



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

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## A BRAVE DEFENSE.

### Will Well Bear Repetition.

HIS FEMALE FOR-A TILT WITH TALMAGE BY A PROVIDENCE WOMAN—BAPTIST MEET'S SPIRITUALISM SEVERELY HANDLED

The following letter in answer to the "distinguished" divine, Talmage, will bear reading several times:

You ask, "Dare you be a Spiritualist?" I dare, and have been for over forty years—ever since my angel mother came to me when in my room alone, so plainly that I fell on my knees and prayed God to permit her to come again and instruct me as she wished.

I dared to investigate the raps which you have dared to curse. I dared to investigate the writing on the slate by unseen hands, and thanks to God I can understand as well as Daniel did when he interpreted that hand writing on the wall, which was seen by all there. And you dare answer and slander those who have taken God at his word, and asked to receive, and who have knocked and it has been opened to them. You strike at the most sacred belief the human heart ever held, a belief arrived at by the honest and earnest search of intelligent men and women, who are progressive in nature, and who are glad to find a true and scientific religion, and who to rest their souls in place of the dogmas handed down through many generations, and which have been quarreled over and changed from error to error until nearly all the Godliness in it has become extinct. There were nearly fifty policemen on Chauvauque camp-ground last year to keep a religious meeting in order. Cassadaga had not one or any need of one.

You say the religion of Spiritualism is "incipient epilepsy, cataplexy, cadaverousness, listlessness, nervousness, weak-minded and weak-bodied, growing long hair, like rank grass in weed, marshy ground." You admit that a part of it is caused by occult force. Will you please define occult force? I have never seen one made to do, only that it is unexplainable force. We prefer to call it spirit force, which is more tangible to our comprehension. I am inclined to use my reasoning powers in all discussions in place of sarcasm and vituperation; but if a man, standing in the sacred desk, claiming to teach the gospel in truth, can stoop to come out and denounce in the press over a hundred millions of his own countrymen, as well as millions more on the other continent, he ought to be met with such weapons as he so vigorously wields over others.

You indict Spiritualism because it is a social and marital evil. You say that the worst deeds of licentiousness and orgies of obscenity come under its patronage, and that it adopts free loveism. Your assertion is a barefaced falsehood! The Spiritualists have fought these things the hardest of any class. You speak of night work and of its prospering best in the dark. Did you ever think that God perfects the finest of his work in the dark? Did you ever stop to consider that each man and woman had at one time lain in embryo, in the dark cabinet of the womb, and that time before so materialized that the light could be borne? Did you ever see vegetable, root or grain, that did not lie in the dark womb of Mother Earth its appointed time before it could bear the broad sunlight and dews of heaven? Did you ever see a photographer produce a picture until he had taken the shadow caught into his dark cabinet? There are more fine laws in heaven and on earth than you or I have ever dreamed of. Who but the evil thinker imagines that dark circles are places for evil deeds? "Evil to him that thinketh evil." "And he that seeketh a lie shall find a lie." You say that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand are frauds and humbugs. Well, who ever saw a counterfeit of anything that never existed? Those cry humbug who are not capable of understanding.

**HARD ON THE CLERGY.**  
I will now call your attention to a book edited by M. E. Billings, of Waverly, Iowa, called "Crimes of Preachers." It is a grand expose of clerical villainy, giving names and places, and an account of crimes charged, covering a space of five years. Four hundred and fifty "reverend criminals" in the northern half of the United States from May, 1876, to May, 1881. Since that time, three more editions have been published, with large increase in numbers, giving the percentage of recorded crimes in each denomination, commencing with the Methodists at 30 percent, and ending with the Universalists at 5 percent. I will here copy an offer by the editor. Your pulpits-exposed here for Spiritualism may prompt you to take up the gauntlet.

**A LIBERAL OFFER.**  
"There are of free thinkers, including Atheists, Infidels, Spiritualists, about seven millions in the United States. There are about seven thousand preachers and preachers. We make the following offer: We will give \$10 a piece for crimes committed by any class of free thinkers within the last five years, and will take the report as published in the newspapers, provided the preacher will give \$1 a piece for the same evidence of crimes committed by the reverends. Thus, we offer \$10 for \$1, and give them 7,000,000 to draw their data from, while we have but 70,000. In the language of the West, we say, 'Put up or shut up.'"

You ask in your discourse, after shamefully slandering us as a sect: "Now, who would be a Spiritualist?" I ask, who would be a preacher? You indict Spiritualism as producing a large amount of insanity. It is not so. Having been for several years interested in an institution for the insane, I know that not one person there became insane from spiritual study, and know also that much pains have been taken to hear of such cases. But two or three have been reported by reliable authority. We do know that it is not an un-

common occurrence for revivals and great religious excitements to unbalance the mind, and also cause many suicides. You say that God has revealed all in the Bible, we ought to know. Perhaps you think it is all we ought to know of our earth, that it is flat as taught in the Bible. Galileo had to lay twelve years in a dungeon for revealing to the world that it is round and turns on its axis.

### TALMAGE INVITED TO CAMP.

I will now invite you to come to our August meeting. You will be treated like a gentleman by all. Come and shake our "cold, clammy hands," and hear the "vile and corrupt teachings from our rostrum." Christ went among thieves, and bad men and women. He was called wine-bibber and glutton, but there he found the very ones to call to repentance. Get up your courage, Mr. Talmage, and come and talk to us, face to face, the platform is free, and we can sit perfectly quiet to hear you express your opinion of Spiritualism and Spiritualists. But it is cowardly to strike so far away, and besides, you are not following the example of your Lord and Master. Come and see us. If you hurl your vile accusations, and continue your school-boy way of calling nasty names, we shall be justified in saying that you are badly scared, and are trembling for the tottering and already falling institutions of the day and dogmas. The great progress of our new religion is alarming you. The wonderful exposures of frauds are exactly what we want in order to thrive. We want them sifted out of our religion, and yours also; but the more a man throws mud and seeks to throw the mud of disgrace over those he knows nothing of, the more he shows his own moral deformity. If you will not come and see us, you can do no greater favor than to preach the same sermon again with all you can add, if you have not exhausted your vocabulary of insolent accusations. Deliver it again, Mr. Talmage, it is a good target for us to shoot at; besides, it helps us to get our ideas into places where otherwise we could not.

I will say in conclusion that after seven years' connection with the Baptist church, and a much longer time intimately connected with Spiritualists, I have never heard one lecture or lesson from the teachers of Spiritualism that would disgraced the church pulpit. The whole philosophy of Spiritualism is for the growth of humanity, the upbuilding of all that is good and noble. There is no sect which has not associated with it more or less low and undeveloped minds, and consequently habits will grow of a low order; but as we see the pure white lily come forth in beauty and perfection from the black mud and mire, so we know that in God's own time the spirit will develop from its debased conditions, and even like the lily, it will come forth in purity and beauty. God help us all to help each other in the true way.

HARRIET P. RATHBUN.

## STRIKING VISIONS.

### They are Interpreted by the Writer.

Just before Christmas of 1897, my guide gave me the following prophetic visions:

There was before me a large orchard filled with fruit trees, singing birds, green grass and a happy sunshine. All the trees were laden with ripe apples. On the edge of this orchard stood a man, whom I knew quite well, and who is an earnest Spiritualist. This man stood facing the orchard and held in his left hand a tin funnel, with the small opening pointing to the front, and back of all this was a very black cloud, striving furiously to blow down the orchard and destroy the ripe fruit. However, I observed that the man holding his funnel caused the storm to pass through this tin funnel, and that the stream of air coming from the small end was transformed from black to a light color, and could do no damage to the trees or fruit. I also observed that the funnel was operated in such a manner as to cause the stream of light air to knock three ripe apples from a tree in the orchard. Immediately the storm broke and all the clouds assumed a lighter color and caused \$20 gold pieces to pass through the funnel into the orchard.

The second vision was as follows: A large steamboat (ocean steamer) on a body of water, moving easily and steadily forward. My attention was particularly called to three smoke stacks on the vessel. Near this peaceful scene stood a multitude of people of every nationality, race and kind. Men, women and children. In the midst of these people there was a large black fish, resembling both whale and shark. I saw a large iron hook firmly fastened into the jaw of this mighty monster, while a strong hemp rope was fastened into the hook and secured to the vessel. As the steamer moved steadily forward dragging this black monster from among the people, I observed that the fish struggled mightily to regain its former liberty among the people; nevertheless it was steadily forced nearer the ship, and was eventually landed on deck. I then saw a man approach and taking up a large axe cleave this monster from head to tail, so as to expose the entire inside of the fish. I also observed that there was no part of it that could be used. All was worthless; hide, flesh, bone and entrails—all lay a reproach before all the people.

I would interpret these two prophetic visions to mean that in three years' time will bring forward a more powerful and conclusive evidence of spirit communion, and thereby vindicate orthodoxy to an extraordinary extent.

Atlanta, Ga. BYRON W. BARGE.

When the last sunshine of expiring day in summer twilight creeps itself away, who hath not felt the softness of the hour sink on the heart—as dew along the flower.—Byron.

## SHE IS OF GOD,

### And Can Stand the Biblical Test.

SHE KNOWS NO PAIN—EVATIMA TARDO ASTONISHES CHICAGO DOCTORS—SNAKE BITES HARMLESS—HAT PIN THROUGH HER ARM—THE VENOM OF A COBRA DID NOT HURT HER.

To the Editor.—As set forth by the Chicago Tribune, Mrs. Evatima Tardo appeared at her first Chicago clinic in the Post-Graduate Medical College, Twenty-fourth and Dearborn streets. She said:

"I never had a pain in my life; I don't know what an ache is. I am always happy, and never sad." Beatific state. For sixteen of the twenty-six years of her life Mrs. Tardo has been traveling over the world exhibiting her faculties, or lack of faculties, to physicians, surgeons and medical students. But in all that time she never visited Chicago. The profession here had heard stories of her and had seen references to her in treatise on abnormal human beings, and so her advent to the city a few days ago with a box of snake bites, was hailed with some pleasure and much interest on the part of the doctors.

As a preliminary, Mrs. Tardo announced that she was absolutely immune from the poison of snake bites. The deadly cobra, the spider tarantula, the hooded Portuguese snake, the centipede, the rattlesnake, the copperhead, she said, were all harmless to her unique constitution. A principal feature of her exhibitions was to allow venomous reptiles to sink their fangs into her flesh, to let the poison ooze out again, and to permit the physicians to make any tests that would convince them of its fatal quality.

The first number on Mrs. Tardo's program was to plunge her hat pin clear through the bridge of her nose, left arm. She exerted evident pressure in driving the steel instrument through and when she had clearly speared herself she worked her forearm and proved that she retained full possession of her power of movement. No pain whatever accompanied the exhibition. That was evident from her expression and manner.

### IN INTERIOREOUS SPACE.

In the second place she thrust the hat pin in the interioreous space in the forearm. The pin appeared on the under side of her arm and evidently gave her no more inconvenience than if she had stuck the big steel needle into a pin cushion on her dressing table. After going out of this second test was third in which the hat pin was jabbed an inch deep into her forearm while she opened and shut her hand. The movement of the flexor and extensor muscles drew the pin in and out a distance of half an inch.

A hollow pin, resembling a knitting needle, was then thrust clear through the woman's chest with as much ease and unconcern as if she were driving it through a piece of sole leather. Then the woman drank a table-spoonful of gasoline, attached a brass pipe over the outside end of the hollow needle, shut her mouth, allowed the fumes of the gasoline to arise from her stomach, and touched a lighted match to the end of the brass tube. The fumes of gasoline, were escaping through that channel, and through a gas jet, and burst into a respectable flame upon the application of the match, burning for two or three minutes.

Then the young woman smoked a cigarette, and, in order to be sociable, supplied one of the surgeon's assistants with a small cigar pipe attached over the hollow needle that pierced her cheek. He smoked and she smoked—the same cigarette. The medical student, all of them with doctor's degrees already, were much amused at this unique exhibition.

Finally, with the hollow needle still in her cheek, the woman asked the surgeon to drive a hat pin through her tongue. He complied, first seizing the end of it and drawing it far out of her mouth. "The operation was painless to the subject and somewhat amusing to the doctor. With these two big pins in her face Mrs. Tardo conversed with the spectators fluently and answered the questions that were put to her.

As a climax to the good work of the hour she plunged a hot pin through the fore part of her neck and left it there for some time without any possible evidence of inconvenience.

In none of these tests was there any flow of blood. A few drops followed the extraction of the big needle from the cheek, but in a moment they were dried away. Indefatigable brown specks in her cheeks, where dimples should be, are all the evidence she carries of previous wounds from these tests. She declares the slight wounds she makes are always healed within four or five days, and she fears no bad results from the use of hot pins, which are never cleansed or disinfected, as doctors clean and disinfect their instruments. From the time she was a young girl, she would have a new collection of venomous snakes, and then continue the exhibition. Mrs. Tardo bade the students of the Post-Graduate good-by and went her way.

Evatima Tardo was born on the island of Trinidad, in the West Indies. In her babyhood, she says, nothing unusual was noticed in her physiological make-up. But that is not to her credit that she did not then possess peculiar qualities, for she says little attention was paid to her by her busy parents. In her fifth year she was bitten by a great cobra, and to the astonishment of her parents and everyone else, she did not die.

### OF INTEREST TO PHYSICIANS.

When she was ten years of age she began to attract the attention of the medical world, and since then she has gone everywhere, giving exhibitions to physicians. She says she has never been in a museum, and never will be.

The pay she receives in the way of contributions from medical classes supports her. She made nine trips to Europe, and in the spring is going to Paris again. Her parents, her none of her qualities, neither have her three living brothers nor her sister, who is dead. She declares she never was sick a day in her life.

