritualists.

On the 15th of December, 1892, our only son passed to his life in his 20th year of age. This change caused such a deep gloom over our home that we sought consolation in Spiritualism. Since that sad event we have held over one hundred seances in our home. We have had several good mediums at our home, including Mr. Runyan.

Within the past two years Mr. Runyan has held seventy-five seances in our home. During this time two hundred and eighty-six spirit friends came to our circles and through the trumpet talked with us or some member of the circle. Our own relatives in spirit-life are included in this number. About fifty of these seances were private, for my own family only. During our private seances we sought for light and information on this greatest of all subjects. We also asked for instructions how to arrange and conduct the circle on our part so as to prepare the way for our friends in spirit-life to come to our aid.

On doing our part in complying with the instructions, given to us, most wonderful phenomena would occur. The communications through the trumpet would be clear and distinct, and the sentiments and style of the language plainly indicated who was talking to us.

At that time our son came to us and in a clear, distinct voice through the trumpet carried on a lively conversation with us for nearly two hours. Such a visit from our dear ones from their home over there is what gives us solid comfort in this earth life.

I now come to a statement of the most remarkable event of all my experience as a Spiritualist. On the 6th of November Mr. Runyan called on us for the purpose of making us a friendly visit and also to hold a few private seances. On Sunday evening, the 8th while my wife was preparing the room for our circle, Mr. Runyan and I adjourned to our parlor for the purpose of having some music on the piano. We left the door open so there was sufficient light from the adjoining room. After I had played a short time on the piano, we heard picking on a banjo that lay on the piano. This was nothing unusual with us, except it was in the light. As we were over an hour in waiting the usual time for our regular seance, I jokingly proposed to Mr. Runyan to hold a private seance with him and me only, and I would be the medium. I requested Mr. Runyan to close the door and sit leaning against the door so no one could open it. This made the room perfectly dark. As I remained at the piano, it was an easy matter to play a few familiar pieces of church music, even in the dark. In a low, soft tone I began to sing and play a familiar Sunday-school song.

On commencing the second verse, to our surprise a female voice clear and distinct joined in with me. Then an alto, tenor and bass voice followed, and all sang the whole verse with me. I then changed to a church hymn, and the same voices sang with me. I have had some experience as an organist and also teacher of church music. I know the singing was correct, and I know that no living beings either in our house or out of it could produce the same results, or deceive me.

Mr. Runyan was not in a trance. He was a witness and heard it all as I have stated. As an answer or explanation to this statement, some will say it was purely imagination on my part, and we were hypnotized. If such were the case, who hypnotized us both at the same time.

There is a class who pretend to be Christians, but are selfish and ignorant, and will declare the whole thing was the work of the Devil. If such was the case as a fact and the Devil or Satan or even both came to me and divided their voices into soprano, alto, tenor and bass, all at the same time and joined with me in a quartette in singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and such could be demonstrated as a truth, I would certainly be willing to join the good church people who are having the explanation of the "Trinity." There is an other class of church people, honest and intelligent, secretly believing in the philosophy of Spiritualism and really hoping that our friends in spirit-life can and do return to their friends in earth life and join with them in their songs of praise even if they are not heard. There is another class that pretends not to believe in immortality of any form or description whatever, who sneer at Spiritualism and look upon Spiritualists and the church people as weak minded.

I have no time to spend in trying to convince such of the truth of Spiritualism. I would have more patience in seeing them hang on a barbed wire fence, that is claimed to be between some of the churches, until they could show some illumination to reason and logic to the "dark" side of the persons are generally a bad element in a seance. I hope no one will expect Mr.

NOTABLE SEANCE.

A Quartette of Spirit Voices Joins in Song.

A Special Thanksgiving Service.

To the Editor:—On Thanksgiving Day myself and family were invited by Mr. Eliaht Wood, proprietor of Wood's Hotel, at this place, to come and take dinner with himself and family. When dinner was ready, there were seated at the table seven Spiritualists that are outspoken and willing at anytime to climb on the honsetop and proclaim to the world their sentiments.

The dinner was excellent, but there was a "vacant chair" at the table that we all regretted could not be occupied at that time by a medium that is very near and dear to us. His name is George W. Runyan, who owns and resides on a farm, place Anthony P. O., Delaware County, Indiana.

In introducing Mr. Runyan to the readers of The Progressive Thinker, will say I have the best of reasons to consider him an honest man with honest habits, and therefore an honest medium in every respect. His pure and honest intentions as a man and his charitable disposition, and sympathetic nature, attract to him a band of spirits that gives honest results in his work as a medium.

