



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

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LIGHT OF THE WORLD. KNOWLEDGE OF TRUTH.

Modern Spiritualism—Its Inception and History.

WHAT SPIRITUALISM IS DOING FOR THE WORLD OF LIFE AND RELIGION.

Spiritualism has its foundation in the demonstrated continuity of life. Spirit communication is claimed as a fact of all ages—hence "ancestral" Spiritualism typifies these facts proven in the histories of all races of people, but was not understood and properly applied until "modern" Spiritualism grew from simple facts that occurred in the year 1848. Since then a phenomenal development of the occult force necessary to produce the phenomena, has occurred. It is now claimed that several millions of persons in the United States alone have received indubitable proof of communion with the spirits of their loved ones who have passed to the great beyond—that hallowed from whence it has been popularly supposed "no traveler returns." But men have gravely erred with many suppositions, and it is presumable they may have done so with regard to the after-life and its environments and possibilities. We have looked at death as a cold and cruel embrace of a mysterious power—instead of the loving touch of Mother Nature divinely expressing the wise and merciful care of God the Father. Terrors of death and the grave have been magnified into such horrors that humanity have recoiled from its appearance. Any possibility of spirit return has been denied, and the immortality of the soul is denied. "The ghosts" have been banished only of "haunted houses" and "yawning graveyards" at the witching hour of midnight.

Only restless, wronged and avenging spirits were supposed to manifest their presence. Crude ideas yet exist regarding the loved ones gone on to the higher life. Many are afraid of these loved forms, whom God and nature permit or have ordained to be with us and to hold sweet communion.

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

Poets are the inspired seers and have always foretold great truths. The supreme fact is that in all the boundless universe of life "there is nothing outside of nature." Hence, our loved ones do not inhabit a supernatural world. There is no such thing as condition as the supernatural.

The raps that occurred in 1848, caused men to reason along the lines intuited. Another dimension of space has been proven other than the known ones of this earth. Occult forces, not resultant from either earth or human mind, have been made manifest. The material laws of ponderability have seemingly been upset. The development of sense power beyond the recognized five has resulted. Expressed intelligence has resulted from crude phenomena.

The earliest investigator in 1848, did not have these guide posts. For some time the little cottage occupied by the family of Mr. John D. Fox, at Hydesville, Wayne county, N. Y., was disturbed by noises which were recognized as the voices of the spirits of the family. The father, who was then a young man, determined to obtain a good night's rest. But that night was to be made memorable! All possible searching had availed no discovery of the cause producing the raps. The father then asked the girls to leave the room. The youngest, Margaretta, named Catherine, Margaretta and Leah. The youngest two, aged respectively twelve and fourteen years, at that time, tried to make a similar noise by snapping their fingers. The mysterious raps repeated the number of snappings and then stopped. Then one of the girls said: "Now do just as I do. Count one, two, three, four," etc., striking one hand in the other. The number of blows were repeated by the raps. The mother then said, "count ten" and ten raps sounded. She then asked the girls to leave the room and the raps repeated, and it gave a number of raps corresponding to the separate ages. The mother testified further: "I then asked if it was a human being that was making the noise? If it was, to manifest it by the same noise. There was no noise. I then asked if it was a spirit? and if it was, to manifest it by two sounds. I heard two sounds as soon as the words were spoken. I then asked if it was injured in this house? and it manifested it by the noise. If the person was living that injured it? and got the same answer. I then ascertained by the same method that its remains were buried under the dwelling, and how old it was. When I asked how many years old it was, it rapped thirty-one times; that it was a male; that it had left a family of five children; that it had two sons and three daughters, all living. I asked if it left a wife, and it rapped. If its wife was then living? No rapping. If she was dead, and the rapping was distinctly heard. How long she had been dead, and it rapped twice."

The little girls created that night the "spirit alphabet," or mode of communicating. They said to the raps: "One rap will be 'no'; two raps, 'don't know'; and three raps, 'yes.' It was afterwards ascertained that the raps meant that the spirit desired to communicate. This system of the children yet exists as the mode of interpreting spirit raps. Besides, they instituted the calling of the alphabet and at the call of a necessary letter, the raps would occur and the letter be set down, and the call would be repeated until words and sentences were obtained.

These simple facts were the beginning of Modern Spiritualism. The cottage yet stands in Hydesville, over its door being a painted sign, as follows:

SPIRITUALISM
Originated March 31, 1848,
In This House.

The Fox girls were soon induced to (Continued on page 7.)

KNOWLEDGE OF TRUTH.

Suggestive Thoughts on the Meaning of Life.

THE SOUL A PILGRIM OF THE INFINITE—SAILING UPON THE PATHLESS SEA OF SPIRIT.

"Cold, inexorable law" were the despairing words that fell from the lips of a kind and loving mother, as she stood in the sunlight of a dying day and saw the inanimate form of her child, whose earthly existence had been the sunlight of her life, lowered to rest in the silent grave. The cold earth, falling upon the coffin lid, consigned to dissolution the earthly form that once embodied an immortal soul. The feeble vision of faith alone cannot penetrate the gloom that enshrouds the portals of the silent grave, wherein lies the mortal remains of a loved one; nor will it lift the veil of the soul and survey the glorious realm of life in the immortal spheres beyond. But a knowledge of truth illumines the vision of faith, dispels the shadows of doubt, gives wings to hope, and exalts the soul from the bluish plane of the human to the eternal radiance of the divine. Through the dark valley of sorrow and suffering, the bereaved mother was finally led to the bright mountain of truth; and, reaching the summit, there was revealed to her inner vision the realm of paradise; and in the celestial sphere she saw her loved one, mingling with a group of illumined souls. Then she believed in the wisdom and justice of law, and was led to feel and know that the supreme power whose divine intelligence guides the innumerable worlds with magical harmony through fathomless space, as unerringly directs each soul in its eternal progression, through successive spheres. Then she realized fully that the whole being is thrilled with a new impulse, and there arises a longing to express the truth that abides within.

The sleeping consciousness is awakened from the dream of bondage, the horizon of life begins to expand, and the soul yearns to go forth into the world of unity, illumined with the light of truth the millions who grope feebly about in the dark material realm of ignorance. Many who arrive at the blossoming stage of the soul's progression are given glimpses of a new and more glorious realm in the human state beyond, become impatient with the environments that hamper them, and development seems slow to increase. But untold ages have elapsed to evolve the present conditions which surround the awakened soul, and it should not be impatient with the slow progress of the soul, but rather, it should be abundantly blessed as merited reward for all noble deeds; its God-illumined ways will penetrate the mists of ignorance and touch a responsive chord in the hearts of all who will its subtle, its aspirational life within, be nourished by the sunbeams of Infinite Love; and after many years of meditation, and conservation of the spiritual forces, the possibilities within will be unfolded, and the regenerated soul, in the above place in the manifestation of an exalted destiny. Each soul must wait for the appointed time, listen to the voice of silence, and it will be guided in ways of righteousness and peace. Soul power is attained by periods of repose. The voice of truth comes to be heard and there is silence of thought and absence of desire. The rushing currents of thought must flow into the spiritual ocean of tranquility, the torrents of passion must be merged into the sea of universal love. Then peace will abide in the human heart; within the soul will shine the pure rays of the eternal; upon the mirror of mind will be reflected visions of truth. Thus the passive nature of the soul attracts the positive force of universal life, receives the influx of the spirit, and is illumined with the light of the vital current divine.

It is not riches the world is seeking, but happiness; not splendor, but peace; not fame and glory, but love and contentment. People seek material wealth, believing it will purchase pleasure; are attracted to persons and things in the pursuit of love; worship at the shrine and deal with symbols, in their search for the invisible and real. None grope in darkness from choice, if they have felt the revivifying power of light; none can be bound by selfish love; none can be fettered by passion; if they have felt the thrill of the love divine and have had a sensational apprehension of the life-giving currents which play upon the inmost emotional center of their being; nor will they worship at the shrine of visible nature, when they have become conscious of that deeper eternal presence whose abode is not in temples built by hands.

Those who would adjust themselves to a harmonious spiritual environment and enter into a state of conscious attunement with universal life, must gain absolute control of all the vibrations emanating from the different centers of the human form, and concentrate the conflicting forces until they become polarized to the indwelling ray of divinity. Thought, feeling, imagination and desire, must be permeated with the essence of celestial love, until there ascends from the depths of being a consciousness of purity and truth—a purity that cannot know carnality, a truth that error cannot blind.

In the early stages of human evolution, mankind, surrounded by conditions of unrest, was swayed by passions and desires, and could only obtain knowledge through the external method of contact, by means of the physical senses. But the fullness of time has come, and humanity is advancing, and to obtain knowledge through touch with the Infinite—by absorption. All knowledge is open to him who has attained the trine polarity of soul.

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NATURE'S LESSONS.

A Philosopher Hunting the Inevitable.

DEDUCTIONS FROM THE TEACHINGS OF NATURE AND SCIENCE.

To the Editor:—We beg to suggest that even the most illiterate actually know some things, while the more fortunate—the better educated—know even a little more. But alas, how very few of us keep the things we do know sorted and stored up in a row, so as to readily find and apply it as evidence pro and con to that which we hear or read?

By failing to do so we lose the benefit of that which we have learned, as a ruler to our cargo of knowledge. Therefore we are like a ship without sail or anchor, drifting hither and yon before the trade-winds of political and credal sophistry.

In this editorial paper we wish to combine the claims of many of our most eminent scientists, and work in facts known to all of us as evidence of their correctness, and ascertain if possible whether or not we have any foundation through nature's laws or forces for continued existence after the change called death.

Theologians have been assuring us for thousands of years past, that God created the world and all therein, less than six thousand years ago, in six days' time, all out of nothing; and people believed them. Some believe them still, notwithstanding the earth itself stands a living witness that it has been evolving animated beings for perhaps millions of years.

Our materialist brethren talk fluently in the middle of evolution, but wholly ignore the need of any material at all, and to keep it going—or a place at the other end, to store that which has been evolved.

Even the admission of evolution as absolutely implies or demands a supply of raw material, and a place for finished work at the other end of the word. The word "evolution" implies unthreshed grain at one end of the machine, and a place for grain and straw at the other end. However, the bug or worm hatched and living in the machine, isolated from the industry of producing grain, ignorant of the commerce in grain and breadstuff, might, like our materialist brethren, feel justified in believing it, as it looks from its standpoint a threshing of the same grain, straw, chaff, and dust over and over indefinitely.

But all the admissible evidence gleaned from the different branches of science verge to demonstrate that the universe is one vast elemental electrochemical laboratory—a laboratory warmed and illumined by millions of suns, and decorated with billions of planets, suns, the ponderous dynamos whose electric brilliancy electrifies and awakens the eternal latent principles of energy and matter and sends them broadest throughout infinite space.

Planets, the spheres, whirling magnets, whose rapid revolution in space attracts those newborn principles into their atmospheric whirlpool and there by law of attraction holds and evolves them into reasoning, conscious entities.

Humanity is as absolutely the product of eternal elements as the vegetable and animal kingdom to which forces as are the lilies of the field.

We will pick the line of life-force, or energy, up at its point of evolution expressed in the tornado or cyclone and follow its line of evolution up through electricity, magnetism, and vegetable and animal kingdom to which forces as are the lilies of the field.