"Intoxicating liquors have no effect on me," she said. "Besides feeling, my other senses are normal—excepting taste, which is somewhat impaired. I am unable to distinguish between two delicate flavors. I think my sense of smell is as good as the average person's. The most exhilarating thing in my experience is the bite of a snake. If I am bitten several times in a day I feel in the condition that I suppose is like that sought by victims of opiates—in a drowsy calm."

The medical profession with due conservatism, is loath to advance reasons for the physical condition of this young woman. It looks on at her performances, is convinced in spite of itself that her claims have a foundation in fact, and passes the explanation along to the next. The anaesthesia, some declare, is due to self-hypnotism, but that does not explain why the introduction of snake's venom into her blood has no effect. On the snake bite side of her performance there is a stumbling, and so the effort to explain the other half by the theory of hypnosis falls flat. The woman herself persists that she was born with a non-connection between the sensorium and the sympathetic ganglia. Quiver, she says, of medicine will have opportunity this week to see exhibitions of the queer case.

The only explanation possible of this remarkable case is this: She was born under the "holy" influence of a Scripture text.

CRIMIC.

## SLANDERS REFUTED.

### Mary Hardy, the Medium, Defended.

To the Editor.—I wish to say that one of the blackest and most infamous falsehoods ever uttered was made by Covert in his scandalous defamation of the mediumship of Mary Hardy. I never attended any of her seances personally in Boston, but I was intimately acquainted with her person (not Spiritualists) who attended them frequently, and from whom I heard the precise manner in which they were conducted. I remember one lady, especially, who was a member of the Methodist church, who said she would testify in any court of justice that Mary Hardy personally could not have produced the extraordinary manifestations that occurred in her presence.

The parlors where her seances were held, on Concord Square, in Boston, were large and elegantly furnished. A carpenter had constructed a common board table with a hole in the center.

The handsome carpet under this table around which the sitters were placed, and a second ordinary table under which was a dish-pan filled with water and a small tin pail of paraffine, which was brought into the room by a servant before the seance began, was protected by a rubber cloth. Before Mrs. Hardy entered the room the most careful examination of the floor and tables was made by the sitters present.

The party then seated themselves at the table with the hole in the middle of it, which was directly under a gas jet turned to its fullest blaze. The party at the table were crowded together like sardines in a box, and two ladies sitting on either side of Mrs. Hardy could not discover that she moved a muscle during the sitting of one hour.

Scarcely had the guests seated themselves when it seemed as perfect pandemonium under the table. Hands and feet of all sizes, both black and white, came up through the opening. Hands clasped together, and also hands and feet clasped together. Rings and bells which were placed at the aperture were taken down, also watches, chains, and various other articles.

Handkerchiefs were held over the hole in the table and drawn up with such power that the persons were obliged to let go. During this time splashing of water was heard under the other table where there were no sitters and at the close of the seance a warm soft paraffine hand would be found in the pan of water.

Sometimes it would be the very small hand of a child, and at other times a hand of enormous size. There were no trap doors, and the rubber cover for the protection of the carpet was perfectly free from holes.

Prof. Denison, in private sittings with Mrs. Hardy, had got impressions of both faces and hands in clay, in the light of a bright afternoon sun.

At one of the public seances there were two reporters of the Covert type, who were so enraptured because they could not discover any fraud that they, also, resorted to blackguardism and insults, which qualified "constitute the mist of Covert's trade."

He has not even the courtesy and magnanimity of the professional prize-fighter. Changing the subject: In the masterly article of the inimitable Ingersoll, on the "Hypocritical of Pious Charity," the following language occurs, which seems strangely incongruous from the pen of the great Materialist and Agnostic: "I find that it is sometimes very difficult to get an injured man or one seized with some sudden illness taken into a city hospital. There are so many rules and so many regulations, so many things necessary to be complied with, that the rules are being complied with the soul of the sick or injured man weary of the waiting, takes his flight."

Now, if we have no spirit or soul, how can it take its flight?

CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

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

## SPIRITGRAPHS.

### Spirit Pictures Not Produced by Radiation.

To the Editor.—In your paper dated January 8, there is quite a lengthy article on Spiritographs, which contains some views in regard to this interesting subject that are radically erroneous. Mr. Dye and his two friends in Washington City conduct numerous experiments in spiritography, under the delusion that they were actually taking the pictures of spirits that were present, but were invisible to mortal vision. He says they arranged their cameras and focused their lens upon chairs, where the spirits would be supposed to locate themselves. Then there is introduced a long argument to prove that spirits have bodies, and that under favorable circumstances these are visible to the human eye; and that as the sensitive plate photographs stars that cannot be detected by the strongest telescope, so also does it penetrate the spirit-world and catch the reflection of spirit forms. Ingenious arguments are brought up to try to prove that this is the case, while many obstinate facts are opposed to such a theory.

Will Mr. Dye tell us why—if these are actual pictures of spirits taken by the camera, that the sensitive plate omits to take the complete features so often? Why should it copy two-thirds of a face and leave the rest a blank? An experience that is encountered by all spiritographers. He says that occasionally there came writing on some of the plates. Where did this writing come from? Does he believe that he photographed it out of the spirit-world? Should it not occur to him that if the spirits wrote on the sensitive plates they might also draw a picture on them or produce a portrait?

Now, I have shown again and again that these pictures require no camera, no lens, and that these pamphlets have nothing to do in their production. I have had the very best spiritographs produced on a sensitive plate to the number of four at once, in thirty seconds time, with nothing but the plate in the holder. So can Mr. Dye and his friends when they divest themselves of the notion that these are pictures of reflection. I hope that with his temper of investigation he will proceed to make further experiments, when he will discover that these pictures have nothing to do with the laws of light or radiation.

I have seen seven different kinds of flowers produced as spiritographs. Some of these were in groups or clusters, and in other cases single specimens; in some cases they were on the stems of such a result were strong and distinct, and in others they were as if they were decorations, either worn in the hair or on some portion of the person. Now, whence came these flowers? Were they the "astral shells" of flowers that had existed in this world, and are they just floating about in space and happened to be caught on the fly? At the opportune moment? Furthermore, I have three times seen the pictures of dogs, and once the picture of a horse on these plates, and they were just as real and natural-looking as the human faces that appeared; and the pictures of the dogs were identified as being fat similes of dogs that had lived. Is it believed that these dogs were present in form when their pictures were obtained? Or were they the law of such a result were strong and distinct, and in others they were as if they were decorations, either worn in the hair or on some portion of the person. Now, whence came these flowers? Were they the "astral shells" of flowers that had existed in this world, and are they just floating about in space and happened to be caught on the fly? At the opportune moment? Furthermore, I have three times seen the pictures of dogs, and once the picture of a horse on these plates, and they were just as real and natural-looking as the human faces that appeared; and the pictures of the dogs were identified as being fat similes of dogs that had lived. Is it believed that these dogs were present in form when their pictures were obtained? Or were they the law of such a result were strong and distinct, and in others they were as if they were decorations, either worn in the hair or on some portion of the person. Now, whence came these flowers? 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## A DEBATE ON SPIRITUALISM.

Held at Anderson, Ind., October 5, 6, 7 and 8.

Between Moses Hull, the Veteran Spiritualist, and Elder W. R. Covert, the Leading Representative of all the Churches Arrayed Against Spiritualism, with the Intent to Suppress All Phases of Mediumship.

## MR. HULL'S FINAL REPLY TO ELDER COVERT.

Gentlemen Moderators:—  
My friend is evidently a logician. The book of Mormon is a lie, therefore Spiritualism is a delusion. I don't see how anybody can get away from that syllogism. He evidently understands fine points in logic never thought of by Whately, Mill or Jevons.

I have over thirty points of his discourse that I want to notice in thirty minutes and I want to spend at least ten minutes in recapitulation; I ask the moderators to notify me when I have spoken twenty minutes.

After a storm comes a calm. Still waters run deep. Elijah, the prophet, one day heard an immense noise, but he said, God was not there, and I do not believe God was in the noise we have had during the last half hour. Outside of noise we have had nothing, but I will read over his supposed points as briefly as I can and say a word about each of them.

"How Davis came to be the author of Nature's Divine Revelations." I think I will not say anything about that. In the last speech he speaks of "Ev Fay" again and says she converted Crookes. I have replied to that. I showed you that Anna Eva Fay went to England in the first place in 1874 or 1875—I don't know whether the fall of 1874 or the winter of 1875. Crookes was a Spiritualist, he says, in 1871. She converted nobody that I know anything about.

"How Foster performed what he did," etc. I have sat with Mrs. Moller, of Toledo, afterwards of Detroit. I went in there, I was an Odd Fellow. I caught Mrs. Moller, I thought, tricking in an audience. When I accused her of it, she began to cry and said she never did trick, I was mistaken, and "If you will go to Toledo I will prove it." I said, "I will go." I went there. I was filling an unexpired term as Noble Grand in an Odd Fellows lodge at that time. I went to an Odd Fellows lodge in Toledo and I picked out a half dozen Odd Fellows to go with me. We went to Mrs. Moller's and sat down there in the daylight and held her hands for two mortal hours while one communication after another, and all the signs of Odd-Fellowship were printed on the back of that lady's neck. Now, do you say she had such a machine as Mr. Covert described there? Now, ladies and gentlemen, that is the most marvelous thing I ever heard in my life, to say that they carry all those things. To think that Foster carries millions on millions of names carved on a piece of wood in his sleeve so as to be ready to give them in tests. It would require a locomotive to haul all the engravings he would need. What a fat thing it would be for engravers.

The next thing is, "Home renounced Spiritualism." He never did. Home never renounced it. Such a report was circulated after he died, and his wife came out and published that it was false. He joined the Catholic church. He said the Catholic church believed in Spiritualism and he believed in it. He wrote a book called "The Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism," in which he exposed the false mediums and justified the true ones just exactly as I do.

## MR. HULL'S MARRIAGE.

Now, he says, referring to Mrs. Hull, "His wife is a liar, etc. Then says: 'He introduced his wife, and therefore I have a right to say they live in adultery.' I wish that was the question. The same thing was once said by a man if possible meaner than that man, and that man went on to try to prove it. The thing was brought into court, and in court it was decided that we were legally married. I had said, as I say now, I had a right to a marriage ceremony of my own. A Catholic priest had publicly accused a Protestant child of being illegitimate. The Protestant sued the Catholic priest and when it came into court the court decided that the Catholics had a system of marriage and to him nothing else was marriage, therefore to the Catholic the child was illegitimate, but to the Protestant who recognized a different system of marriage, it was not. There were Quakers then and there carrying out a different mode of marriage from either Catholic or Protestant. I said, 'I have a right to my mode of marriage as well as Quakers and Protestants, and I will have it and I will fight it through until the law shall recognize it.' I didn't know but I was going to have a fifty years' fight, so I took my wife and went in the presence of a few friends and right there we made our pledges to each other; right there we signed our contract. We had it published in every daily paper in America that received the Associated press dispatches. To test that matter, that man Steel had us arrested. We went into court and the court sustained us and said we were married. This man says I am living in adultery, then says I went to Chicago and had a marriage ceremony. I never had any other ceremony than the one just mentioned; nor did I ever have any trouble in Chicago over the matter. I said, 'These ministers, a good many of them, are knaves and villains, and I will not allow one of them to preside over my marriage, and I kept my word. I married myself to my wife, and I didn't invite them. They got mad at me and he accuses me of living in adultery yet, because I didn't invite him. What is he, that he should be called to ratify the soul relations between my wife and myself?'

The next thing he says is, Sister Woodworth was mistaken, etc., etc. I am glad she knows it. I knew she was, and I believe at the time she made her wild predictions, there were spirits talking to her. I believe she was a medium as much as any others, and I did not call her 'old hag' Woodworth, or anything of that kind. I called her Mrs. Woodworth, a poor, mistaken lady. I didn't call her an old ignoramus. She is no doubt, a good sensible woman.

"He said that God didn't work miracles." I never said so. Nobody ever heard me say so. What he said was that the Bible said God worked miracles. I said the Bible didn't say it. I said the Bible said the devils worked miracles. He didn't find his text, but I found my text, which said: "There are spirits of devils working miracles."

## FREE LOVE, ETC.

Next he says: "Free love comes out again, and Spiritualists believe it is going to elevate woman." Yes, sir, the kind of free love I preach is going to elevate woman. Why, the only free love society I ever knew in America was started by an orthodox minister, and every member of it belonged to the church. This is the Oneida Community in the State of New York; and I don't say a word against them. They are an honorable people. And that is the only free love community I ever knew in the world; all of them belonging to the orthodox church and going through their prayers, psalms and ceremonies, and being preached to every Sunday of the world by an orthodox minister. They hated Spiritualism worse than poison.

"They break the marriage relationship." Who, when and where? I read in a Chicago daily paper to-day, that a minister ran away with a young girl yesterday. Now,

shall I say all ministers break the marriage relation, because occasionally a minister runs off with a girl? There isn't a week in the world but what we read such accounts. A man came to me the other day, and he said: "I am collecting statistics, and can give the history of more than ten thousand ministers that have gone astray." "Don't do it," I said. "It won't prove we are right to prove they are wrong; don't do it. You and I have something to do beside getting down into that filth." If Brother Covert wants to wallow in the filth, let him get down there. I haven't any objection. I can't come down to his level in cases of that kind. I refer to this matter because he did come down to such filth in his speech.

Elder Covert:—I simply ask the moderators if that is personalities?

Mr. Hull:—I will not wait for a decision on that point; I will let it go and pass on to something more important.