In some respects his phase of mediumship is different from that of other mediums. When giving a private reading or holding a regular seance he is put in a deep hypnotic sleep or trance by the control.

Communications from spirit friends are generally through the trumpet, and are so regulated and restricted by the controls that deception or vulgarity is not permitted. A new form of the controls generally settles the question with any member of the circle that tries to make any disturbance or is inclined to play wise or smart. Mr. Runyan has been a medium for over fourteen years, but he would not hold seances for mixed circles or strangers until he felt that the spirit friends would be fully developed to stand the severe tests that are usually exacted by skeptics and a certain class of investigators, more especially a certain class of ignorant persons with gross, immoral habits, that pretend to be Spiritualists.

On the 15th of December, 1892, our only son passed to his life in his 20th year of age. This change caused such a deep gloom over our home that we sought consolation in Spiritualism. Since that sad event we have held over one hundred seances in our home. We have had several good mediums at our home, including Mr. Runyan.

Within the past two years Mr. Runyan has held seventy-five seances in our home. During this time two hundred and eighty-six spirit friends came to our circles and through the trumpet talked with us or some member of the circle. Our own relatives in spirit-life are included in this number. About fifty of these seances were private, for my own family only. During our private seances we sought for light and information on this greatest of all subjects. We also asked for instructions how to arrange and conduct the circle on our part so as to prepare the way for our friends in spirit-life to

GIVEN IN COLORS.

An Impressive Object Lesson.

"Man has been taught very falsely indeed, Confounded by doctrines and stunted by creed."

said a Maine poet a quarter of a century ago. Yes, man has been taught that two planes of existence are awaited him beyond the river Styx, while no location is assigned for those who were neither extremely good nor extremely bad; and for the heathen no provision was made whatever. Such are the teachings which men pay their preachers to proclaim to them in the nineteenth century. Accepting such to be the fact, justice must be blind indeed, and the grand laws of Nature where certain causes bring about certain effects, must be "unconstitutional" where creeds are concerned. Don't this seem rather childish for men to believe who call themselves intelligent? Such were my thoughts, while gazing over unnumbered contemporary creeds among intelligent races; and my mental wanderings brought me face to face with the Syria-Egyptian Sphinx, who said: "Wanderer, I have an object lesson in colors to present to you upon your return; but first go forth amongst the heathens and gentiles to prepare your mind for light truths."

I searched through the lore of older beliefs, where the great minds of old stood out in bold relief—where a Solon personified Wisdom; Lycurgus, Law; Aristides, Dominance; Alexander, Imperial Designs; and Demosthenes, cool, convincing Oratory; but through it all I found no teachings wherein any were expected to receive more than what they earned, compared with their worth and valor. The sacred oracles and seers, to whom they paid honors, and from whom they received promises, guidance and chastisement, were never known to regard cast inferior to valor, and all free-born were considered equally entitled to present and future rewards according to their deeds. I saw the Brahmin in my wanderings, who respected a true life higher than form, and who said: "That after a true life here, I can enter a life in spiritual form if I so desire, for my Nirvana is not nihilistic, but progressive; or I can enter the land of the just, where Honesty and Peace reign."

I mentally admonished him not to go to a Christian heaven if he were in search of those blessings. I went to the hero-worshipping Buddhists, who said: "Our adherents count one-third of the earth's population; and are not the great, the grand, and the good, and the noble, our leaders, advisers and rulers, at one with the hand that rules this people because they love them? A? How could they be unjust in their judgment, but deal out the manna of happiness to all according to desert, and according to the promises of Buddha? If our souls need another transmigration, we will have it. We do not worship that gilded Gautama, nor the dark figure standing beside him in our houses of prayers and obeisance, for they are but the representations of the different tendencies of man while here, tempted by passions and power."

Passing through the land of the astrologians upon my return, I met a Magi, who upon inquiry said: "The central source of Light gives life also. We personify its majesty, power and glory in order that individual man can centralize his thoughts; and if we do not honor Life here, we are no better than an animal, and will be treated as such in the celestial hall when our ego leaves here."