First we invite the reader's attention to the destructive element in electricity, and further along the line note how it is being thrown off through poisonous vegetation, poisonous reptiles and insects.

Science informs us that life-force as it reaches the human plane has been evolved to that intellectual degree by the schooling and experience gained through animating the lower forms of vegetable and animal life. Thus we find a something in the earth's magnetic current which causes the needle of the compass to always settle on the same line of attraction.

We find a force in the magnet which chooses between metals and wood; an intelligence in the blade of grass which causes it to bend its form from the dark and dreary recess, out into sunlight's genial rays. There are many varieties of growth so closely allied to both the vegetable and the animal kingdom that eminent naturalists fail to recognize the kingdom they properly belong.

The weak force doled out to the worm directs in building its cocoon; the higher force given to the squirrel brings wisdom and forethought to store away its winter's supply of food. The dog is truly wise in some respects; while human beings the ultimate of earth's intellectual products—grasp the power to reason, to plan and work with purpose in view.

Scientists do not claim that man is a blood relative of the ape, the dog, the squirrel, the worm, or the blade of grass; but they do claim that the growth or dissolution of the body of all forms of vegetable and animal life, life-force which had animated said body, disintegrates (so to speak) and becomes a component part of the next higher grade of force; and so on up the line until it has reached the human plane—the last, the highest, the only material organism endowed with all the complex anatomy of brain, cell and nerve structure and substance conducive to thinking, reasoning, remembering, gathering, and storing away knowledge sufficient to cope with the forces and environments of ethereal realms.

Scientists also claim that life-force, as it reaches the human plane, is more or less tainted with the traits and passions peculiar to the different species of lower life which it has once animated. This claim is verified in everyday life, for the most persons whose passions are those of the tiger or panther, others whose traits are those of the swine; some who are as obstinate as the donkey, others

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IS HE A SPIRITUALIST?

EDITOR OF THE ARENA, JOHN CLARK RIDPATH'S REMARKS UPON THE AFTER LIFE—MEMORIAL DAY EDITORIAL.

The present editor of the Arena, Prof. John Clark Ridpath, is no doubt, like the previous editor of that valuable periodical, B. O. Flower, a Spiritualist, if we may judge from his recent Memorial Day remarks relative to an after life. He writes as follows:

OUR DEAD. Where, after all, are our brave dead? The traditional belief of the world has been that they live. But very vague faith is the faith of mankind with respect to where the departed dwell or in what state. On this theme conjecture has been rife in all ages. Certain it is that human beings have never been content to die without a hope.

Of all the arguments that have been presented on this subject that of Henry Thomas Buckle is the best. His own mother passed away. He was at that time composing a review of "Mill's Essay on Liberty." The shock to the great historian and thinker was almost violent, but he rallied and inserted in the essay which he was composing that remarkable paragraph on the survival of the dead—he was able to see it and hope for it.

Buckle's argument is this: There is in human affection and desire an equation the first part of which is here and the other part of which is where? That is his great thesis reduced to a syllogistic suggestion. He alleges what is true—that life without the after half of the equation of hope and desire is a reduction to absurdity.

Our brave dead, who went from us in the fiery ordeal of war—either exist or they have ceased to exist. There is no middle ground. The broken equation of hope and affection indicates their existence beyond the dividing curtain which the poetical language of man has called "the veil." We choose to believe, or at least to think, that our heroes are living somewhere in a happy fruition of patriotic joys, unclouded with sorrow, untroubled with further battle. We say of them, "They sleep." Rather let us say of them, "They wake."

If immortality be a dream, it is indeed a generous and beautiful dream, tending ever to make itself more real as time goes on.

Little are we disposed to yield to spiritualism or to those "shadows," but somehow we think that our heroes of the Union war are not dead, that they are not sleeping, but that they are both living and free; that they go forth and happy and rest and love and aspire. Happy were we if we were able to clasp the frozen volume of the Backward Look and to see in ourselves and our work the happy results and beautiful hopes and joys which they so unselfishly procured and consecrated by their lives and death.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, Editor of The Arena.

Whether the foregoing was spoken or written I am not prepared to say; but from what class of people could a more appropriate selection of a speaker for Memorial Day exercises be made than from the Spiritualists? How I would have been pleased if our recent Decoration Day exercises had been held in an ideal afternoon; to hear such a speaker as Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond, Mrs. Jennie B. Hagan Jackson, Mrs. Nellie T. Brigham, H. D. Barrett, Lydia M. C. Howe and many others, I could easily mention. But it seems that these noble women are still in the hands of those who do not know that death does not end all, or our orthodox friends who are still leaning upon the broken staff of "faith and hope."

H. V. EWERINGEN.

DREAM PREVENTS A WEDDING.

The attempt of an Atlanta, Ga., couple to get married has resulted in a rather remarkable trial in that city recently. Benjamin Fowler is the name of the would-be groom, while the lady's name is Laura Pearl Lemon. The wedding did not take place because the prospective bride had a dream. And in that dream she claims the Lord showed her that Fowler would not make her a good husband.

The motion on trial was one made by Powell to revoke a former order granted by the ordinary withholding his marriage license and certificate from records. This motion was denied by Judge Taylor, and so the matter stands. Some interesting testimony was furnished by Miss Lemon, who told the court of the "wonderful dream in which the Lord spoke with her. It was indeed a remarkable affair and the refusal of it caused quite a deal of amusement among the spectators in the little courtroom.

"Why did you not marry Powell?" was asked the witness.

"Because I found he would not make me a good husband."

"How did you find all this out?"

"Well, I fasted, for two days and nights, during this time I prayed to the Lord that he would show me whether or not Powell was the man to marry, and he showed me."

"You mean to say that you got a revelation from on high that he was not the man you wanted?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, when you wrote to Powell to get the license you really meant to marry him?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you do when you seek a revelation? What process do you go through?"

"I prayed and asked the Lord that he might show me in a dream whether Powell would be a good husband or not, and he showed me."

"Many other young ladies might profit by consulting their dreams, as the spirit friends often advise, to answer their questions in this way, upon the subconscious self."

Heaven must be in me before I can be in heaven.—Stanford.

HOW SHE DOES IT.

Anna Eva Fay's Methods of Performing Her Tricks.

Enclosed is a clipping from the Hypnotic Magazine relative to Miss Anna Eva Fay, whose senses we see much evoked up by the Spiritualist papers. She is one of those confusers with whom Mr. Parcell regales his society with a scientific name. He may be honest, but we are sorry for him. Let all take the hint.

ARCADIA, ILL.

Some short time ago a "Miss Anna Eva Fay" held our town for a week's engagement. Her show was mostly mind-reading and that ancient cabinet trick. She, or rather her manager, etc., might say to the audience, that the gentlemen (three in number) would pass among the audience and distribute paper pads and pads. You were to write your questions, hold them in your right hand and think of what you had written—Miss Fay would do the rest.

After the pencils, pads, etc., were collected, they put some minor act, such as violin playing, impromptu songs, etc., consuming about twenty minutes. The men who collected these pads, would pile up a great quantity of them where they could be seen by all—showing they were not used by Miss Fay in her test.

Miss Fay comes on the stage, is ill-dressed, and has a sheet spread over her head and body. They test begins. She says first: "I have the name of John Jones before me; he wishes to know if he will prosper in his business. Answer is, Yes, if he attends strictly to business."

I visited the show six nights in succession and never had a question answered or my name mentioned. Why? I did not use the little innocent-looking pads; also a number of others who did not use them met with the same success as I. This I watched very closely. She worked her scheme fine; her confederates never once came upon the stage during the time she was mind-reading. But Miss Fay had a bundle of pads, and she was very plain to a close observer, sitting as close as I, that Miss P.'s arm was moving in such a way that it was plainly evident that she pulled one of the pads out and read it each time she answered a question; and she would read it and draw another, etc., etc. Her engagement here was a great success financially, but I would like to tell me if I have not related herein the key to "mind-reading" and I think your offer of \$50 for a genuine case of mind-reading will be most eagerly before it will be won on the fair and square plain you offer it. Let us hear from you often on this subject, especially if it is ever actually accomplished.

"Buckle's" theory is probably correct as to the manner in which this particular piece of "mind-reading" was accomplished. A better plan, and one which I am given to understand Miss Fay made use of in Peoria, Ill., would be to use a small pad of paper, like notes. When a sufficient number of questions from the audience have been received, the mind-reader stoops down and dips her hand into the pocket of the sack. Slowly she raises that hand, tightly clenched, and the audience can see that the mental strain is intense.

The speaking tube runs up the leg of the table close to her ear. The whisper which comes from the tube is inaudible, save to her. Then begins this highly entertaining performance. "The question which comes to me from this piece of paper is, 'Shall I see J. L. to-morrow?'" Signed "G. B." My answer is that it will depend upon how G. B. conducts himself. Is that correct? Is the question correct, please? Will the witness inform me if I have correctly read the note?

There is an embarrassing pause. Finally, after much shuffling, a young man with a red face rises to admit that he wrote the question, and he sits down again, and the game goes on. As fast as the stage hands in the cellar can decipher the messages they may be repeated by the "mind-reader" on the stage. Of course, a number of questions are not answered at all, but a little practice in this work makes the "mind-reader" amazingly proficient in ambiguity in the event of failure, and the general opinion is that perhaps the strain on her mind was becoming too great.—Editor Hypnotic Magazine.

The punishment suffered by the wise who refuse to take part in the government, is to live under the government of bad men.—Plato.

There is a remarkable difference between master and mind, that he that doubts the existence of mind, by doubting proves it.

In nature there is no blemish but the mind; none can be called deformed but the unkind.—Shakespeare.

A good laugh is sunshine in a house.—Thackeray.

Free will is not the liberty to do whatever one likes, but the power of doing whatever one sees ought to be done.—G. Macdonald.

Often the elements that move and mold society are the results of the disbeliever's counsel and the mother's prayer.—A. H. Chapin.

WHAT LINE OF WORK STUDENTS SHOULD PURSUE.

I am in no way disposed to lay down any set lines of work for students to accomplish, at the present time, I would advise that a committee be chosen to look after that line.

I think that a course of instruction in what Dr. Babbitt has termed the "Har-

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A WORKING SCHEME.

For an Industrial and Co-operative Home.

NEW PLAN FOR THE EDUCATION, DEVELOPMENT AND TRAINING OF MEDIUMS AND TEACHERS OF SPIRITUALISM.

My dear co-workers in the vineyard of eternal truth:—While glancing over a recent number of The Progressive Thinker I learned that some of our workers are in for founding a school for the purpose of educating our mediums.

I cannot refrain from sending you some suggestions upon that line. "He who runs, must walk." "He who educates the masses, must educate himself." Confined to study and experimental work, I make no pretense at the art of knowing anything but what I have been able to learn since I first commenced to develop my mediumship. I think and almost know, that a medium never went before the public successfully without some education.

I contend that the sooner we can do establish schools where the future worker for the truth may be trained and developed, the sooner we will be in shape to teach the masses.

The questions that I want to throw some light upon are such as have been on my mind for some time. How can we found a college for the education, training and development of mediums?

How can such an institution be made permanent and self-supporting? What line of work should be accomplished by students in attendance? In solving the first question, I would suggest that we form and maintain an association to be known as The National Spiritualists' Educational Association.

That the members of the said association shall pay no more than \$1 per year, to be paid quarterly in advance, and used as a fund to meet the expenses of any work required. That the association shall secure a location, build what buildings shall be required and transact all business of the institution.