## ELEVATING WOMAN.

The next thing he says is, "Christianity elevates women." Where? When? Christianity never would have elevated women had not something else come in. Now, let us see how Christianity elevates women. The only time that God ever spoke to a woman in the world he went to old grandmother Eve and said: "Thy husband shall rule over thee, and thou shalt be subject unto him." That makes woman a slave. Does that elevate woman? Now, we come down to the New Testament and Paul says, if any woman would know anything she must keep silence, and she is forbidden to speak if she would know anything, let her learn of her husband at home. Oh, if she had married Brother Covert or me she would be in a bad fix. I tell you, a good many women have married fools. It is the old bachelor Paul who talks in that way. Now the Spiritualists were the first ones who ever put woman on the platform, and women are before the world now as speakers as the result of Spiritualism. [I ought here to have excepted the Quakers.—Hull] Spiritualism is now working for them everywhere.

The next thing he tells us is "there is not an honorable medium in the United States." Ladies and gentlemen, there is one in this audience that believes that slander! I don't believe the man believes it himself. "Not an honorable medium in the United States." I have dealt with hundreds and hundreds of them, as honest people as ever drew the breath of life. But that is wholesale denunciation, which great men never do. We will let it go. I don't believe the gentleman believes his own accusation.

A medium from twenty years back tells him so and so, and that medium from twenty years back does not even tell his name; that is all there is about it. He writes a book which is a tissue of lies with a few partial truths thrown into it for seasoning, and hands it out; afraid of his own name, from that fact as well as from statements in the book, we know that it is false almost from beginning to end.

"All mediums are infidels." I deny it. I am not an infidel. My wife is not an infidel, and mediums are not infidels.

"Spiritualists haven't common sense enough to keep still." It takes very little sense to hold still sometimes; but when a man comes and pours down a flood of abuse, when a man gets up as he did, determined to insult his audience until they in their holy indignation arise and resent it, then he tells them they are fools because they resent such abuse as the gentleman deals out to them. In all my life I never heard such insulting language come from any man's lips, and though I never permit myself to get mad or excited, I could not blame the audience for rising en masse and I wouldn't have blamed them if they had gotten up and gone and left him on the platform alone. It was an insult to every Spiritualist present and every friend of Spiritualists; besides that everybody knows that all he said was false on the very face of it.

"The magicians could not create life." Well, well, well, that is a terrible thing. Those fellows—Moses' competitors in the miracle business—could not create life. Why, ladies and gentlemen, that was too lousy a trick for them to attempt. They wouldn't come down to that.

Then, who interpreted the Book of Daniel, etc. Who interpreted it to Daniel? Why, if the man had read the Bible he would know. Why, it was the Angel Gabriel. The man Gabriel came and touched him and said, "Oh, Daniel," and he explained it to Daniel, and Daniel explained it to others.

Now, he gives us prophecies concerning Babylon written after Babylon was destroyed. "Jesus said, not one stone should be left upon another that should not be thrown down," and yet there are rods and rods of that wall standing there yet that never was thrown down in the world, notwithstanding that.

"Every prophecy fulfilled." I wish I had time to debate with him upon the prophecies fulfilled.

"He denies Jesus is the Son of God." I never denied it. I never in the world denied the divinity of Christ. "Denies the divinity of Christ." I never. I preach the divinity of man. I preach that we are all sons of God. Jesus is the son of man and the son of God, and he is a son of God (pointing to Elder Covert). I know he is a pretty hard specimen, but he will come out in the course of the eternities and be a man. We are all sons of God.

"He makes light of Christ." Who ever heard me? I have preached more than a hundred sermons in this city. If anybody ever heard me make light of Christ, let me see his hand. I never did; that is no part of my business. I don't make light of people, that is all there is about it. There is something better for me to do than that, it is only the ill-bred that do that.

## DO THE DEAD RETURN?

Now, do the dead return? "No; David said his child was dead, and would not return." What did David say? His child was dead and couldn't come back. There is proof against us. Could we have anything stronger than that? "Now," he says, "I will give my child up; as long as there was any hope I would do all I could for it; I wouldn't eat or drink, but now it is gone, I will go to it. I am going to die some time. As my child has died, so I will die, and that will take me to my child." He didn't say the spirit of the child couldn't come back, but referred to the body that was in the grave, and I don't believe it ever will come back.

The next thing is, "When I go to heaven, I am going to stay." I hope he will. We have enough of him on this earth.

"The Bible says they couldn't come back." There is no such thing in the Bible at all. When the rich man wanted Lazarus to come to him, he says to him, "There is a great gulf between us." So it is between my Brother and me. There is a great gulf between us. Every one in their realm.

The next thing is "He is self-mesmerized." I am glad he acknowledges it. He has been telling us of frauds

and tricks and everything of that kind, and now he takes a new position.

The Book of Mormon lies, and therefore Spiritualism is not true.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I must hasten through. I want to recapitulate the arguments I first made. Two points I intended to make and didn't have time, and it is too late to bring them in now.

I proved to you last night that if Spiritualism was a delusion it is a giant delusion. Even Mr. Covert does not know in what the delusion consists, and never in the world has been able to discover what the delusion is. It is a giant going on conquering and to conquer, and I will guarantee that within five years of this time, as a result of this discussion, Spiritualism will stand higher in the city of Anderson than it ever stood before. It compels people to think. You are getting facts now. You will go home and think about them. You will go home and dream of what you have heard here. The chick that bursts the egg-shell never gets back into it again. You will never get back again where you were before you heard this debate.

I wanted to show you that Spiritualism is a charming delusion, if it is a delusion. Every church in Christendom has made its creed over after Spiritualism. They have been throwing overboard, one after another, their old doctrines. When Spiritualism denied your interpretation of the atonement; when they denied God was an almighty, angry tyrant, when they denied your almighty devil and burning hell, you didn't any of you believe Spiritualism in its denials; now the world endorses Spiritualism on those subjects, and it is a very bold minister, indeed, who talks of hell-fire and brimstone. Everybody knows that Spiritualism is ingratiating and working its way into the churches everywhere. Every minister has reshaped and remade his discourses out of deference to Spiritualism. The charming doctrine that my friends on the other side, my wife on the other side, my mother on the other side, can come to me in the still hours of the night, that I can hold communion with them—touches all rational men and women. I remember the last time I started from Oregon to Massachusetts, somebody said: "Brother Hull, are you going alone?" "No," I said, "I am never alone; when I most alone, then I feel I am surrounded by blessed friends from the other shore; by friends who come to me and whisper to me messages of love, words of consolation, words that rest my tired soul, words that give me hope, words of such hope as no individual can have who has not the consolation of a constant communion with the spirit world."

## NOT A DELUSION.

Lastly, I wanted to prove that Spiritualism is not a delusion, but it is now too late to enter upon that argument.

I have sought in this debate to prove that Spiritualism is in harmony with history, reason and the Bible. Have I done it? That is the question. Let us see: I first showed you what Spiritualism is in its phenomena; that it consists in the first place of rape, moving of ponderable bodies, writing on slates, sometimes materializations, and other manifestations. I have taken those up. My friend has gone out and brought in every fraud he could find and measured Spiritualism by those.

Then the manifestations, have I proved that they occur? I have told you the philosophy of Spiritualism, what it is, the philosophy that God is spirit and we are children of God. Being children of God we are spiritual beings. As two drops of water run together, so spirit communes with spirit everywhere. That being the case there is a continuous revelation from God to us and continuous revelation from spirit to man. The Bible was written by that same revelation, the same revelation that came to Moses of old. The same power that came to Isaiah of old can come to people down here. God has not shut off the source of inspiration between this world and the other; the worlds are now in close communion with each other, and I undertook to show you that. And to show you an a priori argument, I quoted you there from Johnson, I quoted from Addison, I quoted from John Stuart Mill, I quoted from Professor Barrett, all of them saying the whole world confesses it has seen and talked with visitants from the other side, not giving their beliefs or opinions at all, but giving what they have done. Professor Barrett says: "Under a great amount of fraud there is a residuum of facts which science can neither explain nor deny, a great amount of facts proving that spirits return and communicate."

(Twenty minutes called.)

And Josephus I quoted from. He said we had no history. I don't know what he means by history. I didn't think he knew what history was until to-night. He said to-night that we are making history. History is simply a record of events. That is all there is about it. I don't care where he will find it, whether you find it in a newspaper or some historian's work. It is the record of events. I read the records of events, and the records up until to-day, and found that thing all true; but as he wanted something from some accredited historian I read from Dr. George Campbell; I read from Josephus that the spirits of the dead, both good and bad, come back; that the bad influence people and kill them, that the good come back and lead people to holy and virtuous lives. So they do.

Do you suppose an individual who believes his mother is with him, his wife is with him, his daughter is with him—that he is never alone, when he seems the most alone he is surrounded by the best company, an angel brotherhood, is that man going to sin when he is alone? Is that man going to lead your daughter or your sister astray? No, I tell you the Spiritualist is not the man of whom to be afraid. The man that loves your daughter is not the man to fear. It is the woman-hater that you should dread. I never fear to put my daughter, and I have four of them, as noble women as ever lived—I never fear to put them in the hands of one who has an all-absorbing love, a love that looks out and cares for the interest of those who are placed under his protection.

## SCIENTISTS' EVIDENCE.

I then proved by Professor Crookes, by Professor Wallace, by Judge Edmunds, by Professor Hare, by Rev. Joseph Cook, by Epps Sargent, and the Dialectical Society of London, and others—they all testify that they themselves are witnesses of phenomena in the light—not in the dark. I haven't referred to one dark seance in all of this debate. I wanted to keep that out. I didn't want him to say we had some of our senses destroyed, and so I have left that out. All in the light, they say, the manifestations they saw. They saw tables rise when they knew they were on their knees on the chairs three feet from them, and the chair-back between them and the table. For fear that they might be hypnotized or mesmerized, they would mark around the legs; they would say: "Move eighteen inches to the northwest," and the table would move. They would go off and lock the door and they would leave that door locked for twenty-four hours with some body to guard it, and come back in their right mind and measure it and found it had moved just exactly eighteen inches to the northwest. Thus I have brought testimony enough, as Alfred Russell Wallace says, testimony enough to hang any man, to prove that spirits do return and communicate. I quoted also from Howdlin, and from Balachari, and from a great many others. That man Maskeline, that bad Slade arrested in England, afterwards discovered he was wrong and came out and embraced Spiritualism. I quoted all of them, every one masters in the art of legerdemain, and every one of them said, "There is nothing in our art by which Spiritualism can be explained." This was enough, then, to show you that it was so. Here I fully intended to bring in a good deal of other history, but I remembered the seventh rule of our discussion, a rule that my friend never thought of after it was read until his last speech, or until this last time, that is, that "as truth, not victory, is the object of controversy, each speaker shall review the arguments of

the other speaker with candor and fairness," and so I left my arguments to take up his arguments and examine them, as it was my duty to do. I did not bring out as fully as I wished the arguments of Martin Luther and John Wesley and a great many others of that kind.

## BIBLE EVIDENCE.

The Bible was the next evidence I brought forward to prove my side of the question. Not one passage in ten that I quoted did that man refer to at all. He noticed only two or three of them. He noticed, I believe, the fact that I referred to Samuel. The others did not attract his attention at all. I showed that Abraham was a medium, that Moses was a medium, that Peter was a medium, that Paul and John were both mediums; I showed that Paul was influenced by the spirit of Jesus Christ, and John was influenced by his brother as plain as could be, but he paid no attention to that. That the speaking of the ten commandments and the writing of these things afterwards were spiritual manifestations, that they were spoken through a horn—he said I said "tin horn"; I presume I did. I said it because he said it; he said tin wasn't invented then, so God couldn't use it; I am glad to learn that God has to wait for some inventor before he can use horns. I am glad there are inventors ahead of God. I thought tin was about as old as gold and silver, or at least the metals we make tin of were that old, and I supposed that God knew a great deal about tin before anybody in this world did, but I will give way to him and say maybe God didn't know anything about all that.

The case of Samuel coming back I referred to; he referred to that also and he told us we had nothing but the testimony of the old witch that Samuel came back. I found two mistakes in that; the first was, there was no old witch there; the second was, the lady didn't say Samuel came back at all. Saul said Samuel came back. Two writers of the Bible said Samuel came back. The Jewish nation believed that Samuel came back. He made no reply to all that. I referred to Moses and Elias coming down on the mount and talking to Jesus concerning his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem. He failed to elicit any remark from him. He doesn't know I have said there is such a text in the Bible. I find that the spirit of Elias or the spirit of Elijah, the prophet, after coming back and writing the message to King Jehoram, after staying away for fourteen years, came and controlled John the Baptist. I find Jesus Christ acknowledging all of that, and John the Baptist was a medium under the control of the spirit of Elijah. None of these things have moved my friend. I haven't been able to get him to refer to them. His answer to all of that is, "Do it here." That is just what they said to Jesus, just what Jesus said they would say to him, just what James and James said and just what Paul said they would say. I love to have those things fulfilled.

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

Our philosophy is the next thing. I said our philosophy was in harmony with the Bible, history, etc., etc.

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You remember what I quoted from one of our early mediums, Prof. Seldon J. Finney, that God is the great source of existence, that God has poured his spirit into us; we are not made; we are God's offspring; we have sprung from God, and all the elements of deity are in us; we are children of God and are heirs to everything God is; therefore progress is eternal; our way is eternal; our way is onward and upward forever; we have the possibility of eternal growth; having the elements of deity we have thus the possibilities of eternal growth.