The fire-worshippers, who are considered one of the most superstitious of all clans by enlightened nations, may be the most scientific of all Eastern sects. The priest who presided at the altar said: "Fire is the greatest life-giving principle in the universe; it renews and sustains life, and changes the chemical aspects of things, and drives away death. The fire, heat and decay caused by many agencies and causes are renewing elements, and not destroyers; they are the actual forces which consume all physical things, be it in the inhalation of oxygen and exhalation of carbon in the human respiration, or be it in the decayed forest where fire either consumes in heat or through ignition, leaving its heat and ashes to enrich the soil for future fruitage, while absolutely nothing is lost in substance or in weight; therefore we deem it the grandest substance in the physical universe, and an emblem to our followers, for them to purify their own thoughts in order to reside after death in the spiritual realm, and upon my arrival he said: "Wanderer, now that you have interviewed men of diverse creeds, and have meditated upon their codes regarding worship, did you find in the sea of human life any but your Christian friends who expected peace and happiness without earning it? Did you find that they gave to those who believe in mediators that such mediators warranted to absolve any of them from the effects of their misdeeds? Why, it is legendary lore, ground up with a few known facts, which makes modern theological teachings dangerous to the thoughtless ones of earth-to-day. Follow me to the land of the wise, and you will see a new chapter in colors and shades; but first clear your mind of all belief in long strides of progress, for there are none; nor are the heavenly spheres like separate degrees, but all is in one grand chain, from the lowest darkness to the brightest rays of the grand Eternity. First, at the base, and as we ascend we find mellow rhymering the lesser darkness and the grey hue of hope, though feeble, makes the condition less unbearable. The blue light of actinism, in which struggling souls are regaining hope, meet us at first with tiny rays, while as we ascend we become more potent. Light around us is yet dim, but above us we behold intensifying rays of the warm, red glow of coming friends, and as we ascend, our hopes are realized. The blue rays of actinism grow brighter, and the warm fraternal rays, as of a mellow red-tinted sun, pierce the soul in its ascent. Gradually passing through spheres of real life, where the angels work for the children of earth, we ascend towards the spheres of the wise and great in council, where the glory emanates from everywhere, and where the pure white light from above is blending with the glory found here. As we ascend through spheres of harmony and joy, we are upwardly lifted into white rays, and the air seems too sacred for mortal to breathe. Above this grand harmony we find that rays of glory surround the pure ones who dwell here, and many things have left form—pure but its essence appear. The pure white lights surrounding us breathe purity and grandeur;

far grander than the solar spectrum possibly could cast its prismatic rays, while inspiration of love and majesty bleed in harmony, and whose waves make music through the spheres."

Wholly abstracted in wonder, my mind soared upward in soul prayers, for words could not give utterance, nor could pen describe the power, grandeur and harmony encompassing the thought of an earth-child. The voice again spoke, awakening me from what to me was the grandest of all concepts of a heaven, and said: We did not descend to the lowest of conditions in our journey, and we have taken but few steps in to the spheres towards the Central Soul of the Universe, but it is sufficient for our present object; which is, first, to show the phases of development; secondly, for you to remember that men in physical or spiritual form have advanced to some place upon this line described, let it be under the sombre obscurity of rayless gloom, in the grey dawning rays of hope, in the blue actinic rays above it, in the mellow lustre of love and friendship, in the clear light of wisdom, in the white light of purity, or in the pure astral light of harmony; they live in, and belong somewhere upon this line, and neither the chemical change called death, nor the destruction of our whole solar system could change it one iota. Also, there are myriads of spirits grouping about the earth as soulless spheres, while thousands of your earth children are far, far above it, and visa versa, I have one more lesson to impart to you, and then I will cease for the present; it is this: The finite mind must have form in order to grasp the occult, hence personifications have mystified man in his search after absolute truth; nevertheless, I will state that there is neither high nor low spheres as far as distance is concerned; they are simply conditions; and when speaking figuratively of the high or low we act but naturally, for in earth-life every thing grand, ennobling and aspiring is deemed elevating, while the crude, immoral and degrading is deemed low and debasing.

C. J. JOHNSON.
Pocatello, Idaho, December 14th, 1896.

A MOOTED SUBJECT.

Songs for the Spiritualists.

To the Editor and readers of The Progressive Thinker:—I have been much interested—as may well be supposed—by those who know me and my life work in the musical field—in the agitation of the question of procuring music and songs that are adapted to the spiritualist movement, and to public meetings of Spiritualists.

For forty years I have stood prominently before the world as a song writer and composer. My work has been entirely for Spiritualism.

I have never catered to the sensational element on the one hand, nor to the thoughtless world on the other. My productions have been of the spirit, and in this instance I may be pardoned, perhaps, in saying that Prof. S. B. Britton, who he passed to the immortal shores called me through the press, the singer of the New Dispensation.

During my long career, I have published hundreds of spiritual songs in sheet music form. Such singers as Frank Baxter, Dr. Phillips and Mr. Maxham have sung them and pronounced them good. At present besides the sheet music, two of my books, each containing over fifty songs with music and chorus, all original, not one patterned after the old orthodox style of hymns, Vol. I. and II. of "Echoes From The World of Song" are in the market, and not only on sale at my store, but by the Banner of Light, The Progressive Thinker, and elsewhere.