HOW IT CAN BE MADE PERMANENT, ETC.

Out of the funds raised by the association there shall be purchased not less than 1,000, nor over 5,000 acres of land; said land to be located in a good farming region, all in one piece and not divided by lands belonging to other parties.

The said land having been secured, 100 acres out of each 1,000 shall be set aside for building purposes. That all buildings be made on the plan set forth in Part I of Dr. Babbitt's work on "Human Culture and Culture." That all cooking can be done in a common kitchen, all meals served in a common dining-room, and all washing and ancillary work can be done in a common room. That all work of caring for the various departments of the institution can be done by the co-operation of the students.

All lands not used for building purposes shall be used for cultivation of poultry, vegetables, fruits, bees, etc., by constructing hot-houses on a modern principle, discovered by Gen. J. C. Peck, as explained in Dr. Babbitt's "Principles of Light and Color," and tested and improved by myself. I can safely say that in any sunny climate we can be able to raise chickens, grapes, strawberries and garden produce in the dead of winter and without the aid of artificial heat. In this manner we can raise food to feed from one to five thousand persons the year round; since the only meat essential to good healthy systems can be had from the poultry industry, the expense of beef and pork could be done away with; and by having a tailor's shop and dressmaking establishment in connection with the institution we could save about one-third the cost of living. By having the co-operation of the students, all the work necessary in the different departments could be done.

While giving the students the double advantage of learning some trade, and at the same time to develop and educate themselves, the work of running the college would cost the association nothing but the cost of buildings, etc., has been paid for.

The buildings necessary for this work would be: One to contain sleeping rooms, kitchen, dining rooms, wash rooms, store room, cellar, bath rooms and other conveniences.

Another to contain a lecture hall, library and reading room, science room, rooms for physical and chemical study and demonstration—in connection with this a department for the study of the medical sciences, including the course of study that is taught in The College of Pine Forest, founded by Dr. Babbitt.

All these rooms can be lighted and warmed by electric power at a very small expense to the institution, and a saving of time and trouble.

Of course there are some who will say that this is more of an ideal than practical view, but I think that I know what I am talking about. Here in Joplin, Mo., I can get my room lighted by an incandescent light that costs me 50 cents a month and burns all night; the lights are furnished by a company that makes over one-third profit on that price, and that after all expenses are paid.

Again, if we can secure to the individual a better education and development, the more students there will be; especially if we give them more than they can get at other universities, or by themselves, and at less expense of time and trouble.

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THE BROCKWATTS.

THEY CREATE GREAT INTEREST AT PUEBLO, COLO.—INDEPENDENT WRITING IN A PURSE—REMARKABLE BOY.

Mrs. A. Brockway, the independent state-writing medium, and her son Charles, the seven-year experienced boy clairvoyant and platform test medium, quivered their meeting before about 400 people of Pueblo, Colo., asking their audience to rise and sing "Nearer, My God to Thee," after which prayer was offered by Mrs. Brockway appealing to the God above and the spirit-world. "The Sweet Bye and Bye" was then sung, after which followed a brief speech by Mrs. Brockway, which was in substance to the effect that Spiritualism was a true religion, full of truth, reason and splendor, more so than any creed. As one lives and dies so shall they be. An appeal was made to those present to live honest and pure lives if they desired a grand and noble success in the future.

She is a very earnest speaker and her whole soul seems to be in her work. She has a sweet voice and pleasant manner. On the blackboard was seen the following inscription: "When your names are called, please answer promptly as we will be able to answer more of the questions."

Tests were then made by the unrivaled Charles telling people all over the house about their first husbands and wives, and when a test was being made if the person did not answer the name (as the request on the blackboard stated), Charles, with the question in his hand, would go all over the hall trying to find the person who had written the question. It requiring much time, but with success. When Charles would become exhausted his mother would give a test. She called the name of Laura and asked her if she had a bill of sale of furniture. The reply came from a lady that she had. "You have a lock with a small chain attached to it in a pocket-book." The lady said she had. "Let me have it," said Mrs. Brockway, and ran down after the purse and held it in her hand so everyone could see that she did not name it, and had the lady come to the platform, take the purse and find independent writing within from the spirit. The lady, with trembling hands opened it, found the writing and read the same and great applause. She called another spirit and a lady by the name of Lena Lee. "Don't throw away your money; you will go to California this fall." A short poem on flowers was rendered by Mrs. Brockway while she was in the audience.

Charles took an envelope off the table and laid it down again. A voice from the audience called out, "Why don't you proceed with that question?" He replied "That the spirit would not come and that he had no power alone."

He next took another envelope and told the person that it contained questions relative to money, etc., and he answered. Many were the names called and questions answered. These are only a few examples of the wonderful power possessed by the mother and her son. It is more than money and money and time spent to spend a few hours in the company of the celebrated family.

GHOST LAND.

This remarkable book only needs to be read to be appreciated as a study of a second personal—in fact a study. Spiritualism has been the real theme of hundreds of books along different lines of scientific research. Right nobly of our great and enthusiastic minds of our cause flooded the whole world with literature, but no book of its size has yet been published that will compare with

GHOST LAND.

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ATTENTION, SPIRITUALISTS!

Will you not help the National Association to defend the Babe Willy Pitten hundred dollars are needed for the work. Will not fifteen hundred red crosses Spiritualists contribute one dollar each for this noble purpose? Let us have a prompt response, as the case will soon be tried.

LILIAN WHITING'S NEW BOOK.

Tells How All May Become Their Own Mediums.

A RECORD OF HER OWN REMARKABLE PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE AND AN ABLE EXPOSITION OF THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

This is the first time that a noted literary writer and author has given to the world a book written directly upon the Spiritual philosophy. Lilian Whiting has had the moral courage to do this, and the result is her new book entitled "After Her Death." It is the most brilliant gem I have yet seen in the vast field of psychic literature, and is a fitting sequel to "The World Beautiful," by this inspired author.

"After Her Death" reveals the source of "The World Beautiful." It was inspired or dictated by a friend of the author, who had passed through "the gates ajar," beyond the misty scenes and shadows of life material, and roamed the beautiful hills and vales of the morning land of life celestial.

Miss Whiting's style is of such a pleasing nature that one feels that they are living her life and experience as they read, and

"While pulling hard against the stream
The distant gates of Eden gleam."

The author takes as a text for her book a couplet by Emily Dickinson:

"This world is not conclusion,
A sequel lies beyond,
Invisible as music,
But positive as sound."

It is an open secret that the friend referred to in this little book is Miss Kate Field, whose portrait appears as the frontispiece, and who passed to spirit-life from Honolulu, after fifteen years' intimate acquaintance with the author of "After Her Death."

UNUSUAL PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE.

In her first chapter, entitled "What Lacks the Summer," the author tells how, on a voyage to Europe in the steamer "Pavonia" she was aroused at 4 o'clock a. m., by something like an electric shock, followed by an indistinct telepathic communication, which afterwards proved to be from a very dear friend on an island in the Pacific Ocean. The morning after this occurrence she arrived at Liverpool, and although she knew not the exact port of the message, she felt so depressed for the next two weeks that her tour through England and visit to France had no charms for her. At the end of that time she received a cablegram from America announcing her friend's transition at the very hour, considering difference in time, that she received the shock and indefinite message on the steamer. From the hour of receiving the cablegram she established telepathic communication with her friend on the spirit side, which became clearer and more rapid as time passed.

The second chapter is evidently named after William Watson's beautiful poem, entitled,

FROM INMOST DREAMLAND,

and these lines are quoted from the poem as a text:

"Thy voice from inmost dreamland calls;
The wastes of sleep thou makest fair;
Bright o'er the ridge of darkness falls
The cataract of thy hair."

"The morn renews its golden birth;
Thou with the vanished night doth fade,
And leav'st the ponderable earth
Less real than thy shade."

"PAST THE MORNING STAR."

is the title of the next chapter, which is introduced with the following suggestive texts:

"I look to see science prove immortality."—Kate Field.

"Such sweet communion had been ours
I prayed that it might never end.
My prayer is more than answered, now;
I have an angel for a friend."

In this chapter Miss Whiting asks her spirit friend, "How can you still convey to me the knowledge of your experience?" to which the spirit replied: "It rests with you, rather than with me."

"ONE WORLD AT A TIME CONSIDERED."

The author closes this chapter with the following argument with the one-world-at-a-time man or woman:

"There has often been quoted with the emphasis of applause the remark of some one who proposed to take 'one world at a time.' But where is the line to be drawn? Man has his twofold nature, the physical and the spiritual. The moment that he reads, thinks, transacts business, enters into social relations, he is acting, by necessity, the part of an inhabitant of the spiritual world. Thought, love, sympathy, intelligence—these all belong to his spiritual nature. If he is to take one world only, implying the world of the visible and the tangible, then he must merely eat, drink, and sleep. To think, to invent, to create, to conduct great enterprises, to hold social relations—all that is of the other world, which he who consistently takes 'one world at a time' must bar out from his life. The phrase is easily reduced to an absurdity. There are very few human beings who live exclusively in the 'one world.' The one who did so would be a monstrosity, for he would have to be devoid of mental power and social sympathies.

"To live the higher life is a method commended by all. What is the higher life but to live the life of the spirit, which is joy, peace, and love? To achieve the life of the spirit is to develop within ourselves those faculties which are in easy and natural communication with the faculties of those in the unseen. It is to come into spiritual correspondence with them."

"IN TWO WORLDS."

is the caption of the next chapter, which is introduced by another of William Watson's poems, as follows:

"Two worlds hast thou to dwell in, sweet,—
The virginal, untroubled sky,
And this vast region after my feet.
Alas, but one have I!"

"To all my songs there clings the shade,
The dulling shade of mundane care;
They amid mortal mists are made,
Thine, in immortal air."

The text for this chapter is taken from the prose works of the Poet Emerson:

"Our eyes are holden that we cannot see things that stare us in the face until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened. Then we behold them, and the time when we say them is not like a dream."

This is a most important chapter, as it deals with auto-suggestion, the "subconscious" or "subliminal self," etc. The author shows the "subconscious" self to be a misnomer. The proper term should be, the super-conscious self.

THE ASCETIC CONSIDERED.

On page 62 is the following sensible argument on this subject:

"The devotee who embraces the ascetic life seizes a fragment of the truth—that of overcoming the lower physical nature. But physical qualities held in due support of the powers of the spirit are not low. For instance, to dine for the mere pleasure of appetite is a propensity to overcome; but to dine for the reinforcement of bodily energies, that they may well sustain that instrument through which the spirit works, is a factor in the higher life. It is a life that is lived by considering the body an instrument—as the temple of the indwelling spirit—to be kept in health and in harmony, in sup-

port of the spiritual purposes of accomplishment, of aspiration, of the fulfillment of duties, the radiation of noble and true influence. So living, spirit will respond to spirit, both from the Seen and the Unseen."

The closing paragraph of this chapter is a prophecy which is full of encouragement for us, considering that it comes from such a high authority in the world of literature as Miss Whiting:

"The curiously misleading phraseology of death as 'going into the dark,' and 'the terror of the unknown,' and 'the land of shadows' will soon be obsolete. Humanity will recognize the higher truth."

"Distant Gates of Eden" is the title of the next chapter, which is introduced by these suggestive quotations:

ELECTRICITY AND PSYCHIC FORCE.