## MISSTATEMENTS.

I will refer in the next instance to some of my friend's misstatements; I have only named four of them here. I had a notion to keep tally on his misstatements, I will not say "lies" as he said. I will show you how poor a historian he is; I will not say "liar" or "adulterer" as he said. He is a very poor historian. Never believe him when he talks history unless he brings the documents. Here are some of his historical facts:

"None but the witch saw Samuel." Was there a witch there? How do you know the witch saw Samuel? "None but the witch saw Samuel and none but the witch saw Samuel was there." Where does that woman say Samuel was there? Where does the Bible say the woman was a witch? Now, "Ev Fay converted Crookes and all Europe to Spiritualism." So far as that is concerned, Europe was converted and all Europe excited on Spiritualism in 1866, before Anna Eva Fay was heard of, and that caused the Dialectical Society, when the world got awake on that, the greatest society of all Europe, a society of the most scientific men, to appoint that committee of thirty-six men to investigate. That committee went in not believing in Spiritualism. They investigated the thing six months. The society divided itself into six sub-committees and all came out Spiritualists. There is where Europe got its great start on Spiritualism, and thus they came out in that way. He says Robert Dale Owen was converted to Spiritualism by Katie King's ring test; but Robert Dale Owen was preaching Spiritualism with pen and tongue before Katie King was born. I will not follow his unhistorical history any farther.

Ladies and gentlemen, I am glad that I have had the privilege of coming and discussing this question before you. I wish it could have been discussed longer for the sake of bringing out more arguments. We have had too much to do. I thank you. You have all treated me respectfully. If I had used such language as my opponent has used I would have expected to be hissed off the platform. I have been treated respectfully by everybody. I believe audiences will treat speakers respectfully when speakers treat audiences respectfully. I thank these moderators. I tried to make as little trouble for them as I possibly could. I may have made you some trouble, I may have stepped over in the heat of the controversy what I ought to have done. If I did, I ask forgiveness. I thank you all. I thank my opponent, even, for bringing this matter before you and giving me a chance to show the people that hear him and never go to hear us under other circumstances, that there is another side to this question. I thank these reporters. I thank the newspapers. I thank Mr. Lukens, who has done so much for this discussion. I thank everybody. Let us have a general giving of thanks.

## [THE END.]

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# CURRENT EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

## Dr. Peebles' Pointed Pen Punctures Various Perverse Notions.

It is often asked if you take from the Roman Catholic the authority of the Pope and the church, and from the Protestant his infallible Bible, what substitute have Spiritualists to offer? What do they propose to give them instead? Are such questions rational? Are they sensible? Supposing I cure a man of dyspepsia, or catarrh, is it necessary for him to have the itch given him instead, even though there's some temporary comfort in scratching? He is cured of disease, and that's enough.

These church dogmas taken by absorption are mental diseases, superstitions—a sort of an ecclesiastical paresis, catching through prayer-meeting and revival-service exposures. In fact, this popular theological virus is dangerous, and the most effective with the weak-minded. Lincoln and Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes and our own Emerson—none of the great brains men of the past ever "got religion." The brains of to-day do not "get it"—do not want it. It smells too strongly of a semi-barbarous antiquity, of medieval superstition, of bigotry, of fanaticism and of the bony skeletons of millions ostracized, persecuted or burned at the stake for Jesus' sake. No, not if a wart is removed it is not necessary to put a tumor into the body or a wen upon the surface instead.

## HASTENING TO SAVE SINNERS.

Pacific coast newspapers contain accounts of the forgery and jailing of the Rev. Mr. Jones, a reported eloquent preacher. It is not necessary to publish the details. He broke jail on Saturday and escaped. Here is the short-journalist report:

"Rev. E. A. Jones, detained at Jamestown, Cal., on a charge of forgery, broke jail last night."

Up to date he had not been caught by the officers in search. It was surmised that he broke jail Saturday to fulfill a Sunday's preaching appointment. Sinners must be saved, you know.

## DURRANT, THE MURDERER AND CATHOLIC SAINT.

The journals of the country, and especially those of California, have for months teemed with reports of the slow-dragging trial, conviction, appeals, descriptions of the last days, the conversion, the baptism, the hanging and the ascent to glory of Theodore Durrant, the late Baptist Sunday-school superintendent in San Francisco, and murderer of Blanche Lamont.

Making no mention of the previous crimes charged, and of the alleged murder of another girl and concealed in this Baptist church, we give the general journalistic estimate of the man. The Los Angeles Times says:

"It may be safely assumed, considering the lame and impotent defense made by the prisoner, that he was not only one of the most fiendish murderers that ever cursed the earth with his bestial and unholy presence, but that he was the most arrogant hypocrite and monumental liar of this or any other age. . . . Consistent to the last, Durrant died professing religion. But he died, accepting at the last moment the comforts of the Catholic church instead of those of the Baptist faith in which he was reared. Rev. Rader, a Protestant minister, had arranged to ascend the scaffold with Durrant, but the minister would not say that he thought Durrant innocent, and the condemned man declined to accept his services. Then it was that the once ardent Baptist turned to the Catholic church for consolation, and called upon Father Lagan, a priest who had frequently visited him in prison, to attend him. Father Lagan responded promptly and performed the last solemn rites of the church."

That is to say, this murderer renouncing the doctrines of Protestantism, turned Roman Catholic, received baptism, absolution from his sins, and so swung from hemp to heaven. And so it is—Christian creeds and confessions send good moral men to hell, and murderers to heaven. Possibly, however, Durrant is temporarily lodged in purgatory. If so, it will require several masses to release him—just how many I am not informed. Personally, I do not believe in either the justice or wisdom of capital punishment.

## THE HOME OF THE MAHATMAS.

Who are these alleged Mahatmas? Where are they? What are they doing? They were first said to be in a retired hermitage near Bombay—afterwards they were said to be domiciled near Madras; later and farther from civilization they were pronounced to be up in the Himalaya mountains; while now they are said to be ensconced far up in the Tibetan fastnesses. Where next? Many Theosophists doubt, actually doubt the existence of these Mahatmas. Too many Theosophists are exceedingly glib. They believe much and demonstrate little. When they want positive proofs of a future existence, they do not make pilgrimages to Tibet; but they go straight to a spiritual medium—go to converse with what they sneeringly term "shells." Madame Blavatsky, upon the testimony of Mrs. Besant, is now re-embodied into a Hindoo boy's body—a masculine misfit! Certain wicked Hindoos declare that the only proof she has yet given of her re-embodiment is the boy's coarse profanity.

With all solid thinkers who demand demonstration instead of assertion, these Mahatmas constitute the unknown quantity. Their existence is not proven. And then the pretension that these pure and exalted beings, be they mortal or immortal, should pitch their hide-and-seek tents far up in Tibet, that semi-Mongol, semi-barbarous, and mercilessly murderous country, where no American's or Englishman's life is secure, would if not deplorably pitiable, be derisively laughable.

It was my intention on my last journey around the world to go into Haslian, the capital of Tibet; but I was told—warned by English officials and Brahmins, that my life would not be safe beyond Darjeeling; and so I gave it up, spending the more time in India. Many of your readers must have seen how barbarously these Tibetans—an isolated Mongol people, living where three empires meet—treated and tortured that distinguished traveler, writer and artist, Henry Savage Landor. They destroyed a portion of his papers, maps and photographs. These Tibetans tie their captives to trees and then jeeringly, tauntingly, dance around their victims. With whips they burn the hair off from their heads and hold white-hot irons to their captives' eyes till they shrivel into blindness. Mr. Landor lost one of his eyes. And this—this is the land of the Mahatmas!

## A TEST IN BOSTON.

When at the residence of James Smith, one of the most cultured Spiritualists of Australia, Mr. Sutton, an excellent medium, controlled by a Yogi sage, put a moon-setting ring upon my finger, saying it came from Mysore, India, and was magnetized.

Reaching Boston and introduced to Mrs. Conant, medium for the Banner message department, we were pleasantly conversing, when suddenly H. B. Storer stepped with words of greeting and good from the sunny shores of immortality. Hesitating a moment, he said: "Just by you stands an ancient spirit a Hindoo I am sure; and pointing to a ring on your finger ablaze with magnetism, says, if I interpret rightly, 'the mystic ring—magnetized mystic ring touched and conjointed touched and blessed by a Syrian seer and a Hindoo sage.'" Of this plain ring I had spoken to no mortal this side the deep seas; nor had I ever seen Mrs. Conant before. The test was all the more gratifying because unexpected. Never do I seek—never ask for a test. That which is for me, and that which is my own, will come to me. And when I see old Spiritualists besieging mediums for tests, I feel to say: Grow—grow up out of the cerebellum, or back-kitchen of your cranial organization, into the top-brain, the soul's parlors, the spiritual department of your being, and then the spirits and angels of the better land will

just as naturally come to you as the golden sunbeams of springtime come to the opening buds and blossoms of summer.

## MEDIUMS THREATENED.

The priests of Baal and the Anti-Spiritualistic conventionalities have girded on their swords something as did Joshua in Old Testament times, and gone forth reminding us of

"The King of France, who with twenty thousand men Marched up the hill—and then, marched down again."

Evidently, the men were wiser, if the king was not. Never mind, oh, true and faithful mediums! The cross will not be built; nor will the fires of Smithfield be re-kindled. Fear not—this is not the 16th century of Roman Catholicism; nor the 17th century of Calvinism; but the 19th century. "Touch not mine anointed," said the old prophet. Mediums—true and genuine mediums are the elect of angels. They are heaven's living witnesses of a future existence.

Persecution does not pay. Justice, though sometimes tarrying for a time, is ever done. When proud, imperial Virginia put that rope around John Brown's neck, she soon found the other end of the rope fastened to her own neck; slavery fought, died, and was buried in the grave of infamy. Superstition is on the way to a similar destiny. Never a truth perished. The rubber ball always rebounds. These Anti-Spiritualistic conventionalities, living mostly upon faith and donations, have only erected a gallows from which they must ultimately swing, and may heaven have mercy on their souls!

## MEDIUMS—FRAUDULENT AND GENUINE.

How may we know the genuine? The answer is as plain as old, "by their fruits," (by their manifestations) "shall ye know them." And how do we know the good spirits from the ignorant, the selfish and the evil-disposed? By the same rule—"their fruits."

If a controlling spirit or sympathizing circle of spirits makes the medium healthier, happier, and truer to the divinity within, if they cause the medium to be more upright, temperate, conscientious, kind-hearted, peaceful and spiritual, they prove themselves worthy messengers of good from above to humanity.

It must be further remembered that while there are fraudulent mediums, there are also fraudulent mortals who wriggle their way into seance-rooms. They mean mischief. They go for fun. They carry their fraud with them, something as the engine generates and carries with it its own smoke. These often get for manifestations echoes, or reflections of themselves, and they are semi-demonic. More than once have I seen the mask lifted, the cloak removed and the fraudulent mortal exposed (by the invisibles) who professedly came to "investigate."

In addition to fraudulent seance-room sitters, there are sometimes present fraudulent spirits, fun-loving spirits, diabolic spirits, earth-bound obsessing spirits, who take delight in inciting deception and fraud. Independent clairvoyants often see these denizens of the winter-land of moral obliquity doing their work of fun or selfish folly. These things must be carefully considered and candidly weighed in the pronouncing of judgment.

## VICTORIA C. WOODHULL MARTIN.

Reaching London from India and Egypt, I luckily, happily met Mr. and Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Cadwallader. They were on a tour through England and the Continent. Invited we dined with Mrs. V. C. Woodhull Martin, at Hyde Park Gate, the palatial residence of the late Mr. Martin, the London banker. His residence was a magnificent mansion, filled with Oriental decorations, statues, unique vases, costly paintings, large well-selected library, and curios almost innumerable. Never was there a happier marriage than this—never were two souls more devoted to each other. His death was to her a crushing blow. It was not so sudden however, but that he thoughtfully willed her his vast estate; and she is using it in the publication of the Humanitarian, and for varied benevolent purposes, mostly in the interests of woman, her education and her emancipation from the feudalism of the past.

Conversing with her upon her public career in America, she said in substance: "I was a born psychic; powers unseen, and different powers at different times impelled me on. I had work to do, a sentiment to arouse, and I did it fearlessly, lifting the skeleton from the cupboard, the veil from the Tilton-Beecher business. . . . I am much more conservative now; yet seeking and toiling for the freedom and amelioration of woman, and through her of humanity. Each and all must choose their own methods. God alone can judge of the soul's motives."

## MRS. WILLIAMS' SEANCES.

During my two months' lecturing in Philadelphia, I slipped to New York to attend one of Mrs. Williams' materializing seances. It was a cultured group that assembled—the Rev. Mr. Flagg, an Episcopal clergyman, lawyers, scientists, scholars, skeptics. The room was fully lighted when we stepped in. There was no cabinet; only a niche in a solid wall with a curtain. The light was partially turned down; and after a little singing led by Mrs. Nellie Hill, of Philadelphia, forms one after another appeared. They were recognized by their friends. Some received tests, and others got good sound advice. The seance was genuine, and more, it was instructively magnificent and spiritually uplifting. Sometimes there were three voices in and by the shrine, speaking at the same time, all utterly unlike. Materialized forms dematerialized before our eyes. There was no disputing the facts. Seeing is knowing. The seance was deeply interesting to me because Jontiff, Fishbough, Conant, A. E. Newton, Denton, Brittan, Colby and other of my old compeers announced their presence. Unselfish friendships are undying, and memories are immortal.

Luther Colby, materializing, walked out deliberately into the center of the floor, as naturally almost as in life. The features of his face were plainly distinguishable. Calling me, I stepped up to him. He laid his cold, icy hand upon my forehead, gently tapping it. His touch chilled me. Then taking my hand he talked with much of that same half-stammering sputter that characterized his speech when among us boys. I held his cold hand till softening, fading, it vanished—and very soon his whole materialized form also became tremulous, vapory, and faded out into seeming non-entity. It was a startling phenomenon—a visible, tangible fact, fading into invisibility.