True, the books sell for \$1.00 each. At the enormous expense for getting them up they could not be placed on sale at a less rate, except in orders of half dozen copies or more. Wherever they are sold, they are well received, and at home, they elicit approval. The music of these songs has all been given to me by inspiring forces from the world of harmony. Such of them as are not of my words, have the melodious words of some of the most famous poets and songsters of our cause and of the land.

In recommending your valuable book, Brothers Barrett, Booser and Bach, have spoken very kindly of my work, and I appreciate their generous words.

Now the question is for songs and music adapted to our spiritual needs, and yet, I know, and many know we have them at our command. But says one: "Longer songs, and longer, and longer, and they are not easy to learn like 'Hold the Fort,' and 'Sweet Bye and Bye.'" Well if that is the objection to their universal use, why do not the societies purchase and sing Tucker's Melodies. Mr. Tucker went to the expense of publishing books of music and songs that could be easily learned by those who can sing, but who have had no musical training. His melodies are pretty, simple and spiritual; his books sell at a low figure. But Spiritualists ignore them and cry out for something else.

Several of our prominent lights have undertaken to supply the want by getting new songs, but they have had no musical training. His melodies are pretty, simple and spiritual; his books sell at a low figure. But Spiritualists ignore them and cry out for something else.

I for one would like to know what is wanted. I would be glad to co-operate with any of our good friends who are alive to this need and demand and anxious to satisfy it. If I knew what is wanted, I would be glad to supply it. That music books cannot be printed for nothing, and to get out a satisfactory book with good paper, clear type and presentable binding costs money.

Every author and publisher knows this, and that no man or company of men can or will undertake to print a large edition of music and song books, unless some guarantee is offered that their work will be sustained and received after it is issued from the press. The agitation of this subject is a timely one and I trust that it will bring forth some result that will be for the best good of all.

G. PATSON LONGLEY.
517 S. Olive St., Los Angeles, Cal.

"Poems of Progress." By Lizzie Doten. In this volume, this peerless poet of Spiritualism may be read in her various moods, "from a book to be treasured and richly enjoyed by all who love genuine poetry, and especially by Spiritualists. The volume is tastefully printed and bound. Price \$1.

"The Philosophy of Spirit, and the Spirit-World." By Hudson Tuttle. A most able and interesting presentation of a most important subject. Every Spiritualist and every inquirer into the profound philosophy of Spiritualism should have this excellent book. Cloth, \$1. For sale at this office.

"Voltaire's Romances," translated from the French. With numerous illustrations. These lighter works of the brilliant Frenchman, and invincible enemy of the Catholic Church, are worthy of wide reading. With philosophy and romance are combined, with the skill of a master mind. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS

Has the Number of Lyceums Decreased?

Criticism of W. H. Bach, by Hudson Tuttle.

From the beginning I have been deeply—I may say zealously—interested in the progressive lyceum. I have always regarded it as the most vital and practical movement of Spiritualism. I have watched its growth from its inception by A. J. Davis to the present, and for seven years, with Mrs. Tuttle, conducted a lyceum, where we were taught by practical experience the demands made by the work.

I think those acquainted with the movement from the beginning will agree that in 1871 the greatest interest was manifested, and that after that, not only was there a subsidence, but also in Spiritualism. The cause for this decline was, without question—it is the matter of history—the action of the American Spiritual Association in electing Victoria C. Woodhull as president. It was the death of that organization, and cast such a shadow over Spiritualism that it required many years to recover therefrom. The discussion of the social question was brought into the lyceums; parents withdrew their children, and new laws to bear the scorn and obloquy hurled at them as free-lovers, in the most odious sense of that term.

In 1871, Dr. J. M. Peckles and the writer compiled, and the Banner of Light published a "year-book of Spiritualism." We endeavored to give a complete list of State and local societies, lecturers, mediums, and progressive lyceums, and other matters relating to the movement.

The number of lyceums given is seventy-three. Possibly there might have been a few more, but from the carefulness exercised, and extensive knowledge of Dr. Peckles, there could not have been many. The fact of this undiminished statement that at no time did the number of lyceums exceed seventy-five, or with the most liberal allowance, less than one hundred, in The Progressive Thinker, W. H. Bach makes a statement in criticism of my article in regard to President Barrett, "a writer in another spiritual paper, takes him to task on the question of lyceums, claiming that lyceums are increasing instead of diminishing. Well, perhaps they are; but as statistics show that they have 'increased' from nearly 1,200 to between thirty and forty in the last twenty years, the statement of Brother Barrett does not seem to make much of his critics. Where Brother Bach gathered his 'statistics' would make interesting reading; they labor under the trifling error—not very much to be sure when you are attempting to prove an assertion—of being just sixteen times greater than the correct number.