"The connection between electricity and psychic force is a subject of singular interest; and the tendency of facts already known goes far to prove that they are connected. . . . Each force in nature is the servant of the next above it. Mechanics lends itself to chemistry; chemistry to electricity; electricity to psychic force. And those are but the outer gates to the vital forces entrusted to a higher range of spiritual existence."

"Who, rowing hard against the stream,
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam."

"In our definitions we grope after the spiritual by describing it as invisible. The true meaning of spiritual is real."—Emerson.

As the texts would suggest, this chapter is given to a scientific elucidation of spiritual communication and the analogies between spiritual and material science. It opens with this pointed illustration:

"Communication is the supreme test of civilization. The higher its degree, the finer its quality, the more easy and swift are the methods of communication. . . . As the scale of life ascends, the range of communication increases, and its subjects multiply."

"UNTO MY HEART THOU LIVEST SO," is the caption of the next chapter, which is suggestive, though not descriptive of its contents. It is introduced with a beautiful poem, of which the last three lines must suffice here:

"Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb;
And somewhere still there may be valleys dim
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime."

The following lines are used as the author's text:

"Sometimes wherever I may go
Unto my heart thou livest so,
I marvel if the forms I meet,
The speech I hear, be Time's deceit.
If witnessless and silence screen
More life than can be heard and seen."

It is in this chapter that Miss Whiting gives the following remarkable experiences with the medium who was afterwards made famous through the Psychological Research Society as the one who first satisfactorily demonstrated to its more skeptical members the fact of a continued life beyond this by incontrovertible tests:

"Still, while the phenomena are less important than the unerring perceptions of intuition and spiritual recognition, it would be ignorance or falsehood to deny that there is definite and authentic communication between one in this world and one in the world beyond made possible by the peculiar organization of certain persons termed mediums, or psychics. One of these had prophesied to me, a number of years ago, that I should go to Europe with the friend referred to in these pages. Two years later the same prophecy from the same psychic was repeated. At that time it had grown more improbable than even at first, and, remarking on this to the medium, the reply was, 'It will be; I see you there together.'"

"It was on the June Sunday that I sat by the grave of Mrs. Browning in the English cemetery at Florence, that this prophecy flashed upon my remembrance. That she went to the higher life the very day of my landing at Liverpool; that all the story here narrated had been lived; that I had been so curiously conscious of her presence and companionship in a way that had increased constantly, were facts that, to the most incredulous mind, could not but have been startling."

"On returning from Europe, I communicated this prophecy, and the curious coincidence of date, at least, if not (as I believe) the fulfillment of it, to Dr. Richard Hodgson, the eminent and critical scholar and thinker who is the secretary of the Society of Psychic Research. Dr. Hodgson was impressed by it, and promised that I should again have a 'sitting' with the psychic, whom I had not seen for a number of years and who, in the mean time, had come to be under the auspices of the Society and could only be seen by official permission. Professor James, of Harvard University, Prof. Sidgwick, of Cambridge, England, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, and other learned men had studied and tested this psychic, and the result was a conviction that the phenomena which occurred through her were inexplicable on any other theory than that of communication from those in the life just beyond. By Dr. Hodgson's courtesy I went to this lady for a sitting, which has subsequently been followed by several others. On the first occasion there were written (through the automatic writing of the psychic) some two hundred pages signed with the name of the friend referred to in this book. But the signature was as unmistakable a feature in the communication itself as is the signature of any personal letter from a familiar friend. Not only various characteristic forms of expression, strong individualities, and allusions, and circumstances were evident; but besides a clear and rational explanation of a matter that had been perplexing was given—an explanation involving the story of an event of which I, at the time, had never heard, with its place, time, and participants all written out, and which afterward, I learned from one of the persons involved, to have been entirely correct. Still, however remarkable was the nature of this first interview, it is hardly to be compared to subsequent ones. In fact, the narration of all these up to the present time would offer a story to test the credulity of any one; and still—and it is this fact which is the key-note of the book, which is my reason d'être for writing it at all—still, this entire story of the several long communications received through this psychic, is one that is, by its very nature,

"PROVABLE BEFORE ANY TRIBUNAL."

"Let any jury of fair and intelligent men—with no predilections in favor of the possibility of its truth, but who were simply intelligent and just—let any such jury be called, and the communications themselves be submitted, and the living witnesses called who could, and would corroborate assertions, allusions, and circumstances, and the verdict of authenticity and genuineness would be inevitable."

"In no wise am I a special leader for the thing called Spiritualism. In common with all sincere persons my only desire is to perceive and to believe the truth."

"To relate here the story of this train of evidences would require an octavo volume; and also, as will readily be recognized, such a narrative would be of too personal a nature to quite admit of public record. Still, while personal, it is not, necessarily, private. The life and deeds of a woman simple, noble, truthful, sincere, great in heart and in mind, does not involve secrets, so to speak. One may have scruples of delicacy against relating matters which are, after all, open enough to every one interested."

"On one occasion I asked her the question, 'Can you read writing—ordinary manuscript?' The reply was: 'Of course I can, but I can read your soul better. I see your thoughts most clearly.' Again the question was asked, 'Can you—the spiritual beings in the spiritual world—read our books—the general literature here?' To which was replied: 'No, dear, not exactly, yet the idea is understood by you.' 'Can you hear me if I read aloud to you?' 'Yes, perfectly. Speaking aloud has an effect. It reaches us better and clearer.' 'Is the other life as

different from our life as we have thought?' 'Oh, no, dear; it is just like going from one room into another. It is so beautiful, and there is such freedom and clearness of thought.' 'I never struggle with my own mind here. And the traveling is delightful. The sensation of riding through the air is delicious.' 'Is the communication between you and myself more direct than is usual between two who live on the different planes—the Seen and the Unseen?' 'Yes, it may be said to be, because there are few persons who are so near each other.' At one sitting the spirit friend took the initiative and wrote: 'Dearest —, come near to me and answer a few questions.' The questions were asked—regarding the disposition of certain affairs, and other matters—showing as clear memory and perception of events and circumstances as would have been shown had the friends met in this world after a separation."

The title of the last chapter is suggested by these beautiful lines, which are used as a text:

"ACROSS THE WORLD I SPEAK TO THEE."

"Across the world I speak to thee;
Whether in yonder star thou be
A spirit loosed in purple air;
Whether beneath the tropic tree
The cooling night-wind fans thy hair—
Whether in yonder star thou be,
Across the world I speak to thee.
Send thou a messenger to me."

This chapter is so full of truth and beauty, and of prophecy of the immediate acceptance of our truths by science, that to give its key-note would be to copy it in toto. However, in this concluding chapter Miss Whiting makes the following

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT:

"Richard Hodgson, LL.D., the Secretary of the Society for Psychic Research, is now engaged in a series of researches whose results he will duly publish, and which will give to the world a clear, definite and scientifically-attested knowledge of the conditions of the next life, which will be practically a new revelation. It has been my privilege to read these almost daily as his work has gone on; and when they are published, the work will be of as marked importance to the conduct of life as was Newton's Principia to the progress of science."

All honor to the brave Lilian Whiting, for having broken the ice for her coteries of literary writers to follow. It only required one of the critical literati to take the initiative, others to follow in the wake, and after them will come the masses, while Dr. Hodgson's book will break down the barriers of science to investigation."

This year, which completes the semi-centennial of the spiritual era, is fraught with many signs of the new day that is to dawn; when the full sun-burst of spiritual light, with its universal brotherhood will break upon the nations of earth.

ERNEST S. GREEN.

"After Her Death," the book noticed above, is for sale at the office of The Progressive Thinker. Price, \$1.

FRATERNITY.

"Lo, the Poor Indian."

Why stand we apart with our work in the vineyard
Since God's every child has its mission to fill,
Oh! why not go forward like brothers and sisters
Forever united in earnest good will?

Are we not children of one Divine Father
Whose blessings into us incessantly flow,
And should we not follow our Father's example
By lovingly bestowing what we can bestow?

The pathways of progress have not fastened gateways,
Nor ever rewarded a soul that moves on,
For if diving, precept is blended with practice,
There never is lacking a victory won.

But while words of kindness may often be spoken,
Who of us all with their meaning express?
Who will go forth with the olive-branch token
With only the motive to love and to bless?

Who will go forth in the armor of kindness
To lead the poor wanderer from pathways of sin?
Search out the souls that are groping in blindness
And find them a refuge and welcome them in?

Who will go forth in the work of redemption
And glory at taking their stand in the van,
With purpose of lending such aid in the effort
As courage undaunted and worth only can?

Speech may be uttered and echoes repeat it,
But action will have its undimmed refrain;
And heaven cometh down to the soul that is greeted
By angelic anthems that come to remain.

Oh! then, are we striving to merit those anthems?
Do we all worship at love's sacred shrine?
Will it appear when the life-book is opened
That we have all acted with purpose divine?

Is there no "hunt-ground" or home for the Indian
In all the wide forests or fields of the earth,
And must his pale brother who claims to be Christian
Deprive him of all he inherits by birth?

Is that the precept ordained by Jehovah?
That going forth to God's altar and shrine?
That in accord with the gospel of Jesus
The angel-trod pathway—O, brother mine?

Are not God's children wherever they may be
All the recipients of His divine care?
And should not the red man, the child of the forest
Be justly awarded his God-given share?

The trees of the forest have no altercation,
But stand in their order as if they were one;
Their roots and their branches make progress together,
Until their great work of the temple is done.

Aye, worlds upon worlds are all chanting their anthems
As sweetly as seraphs their melodies sing;
And if we are chiefest of all things created,
Should offerings be less than that we have to bring?

Oh! if we look upward for wisdom and guidance,
How quickly the angels respond to our call
Using forever their utmost endeavor
To wait their sweet minstrelsy down to us all!

They would that we review the lives we are living
And pause but sufficient to see where we stand;
To see if the gifts that our souls purpose giving
Are surely the gifts of "the heart in the hand."

They point to the sunshine, the rain, and the dewdrops,
And call us to note how the God-gifts are given;
Alike unto all and forever continued
As always our Father is smiling from heaven.

They ever assure us that we are God's children,
With special appointments for each one to fill;
And therefore should always as earnest co-workers
Go lovingly forward in kindest good will.

They tell us the star-gems that sparkle above us,
All glowing with glory in acting their part,
Are asking us truly to be more fraternal
With shoulder to shoulder and heart pulse to heart.

For 'tho' in God's wisdom our missions are varied,
Our heart's best emotions should still be the same,
And all hallowed kindness from one to another
Should be the blest object at which we should aim.

DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

Every taste may be corrupted by habit. A man may get so accustomed to an offensive atmosphere that he will stop his nose in passing a garden of jessamines and violets.

THE SECOND SELF.

Explanation of the Phenomenon.

NO SUCH THING AS A SECOND SELF.

To the Editor:—First permit me to say to the timid reader that being a person of extreme liberal views, I shall not coerce him into a compliance with the following ideas which are the somewhat careful result of some forty years' anxious thought. If we stare the proposition as to the existence of another self, squarely in the face, we shall find ourselves vis-a-vis with a transparent absurdity.