It matters not to me what Mrs. Williams may have said or done in Paris, New York, or elsewhere; her gift of mediumship is absolutely genuine. I knew this materialized Luther Colby—knew him as I know other things by and through a majority of my senses in connection with my reasoning faculties, my judgment and the higher intuitions of my soul.

During my stay in Philadelphia I was a guest in the hospitable home of B. B. Hill and his excellent family. This Philadelphia Association of Spiritualists is the oldest spiritual organization in the country, and is reputed to be the wealthiest. This association desired to secure my lecture services for a year; but I am not in the lecture-field. I mention this to show that the trend of the spiritualistic movement is towards long engagements, solidity and spiritual culture. J. M. PEEBLES, M. D. Indianapolis, Ind.

Christians have felt themselves compelled to relinquish their old positions, and to sweep away the ancient landmarks of their faith. The entire field of human knowledge is changed, and all thought has been cast in a new mold. This has been achieved through obeying the teachers of our secular providence—science.—Charles Watts.

"The Strike of a Sex" By George N. Miller. Price 25 cents. For sale at this office.

# STUDIES IN SPIRITUALITY.

## Lessons and Leadings in Spiritual Thought

BLIND IN ALL BUT LOVE—TO HER THE OTHER WORLD IS LIGHT—SHE SEES INTO THE FUTURE AND HAS TWICE GIVEN EVIDENCE OF STRANGE OCCULT POWERS.

She is blind. She's alone in the world. Possessed of a marvelous intelligence she has drawn the rich and cultured to her humble abode in an alley. Yesterday, says the Evansville Courier, she adopted a child.

Though her eyes were sightless there is no film upon her heart. Blind in sight yet seeing with occult power, living in a shanty, yet speaking in accents of culture and words of education; abandoned by her relatives, deprived of a sense, she has fought the battle of life with fortune.

Judge Mattison in court Tuesday granted the petition of Ellenor Jones for the adoption of Harry A. Mills. The child is the grandson of Joel C. Mills, who gave his oath to her mother and to her grandmother to protect the blind girl.

When she was 8 years old—she is now 45—Nell Jones had great, shining brown eyes. She became frightened at a drunken woman, who, mistaking her for her own child, threatened to pursue her. Fright at the victim of delirium tremens cost the child her vision. The eyes that were lustrous hazel paled, to sightless white and blue.

The adopted child is the grandson of her father's playmate. Long years ago, when Indiana was young and Evansville but a village, Joel Mills, the millwright, and her father a tanner, were friends. He promised her grandmother that he would stand by the blind girl. At the death-bed of her mother, seven years ago, he swore to protect her.

Last night he was at her home, where he had fallen ill a week ago, and remains too delicate in health to go away. She cares for him with loving hands.

It is in the nature of woman to love some one. When the grandson of her protector was born there was the birth of that love for the babe in the breast of Ellenor Jones. When the child could babble words they would ask him whom he loved. "Love mamma and Auntie Nell," he would say. "Do you love Auntie Nell best?" "Love mamma and Auntie Nell," he would reiterate.

One does not wonder Auntie Nell, the blind poetess, the woman of acute intelligence, of passionate heart, should love this child. He is cast in a delicate mold. At the age of 2 years he showed musical instincts. An old zither hung on the wall of the blind woman's home where he used to play. Last spring—he is 11 now—he told her he had an ambition to become a musician. She asked him what he would like to play.

He told her some one had told him the violin was the most perfect of all musical instruments, and he would like to become a master of it. In her cottage on a table lies his violin. She had taken him to Prof. Massie, the musical director, and told him she was a poor woman, but she wanted the child to have a musical education, and was willing to pay for it. He took his first lesson that afternoon. His teacher said he had marvelous talent. Since then he has had thirty-five lessons, and she said, "she wished we could hear him play."

His parents, who live at 802 Harriet street, were fond of him. And they were fond of the blind woman, who has the child of their father's friend. They sympathized with her in her lonely life. Besides they had four others. The blind woman thought if she could educate him, make him her heir, he could help the others.

Though her eyes were visionless she could see in her clear mind this fair youth. She loved him. The legal act of the judge in court Tuesday bound him to her as her child.

Singular is the power of this woman's mind. Richly-dressed ladies of the upper part of the city pick their way through the alley to her cottage in the rear of 816 Harriet street, that she may tell them what is passing in their minds, and what will come to pass in their lives.

She was educated at the blind asylum at Indianapolis. There she studied the sciences—geometry, trigonometry, astronomy—and the poets, among them Milton, whom she does not like because he rebelled against his blindness without which he would never have gained his fame. She added to her knowledge a singular power of the mind.

When she was a child, while she could still see and joyfully play in the sunshine, under the blue sky, one day she startled her mother. She came to the house from the spring where she had been playing and said she had seen a man. They asked her who it was and she could not tell. She described him—the description was that of her dead father. It was so complete her mother was startled. She spoke even of the strap which he, as a tanner, used to wear on his head. She went to her workbox and picked out a piece of cloth which she said was like that the man wore. It was the piece of her dead father's coat.

Another time she and her mother were over at the house of a neighbor. They were English people, come from Manchester. The child was playing apart in a room by herself. She came out frightened and said she had seen Uncle Kissen—an old gentleman of the family—lying on a board between two chairs. The women folks laughed at the idea. But three days later the old man was dead and lay in his shroud in the manner she had told of.

She talks with a sweetness and precision that is charming. Her words are well chosen and softly accented. She speaks rapidly and coherently. When she talks of her abandonment by her relatives and of her "sainted mother" at her death, of her love for the child and her resolution to make something of him she speaks with fine determination.

Asked her loving views she sought to be spoken of as "one who loved her fellow man." She believed that none should go out of the world without doing good. Though she was blind she thanked God it was in her power to do some good for this child.

She is a poetess and when her sister was living to act as her amanuensis, she wrote many verses of more than passing merit, of which the following is one:

## THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

A lily growing beside a rose,  
At twilight was heard to say,  
To me, sweet rose, you are brighter far  
Than the brilliant orb of day.  
The fair rose bowed for the lily's praise,  
Spread over her a crimson flush,  
Since then she has borne a spotless name  
Of the lovely maiden blush.  
A dahlia tossed her haughty head,  
And thus she scornfully said,  
I ignore the humble lily you lead,  
And scornfully tossed her head.  
The violet from her lovely bed,  
Acknowledged her humble birth  
And wondered if her charms were less  
For growing to hear the earth.  
The hyacinth shook her dainty bells,  
In an ecstasy of joy,  
For she knew the brightest things on earth,  
Were never without alloy.  
She said to the dahlia, oh, how vain  
Are all your alluring powers,  
For ye in your turn shall come and make  
Your lowly bed with ours.  
The king who rules with haughty hand,  
At some far-distant day,  
With the man who toils for his daily bread,  
Will pass from earth away.

Then why do you scorn the violet,  
For you know we all must die,  
The young, the old, the rich, the poor,  
With the sluggish clod must lie.  
We blossom and bloom, then droop and die,  
As the leaf we pass away,  
'Tis but a span from life to death,  
And from then to endless day.

Though blind, her life has been lighted with romantic incidents. Once she read of a hermit who held no communication with the outer world. She told her friends she determined she would make him talk. So she wrote a letter to him. For four weeks no answer came, and then she had a delightful missive. An interesting correspondence followed.

It seems to me that this account affords a rich lesson in some of the finer phases of spiritual truth. It shows the power of human spirit to exceed and pass beyond the ordinary range and bounds of mortal sense, in that, though bereft of earthly vision, she yet sees what others, having eyes to look out upon surrounding sensible objects, cannot see. It shows that although the earthly sight may be lost and gone, the spiritual eyes may be opened to see with clearness that which is intangible to ordinary mortal eyes.

The kind, benevolent, loving heart, maintained under her sightless condition, would seem to indicate the near presence and influence of sweet angel forces, to whose words she listens in what otherwise would be hours of utmost loneliness and darkness physical and mental.

Hammond, Ind. JAS. C. UNDERHILL.

## Divine Healing, as Set Forth by U. G. Figley.

Divine healing, so-called, is claimed by its votaries to be the work of the Holy Spirit at the earnest behest of the followers of the orthodox Jesus, wherever they may be found. Who or what the Holy Spirit is they fail to explain, and these divine healers (and healers, too) avow with much gusto that whoever wishes to be divinely healed, must believe that Jesus is the eternal son of God; that they must accept him as the only savior, that they cannot be healed unless their sins are forgiven; that they must pay, pay, pay, as well as pray, pray, pray; that they must publicly with great regularity publish and proclaim that they are saved and healed; that if they back-slide their disease will return, etc., etc.

Now, from watching the very remarkable healer, Maria Beulah Woodworth, I arrive at the conclusion that the holy spirit that heals diseases is only an influx of spirit power caused by orthodox spirits, and the works performed are in magnitude in accordance with the magnetic power and mediumistic qualities of the faithful who desire these miracles to be done in their midst. Mrs. Woodworth is mediumistic, and at times talks wonderfully like a Spiritualist, and yet through it all is the usual amount of orthodox ravings. She performed no miracles of any moment, and was "beautifully roasted" in the papers of two counties, and left here with a sack full of money, en route to Syracuse, Ind. She left discord and hard feeling behind her and badly disrupted the faith of the faithful. She has fair hypnotic powers, it seems, and occasionally went into a trance. Some of those converted had visions, were for a time possessed by orthodox spirits (as I believe, personally), who danced, laughed like demons, became animate jumping-jacks or spoke inspirationally. All that I saw at her meetings under the power of the Holy Ghost I do ascribe to the work of a legion of orthodox spirits who were hampered in their work by not understanding their business, or by the environment of opposition. For all so-called divine healing I claim is done by orthodox spirits, by hypnotic suggestion, magnetic control, inspiration, either by some chosen human organism through whom they work, or by their own independent spiritual control. This is necessary, for many people can not be reached or influenced who have any idea that Spiritualism of any degree has anything to do with the matter.

When Jesus and his followers healed the afflicted, they required no particular belief on the part of the seekers except the desire to be made whole; they took up no twice-a-day collections nor sneered at small offerings; they said "see that thou tell it not" when cures were effected. Divine healers do, now-a-days. Avowed magnetic healers have their "band of angels for body guards," they know that only a thin veil or mist separates them from heaven," they can "hear the angels singing," and they generally call themselves Spiritualists. Orthodox magnetic healers call themselves "divine" and whether ignorantly or not deny Spiritualism. Orthodox people at death gravitate to the orthodox part of the spirit world (or region). Those who did the best they knew while on earth are happy (according to their notions of happiness), and for a time adhere to many of their ideas held while on earth, still believing the orthodox religion the best for a great part of ignorant humanity, and at every revival it matters not the church, so that the people are sincere, they use their influence to cause people to join church and lead better lives, realizing that they may be made better that way with prospects of future intellectual advancement. Were it not for this many good people and some Spiritualists would be leading vicious lives with no belief in a future, neither hope of one.

Ney, Ohio. U. G. FIGLEY.

## A Vision and Its Portent.

To the Editor:—One evening during the past week, my wife was giving her sister a treatment for nervous headache, when the following vision or prophecy was given to her. It seemed as though she were transported in an instant to the top of a very high mountain. After gaining its summit, she looked to the north of where she was standing, and behold, there was another mountain. This latter mountain seemed to be funnel-shaped and very high. Now as she looked at this mountain she could see two men struggling together, each one trying to reach the top first. In a moment they both appear at the top, still having hold of each other, in what appeared to be a death-grip.

As they reach the summit there was a slight pause for an instant, then one of the men takes the other, despite his struggles, lifts him bodily from the ground, swings him aloft above his head, and then hurls him down the opposite side of the mountain, and as he disappeared from view, the name "Covert" appeared for an instant only, and then was gone; but just as the name disappeared there seemed to come from all quarters, a mighty chorus of thanksgiving and at the same moment above the head of the man upon the mountain, there appeared the word "Spiritualism" in the form of an illuminated circle.

Now, while this is short, it is to the point, and shows that Covert and his crowd will have such a turning over in the near future, as they little dreamed when they commenced this unholy warfare upon Modern Spiritualism.

Now that this war may be made short and hot for the Antis, I am willing to do my share, and to that end I make this proposition: I will give my services to societies in Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, and Texas if they will furnish railroad fare for two. I will furnish my own entertainment.

If you are anxious to work up interest in the cause in your locality now is the time. DR. C. W. TRAVIS. Junction City, Kansas.

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In the summer of 1897 I with others spent the season in Nova Scotia, at a village of about 600 inhabitants, called Port Maitland. It is a very clean, neat, modern-looking place, with good buildings, kept in repair and well painted. A government pier and harbor gives shelter to a fleet of small fishing vessels, which is one of the industries of the place. But perhaps the best attraction here is its sea-beach of sand and pebbles, two miles long, the equal of which it is hard to find, while numerous fresh water lakes give fine boating and fishing for those who are too searick to enjoy the sea. The weather is splendid, except some fog, the thermometer ranging from 80, and not touching zero in winter often more than once in six years, we were told. We found it just the place to rest.

There was one thing that struck us as being peculiar. Within a distance of two miles we counted five churches and three other places where religious services were held. There were four or five different ministers drawing salaries from these few people. These churches are called Baptist, Free Baptist, Methodist and Holiness or perfect people, while a few Plymouth brethren are ministered to by one of the brethren without pay. Then I found a few Episcopalians and Romanists, also Swedenborgians quite a number.

This place is also notorious as being the birth-place of total abstinence in all North America, the first such pledge having been signed here on the 25th of April, 1828, and to-day it would be hard to find a more temperate place; no liquor sold, and no drunkards.