The lyceum movement, as it is called in England, a fact which has been trusted with its so-called decay in this country. In the Lyceum Banner of January, 1896, there is given a complete list of English lyceums. There are seventy-four in the British Spiritualist Lyceum Union, and thirteen outside, or eighty-seven all. During the year a few new lyceums have been organized, but I have not at hand. Even in England, not one-twelfth of the fabulous 1,200 has been reached!

I have no means of ascertaining the number of lyceums now existing, but during the past year, parcels of the Guide, from six to fifty copies, have been sent to me by the Lyceum Union, and during the past month three new organizations have entered the field with every prospect of success.

It may be said that this is not a remarkable showing. True, it is nothing to what it should be, but it is a fair beginning. The cause has been delayed by the fact that the assistance of an instructor could be very well organized. It is constantly reiterated that there is urgent need of an organizer to go forth organizing lyceums. Such an agent is entirely unnecessary. In any community where there are a few persons desirous of founding a lyceum, all that there is to do, is to procure the Lyceum Guide, and send it to the publisher, and it will be sent to the organizer, and go forward. If they have not sufficient determination and motives to do this, they would not continue for any length of time in a lyceum forced on them by an agent, who would secure a fee, and the price of the charter of the National Spiritual Association. That association may be very well organized, but local organizations and lyceums should learn that it has nothing to give them, and that all its strength and power, all its spiritual force and its money must come from them, as surely as the root supplies the sap to the tree.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

BEACON LIGHT CHURCH.

The Beacon Light Spiritual Church, 617 North Clark street, Chicago, closes the year of '96 and commences '97 with good prospects ahead, and feels that its mission is to maintain the principles and beauty of the world of spiritual and mental progress.

Notwithstanding a few of our co-workers in different localities still entertain the old-time prejudices against harmony and union, and insist upon sending the discordant wave of prejudiced opinion among the investigators as well as well grounded Spiritualists; by whom the cause is retarded, and who are kindly disposed towards the word "Church," it matters but little, it only hurts for a time, and brings to our minds all the more forcibly the necessity of organization, unanimity of action, co-operation and toleration to carry on our chosen work while the opposing waves of depression nearly overwhelm us.

To those who have the tender feeling towards the old-time social associations surrounding them when in their church, we have true spiritual sympathy, and we ask them to never mind the occasional outburst of some disappointed and unbalanced mind—if it is hurt for a time, let it go. The better element among those interested in spiritual researches will take the true spiritual advice from the spirit-world through instruments who do not still cling to the old, selfish, stale idea that we must fight some one. Growling or barking does not win any one to our cause.

The better class of people connected with all phases of religion and philosophy is fast coming to agree that personalities must be left out of the work of any reformer.

The Beacon Light Spiritual Church has the honor of possessing a charter, the first issued by the Illinois State Spiritualists' Association under the new State charter, Constitution and By-Laws.

It is to be hoped that Spiritualists will awaken from their Rip Van Winkle sleep and take a survey of the field and apply at once to the secretaries of their State societies. D. G. Hill, 46 Walnut street is secretary of the Illinois Association.

G. W. PERKINS.

He is a fool who cannot be angry; but he is a wise man who will not—Old Proverb.

THE CONTRAST

Between Trinitarian Orthodoxy and Unitarian Views.

The Latter Harmonize with Spiritualism.

Recently I read a newspaper account of a minister's meeting held on this coast at which a learned doctor of divinity whose name I cannot now recall, stated that "a little Unitarianism inclined one to Unitarianism while ripe scholarship and deeper thinking made the investigator a Trinitarian." Now I do not think so. I lay no claim to ripe scholarship and am far from being a learned theologian, but I have read some and thought earnestly about the fundamental principles of orthodox and Unitarianism, and I believe I am endowed with an average amount of common sense, and have some idea of ordinary justice and some conception of logic and the fitness of things.

I accept Unitarianism because it teaches that there is one God, who is spirit, and is the sum total of all things visible and invisible in the universe; that He is infinite in goodness, in power, in wisdom, in love, in justice and in mercy; and that, being the creator, the preserver and the governor of the universe of matter and of mind, and knowing all things from the beginning, He could not consistently with His own nature, commit the blunders and mistakes attributed to him by Trinitarians—errors that culminated in the defeat of His purposes; that created a necessity for Him to die on the cross in an attempt to mend his broken plans.