Prima facie, how can a single brain give rise to two individualities? We hear much talk about the double construction of a physical brain, as though that fact made possible the existence of two personalities. I suppose on the same theory when times are good and everything is prosperous, all looks bright because we are seeing with the right eye, but when everything looks blue, we see with the left eye, and are hence visually (!) speaking, two different persons! See? Now when combativeness is excited we may be justly called a bad egg; but under the benign influences of the Christian religion we become a kind of subliminal self—way up yonder! Now I think this may all go to show we are as many selves as we have phenomenal organs.

I have read all I can get hold of from the pens of Richd. Janet and others, as well as the apings of the pseudo philosophers and writers who have paid largely for a big reputation, but I have become more and more satisfied that we are single entities with varying mental properties. Let me illustrate. Possibly for a week a student wrestles with a gigantic mathematical problem. At each successive effort he becomes entangled in a maze of curves, angles and planes until he loses the thread of the argument—perhaps like the writer—begins from a new standpoint, to reach again simply by a new path the wilderness of inefficient despair. Let us follow the possible result. The mathematical faculty of that student is now excited to a state of feverish unrest. During his work his other faculties have all been awake and unobediently taking a hand in. The faculties of perception have distracted his attention from intricate points of the work. Reflection has withdrawn his attention to some sober thought in other fields; acquisitiveness nudged his elbow and called his attention to business. Now he is in a proper condition for the rousing of the so-called other self. Let us watch the process. As sleep approaches all the other faculties become oblivious, and mathematics restless and feverish sways the scepter alone. Automaton-like he rises from his bed, takes his pencil, with interruption proceeds with the work, solves the problem and lies down again when the mathematical faculty joins the nocturnal rest of its neighbors. In the morning—"wonderful case of double consciousness!" Professor Quickman shows how it was done by a different self, instead of truthfully pointing to the supernatural condition of one special faculty.

A timid youth (it may be) rises in his sleep and goes forth and climbs the church tower from the outside; he walks upon the roof which has so sharp a pitch that even the most experienced carpenter would not venture upon it. "Evidence of another self!" Simply told, his weak points of fear were in oblivion; his combativeness, destructiveness and balancing faculties were aroused (for the feat will always show that in such cases the somnambule mind is not a well-balanced structure). These faculties forced him to perform these feats. Let it be observed that notwithstanding repeated assertions to the contrary, no somnambule ever performed a feat which he could not do when awake if he only possessed perfect confidence. Take the case of climbing the "dizzy heights," walking on the steep roof. If you ever become acquainted with the sleep walker, dear reader, you will find that if the church tower could be placed on the ground he could easily climb it in his wakeful moments, as could many a street urchin. The same is true of the steep roof. In all these cases, and in any conceivable case, the favorable faculties for the feat are excited, while those that would impede are sleeping. Thus the writer feels well satisfied that he is only one person, and hence does not fear that death will divide him up into a series of personalities, and eventually dissipate his individuality.

These ideas will call down the wrath and contempt—possibly—of those whose fort lies in the propagation of sensationalisms. So, Mr. Editor, for the present suppress my name which is,

B. R. ANDERSON.

Monkey or Man?

To the Editor:—The question must come to the observant and intelligent if the actions of some people are those worthy of our kind, or of the ape whose exploits are only imitative? This thought has been suggested by reading an editorial in a so-called spiritual paper, wherein the writer deprecates the existence of our lyciums, and advocates a return to the religious Sunday-school. To cap the climax of idiotic suggestion, the base of all instruction is to be made on that of a personal God who can hear and see the children, and thus through the use of these personal attributes cause them to have a wholesome fear of him as a means of keeping them in the straight and narrow orthodox way.

Is it possible we have come to this? When we pay our money for a spiritual paper to have truth presented to those who would learn, that in place of bread is given a stone? Here is an unblushing proposal to return to that which has forged chains of misery on the millions; to use falsehood as a means of befouling the minds of the innocent; and to use fear—the lowest of all agencies ever brought to bear upon the human mind, as a means of education. The article goes farther to condemn individual unfoldment, and in its place to keep back the child and teach it the one lesson of obedience.

I feel that everyone who has been made free from the superstitions of the past through mental pain and suffering, must realize that they have been offered a humiliating insult in having that which is worse than trash in this way presented for their consideration; and for myself, I must protest against such representation of Spiritualism to the reading public.

H. W. BOOZER.

Bulwer says that "death often changes aversion to love." Certainly it does; we may have an antipathy to sheep and swine, and yet love mutton and pork.

THE NEW CYCLE

To the Editor:—Your New Cycle THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has entered upon is grand. I am glad you are to reprint so able a work as that produced by Emma Hardinge Britten. It is indeed WONDERFUL how you can do so much for your patrons. I congratulate you on your ability to manage, and your generosity in bestowing blessings.

Emma Rood Tuttle.

Berlin Heights, Ohio.

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This work is one that every one should read. It bears throughout with rare clearness of thought, practical as well as profound. There is something beautiful in every sentence, and every startling conclusion is based on the author's favorite study, Sanskrit French, and is based on Spiritism. Hudson Tuttle, of Berlin Heights, Ohio, gives an interesting sketch of the author's life.

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The readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will remember the story told by the late Mrs. Hudson Tuttle, which was published in its columns. At the time, constant inquiries were made as to its appearance in book form. This volume is the result of the author's study of the subject, and is a most interesting and valuable work. It is a book that will strengthen the conviction of the free mind that mind and senses are not a whole of life. The chapters reveal a new method in psychic and spiritual research. They show vivid glimpses of a stupendous moral conflict that will sweep the world, and that only veritable tenets can survive, and the childhood period of faith and fancy will be superseded by knowledge and facts. For sale at this Office.

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Which is the Result of Angelic Culture.

A BOY OF SIX WISER BY FAR THAN THE AVERAGE MAN OF FORTY—HE ANSWERS QUESTIONS THAT WOULD PUZZLE OLDER HEADS—HE IS A WONDERFUL MUSICIAN, AND IS INCLINED TO BE PIOUS—HOW GENIUSES AND PRODIGES ARE PRODUCED.

To the Editor:—Occasionally the world is startled by a genius being ushered into existence. Such an occurrence is not an accident, but is the systematic result of the favorable workings of nature's forces, assisted by wise angels who wish to make a deep impression on the earth by some special work which they have in view. There never was a genius like Beethoven who was not the direct and specific outgrowth of angelic care and culture. The subject of this sketch is no exception to the general rule. Whatever his environments, he is a medium nevertheless, and by the painstaking care of the angels, he is ushered into the world and is regarded as a genius. As set forth in the Chicago Herald, Florizel Fabrice Valdane Renter—this is the name of a wonder child. Children of extraordinary talent have appeared so rapidly of late years that they have ceased to be a novelty or attract especial attention. The world, once so charitable in its judgment of the solo efforts of childhood, is growing critical of even the divinest genius in youth, and any talent save that verging upon the uncouthly is deemed ordinary. It is an era of smart children. The present decade has witnessed the flashing into view of more marvelously talented children than the previous 100 years. Joseph Hoffman, Otto Hegner, Gussie Cottlow, Elsa Breidl, Huberman, George Bass, Norman Trumpp, Ernest Wagner and Blatchford Kavanagh are but a few prominent examples. To-day little Duffrense, a 10-year-old violinist, and Henry Kartum, a tiny Russian tot of 6 years, pianist, are astonishing Paris, and a Russian baby pianist of 4 years, named Altschuler, is exciting wonder in the czar's dominions. Scarcely a week passes but some child of unusual talent is brought to me for an opinion, and not a few of them promise to achieve rank with the world's greatest child wonders, and would achieve it, were it not for two serious obstacles nearly always present—the lack of means to cultivate their gifts, and a lack of good, common sense on the part of the parents. I verily believe that more divine talent among children is blighted and comes to naught through the senseless and incessant exploiting of their embryonic gifts by their parents than from all other causes combined.

MOST VERSATILE OF CHILD WONDERS. But of all those who have achieved or might achieve distinction, their gifts lie in one, or at most, two directions. In versatility of talent Florizel Renter eclipses them all. Only six years ago he opened his blue eyes to this big world, but what wonders he has accomplished! He is first a violinist. Three years ago he began practicing upon a tiny quarter-sized instrument. Only recently has his hand grown large enough to use a half-sized violin. To-day he plays with astonishing facility such pieces as De Beriot's first and ninth concertos; "La Melancolie" Prume; twenty-third concerto, Vioti; "Petite Tambour," David, and Alard's "Faust" fantasia, and he plays them with a correctness of intonation, accuracy and artistic abandon that leaves the hearer speechless with amazement. Violin obligatos to songs he likewise plays with sympathetic and artistic feeling. To Max Bendix he is indebted for his knowledge of the violin, for this master loves him as his own child. He studies piano with Fanny Bloomfield Zuisler, who is also deeply interested in him. On witnessing his marvelous gifts I was only too happy to join my talented conferees in their labor of love, and undertook the development of his voice and his instruction in harmony and musical analysis. This afforded exceptional opportunities for study of the child's rare powers of mind in many directions, and each interview only added to my wonderment.

He composes for the violin little pieces which shows his grasp of ideas. One is a "Kaiser March," describing the approach and passage of the German army; another is "The Witches Dance," in which he imitates many of the instruments in the orchestra—the violin, viola, cello, piccolo, flute, clarinet, oboe and bassoon—all in their proper pitch and key. "Mosses in the Burushes" is the name he has given to a cradle song evolved from his own little head. These pieces betray no evidence of imitation or reminiscences of other compositions.

REMARKABLE HISTORIC GIFTS. He draws with remarkable accuracy pictures of ships, birds, butterflies, animals, trees and ideal heads. He recites with a fire and intelligence incomprehensible in one so young "Barbara Frietche," "Sheridan's Ride," Scott's "Lady of the Lake," Eugene Field's poems and whole scenes from Shakespeare's tragedies. In recitations he has had no instructions. The flash of the eye, the quivering frame, the imperious gesture, the ringing voice and the stamp of the foot or the whispered pathos are merely untaught nature. Developed on this line he might take high rank as an actor, for his histrionic gifts are undeniable.

He knows the names of more of the bones of the human body than many boys who have been through their physiology. This knowledge he acquired by studying skeletons with the parts properly labeled. He delights in machinery, and knows by name the parts of both stationary engines and locomotives. Nature is an open book to him. The natural history departments of the Field Museum are favorite resorts, and a wondering crowd often follows him, astonished at his uncanny and seemingly intuitive knowledge of zoology. He knows the correct Latin names of nearly all of our native birds, and can describe their nests, eggs and habits. He has an exceptional knowledge of the strange animals of Africa and South America, saying nothing of those more familiar. He goes butterfly hunting and can give the name, both Latin and popular, of forty varieties of the gorgeous beauties, their haunts and habits. Some one asked the name of a mounted bird in my house, and I replied that it was a yellow hammer. "No, that's a flicker," said he, "another name for it."

The more one inquires into this child's mental gifts the more is one astonished at his knowledge. It matters little upon what subject he is questioned, he has an amount of information that defies analysis. In geography, zoology, mythology, history, local and foreign, machinery, music or literature, he is widely informed. Not but that there are branches upon which he has not yet read, but the reach of his information is amazing.

WIDE SCOPE OF HIS KNOWLEDGE.