There was one special attraction for us all. In the centre of the town, just across the street from the Ellis House, where we lived, was a new two-story building, the second story of which was very nicely furnished as a hall, well lighted by day and night, and furnished with chairs for 150, desks, organs, tables, and all sorts of games in profusion (except cards), while in a small room with shelves, was an abundance of books, magazines and papers up to date. Another room contained curiosities, etc. On the white plaster of paris walls in many-colored, finely-executed scroll letters, such texts as "The Fatherhood of God," "The Brotherhood of Man," "Justice," "Whatsoever ye would that others do to you, do ye even so to them," "The tree is known by its fruit," etc., while the rules prohibited the use of tobacco, vulgar or profane language, racket, etc. On the ceiling were painted in proper colors, and relative sizes and distances, the sun and the planets, and the stars were painted full size, the Canadian flag. Seventy-five feet of blackboard gave a chance for artists, while pictures and flowers went far in making this the most cozy place we found, and imagine our astonishment when informed that it was all free day and night until 10 p. m., for any one who chose to read and obey the rules. And we were not slow to avail ourselves of so great a privilege, where we wrote letters, read the papers, or played chess, bagatelle, etc., and got acquainted with each other. Often in the evening, entertainments were provided, such as music, recitations, lectures, etc. But we found that the audience nearly all the time came from the United States, or Yarmouthtown, ten miles away; very few of the villagers attended. Of course we wanted to know who or what built and kept up all of this, free of charge (there was a cash-box by the door but very little ever went in it), and were told that "the man who owned the big store on the corner, did it as one of his notions, but no one would go in it." Why? "Because he is an infidel, calls himself a Unitarian or some such name, don't believe in God, you know, nor anything; used to be one of the pillars of our church, but he got away off; says there is no such thing as a hell of fire and so on, left the church and built that reading-room, as he calls it, to get the boys in there to make infidels of 'em, see? Last winter he had quite a crowd there even-odd games (all but cards), and read and sing songs."

"Oh, such a Surannee River, Old Black Joe, Life Line, and so on. There wasn't any harm, but they could sing 'em in church or at home."

"No, they don't go there now; our ministers were too smart for him. They just 'lit' on him from the pulpit and everywhere until now no one dares to go there."

"No, he didn't talk to them much, and never on religion, but he might some time, you see. Whenever he gets any one to lecture, he forbids them to mention creeds as he calls it; says everybody shall be welcome and no one offended."

"Oh, yes, the reading may be all right so far. He got a lot of tracts from a society in Boston that tries to prevent cruelty to animals, and Black Beauty, and a lot of such stuff and made the boys read 'em. Then he got to a committee of ministers and church folks to examine all the reading there, and they recommended all that was there, then—but they suspected that after he got things running good he'd be putting in his freebooting stuff, and we don't want any of it, see? One minister said in his sermon one day that such reading would poison the water of life at the fountain head. Oh, no, he can't fool us that way, no sir."

So I set to work to investigate this matter and I found a great deal of this sentiment in the village, which I have traced mostly to the ministers. Then I interviewed the terrible infidel himself, and found him genial, polite and obliging, well-read on many subjects, and very patient considering the amount of annoyance to which he was subjected. He was the magistrate of the place and had some trouble with some of the roughs which are to be found in most places, but he took them to court and taught them to respect the law, for which they hated him, but this was as nothing compared to the spite of many religious bigots in the churches.

He told me that he joined the Baptist church when 16 years old, and although

always a skeptic and ever in a tangle with creeds, yet he worked as far as conscience would permit in the church, until a few years ago, when, becoming convinced after much study that his religion was entirely wrong, and not being a hypocrite, he asked the church to drop his name, well knowing that it meant persecution, yet the principle of truth compelled him, like the martyrs of old, to stand all storm and be an outcast from the society in which he lived. Yet he finds it hard to live alone where he is continually slandered from pulpits, malice, where the children he so often patted, are taught to shun him as one being leprous, and to repeat the lies they hear older ones tell about him.

But the hardest part of it is to see his lovely wife suffering under the ban of the holy church and sacred society, an outcast. Bad enough to have his business ruined, and himself persecuted, but this is worse, far worse.

I asked this man why he stayed in such a furnace. He replied: "Because I cannot get out. I have offered to take seventy-five cents on each dollar I have invested, but I cannot get fifty. If I was able to work, I would close the doors and leave it all, but it is all I have, and 47 is too old for an invalid to start anew empty handed."

He had hoped the darkness would lift in the light of the present age, but all advance was condemned by the priesthood, and threats of hell fire were threatened at all who dared to disobey their creeds, and so there seems to be nothing in store for him and his wife but to endure as best they can, the tender mercies of the cruel holy Christians until death comes to their rescue and they escape.

After this I set myself to find out about those pious church-members who were always ready to give me a lecture, and do not know their strength. One of this dangerous skeptic, and I soon had noted down a long list of names of church-members with certain (or uncertain) "peculiar characteristics" belonging to each. Among these I found adultery, theft, cheating, slander and common lying, refusing to pay debts except with promises, etc. I found the superintendent of the Baptist Sunday-school had been running a lottery, against which the laws of Canada are very severe, while smaller ways of training young gamblers were common, and because this skeptic had tried to stop them, the holy horns buzzed here and there before him.

All of these things and many more were tolerated in the churches without censure, yet all of the hypocritical crowd were ready to persecute as far as possible within the law, the poor skeptic against whom they couldn't lay one charge in morals or business—only the unpardonable sin of thinking for himself and then disagreeing with the creeds.

"This is no fancy sketch. It is a part of the plain, naked truth as we found it; and the thought of the great injustice that lone exile has to suffer for liberty of conscience, from those benighted leaders of the blind, haunts us day and night."

When I wrote this to show what hellish arts are used by Christians to-day in a country where laws proclaim freedom, liberty of conscience and protection to all. Surely "darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the people."

I spent two weeks in the town of Yarmouth, N. S., where I found many free-thinkers, but they are not organized, and do not know their strength. One extra bright man is the editor of the "Coast Guard." If I can spare the time, some day I will return to Port Maitland for a sketch of my suffering friend's life, and then write it out for a book. It would sell. Meanwhile I will close this altogether too long letter.

Boston, Mass. TOURIST.

#### A Family Reunion.

To the Editor:—At a family reunion of those still on the earth plane, and the loved ones who now inhabit the spirit-world, a family circle was held at the residence of F. M. Lottridge, of this place, in the afternoon and evening of December 8, under the membership of Mrs. Maggie Vestal. Many were the words of comfort given to, and consolation received by, the prodigal children of earth life. We were all led to believe that the bands that bound us were loosened, and our captivity was being removed, and the angels we caught of the Spiritual Realm had convinced us more and more that we were only words of the dust. How vividly the truthfulness of the saying was made manifest to us, that the words of babes will confound the wise. When infants who had passed out in the dawn of their earthly life, confounded those present by their words of wisdom. Sixteen spirits made their presence known, giving names and holding sweet converse with their friend in the circle. Some talked through the trumpet. But many of the best communications were given by independent voices. There was an occasion when I remembered my father, mother and children. It will be a staff for us along the rugged walks of life, a balm for our wounds and a comfort to us when death is about to give its last sting and the grave stands ready to claim a victory over our mortal bodies.

What assuage to us when we remember the language of little innocent Davney, as he addressed his grandma: "Don't be afraid, Gamma, when that time comes I'll turn and dit you." It is only a little step from our earth-home to a more beautiful home; a land of flowers and sunshine, lovely streams, laughing rills, grand old mansions and verdant hills. How true that mortals cannot comprehend the things that are spiritual.

With many thanks to Mrs. Vestal and her controlling spirits, we close by saying to investigators and Spiritualists: Have more family seances, because your departed friends can come to you stronger when the proper conditions are made for them.

GEORGE LOTTRIDGE, Jonesboro, Ind.

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"The Devil has stolen the gem of the church," and ministers are called cringers by Dr. B. F. Clark, a layman of San Francisco, in his paper called "A Voice from the Few," which he fearlessly read before a Christian ministers' association.

Dr. Clark boldly laid many charges at the door of the ministry. He was not at all backward in telling his professional hearers that they had been asleep and that Satan had robbed them of true religion during their slumber. This news he broke in the following words:

"Gentlemen, the Devil has stolen your gem while you slept and left you mere-

#### CHURCH TAXATION, ETC.

##### Church Corner Stone Chips, Clipped from California Columns.

To the Editor:—Here are a few more pointed church items which the readers of the Progressive Thinker will not doubt peruse with interest. In the "Masonic Trestle Board," of San Francisco, the taxation of church property was exhaustively discussed, and its exemption heartily condemned. This question is bound soon to become of great public concern because it is already of grave importance, all Spiritualists and Liberals being made to hold up the hands of the clergy, while contemptuously ignored and persecuted.

Benjamin Franklin said: "When a religion is good, I conceive that it will support itself; and when it cannot support itself and God does not take care to support it, so its professors are obliged to call for help from the civil being a bad one."

President Garfield said: "The divorce between church and state ought to be absolute. It ought to be so absolute that no church property, anywhere, in any state, or in any nation, should be exempt from equal taxation; for if you exempt the property of any church organization, to that extent you impose a tax upon the whole community."

President Grant, in 1875, sent the following message to Congress on the subject, expressing truly American sentiments: "In 1850, I believe, the church property of the United States which paid no tax, municipal or state, amounted to \$87,000,000. In 1880 the amount had doubled. In 1870 it was \$354,483,587. In 1900, without a check, it is safe to say, this property will reach a sum exceeding \$3,000,000,000. So vast a sum, receiving all the protection and benefits of government, without bearing its proportion of the burdens and expenses of the same, will not be looked upon acquiescently by those who have to pay the taxes. In a growing country, where real estate enhances so rapidly with the time as in the United States, there is scarcely a limit to the wealth that may be acquired by corporations, religious or otherwise, if allowed to retain real estate without taxation. The contemplation of so vast a property as here alluded to, without taxation, may lead to sequestration without constitutional authority, and through bloodshed. I would suggest the taxation of all property equally."

The 1,000 milestone of time is nearly reached and nothing has yet been done to correct this growing evil—a wolf in sheep's clothing, clothed in sheepskin, and secretly sapping the vitality of our government.

Continuing the discussion, Rev. Madison C. Peters said: "Making the state pay tribute to the church, instead of the church to the state, is a glaring self-contradiction in the United States. It is theoretically as well as practically against the principle of the union of church and state. Exemption from taxation is but an indirect state support of the church at the expense of the public amounting to the same as a direct tax against which the American people would rise up in rebellion."

With so much poverty and want in the community, our magnificent church edifices and massive buildings for alleged charitable purposes on our most valuable sites are a burlesque on both religion and charity."

The census of 1890 reported the alleged value of church edifices, the lots on which they stand and their furnishings as \$300,087,103. These figures are very low estimates, a conservative estimate being \$2,000,000,000.

Two hundred million dollars is less than actual value of church property of New York City and the assessed value of the real estate for 1894 is but \$1,618,833,135. It can easily be figured out how highly oppressive exemption becomes to other tax-payers.

The taxation of church property is in the interest of American principles and in harmony with the experience of nations. Taxing one man for the propagation of another man's religion is glaringly unjust. Moreover it is a relic of the principle of the union of church and state, inherited from the Old World and not yet eliminated from our political system."

#### SUNDAY SANCTIFIERS

break out in a new spot. Oakland "Events" states:

The Christian Endeavorers are now agitating to close the newspapers on Sunday throughout the United States. It strikes us that the time has about arrived for the organization of an opposing force, the sole object being to shut these publicly-proud people up. Let them purify their inner circles before venturing to throw stones. There is plenty of room for it.

#### HYPNOTISM AND THE DEVIL.

Teachers claim hypnosis to belong to the devil, but this item proves that preachers are prone to use it as well, when necessary.

Miss Grace Elliot, of San Francisco, expects to prove that she is daughter and heir to Imbrey Clarke's estate of \$25,000,000, but her claim is not yet legalized. However, the Bible Society of California seized time by the forelock and sent a young woman to modestly plead for \$65,000, with which to pay off the society's debt. She pleaded in vain until Rev. Dr. Thompson dropped in, and after holding prayer service, in which the Doctor prayed earnestly for her success, suggesting that to spread the gospel would be her great work, the result was that Miss Grace signed a written pledge that if she won the estate she would pay the Bible Society the \$65,000 solicited.

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"Gentlemen, the Devil has stolen your gem while you slept and left you mere-

ly the setting. Is it any wonder that our pews are empty, that our treasury is depleted, that strife and discord sit enthroned in our churches, that lip service and formality are prominent features of modern service?

"Christ has been too long chained in his temple by the hands of his erratic friends. It is time to break off these shackles and give his truth freedom. What are we doing for law and order? What for inequities? What for the social evil? What for the secret vices, which, God save the mark, sit straight up in our pews? What for Christian citizenship? Christ must be enthroned in the leading sentiment hearts of man in all the walks of life."

"The modern church is creating far too little disturbance in the affairs of this world to be safely identified with true religion. The church too largely assumes the same relation to wealth and fashion that is assumed by all other applicants at these shrines. The cringing attitude of the pulpit toward the pew—its fawning sycophancy in the presence of stately wealth, pomp and fashion, for fear of giving offense to the source of its material supply, results in prostituting the church of the living God to base and ignoble ends. Above we know is the plain truth in regard to the laity of the church, and doubly impressive coming from a member of their own flock."

MRS. M. E. VAN LUYEN, Oakland, Cal.

#### Efficacy of Prayer.

I was quite interested in "A Kick Reversed," by Caroline Catlin, in The Progressive Thinker of December 18. If prayer and praise were taken out of Spiritualism, there would be nothing left worth having. Every man and woman that believes in Spiritualism would take prayer for their own, their life-boats would not be swamped in the muddy waters of jealousy and inhumanity. I have always believed in prayer, but some of my prayers have been too much on the surface, but since I came a Spiritualist, a little more than three years ago, I have had no surface prayers, but I think I have prayed more than I ever did before in all my life.