I cannot accept Trinitarianism or so-called orthodoxy, because its foundation principle is that Satan upsets and mistakes the designs of God meant well, but the Devil succeeded in so thoroughly destroying His work, that God himself found it necessary to be born of a virgin, to be tempted of Satan, and to suffer death, in order to prevent a complete failure of his good purposes; and that, notwithstanding all this suffering and great effort, the mind and matter, and to save his own children, the effort has largely failed; for, contrary to his original designs and his present wishes, the Devil still prevents Him from carrying out his plans and so out-maneuvers Him as to maintain a powerful spiritual kingdom in opposition to God's, which antagonistic power is to exist and oppose God to all eternity.

Trinitarianism teaches that Jesus was and is the Infinite God who created all things. Unitarianism says he was a man, but also the son of God, and that we are all sons of God in different degrees of unfoldment.

Trinitarianism presents us with an old story, the old story of the fall, disappointed, limited in both knowledge and power, utterly unable to carry out his plans, changeable, regretting that He had made man, malevolent in spirit, wrathful, jealous, delighting in cruelty and torturing His own erring children to all eternity.

We cannot accept the cardinal doctrine of Trinitarianism, that man by having faith in the blood of Jesus can transfer the penalty of wrong doing from his own soul to that of the innocent Christ. Thus the libertine, the thief, the murderer, the wickedest man, may instantly bound from the lowest depths of depravity to the highest courts of heaven, while he who committed the gravest crimes, and who has not accepted such teaching as wise and good, but may yet be a kind neighbor, a loving husband and father, a noble upright citizen, abounding in good works, will be sent to endless torment.

I prefer Unitarianism to Trinitarianism because the former teaches that evil is not an eternal principle, but is the result of mis-education, of mental infirmity, and will some time have an end. Unitarians believe that God is infinitely wise, infinitely powerful and infinitely good. He made no mistake when He placed man on this earth. No Lucifer or other enemy ever has frustrated or ever can frustrate any of His designs. He has never been out of control, and He is all in all, and every human soul is a part of Him.

Never was there a necessity for Him to be born in a manger, of mortal woman, and to "grow in wisdom," and be tempted of Satan, that He might know how to sympathize with man, and be crucified thereby to prevent the Devil from defeating his purpose. Not a single soul in the universe can Satan take away from God. The Devil himself, if there be one, could not exist a moment contrary to His will.

So-called evil is in the world for an infinitely wise purpose, and is necessary to carry out God's great designs. Progress is the progress of the universe. Satan has inflicted humanity with wrong doing, both in this existence and the next, but it is not to gratify God's wrathful or vindictive spirit, as asserted by theologians, but is for reformatory and corrective purposes.

Man is not totally depraved and prone to do evil as the sparks are to fly up from the hearth, and as is asserted by Trinitarianism; but he is imperfectly developed—his mind is so framed that we develop both mentally and spiritually by varied experiences. If we persistently violate the law of our existence, suffering is sure to come upon us till we seek out and obey the law.

An infinitely wise being could not allow wrong doing to go unpunished nor right doing unrewarded. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap," is a fundamental law of our being. It must hold good in the next existence as well as this. The justice of this law is self-evident. The whole universe is fashioned on the spiritual plan. There are no retrograde movements except those planned to do a work which, later on, will again push the man further forward.

Many souls are born into the world deformed physically, mentally and morally. Many have an inherited tendency to commit crime. There are moral idiots as well as mental. Theologians fail to perceive justice and wisdom in this order of things, and as a consequence, are wrong doing for man to a personal Devil whom they suppose to be nearly if not quite, equal to God in craftiness and power, but the deeper thinker sees wisdom in the plan.

This world is the starting place of the individualized soul. In this vestibule of first stage of existence, deformed men, weak men, and men who are hatched into being, may and will go wrong. They must suffer in this world and the next, but such punishment is not of a vindictive and unending nature; it is provided by infinite wisdom and goodness for man's good—for his unfoldment.

No water baptism, nor Lord's suppers, nor other religious ceremonies, and our ceremonies—can avert suffering for virtue, nor shield blood of animals, or men, or gods, can transfer moral guilt nor just penalty from the transgressor to an innocent one. The innocent may and do suffer because of the sins of the guilty; but never is the guilt transferred to the innocent one, nor the

righteousness of the good man conferred upon the sinner.

The theory which teaches that men may live like beasts—aye, like demons—and then repent a moment before death and escape to heaven, is not through the blood of Jesus, and is not to the highest courts of heaven, is not only false, but demoralizing, and encourages bad men to go on sinning, making no effort to live a life of morality and usefulness.

The Unitarianism because it repudiates this teaching that came down to us from the Dark Ages, and insists that no one can win happiness and heaven except by a life of noble motives and honest deeds.