His answers to questions, put at random, are prompt and accurate. Here are a few:
How many bones have you in your body?
How many in your trunk, and how many ribs?
When and where did the Mayflower land?
When and where was the first battle of the revolution fought?
When did the great Lisbon earthquake occur?
When and where were the following composers born, and when did they die: Mozart, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Chopin, Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, Gounod, Brahms, Paganini, Handel, Haydn, etc.?
How many ships were given Columbus and by whom?
Which one did Columbus sail in?
Who discovered the Mississippi River, and when?
Name the capitals of the foreign countries and of the states in the Union.
Name the cities where there are catacombs.
Give the stories of Mercury, Pegasus, Jupiter, Clytie, Iphero and Leander, Endymion, Pan, Nemesis, Mars and the nine muses.
Where is the largest bell, the oldest lighthouse, the

longest iron bridge and the longest tunnel in the world?
What are the highest mountain ranges in Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America?

What is the largest city in the United States, founded by whom, and when?

Name and locate the largest river, ocean and lake in the world.

Who invented the sewing machine, steamboat, steam engine, telephone and phonograph?

Where did Grace Darling live and what did she do?

Give dates of birth and death of Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington and principal incidents in their lives.

Name a dozen generals of the civil war.

What is the largest cataract in the world, the largest city, the highest mountain peak and principal volcanoes?

Name the animals peculiar to Africa and South America.

Describe the difference between an Indian elephant and an Asiatic.

Give the names of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and the Presidents of the United States, with dates of their birth and death.

Name the justices of the United States Supreme Court, the rulers of foreign countries and forms of government.

All these questions he not only correctly answers and hundreds more, but correctly spells all answers when requested. Memorization and spelling are but one mental operation. "But how did he acquire all this?" the reader will ask. Principally by reading. He forgets nothing that he reads or hears, and he is always asking questions for information. There is no mental effort expended to remember these thousand and one things. Once read or heard the facts stick, with no apparent effort. There is no cramming or coaching for show purposes. In fact, his mother needs constantly to take his book from him and drive him out to play for needed exercise and mental rest. For children's play he cares little. He is the happiest in the society of his elders, for of them he is always expecting to learn something new.

His book is his constant companion. Sometimes it is Greek tragedies, sometimes Shakespeare, again the story of the "Ring of the Nibelungen." When his mother objected to his taking his book always with him when leaving home, this Dr. Faust of 5 years replied: "Why, mamma, I waste so much time on the street cars!" Here is a specimen of the literature this marvel reads from choice: First of all, the Bible; Murray's "Manual of Mythology," Bennett Johns' "Among the Butterflies," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales," Irving's "Sketch Book" and "Wolfert's Roost," Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," Musgrave's "Birds and Butterflies," Hudson's "British Birds," Upton's "Standard Operas and Symphonies," "Poem of the Ring of the Nibelungen," by Dippold; Scott's "Lady of the Lake," Byron's "Child Harold" and "Prisoner of Chillon," Tennyson's "May Queen" and "Locksley Hall," explorations of Livingstone and Stanley, Shakespeare's "Macbeth," "Merchant of Venice," "Julius Caesar," poems of Poe, Holmes, Whittier and Eugene Field, and biographies of musicians, artists, statesmen, great generals and characters in history. Each month he reads McClure's, Scribner's, The Century, Cosmopolitan, Harper's, Atlantic, Munsey's and Lippincott's. Studer's immense illustrated work, "Birds of North America," presented to him by Lyman J. Gage, is his special delight.

When asked what he wanted for Christmas, his answer was characteristic: "I want books and books, some nice china and bric-a-brac, a bust of Wagner, a statue of Mercury, a cuckoo clock, a new box to put my violin in, a Christmas tree and some more books and a choir badge, and a pretty new blanket to wrap my violin baby in." Florizel is also an interested reader of the daily papers. He first notes the leading events, then turns to the musical and dramatic columns and reads them entire.

The little midget talks with a dignified and stately utterance that makes one want to pinch him to see if he is really flesh and blood. He never says "Yes," "No," "Huh," and the various degrees of grunts with which most children express their affirmatives and negatives. His answers are couched in irreproachable form, such as "I do," "I think so," "It is, indeed," etc. Grammatically, his speech is intuitively correct, and he is quick to correct others in slips at variance from Lindley Murray's standard. Once when he had begun to read "Paul Revere's Ride" in his Fifth Reader, I asked him to tell me the story. "Tell it in your own words," I said, almost unconsciously using simple words adapted to the primer age of childhood. I shall never cease to be amused at the implied reproof of his reply that I should simplify the request to suit his tender age, when he said with great dignity, "I do not think I can repeat it in my own language."

EXHIBITIONS OF HIS GENIUS.

One of little Florizel's best friends and admirers is Chicago's first citizen, Lyman J. Gage, secretary of the treasury. Mr. Gage never wearies of the company of the wonder child, and has had him at his house many times. On one occasion, a year ago, a number of prominent men in different professions—doctors, lawyers, clergymen and newspaper men—were invited by Mr. Gage to see him. A three hours' test was given him, questions being asked upon every conceivable subject. All were answered in a way that amazed the savants present. Medical examination immediately after betrayed neither mental excitement nor physical fatigue, pulse and temperature being normal. The questions and answers were stenographically reported and written out and now form a part of permanent record of the Society of Psychical Research in London.

He cares absolutely nothing for money, only so far as it may bring comforts to his mother or advance his musical aspirations. Of his adored friend, the secretary of the treasury, he said: "I'd like Mr. Gage just as well if he lived in a little flat as I do, and I should not be afraid to say so then." In disposition he is dutiful, and worships his mother with a faith and constancy beautiful to behold. It might seem that such intellectuality would crowd out the sweet fragrance of a child's trusting love for those who are kind to them, but affection is one of his most noticeable traits of character. His lessons with me are constantly punctuated with little hugs and kisses. After one of these demonstrations he convulsed me by saying: "We're a passionate couple, aren't we?" At another time he said: "Do you know, I think that you and I are going to become great friends?"

When he was two years old his mother took him to the World's Fair. It was an inspiration, and to this day he loves to talk of what he saw there. In every case he can tell in what building he saw a certain exhibit. Reading political and temperance speeches is a favorite pastime with him. He is an ardent adherent of President McKinley. Once, when allowed to choose which he would hear, a temperance lecture or a political speech, he chose the latter, because, as he said, "I am for temperance anyhow." After reading a description of an earthquake he tried to depict its horrors on his little violin. The shaking of the earth he represented with a tremolo on the G string, the screaming of the people with chromatics on the high E, while the D string described the falling of the buildings.

REMARKABLE MUSICAL TALENT.

It is well-nigh impossible to say which of his gifts is the greatest. Each one as it is revealed seems to outshine the others. Perhaps it is his musical talent which will excite the greatest wonder, even though in this direction there are hundreds of children remarkably gifted. His knowledge of absolute pitch is certain. With his back turned to the piano he can correctly name keys struck singly or in combination. At a concert he will tell the key in which a piece is being played or sung. All sounds of nature are to him musical, and their pitch and quality are instantly classified. The notes of birds, the lowing of cattle or the sighing of the wind are all musical tones of definite pitch. When he hears the wind whistling down the chimney he will say: "Listen! The wind is blowing in G! Now it has gone up to E!" His violin is his idol—his "baby," as he calls it. He

knows not when to stop when practicing, and often cries when his devoted and thoughtful mother takes it away from him. He never tires of his music, and once when I had given him a two hours' rehearsal (with intervals of rest, of course), he kept bitterly because he could not go on for another hour. The ordinary sports of children have few attractions for him. When his little violin is taken from him he reads, writes letters, composes, draws locomotives, ships and articles of furniture, sketches any guest that happens to be present, or builds organs. This last is a favorite occupation. There are never less than four manuals and pedals, with ninetins for pipes, dominoes for keys, and architectural blocks for foot pedals. His passion for the pipe organ dates from a few lessons I gave him. As far as a knowledge of the scheme of the instrument goes, one lesson was sufficient, for in the first one he mastered the specification of the entire instrument with a lightning-like grasp that baffled my comprehension. Weeks afterward he had it clearly in his mind and could tell without hesitation the number and names of the manuals, the number and names of the stops in the swell organ, great organ, solo organ and pedal organ, with their respective one qualities, whether string, flute, reed or diapason, and their pitches, whether 16, 8, 4 or 2 foot tone—all acquired at the first lesson. When the foot pedals were explained to him, alas! the tiny legs could not reach them. The next instant the elfin organist had jumped down upon them, pushed the organ bench back and played them correctly by walking around on them, his fingers clutching at the ivory keys on a level with his chin to fill out the necessary harmony to the fundamental bass rolled out by the tiny little feet. It was the story of the young Mozart over again, when at 6 years, a year older than Florizel was at the time referred to, he frightened the monks in the monastery on the Danube by going into the deserted chapel and rolling out the deep tones in precisely the same way, while Father Mozart filled the bellows.

PREFERS WAGNERIAN OPERAS.

In music as in literature his taste is only for the highest. He once asked to see my scores of the Wagner operas. When asked which one he wanted, he said: "I prefer the Götterdämmerung." And to see this baby feverishly turn the leaves and pore over the intricate score of the Kleinmichel edition, reading the strange story and deciphering the motives, was a scene for historian and artist. Since then the Wagner scores are his first thought when the lesson is done. I wrote out some thirty or more of the leading motives of the "Ring of the Nibelungen" for him. These he quickly learned by playing them on his violin. Once learned they were never forgotten, and are immediately recognized and named when he hears them in the opera or orchestra concerts. Such remark by a child of 5 years as "That's the Ring motive," or "That's the Symphonic motive," singled out of a mass of orchestration by his acute ear are indeed cause for astonishment of those who sit near.

He lives in the characters of the Wagner operas. Once at my house he said: "That's Brunhilde's chair. Brunhilde is sitting right there." He has set aside a certain chair for Brunhilde, another for Wotan, another for Siegfried, and so on, and these chairs he wants no one to sit in, lest they sit down on the living characters of the operas. He recites page after page of the librettos of the operas, and at home scarcely a day passes but he gives a performance of "Die Walkyrie," "Siegfried" or "Götterdämmerung," himself personating the several characters of Wotan, Mime Siegfried and Hagen. When a male friend happened in the midst of "Siegfried" Florizel took the part of Brunhilde and invested his friend with the part of his hero, Siegfried, with instructions to wake him up with a kiss, which must be very, very long. It was in the sword forging song that the baby cut his finger on Siegfried's sword. Like the little philosopher that he is, he said: "Mamma, don't worry. I don't think God will take my finger. Well, if he does and I cannot play the violin, I can be a great artist and book writer." When he read in the dispatches that Frau Klaysky was dead, he was grief-stricken, and wore a black mourning badge for her for several days, and spoke of her only with tears in his blue eyes.

HIS FIRST HEARING OF THE "MESSIAH."

Last Christmas I took the little wonder to hear "The Messiah" for the first time, and watched the effect of its glorious music upon his sensitive ear. He fairly writhed with delight. After "For Unto Us a Child is Born" he said: "Oh, that 'Wonderful Counselor!' It just went all over me at that place." When the violins commenced their scintillating introduction to the solo, "And Suddenly There Was With the Angel a Multitude of the Heavenly Host," his serious face lighted up with a radiant smile, as he said: "That represents the angels coming." Anon he would exclaim: "I fascinate me," "I feel it all over me," "Oh, how lovely."