Within that time I have been down in so deep a valley that I could scarcely see a ray of light, but prayer was the ladder that I climbed, rung by rung, until I reached the mountain top where sunshine reigns. For a year I have had no shadows, only the thin ones the sunshine makes, and when I send out a prayer for spirit guidance, they disappear like dew before the sun. I feel like singing most of the time, but in my work of caring for the sick, singing at times would be unbecomingly, but it doesn't prevent the heart from singing, and that is only another form of prayer. Prayer has guided my pen to-day. Every kindness we do for others is a prayer that helps us upward.

I send out a prayer, that these words may brighten someone's life, as Caroline Catlin's name my son brighter.

MARY A. INGALLS, Watertown, N. Y.

#### Religion of the Revolution.

The first public meeting this year of the Continental Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was held last evening in the parlors at the Hotel Elmore. Several valuable papers were read and thoroughly enjoyed by a large audience.

Dr. W. A. Croffut read the paper of the evening on "The Religion of the Revolution." He said in part: "Religious liberty was still in its swaddling clothes when the Revolution broke out, and man's conception of the universe had scarcely emerged from the barbaric stage. Agnosticism was scarcely known. Any violator of the Sabbath in Maryland could be fined \$200 in 1783, according to the law of 1773, which is still operative there and in the District of Columbia—that is, it has all the power of enforcement. But this law has gone asleep and may be said to have died of atrophy. The Revolution developed a strong tendency among the colonists to unbelief. A revolt started all along the line for religious liberty. Our fathers established a government to promote human morality and intelligence, defend human liberty and protect human rights. They did not seek to establish a theocracy, but a democracy wherein each might worship according to the dictates of his or her own conscience."

Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood read a paper on the history of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Miss Lewis rendered a solo, and Mrs. Cooper recited the "Charge of the Light Brigade."—Washington Times.

"After Her Death. The Story of a Summer." By Lillian Whiting. N. mind that loves spiritual thought can fall to be fed and delighted with this book. Beautiful spiritual thought, combining advanced ideas on the finer and ethereal phases of Spiritualism, leading the mind onward into the purer atmosphere of exalted spiritual truth. A book for the higher life. For sale at this office. Price, cloth, \$1.

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

"Religion as Revealed by the Material and Spiritual Universe." By E. B. Babbitt, M. D., LL.D. A compact and comprehensive view of the subject; philosophic, historic, analytical and critical; facts and data needed by every student and especially by every Spiritualist. One of the very best books on the subject. Price, reduced to \$1. cloth; paper, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

"From Night to Morn, or An Appeal to the Baptist Church." By Abby Judson. Gives account of her experience in passing from the old faith of her parents to the light and knowledge of Spiritualism. It is written in a sweet spirit, and is well adapted to place in the hands of Christian people. Price 15 cents.

"The Great Roman Anacanda." By Prof. Geo. P. Rudolph, Ph.D., ex-president of the Diocese of Cleveland, O. A sharp and pointed letter to Bishop Hartsman. It is good reading, and should be widely distributed, that people may be enlightened concerning the ways and methods of Rome and its priesthood. Price 15c. For sale at this office.



## THE DIVINE PLAN FURTHER ELUCIDATED.

Sometime ago we devoted considerable space to the elucidation of the Divine Plan—a method whereby each one would in a great measure become a veritable Savior, aiding materially in redeeming the world from pauperism and crime, and advancing it intellectually and spiritually to a higher plane.

The Divine Plan is far-reaching in its benign results. It extends to the highest heaven and down to the lowest dens of poverty and degradation. It is, however, only brought systematically into requisition by those who have in a measure ceased to live exclusively for self, and who look outside of their own families (if their material means are ample for the purpose) for some one whose burden they can lighten and whose spiritual nature they can refine and advance to a higher plane. Having the power of wealth, they expend it judiciously in removing obstacles that obstruct the pathway of the sorrowing and unfortunate, and therefore carry out the Divine Plan in all the walks of life.

The Progressive Thinker has instituted

#### THE DIVINE PLAN

in connection with its business affairs, and just so far as it is possible, consistent with sound business principles and safety, it has systematically arranged a method whereby a portion of the profits that accrue from its business

#### SHALL FLOW BACK

to its subscribers, rendering their burden in the part they play in sustaining the paper, so very light that they will hardly feel it, while otherwise they are enriched intellectually and refined spiritually.

The example so wisely set by The Progressive Thinker, and which is not now carried out by any of the orthodox churches or business men, will finally be adopted by the whole world. We, however, realize the stubborn fact, that we are thousands of years

#### AHEAD OF THE TIMES

in this respect, and we do not expect to see our example followed to any great extent.

#### THE DIVINE PLAN

is as broad as the universe itself, hence embraces every human being. Its ramifications extend in every conceivable direction, and are as varied as the exigencies of the case demand.

In conducting our business we have so arranged it that a certain share of the profits return to our subscribers in the form of literature—advanced thought, occult teachings, and instruction on various matters with which everyone should be familiar. This is only one of the

#### MULTIFARIOUS METHODS

of the Divine Plan, yet it is a mite cast forth that is pregnant with great results. If this Divine Plan which we have instituted could be carried out in its perfection, pauperism, ignorance and crime would cease on this earth as if by magic, and the millennial era would commence to dawn.

In sending out "Ghost Land," no little portion of the profits of this office has returned in

#### ONE UNCEASING CURRENT

to our subscribers, to aid them in the pursuit of knowledge, and to increase by one volume the size of the family library—a volume which without the Divine Plan being brought into requisition would cost each one \$1.50—the paper one year and "Ghost Land" costing each subscriber \$2.50. What a deep chasm there is between the two prices when the Divine Plan becomes a prominent factor in business affairs; each single subscriber has been getting the paper one year and the book for \$1.30, an actual saving in

#### ONE INVESTMENT

of one dollar and twenty cents.

Of course, we have an object in view in carrying out this Divine Plan—to increase our usefulness by extending the circulation of The Progressive Thinker, and in so doing we are exerting an influence which tends to elevate the world to a higher plane spiritually and intellectually. While one person can do much in carrying out to its full fruition this Divine Plan, when others unite with him on

the same broad and comprehensive platform, its scope and usefulness can be greatly broadened.

One who is a careful observer, a philanthropist at heart, and who desires to see the Progressive Thinker in every home will assist in this

#### GREAT HUMANITARIAN WORK

for the next three months, enabling us to send to each forthcoming yearly subscriber the remarkable book, "Ghost Land," FREE! FREE! FREE! with the exception of the bare postage.

This will be done to the extent of 40,000 volumes. While he is willing to contribute thousands of dollars to aid in this humanitarian work, he expects to start

## A Wonderful Spiritual Vibration.

therely that will penetrate every Spiritualist home that is susceptible to refined and elevated influences, and induce its inmates to subscribe for The Progressive Thinker, and thus obtain "Ghost Land." This is an experiment with him, and if the 40,000 "Ghost Lands" offered are not taken within three months, he will be greatly disappointed, and think that many Spiritualists don't know a good thing when they see it.

#### AN EXPERIMENT.

We repeat that the sending out of "Ghost Land" in connection with The Progressive Thinker is an experiment only, and the plan of sending out a new book each year to subscribers can only be rendered permanent by a large increase in our list of subscribers. Keep that fact in view. If this plan could have been carried out at first, each of our permanent subscribers would now have a list of eight valuable books on occult, spiritual and other subjects. Commence now forming such a library, and thereby assist in rendering the Divine Plan permanent.

#### PLEASE BEAR IN MIND.

This office has never accepted a gift. The generous donation contributed by a friend of the cause, amounting to thousands of dollars, goes direct to our subscribers, and the only benefit expected therefrom by us is an increase in the circulation of The Progressive Thinker, and that is one of the main objects of the person who has stepped to the front with his pocket-book.

#### THE TERMS.

Read carefully the terms: Ghost Land is sent absolutely free to every forthcoming yearly subscriber, each one only paying the postage thereon, amounting to six 2-cent stamps; the paper one year and the book costing One Dollar and Twelve Cents.

#### TEN OR MORE SUBSCRIBERS.

The Progressive Thinker one year and Ghost Land, One Dollar each subscriber, and the paper and Ghost Land free to the one who gets up a club. The club must consist of ten subscribers, exclusive of the one who sends in the names. The names must be sent in at one time. Just think of this offer—a valuable book and The Progressive Thinker one year for One Dollar. Don't you really think we ought to have 1,000,000 subscribers of these terms, and thus make permanent our Divine Plan of giving a valuable book with each yearly subscription? On these terms you are getting the book as an absolute gift, not even paying postage.

#### WHEN YOU SEND AN ORDER.

Be careful when you send an order for The Progressive Thinker to write the directions plainly on a single sheet of paper, to be filed away. If you have anything special to say to the editor do it on another sheet. We again repeat: Write the State, post-office and names in a plain, bold hand, for by so doing you will avoid mistakes being made.

#### REMEMBER THE TERMS.

This offer will continue during the months of February, March and April, providing the 40,000 volumes are not exhausted before that time. Each one must send in \$1 for the Progressive Thinker one year, and six two-cent stamps to pay postage or expressage on "Ghost Land," or in other words remit one dollar and twelve cents to this office.

#### He Endorses Ghost Land.

To the Editor:—I received Ghost Land, and am intensely interested in it, for two reasons: My first is because I believe the lady who had charge of the editorial department is highly educated, truthful and eminently refined. I well remember her some thirty-four years ago; I used to go up into "Platt's Upper Hall," on Montgomery street, San Francisco, to hear this gifted pioneer speak upon the subject of Spiritualism. Another reason why I am interested in the book is, that several of the marvelous stories there related are confirmed by my own past experience.

GEORGE F. LEIGHTON, 17 Dudley Street, Haverhill, Mass.

#### Now if ever is the time for Spiritualists

to arouse. All the churches have combined against them. They are a power in the land. They are unprincipled in their methods. They believe that they can tumble off their sins on to the Savior, and hence it makes no difference to them if their acts are disreputable. Every Spiritualist and every medium in this broad land should send in a dollar for The Progressive Thinker, to aid it in the great war it is now waging against the attacks of the Anti-Spiritualist Association.

Every reader of this paper should act as our agent and see every other Spiritualist within their reach, and have them subscribe for The Progressive Thinker to assist in the struggle. Roll in the dollars.

#### Of Spiritualists there are thousands

also mediums who take no Spiritualist paper. They know nothing of what is going on in our ranks, and contribute nothing to aid the cause. We attribute this to thoughtlessness on their part, rather than to a lazy lack of interest in the cause. We call their special attention to the conflict now waging. Even in Chicago we could give a list of fifty mediums who subscribe for no Spiritualist paper. In every city, in every town, in every rural district, each one who reads this notice should call on the mediums and Spiritualists who take no Spiritualist paper, and induce them to hand in a dollar for The Progressive Thinker, to aid it in the terrific struggle it is now waging against the members of the Anti-Spiritualist Association.

#### Whatever difference may appear in the fortunes of mankind, there is, nevertheless, a certain compensation of good and evil which makes them equal. Rochefoucauld.







## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

This department is under the management of  
**HUDSON TUTTLE.**  
Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

**NOTICE.**—No attention will be given anonymous letters. Full name and address must be given, or the letters will not be read. If the request be made, the name will not be published. The correspondence of this department has become excessively large, especially letters of inquiry requesting private answers, and while I freely give whatever information I am able, the ordinary courtesy of correspondence is expected.

**HUDSON TUTTLE.**

**J. Nisen: Q.** Is there any superlative merit one over the other of the various systems, christian science, metaphysical healing, hypnotism, mesmerism, and Dr. Babbitt's fine forces?

**A.** There are many good things in all these systems, but they become false when pressed, as they are by many of their advocates to cover the whole field.

The heat, light, electricity and magnetism from the sun have great influence on life and its manifestations. How great this influence is may be forcibly seen in plants growing in shaded places or in darkened cellars, comparing them with those growing in the sun-lighted garden. Human beings are in like manner affected, only the more as they are more delicately organized. But these elements do not hold all influences. They are distinct from the psychic, or mesmeric, hypnotic or whatever name it may be called, and they are not comparable.

There are two distinct methods of cure by christian science, magnetism, metaphysics, etc. One is by suggestion, and some there are who assume that suggestion covers the whole ground, explaining all phenomena. Thus a magnetic healer suggests to his patient that he is well and he becomes so. The christian scientist suggests to his subject that as a part of God he cannot be sick, and his sickness vanishes. Such a method gives good results where there are no organic changes and the ailment is from depleted nerve force or mental, rather than physical.

The other method is by direct influence of psychic force from the operator to the subject. This is a positive influence and independent of suggestion. It is thus seen that neither of these methods cover all the facts, and to exclude either and make the other supreme would lead to error. There are multitudes of facts supporting one or the other. Suggestion, given by others, or self-suggestion, which leads to the dominance of one idea, is a most important factor in human conduct. The man who keeps his mind at such a tension that the bodily life have no time or place for consideration, lives above their suggestion, until a crisis may be reached.

It is right here, on their psychic relations, that all these systems and methods coalesce in Spiritualism which furnishes the fundamental truths on which they all rest, differing only as they assume different phraseologies, and arrive at erroneous conclusions. They are all indebted to Spiritualism for every truth they contain and wherever they differ from this primal source they are in the fog.

The same may be said of Theosophy, which is embodied in Spiritualism, forming, however, only a single block in its solid walls.