Unitarianism may be less profound in learning than Trinitarianism, but with my present store of knowledge and my present ideas of justice, I shall still continue to believe that, as a man sows, so shall he reap, either here or hereafter; that there is no malignant Devil in this universe powerful enough to thwart God's plans nor strong enough to stay our progress onward and upward if we want to go.

There are no hells for any of us except those of our own making. There are hells in this world and the next, but they are not endless. Infinite, unerring law, governs everything in heaven, earth and hell, from atom to Sun, from the leaping babe to God himself.

Man is at the bottom of a ladder that reaches from earth to the highest heavens. Here we are ignorant, weak, prattling children in the infant class of God's great school. God is our creator and teacher. We will be pupils through all eternity! There are glories awaiting us, of inconceivable grandeur!

Death is as natural as birth, and lands us on the second rung of the ladder! There will be lessons to learn there, and after we have learned them, we shall go higher. Some pupils will be obedient and apt students, some stupid and disobedient! Some will be long delayed and will suffer intensely, but all will in due time learn that there is no way to ascend except by honest work, by true living, by noble aspirations and by loving and doing good to all mankind.

Santa Paula, Cal. R. A. DAGUE.

CRIME

And Its Relation to Spiritualism.

As generally used the word crime means an act committed or omitted in violation of a public law either forbidding or commanding it to be done or not to be done.

Of course, under this definition can be classed, disregarding legal technicalities, anything less than a crime such as misdemeanors, offenses against city ordinances, etc. The definition above given, with little variation, is the legal one which is prescribed by Courts and Legislatures throughout the world.

Spiritually speaking, every thought, act or word which is inconsistent with natural law is a wrong done, and no doubt some sort of penance must be done to purge one's self of it whether it be by natural or human law.

As public men, we see much violation of human law, and sometimes one's name could as it were, to act in trial for a person's life or liberty for a crime against the law of nature, for we are taught in one of the Commandments "Thou shalt not kill."

A case was tried not long since where a youth of 19 years of deliberate and premeditated malice proceeded in the darkness of the night to assault, and kill a woman, then set free the premises and fled. The fact that he fled is sufficient evidence to me that he could distinguish between right and wrong.

What a depraved being! What a sorry spectacle was that youth in court. Old religion, teaching and home training, what have you done for that boy? It is evident his education was sadly neglected.

The question arises, does a legal punishment, such as he will receive, adjust matters? I say, nay! For the neglected, depraved, uneducated soul will be flung into eternity and the human law, or law made for society's benefit will be avenged. The old law, of which the books are overloaded, "that an eye must be left for an eye" or "a tooth for a tooth" has been literally expounded and applied.

But the law of nature has not been avenged or satisfied, and so I might go into detail as to the various crimes and offenses which are daily committed.

Suffice it to say that I agree with the so-called anti-capital punishment faction, that the law is to treat or to punish such grave offenders against the law, whether natural or human, is to incarcerate their bodies in penitentiaries, so that by a long confinement, they may grow in wisdom, grow in spiritual unfoldment, and when their time comes that nature has prescribed for them to be released from their earthly bodies, they may rise again as the spirits of spiritual unfoldment and knowledge.

I hold that courts which have jurisdiction of criminal matters all over our broad land, will not be needed very much longer. Spiritualism, that grand old truth, under whose banner the word "Success" is always written, will sooner or later come to the front with such a vast multitude of adherents that men will no longer go to see mediums and get into their houses through back doors. Then will men boldly and publicly, when opportunity offers, declare that they, too, have investigated Spiritualism, are convinced of its truth and will not only lead their fellow-Spiritualists helping hand in that manner, but also open their purse strings.

Modern Spiritualism has, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, done more for the uplifting of humanity than any other religion. Truth crushed to earth will rise again; and this saying, in my experience, has never proven itself to be incorrect. Give us more mediums, more public speakers, and thereby enlighten the mass of people who need to be spoken to and argued with, before they would even venture into a seance room.

There never was a religion or science which was more prejudiced without a thought and condemned, such as Spiritualism has been. Thank God, our ranks are daily increasing, and the intelligence of the world is taking a new hold, and when a person once investigates Spiritualism and is honest with himself, there is no retreat; he must accept it as a fact, that spirits can and do return and not cast it aside with a sneer.

Our opponents would have us believe that we simply believe we speak to our spirit friends. No! We do not believe it; we know it to be a fact.

In conclusion, dear helpers, along the lines indicated, push forward, proclaim boldly that you are Spiritualists, be missionaries of love and truth!

It is an appalling fact that our penitentiaries, our jails, our houses of correction are overcrowded. This is not the condition of things as we should find in our country.

Teach the masses, and then the doors of penitentiaries will open and guests at such places will then be few and far between.