Here is the little elf's discriminating criticism of Van Oordt: "I thought he played very nicely, nearly as well as Rivarde, not quite so well as Ondrick, and not anywhere near as well as Sauret and Marsick. His tone was sweet, but not large enough, and it sounded muffled." When his praises are sung in his presence he hears not a word. Self-consciousness is unknown to him. When asked if he can play the violin, he says: "Oh, a little bit." Difficult places in his music he likens to "Christian's" experiences in "Pilgrim's Progress." "That's my 'Hill of Difficulty,'" said he—"learning to play as good as Paganini!"

When his mother entreats him to stop practicing and rest awhile he replies: "Well, it isn't as good as Marsick's, and I won't stop until I get it just as good." And when the hard violin passages are refractory and won't come right after repeated attempts, the little midget out of pure vexation bites his bow hand and sometimes strikes himself until he is black and blue.

Some of his favorite piano pieces are Liszt's "Campanella," Chopin's etudes and the dreamy nocturne in G. Carreno played the Schubert-Tausig "Marche Militaire" expressly for Florizel in her last request program while here. The little fellow went home, and after several attempts flung himself from the piano stool to the floor in a fit of vexation, because he could not play it as well as she did. He has played for Haller, Gregorowitch, Sauret, Ondrick and Marsick. The latter two are his ideals, but none can displace in his estimation his master, Max Bendix, to whom he owes his violin education.

DEVOUT IN HIS RELIGION.

With all the marvelous gifts and versatility of this fascinatingly interesting child, there is yet one side more quaintly beautiful than all others—his religious nature. He is an intensely devout little Christian. Last winter, while in charge of the music at Grace church, I received Florizel into the choir. It was a new world to him, and the inborn cravings of his heart for religious expression were at last satisfied. The beautiful ritual, the music, the solemn professionals and recessionalists and the snowy vestments all seemed to be something his artistic soul had sought in vain. The creed, which has staggered older minds, was a stumbling block. "I think I am getting old enough to join the church," he said, "but perhaps I cannot, because I do not believe all of the creed. I don't believe the part where it says 'Christ descended into hell.'"

He has daily "choir services" at home, from robing bell to recessional hymn. He is priest, choir, soloist and organist all in one. His processional cross he drapes in white, and a church calendar does duty as a banner. If friends happen in he insists upon their joining in his "service." Everything about it is seriousness itself, and he is mortally offended if anyone talks. Once he said to his mother, when she was obliged to call him, "You are very wicked to interfere with God's service." The Sunday after Easter his service at home lasted three hours. He sang the "Venite," "Te Deum" and "Gloria" and hymns in which he was the choir, and took the part of the minister at the holy communion. To him it was real, and he entered into it with deep feeling. He is very careful to

choose hymns appropriate to the seasons, and is particularly about the proper colors for his altar. He composed a kyrie, gloria, tibi and gloria patri, which I found were in correct form and as good as the majority of those in the service book. Twenty minutes is the time required for his prayers before going to bed. He makes this a combination of evening prayer and petitions for his friends. None who is dear to him is ever forgotten. At one time when a comrade in the choir to whom he was devotedly attached was sick, he read the prayer for the afflicted, and added: "Lord, spare thy servant, spare thy choir boy; he's a good choir boy." When a friend goes away on a business trip he prays for his success in business affairs, and once when he anxiously awaited a letter from a gentleman friend, his petition ran: "O Lord, put it in his mind to write me." When a friend whom he had always remembered when on his knees became engaged, Florizel dropped him from his list. When asked the reason he said: "Oh, I thought I would let Miss — (his fiancée) pray for him now." He never fails to say grace before meals. I once gave him some dates to eat. Going home, he was greatly distressed in mind. His mother asked him the cause, and he said: "I forgot to say grace over those dates."

SOME OF FLORIZEL'S SAYINGS.

His idea of the proprieties at church and elsewhere is keenly defined. He once said: "Our organist at home is sacrilegious because she does not wear a surplice." A neighbor's baby died and he greatly desired to see it, but could not be prevailed to go just as he was. "I won't go in a blue suit," said he. "I'll never go in the presence of the dead unless I have my cotta and cassock on," and go he would not until arrayed in his choir vestments. When asked to play soon after the death of a friend to whom he was attached, he said: "No, I can't play to-day. If I did I would only play a dirge." When his mother referred to the afflicted family as being in trouble, he replied: "No, it is not trouble. If he were a wicked man it would be trouble. I think it is only sorrow—a distinction well made, surely."

The prophecy of many who hear this child is that he will never live to grow up, and people seem to infer that he is being crammed with knowledge and forced into an early grave. His good health, rosy cheeks and physical activity are sufficient refutation of the former prophecy, and no one who knows his home life will entertain the latter. He is blessed with a wise and sensible mother, who throws around him every safeguard of careful diet, ventilated rooms, plenty of sleep and exercise and regular hours, and his hours of study are under careful limitation. It must be remembered that his wonderful feats of memory require no study or mental effort, and he recalls pages of facts as readily as many would a single incident. Reading study and practicing are his pastimes, and he is unhappy when under enforced idleness. In five minutes he will acquire without an effort what would take the ordinary child an hour. Instead of being pushed he is constantly held back. His musical talent equals the richest tales by the historians of the childhood of Mozart, Bach and Mendelssohn, and his intellectual gifts in their versatility rank with the most brilliant examples of precocity of modern times. I do not hesitate to predict for him, if life and health are spared, a musical career that will astonish the twentieth century.

HENRY B. RONEY.

Say what you will, such a genius as the above comes into the world as the direct result of the work of angels assisting in the prenatal development. If the processes of nature are unassisted, during the process of prenatal growth, then only an ordinary child is ushered into existence. On the contrary, if those high in the spirit realms direct their influences upon a child in embryo wonderful results are produced—a genius—a prodigy—is born, and the world in consequence is bettered.

"GHOST LAND."

I sit and I sip from thy nectar'd lip
Such sweet gems of thought and love,
When thirsty I drink from thy silver brink,
O, cup of the soul from above—
"Ghost Land!"

Each bright beaming page of truth of the age
Unlocks a new door in the mind;
Each chapter, so rich, must enter its niche
In touch with some chord in mankind—
"Ghost Land."

In this, thy rebirth upon this gross earth,
With new life and new form dost come,
Like a dove to the ark; like a shimmering spark;
Like a voice to the soul of the dumb—
"Ghost Land!"

Like a rose in full bloom; a song from the tomb
In a voice of old friendship still dear,
Thy sweet presence brings a world of new things
In thought—from experience—so clear—
"Ghost Land!"

Go out in this drear and cold mortal sphere,
As a message from spirits grown wise
In the realm of light, of truth and of right
And teach all the lowly to rise—
"Ghost Land."

DR. T. WILKINS.

—O—

Likes the "Lyceum Guide."

The Hon. Henry B. Hill, vice-president of the American Humane Education Society, compliments the Lyceum Guide in the following letter:

Boston, June 8, 1897.

Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle—
Dear Madam:—Please accept my thanks for the beautiful book, "The Lyceum Guide," you so kindly sent me. The selections and the arrangements are far superior to any work of the kind that has come under my observation. The whole tenor and teachings of the work are admirable. And I think the original matter by yourself and Mr. Tuttle is worthy of all praise.

I have been out of the Sunday-school for some time now, but my experience there has shown me the value of your work. Yours very respectfully,

HENRY B. HILL.

—O—
What we lack in natural abilities may usually be made up by industry. A dwarf may keep pace with a giant if he will but move his legs fast enough.

"GHOST LAND"

Is no Cheaply Printed and Bound Book, that the Publisher must give away to get rid of it; but a NEATLY PRINTED and HANDSOMELY BOUND Volume of nearly 400 pages, containing scientific and very fascinating elucidations of the SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, WORTH \$2 according to the price of similar works. There is nothing cheap nor tiresome in it. A GIFT WORTHY OF THE NAME.

The Best. The Rest. The Test.

There are two kinds of sarsaparilla: The best—and the rest. The trouble is they look alike. And when the rest dress like the best who's to tell them apart? Well, "the tree is known by its fruit." That's an old test and a safe one. And the taller the tree the deeper the root. That's another test. What's the root—the record of these sarsaparillas? The one with the deepest root is Ayer's. The one with the richest fruit: hat, too, is Ayer's. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a record of half a century of cures; a record of many medals and awards—culminating in the medal of the Chicago World's Fair, which, admitting Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best—shut its doors against the rest. That was greater honor than the medal, to be the only Sarsaparilla admitted as an exhibit at the World's Fair. If you want to get the best sarsaparilla of your druggist, here's an infallible rule: Ask for the best and you'll get Ayer's. Ask for Ayer's and you'll get the best.

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One of these critical links



THE BLACKSMITH'S STORY.

Well, not my wife ain't dead, sir, but I've lost her all the same; and she left me voluntarily, and neither was to blame. It's rather a queer story, and I think you will agree—When you hear the circumstance—twas rather rough on me.

She was a soldier's widow. He was killed at Malvern Hill; and when I married her she seemed to sorrow for his still; but I brought her here to Kansas, and I never want to see a better wife than Mary was, for five bright years to me!

The change of scene brought cheerfulness, and soon a rosy glow of happiness warmed Mary's cheeks and melted all their sorrow. I think she loved me some—I'm bound to think that of herself, and as for me, I can't begin to tell how dearly I loved her!

Three years ago the baby came, our little babe to bless; and then I reckon I was high to perfect happiness.

'Twas hers—'twas mine. But I have no language to explain to you how that little girl's weak fingers our hearts together drew.

Once we watched it through a fever, and with each gasping breath, dumb with an awful wordless woe, we waited for its death; and, though I'm not a hypocrite man, our hearts were torn there.

For heaven to spare our darling, went in vain, in voiceless prayer.

And when the doctor said 'twould live, our joy, what words could tell! Clasped in each other's arms, our grateful tears together fell.

Sometimes you see, the shadow fell across our little nest, but it only made the sunshine seem a doubly welcome guest.

Work came to me a plenty, and kept the anvil ringing, early and late you'd find me there hammering and singing.

Love's fervor led me to labor, and I moved my tongue to song, and though my singing wasn't sweet, it was mighty strong!

One day a one-armed stranger stopped to have me nail a shoe, and while I was at work, we passed a compliment or two.

I asked him how he lost his arm. He said 'twas shot away.

At Malvern Hill, 'AT Malvern Hill! Did you know Robert May?

"That's me!" said he. "You'll say I gasped, choking with horror doubt, 'if you're a man, follow me; we'll try my mystery out!'

With dizzy steps I led him to Mary, God! 'twas true!

Then the bitterest pains of misery, unspeakable I knew!

Frozen with deadly horror, she stared with eyes of stone, and from her quivering lips, there broke one wild, despairing moan—'Twas he! the husband of her youth, now risen from the dead!

But all too late—and with bitter cry, her senses all but fled.

What could be done? He was reported dead. On his return, he strove in vain, some tidings of his absent wife to learn—'Twas well that he was innocent! Else I'd have killed him, too.

So dead, he never would have riz till Gabriel's trump should blow!

It was agreed that Mary, between us should decide, and each, by her decision, would sacredly abide—No sinner at the judgment seat, waiting eternal doom.

Could suffer what I did while waiting sentence in this room.

Rigid and breathless, there we stood, with nerves as tense as steel, while Mary's eyes sought each white face, in piteous appeal!

God! could not woman's duty be less hardly reconciled?