HENRY F. SCHMIDT, L. L. B.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

Experiments in the Production of Thought Photographs.

An Interview with Dr. Baraduc, of Paris.

In his previous work, "La Force Vitale," Dr. Baraduc showed that man receives and radiates vitality from and to the cosmos; that this vital medium usually flows into man at his right side as influx or attraction, after circulation in his organism flows out again at his right side as efflux or repulsion; as entering an evolutionary process from below to above within man; from astral to spirit; from passion to intellect.

The contrary or involutive process of influx to the left side, and efflux from the right, is accompanied by a circulation which entails a conagulating process from above to below; from intellect to generation.

The modifications which occur in the direction of these circulatory vital currents in man, as also in their dynamic tension, were shown by means of a recording instrument called a biometre, to accompany changes in mood and general tone, in the subject.

In pursuing his researches further, Dr. Baraduc found that if the hand is held over a photographic plate, this vital radiation produces an impression thereon.

The following attracted current gives wavelike, curving undulations on the plate. In one or two cases a vortex or whorl was imaged. The outflowing radiation produces spots on the plate. The outflow which accompanied the involutive, conagulating circuit of psyche to matter, that is of the man living in the passionate plane of life, produces spots merely; while the radiation accompanying the evolutive circuit of aspiration, flowing from below to above, and producing the sublimation of astral life to soul, gives spots which transpire the sensitized film.

But Dr. Baraduc claims further that this vital radiation may be directed volitionally and made to impress a thought image onto the sensitized plate.

Thought, he says, molds and molds the vital etheric medium. As a glass blower molds his glass, so does energetic thought-purpose mold the form of its body of auric astral light or conagulative substantiality radiated from the organism, and impress its image on the plate by its inherent luminosity.

These images, which he has termed psych-images, may be projected by direct thought transference through the radiation from the hand; or by approaching the sensitized plate to the head or to the solar plexus.

Dr. Baraduc considers that many, though not all, so-called spirit photographs are thought-images projected from the medium, or through the medium perhaps, from an invisible operator, to the plate; in which process a camera is unnecessary. His friends, Dr. Istrati and Dr. Adam have been more successful in effecting the impression of distinct images projected by thought transference from a distance, than has Dr. Baraduc himself.

The former claims to have produced a transference of a portrait image, which resembles some so-called spirit photographs in character.

The thought impressions obtained up to the present, and of which a number are reproduced in his recent work, "The Human Soul, Its Movements and Light," appear to vary much in texture, if one may so say; that is, in the fineness and arrangement of the lines or spots of which they consist, than in their form. Dr. Baraduc is himself able to distinguish forms therein, which a spectator can scarcely trace. The delicacy or grossness of the lines are qualified by the thought, and the radiation of an electric current has been found to add to the clearness of the image.

This discovery is, as yet, in its initial stages, and cumulative evidence is to be desired. Considering the number of people now practicing photography, this should not be difficult to obtain. A definite thought might be obtained in successive days by different operators, in order to verify whether the image produced is really governed in form by the thought. The radiation from a medium in her normal state might be contrasted with that impressed under trance. "Conscious" might be invited to project thought images to be compared with those obtained by ordinary operators. Dr. Baraduc states that he would be glad to hear at 191 Rue St. Honore, Paris, from any experimenters who have succeeded in impressing distinct thought images.

His experiments with regard to the impressions produced by the vitality radiated from a pigeon, have just been verified by two representatives of the of the Paris illustrated papers. Negative were held against the heart of the pigeon (the glass in contact with the feathers). The images impressed will be published shortly. They resemble the spots radiated by man's passionate vitality.

In his conclusion Dr. Baraduc says: "I have endeavored to show experimentally that we possess a soul, the fluidic double of our body; that the polarization of our vital soul towards coagulation or matter, and of our psyche soul towards the sublimation of spirit, is experimentally verifiable. The four planes of the soul radiates beyond the body and registers its luminous vibrations in figures, thus demonstrating the spontaneous movement and luminous vibrations of intelligence."

PARIS, FRANCE.

"Woman, Church and State." By Matilda Jane Gage. A royal volume, of more than common intrinsic value. The subject is treated with mastery ability; showing what the church has and has not done for woman. It is full of information on the subject, and should be read by every one. Price \$2, post-paid.

"The Fountain of Life, or The Threefold Power of Sex." By Lois Vala. One of the author's most useful books. It should be read by every man and woman. Price 50c.

"From Night to Morn, or An Appeal to the Baptist Church." By Abby A. Judson. Gives an account of her experience in passing from the old faith of her parents to the light and knowledge of Spiritualism.