Between her lawful husband and the father of her child?

Ah, how my heart was chilled to ice when she knelt down and said: 'Forgive me, John! He is my husband!'

Here I stood, dumb as a stone!

I missed her tenderly, and tried to tell her she was right, but somehow in my aching breast the prisoned words stuck tight.

"But, John, I can't leave baby!" "What! Wife and child?" cried I. "Must I yield all? Ah, cruel! Better that I should die."

Think of the long and lonely hours, waiting in gloom for me—No wife to cheer me with her love—no babe to clasp my knee!

"And, yet—you are her mother, and she still the purest, tenderest tie that heaven ever gave."

Take her, but promise, Mary, for that that will bring no shame—My little girl shall bear, and learn to bless her father's name!

It may be in the life to come, I'll meet my child and wife, but yonder, by that cottage gate, we parted for this life.

One long hand-clasp from Mary, and my dream of love was done!

One long embrace for baby, and my happiness was gone!

DECAY OF ANIMAL MATTER—IT IS NOT A SIMPLE CHEMICAL CHANGE.

A great many proofs, now more or less familiar to most people, show quite clearly that the decay of animal or vegetable matter is not a simple chemical change, inevitable in the nature of things, but a violent interference with the natural course of the part of hostile organisms, says Longman's Magazine. The bacteria, which produce decomposition, are very minute plants, which grow, like mushrooms or molds, upon organic matter, and which reproduce their like with incredible rapidity. Tyndall showed long ago that the spores of these plants exist in myriads in the air, floating everywhere around us; that they occupy all crannies and empty places on the surface of the earth, and that they swarm in their millions in all ponds and puddles. An easy way of proving that these spores alone, and the plant colonies which spring from them, are the cause of putrefaction, may be obtained by boiling beef tea in a test tube, so as to kill the bacteria, and then, while the liquid is still steaming, closing up the mouth of the tube with a plug of cotton wool, which admits air but strains out the germs of the putrefactive organisms. Under these conditions the beef tea will keep good for years, but if you remove the plug it will begin at once to putrefy.

"The Priest, the Woman, and the Confessional." This book, by the well-known Father Chignoly, reveals the degrading, impure influences and results of the Romish confessional, as proved by the sad experience of many wrecked lives. Price, by mail \$1. For sale at all offices.

IMPORTANT!

DR. G. E. WATKINS,
—THE—
FAMOUS CHRONIST,
OF AYER, MASS.

QUICK CURES! SMALL DOSES!

Send age, name in full and two 2-cent stamps and leading symptom, and we will send you a diagnosis of your case FREE, and we will try and make the price of treatment right to you. Remember, please, that we do not wish to take your case unless you are dissatisfied with your present treatment. Do not ask our opinion of this doctor or that one, because we never express an opinion, nor have we any one connected with us that is allowed to speak ill of any one or even to express an opinion. We know some doctors do so, but we do not.

The day of shot-gun prescription is past; drastic drugs in large doses will not be given years from now. We believe in the certainty of medicine and in specific medication, but specific medication requires specific diagnosis. How can we understand the action of drugs, and who is gifted with the power of correctly diagnosing, is the successful physician to-day.

SPECIFIC NO DRASTIC MEDICINE! DRUGS!

A Book on "Chronic Disease" Sent for 2-cent Stamp.

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AYER, MASS.

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EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE A BOX OF THESE REMEDIES.

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OR 50 CENTS EACH.

But to introduce these remedies at once, for the next thirty days we will accept \$5 for 24 remedies. This is less than 25 cents a bottle. We do not wish anyone to understand us that these remedies will cure stubborn chronic diseases, for though they will benefit in some cases and also cure, yet we would advise all chronic cases of a stubborn nature to consult Dr. Watkins. These are family remedies.

Everyone should see the importance of keeping a family medicine chest. These remedies are made with the greatest care, and are made according to Dr. C. E. Watkins' prescription. They are not drastic drugs in toxic doses. They are family remedies, but effective remedies. They not only often ward off a severe case of illness, but have frequently saved life. Every spiritual family should have a box of Dr. Watkins' Family Remedies in their home. Most of all these remedies were received through Dr. Watkins' psychic power of mediumship. Always mention the numbers you want.

VITALITY MEDICAL CO.,
AYER, MASS.

TESTIMONIALS OF DR. C. E. WATKINS' SKILL.

Dr. C. E. Watkins is still curing the sick. There is no time we believe that chronic diseases can be cured as quickly as now. The days when all seek the camp, woods, lake or seashore for rest—the proper treatment with nature's help will effect a cure now quicker than in winter.

Miss Julia Ettie Crane, principal of the Crane Normal Institute of Music, of Potsdam, N. Y., writes, under date of June 13, 1897: "My Dear Dr. Watkins: I am so much better, and so much stronger, I am surprised at myself, and know it is the result of your treatment, for my work has steadily increased."

Dear Doctor—Have not been bothered with rheumatism since I began treatment. ERVIN YOTAN. Pennville, Ind., April 29, 1897.

Dear Doctor—I am well satisfied with your treatment. I shall recommend

you to those in need of treatment. Very respectfully, A. J. STROUSE, Morrison, Colo., May 4, 1897.

My Kind Friend—I am feeling very good, and I think I am so improved I will need no more medicine. Most cordially, SPILLA W. SPEARS, Westgate, Fayette Co., Ia., May 17, 1897.

Dear Sir—I am feeling much better, and I have improved a great deal in health, so I believe I soon will be well again. May 23—Feeling much better. LYDIA A. SNELLEN, 3 Hammond Place, Haverhill, Mass.

J. E. Rife, of J. E. Rife & Co., Manufacturers of tin, copper and galvanized ware, of Wichita, Kan., 139 So. Lawrence avenue, writes, under date of May 17, 1897: "I am getting along very well, and think I can get along all right now without more medicine."

Mrs. E. Rasmussen, of Rock Springs, Wyoming, under date of May 20, 1897, says: "There is no need of continuing treatment longer; stomach much better; food I relish. Susie has not had more than four weeks; she is fat and hearty. If you think the needs further treatment, please send to her."

Mrs. C. A. Perkins, of 10 Pearl street, Wakefield, Mass., writes, under date of May 17, 1897: "Feeling much better. Think that my wheel, and outdoor air will complete the cure. Thanking you for all you have done for me, I will say good-by, for the present."

Mrs. C. Nimmo, of Delavan, Wis., writes, under date of April 24, 1897: "I am feeling much better in every way. I want to continue until cured." Under date of May 1, she says: "I am so glad to tell you I feel like a different being. I believe you are really going to cure me."

John B. McCutney, of Severy, Kan., under date of May 2, 1897, says: "You have done me more good than all the best of the doctors put together. I believe I have a new lease on my life without your treatment." Under date of May 12, he says: "I feel so much better; a good appetite. I feel as if I could eat a cow." [This man had serious doubts of curing.—Dr. C. E. W.]

Mrs. S. W. Monroe, of 8 Elm Place, Marlboro, Mass., says: "Dear Sir—Am glad to say I am still improving. Think with another month's treatment, shall be all right."

Josephine B. Davis, of 958 Woodland street, Nashville, Tenn., under date of May 30, 1897, says: "Dear Doctor—I continue to improve every day."

Mrs. Carrie Bury, of Lewisburg, Pa., says, under date of May 20, 1897: "I am very much better; do not need any more medicine. I am so thankful that I feel more like myself again."

F. A. Austin, of Haverhill, Mass., Mondamin Club, writes under date of May 2, 1897: "I think you need not send treatment any longer. You have helped me a great deal. I thank you for what you have done, and assure you of my kind regard, and appreciation as a man and physician, and when you come to Haverhill again, let me know, and I will be pleased to see you."

W. C. Alwine, of Abbotstown, Pa., writes under date of May 25, 1897: "Dear Doctor—The reason I did not report regularly the last month is owing to the fact that I did not think it necessary, as I could not have reported anything but steady improvement. I cannot thank you enough for the benefit derived under your treatment. Wishing you a long and prosperous life, yours in sincerity, W. C. ALWINE."

NEW BOOKS.

Helioelectric Astrology. Frederick R. White, author and publisher. Minneapolis, Minn.

A handbook of instruction in astrology, containing tables giving the positions of the planets from January 1, 1825, to 1900, instructions for casting a horoscope, etc.

White's Helioelectric Ephemeris, for 1897. Contains the helioelectric latitude and longitude of the planets of our solar system for any day of the year.

Dr. J. S. Loucks, of Shirleyville, Mass., is making many very astonishing cures with his magnetic remedies. See his "add" in another column of this paper. Prices within reach of all. 398

TESTIMONIAL.

B. F. Poole—Dear Sir:—Please forward me a box of your Magnetic Compound. I am gratified to admit after many trials with different remedies and by many eminent occultists that your Magnetized Compound is the first and only to do my inflamed eyes any good or relief. I am kindly your friend, B. F. POOLE, Seattle, Wash.

Atty. at Law.

FREE FOR THIRTY DAYS.

I will send one 8-oz. package of Magnetized Compound for sore eyes and falling eyesight. This is the best remedy known for the eyes and all cases of external inflammation. Thousands endorse it. Please send 10 cents in postage stamps. B. F. POOLE, Clinton, Iowa.

"Commentaries on Hebrew and Christian Mythology." By Judge Parley B. Ladd, L.L.B., of the San Francisco Bar. This book is of more than ordinary value, giving the results of much patient thought and research by a mind well qualified to sift evidence and arrange facts in compact form. It gives just what is needed on the subject. Paper, 75 cents. Cloth, \$1.50. For sale at this office.

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"Encyclopedia of Biblical Spiritualism: or a Concordance of the Principal Passages of the Old and New Testament Scriptures which prove or imply Spiritualism; together with a brief history of the origin of many of the important books of the Bible." By Moses Hall. The well-known talented and scholarly author has here embodied the results of his many years' study of the Bible in its relations to Spiritualism. As its title denotes, it is a veritable encyclopedia of information on the subject. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"Thomas Paine: Was He a Junius?" An interesting pamphlet by Wm. H. Burr. Price 15 cents. For sale at this office.

SPIRITUALISTS READ CAREFULLY

Do Not Be Humbugged! Barham has said that the American people liked to be "humbugged." That may be true in the show business, but when you are dealing with human life as every physician does who has placed under his care the souls of the afflicted one, there should be a higher and holier motive that prompts his every act and word than extracting so much hard cash from his patient.

Refrain from this, although they may advertise should not be charged with "humbugging" "charlatans," who have no other purpose in life than humbugging the afflicted.

DRS. PEEBLES & BURROUGHS

are reliable and responsible physicians. They stand at the head of their profession. They are not experimenters, but they are practical. They are not charlatans, but they are physicians. They are not humbuggers, but they are healers. They are not showmen, but they are doers. They are not seekers of wealth, but they are seekers of truth. They are not seekers of fame, but they are seekers of glory. They are not seekers of power, but they are seekers of wisdom. They are not seekers of knowledge, but they are seekers of life. They are not seekers of health, but they are seekers of happiness. They are not seekers of peace, but they are seekers of love. They are not seekers of joy, but they are seekers of truth. They are not seekers of life, but they are seekers of glory. They are not seekers of wisdom, but they are seekers of knowledge. They are not seekers of health, but they are seekers of happiness. They are not seekers of peace, but they are seekers of love. 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