**W. R. Custer: Q.** (1) Is astrology an exact science? (2) Do spiritual beings ever exert an influence on pre-natal existence?

**A.** (1) Our downfalls and stumbles while we climb the spiritual heights to impress us with the duties belonging to earth-life?

(2) If astrology was an "exact science," this question would not be asked. No one questions as to astrology being an exact science. The calculation of an eclipse or occultation of the planets silences every doubt. If a "nativity" could be calculated in the same accurate manner, astrology would not be in the hands of fakirs and under the ban of the law. So far from being an "accurate science," astrology cannot be called a science, for science is demonstrated knowledge classified. That the sun and other bodies in space have an influence on living beings is well understood by students of biology, but the nature and extent of their influence is absolutely unknown, and hence its calculation in reference to the modification of the lives of men is concerned, is without data and no more than a guess.

But it is objected; prophecies have been made that have been fulfilled, and the past has been told by these calculations from planetary positions. True, the astrologer has by his psychic impressibility, revealed the future, and by his "calculations" concealed the source of his information.

(2) There is nothing more certain than that spiritual beings often exert a superlative influence over the unborn child. By this heretofore unrecognized force, the theories of heredity have been confused by being unable to account for the facts. The great characters of history are examples of spirit power concentrated to bring forward leaders in science, literature, art, and statesmanship. And what is of vastly greater moment, these leaders, impressed from earliest life by spiritual intelligences, continue under the same guidance to execute the enterprises for which they were designed. Examples are seen in Napoleon, Washington, Wesley, Luther, Tennyson, Mozart, Lincoln, and countless others.

(3) No, our "downfalls" are not imposed for any purpose, for that would imply that we were watched over by a personal God, who was directly interested in our lives. It is true that our "downfalls and tumbles" do have an influence, keeping us in the right path. They are, however, unnecessary except as we depart from that path, and are witnesses that we have done so. It is not necessary that we stumble; unless we are weak we shall not. We may gain experience and strength by falls and bruises, yet if we had the strength we would not fall. If we were able to keep the path of right, with firmly planted feet, and go upward without wavering, it is far preferable to being torn by thorns that lead us into the path, or bruised by the stones which guard its either side.

**E. L. McG.: Q.** Can dipsomania be cured by hypnotism at a distance, and if so can you give the name of the hypnotist able to do this?

**A.** The conditions of a dipsomaniac are unfavorable to hypnotism, yet there are instances recorded of favorable results. The experiment would be most interesting and if any hypnotist desires to make the test, I will gladly assist him.

**W. W. R.: Q.** What is the difference between spirit, and a spirit?

**A.** Spirit is a general term applied to spiritual things, as matter is to material. A spirit is an individualization from the forces of the spiritual universe.

"Woman, Church and State." By Matilda Joselyn Gage. A royal volume, of more than common intrinsic value. The subject is treated with masterly ability; showing that the church has and has not done for woman. It is full of information on the subject, and should be read by every one. Price \$3, postpaid. For sale at this

## UNCLE BEN SEES A "SHADDER."

I kin see dem shinin' eyeballs now, wharebber I may look,  
An' de shadders dey pass fru me, lak de lizzards fru de brook,  
An' I kaint fin' eny cumfoht in dis worl' now enywhar,  
Foh de ha'nin' ob er presence—lak er shadder—black ez tar.  
An' de preacher man done tol' me hit wuz Satan dat I saw,  
Dat de Massa put him on me kase I broke some moral law,  
But I kaint tink now foh sartin' jist what law I done gone broke,  
An' I jist believ dat preacher man tol' me dat fer er joke.  
I hez got ter see de body, an' de hoofs an' forked tail  
Er I kaint believ de debbil yam nar git down heah an' wail,  
For I nebber stole er chicken dat wuz roostin' out ob reach,  
Ner I nebber stained my consens in er tryin' fer ter preach.

Ize done been ter many meetins' an' Ize heerd 'em pray an' shout  
Fer der Lawd ter show his mercy by er washin' ob 'em out,  
An' I riz right up and tol' 'em dat de bes' way fer ter do  
Wuz ter pray ter dere own consens, an' be noble, kin' an' true.

But dey tells me Ize a sinnah an' de debbil'll git me sho' Ef I doan' ax Massa Jesus fer a pashon 'fo' I go;  
Den I see dem eyes er shinin' lak a diamond' in de sky,  
But my consens cums an' tells me dat hit haint de debbil's eye.

An' I sometimes git de outlines ob er fohm I 'pears ter know,  
In de darkness ob de eb'nin' jist er glidin' cross de flo',  
An' hit sorter makes me narvous an' I kinder lose my place,  
Foh I seem ter see de likeness ob my muddah's deah ol' face.

Den de debbilish religion an' de hellish fiah goes,  
An' de prayin' to de Massa jist comes sorter er er close,  
For I nebber seed dat Jesus an' I'd rather tech de han' Ob my deah ol' sperit muddah dan de Lawd, ef he's er man.  
DR. T. WILKINS.

## WHEN A DEED IS DONE FOR FREEDOM.

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast  
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west;  
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb  
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime  
Of a century bursts full blossomed on the thorny stem of Time.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along  
Round the earth's electric circle the swift flash of right or wrong;  
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet humanity's vast frame  
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame;  
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide  
In the strife of Truth and falsehood for the good or evil side;  
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,  
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right,  
And the choices goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Then to side with truth is noble, when we share her wretched crust,  
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;  
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,  
Doubting in his abject spirit till his lord is crucified,  
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes—they were souls that stood alone,  
While the men they agonized for, hurled the contumelious stone,  
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline  
To the side of perfect justice; mastered by their faith Divine.

By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design.  
For humanity sweeps onward: where to-day the martyr stands  
On the morrow crouches Judas, with the silver in his hands;  
Far in front the cross stands ready, and the crackling faggots burn,  
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return  
To glean up the scattered ashes into history's golden urn.

—James R. Lowell.

## Disgraceful Meetings.

One of the most disgraceful meetings is being held at the U. B. church at Matherton that was ever held in a civilized country and yet they are allowed to go on in this style. Meetings are held in the evening from 7 o'clock until the wee small hours of the morning make their appearance and there has been some instances where they have been held till daylight and yet they are allowed to go on in this way like a lot of maniacs. Even little girls from 10 to 12 years old are allowed to attend these meetings and get so excited as to go into a trance and remain that way for several days. A doctor was called to attend one of these small girls and he said, "If she was allowed to go this way it would end in insanity." Is there not a few Christian people in that place who can stop these disgraceful actions? The minister has the nerve to call this religion, but if this is religion we do not want any of that kind, for murder will out. We hope that these meetings will either be discontinued or run upon lines commensurate to a civilized community.

To the Editor:—Enclosed find the above clipping. Matherton is a little burg in Ionia county, Michigan. Perhaps these "goings on" are something like an Indian ghost dance.

Our little society is doing well and growing—thanks to the Antis.  
A. C. FLOWERS.

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

"After the Sex Struck." By George N. Miller. Price 25 cents. For sale at this office.

"Nature Cure." By Drs. M. E. and Rosa Q. Conger. Excellent for every family. Cloth, \$1.50. For sale at this office.

## BLIND WORKERS.

### Spirituality that Needs to Be Spiritualized.

To the Editor:—I have been pondering in my mind for some time, why there are so many blind workers in our cause; blind to their own interests, as well as to the interest of those who are, or at least should be, as near and dear to them as self. Now, I have in my mind's eye a certain worker in my vicinity, who poses as a "very spiritual man," and considers himself an authority on all questions relating to the Cause. He not only works among his own townpeople, but goes abroad, and seems to think himself elected to evangelize the whole world. But, oh, the blindness of man. If he only knew it, he has a broad field to cultivate right in his own little household. And if a man is not wise enough to fathom the mysteries of his own home, how can he expect to grasp those of the great infinity? When a man has become so spiritual that nothing pertaining to the welfare and happiness of his family is worth considering, set that man down as a very selfish creature, for you will find, nine times out of ten, that he is very good and kind to himself.

Now, in this case, I know his wife well and know her to be a slender little person, hard-working and saving, one who has to exercise a great deal of economy to order to make ends meet. And I have known her to be left alone for three or four weeks at a time, with no companionship but that of little children, and even his spiritual papers denied her, which might have helped to brighten the hours for her. I also know him to be rather disagreeable in his home, but away he is as cheerful and agreeable as a man could be. In speaking of his wife, it is generally done in such a manner as to convey the idea: "If all is not right, it is Eve who has tempted me and I did eat."

Now, Mr. Editor, I know that this same little wife is just dying for the loving words of sympathy which she so hungers for and so much needs, to keep her braced and in trim for the daily struggle that must ensue when she goes on in her mind. It is a sad case indeed, when man becomes so elevated, spiritually, that he forgets the little acts of kindness and courtesies that every woman expects from her husband, and is entitled to. These very small things go far toward keeping the home pure and unclouded, but as it is woman's nature to be exacting in the effect of it, it is any wonder that many are led into the snares of unprincipled men, who too often step in at the critical moment, with many honied words of consolation, and thus begin to weave their coils about the innocent one until she is fairly caught in his snare. And then what is the verdict of the world—her husband not exacting? It is only another fallen woman!

Now, Mr. Editor, if this same worker which I have spoken of in this letter, should meet with just such a misfortune as this, with all his self-wisdom, I don't believe he would be able to see that it would have been a far more spiritual work to have conveyed with all been a protection to his wife, and her comfort and companion in every sense; then no other man would dare to usurp her love.

I am a hearty endorser of the saying, "Charity begins at home." If these few lines should happen to meet the eyes of any such blind workers, I sincerely hope they will be led to stop and ponder, and perhaps they may yet be able to solve the enigma. This is at least my wish.  
A READER.

### A Spirit Mother's Power.

The little story of a spirit-mother's watch over her beggar-daughter in the streets, as given in a recent issue of The Progressive Thinker, brought to my mind an incident that was considerably noised about in a western town a few years ago. Men discussed the matter amongst themselves, and some told the strange story to their wives, and so the strange story spread. A young woman came to the town from a neighboring city and adopted the life of shame. She became quite popular amongst her set, and seemed to enjoy her gay, fast life. Nevertheless, she was not so wholly depraved but that she sought to deceive her mother in the other city, as to her evil course. The mother died unexpectedly, and this girl had not yet received the information. Chancing to glance toward the door of her room, she saw her mother standing there as though she had just entered, with the expression of most shocked surprise and grief. The girl sprang to her feet shrieking aloud to her mother. Her companion was badly startled by her hysterical manner. She ran out in search of her mother who had disappeared, and to learn who had sent the elder lady to her room. No one knew anything about it, but it was evident the girl had received a great shock.

Very shortly, I think the next day, she received word of her mother's death. From that time on she was "haunted," shall we say, by her mother's presence, with her reproachful, reproving countenance. At first it was counted great sport by her curious and cruel companions, to draw her on by drink and jest, until the warning spirit again became visible to her, but her fright and shirke became too nerve-rattling to be endured, and she was dismissed from the establishment.

I wish I could tell the end of the story, that some "Good Samaritan" came to her rescue with counsel and shelter, but I really do not know the finish of this tale. Only know that the mother's spirit never rested until she let the girl rest, until she was ejected from those circles. Unable as she was, at any time, to "see a spirit" and go into hysterics, she became a terror rather than an attraction, and thus it was that her mother drove her from sin to a life of honest labor.  
San Antonio, Tex. R. DOUGLAS.

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Sam Jones was invited by Dr. Talmage to hold a series of revival meetings in Brooklyn. The revivalist appeared at the Talmage residence on the afternoon of the day on which his engagement began and introduced himself. Mr. Talmage looked him over and was evidently a little taken aback at the shabby appearance of the evangelist. As it approached evening he said: "Brother Jones, would you take it amiss if I presented you with a new suit of clothes? Certainly not," said the accommodating Sam. He was taken to a clothier and fitted from head to foot, topped all with a high hat. At church the Doctor introduced him as Rev. Samuel P. Jones, from Georgia. Mr. Jones arose with his new hat in hand and repeated: "Yes, Rev. Samuel P. Jones from Georgia," and added: "And this is the new suit of clothes and this the new hat your pastor has presented to me. If your pastor had as much of the grace of God in his heart as he has pride he would convert all Brooklyn and would not need me."—San Francisco Wave.

### MY COTTAGE.

I have a cottage close by the sea,  
With vine-mantled doorway, airy and free,  
And the fleck and glow of summer shine  
Comes dancing joyous on rose and vine.  
Far out at sea my raptured eyes  
Behold green isles of Paradise,  
And a longing comes with its dreamy spell  
To hear from those who on the green isles dwell.

When the broad moon lies across my door,  
And the hush of the waves reaches the shore,  
The wondrous shades of light and green  
In my garden of roses then are seen.  
And Love's white hand, soft and fair,  
Touches my brow with its weight of care,  
And a brooding presence fills the air  
With glimmerings of beauty everywhere.

Love's cadences sweet on the landscape rise,  
In amorous music, as the evening dies,  
And I dream of my boyhood's happiness  
As the silent hour leaves its parting kiss.  
BISHOP A. BEALS.  
Summerland, Cal.

### THAT CITY.

I hear of a city beyond the sea,  
With streets of shining gold,  
Lighted with radiant mystery,  
Most glorious to behold.

They tell me its walls are of precious stones,  
That jeweled gates unfold;  
Myriads of beautiful ransomed ones,  
And harpers with harps of gold.

They tell me of holy prophets there,  
Sealed with a strange "new name,"  
Of saints and seraphs, and cherubs fair,  
And angels on wings of flame.

They tell me of Jesus, the crucified king,  
Of palms and a great white throne,  
Of sweetest songs that the angels sing,  
And a crown that may be my own.

But sweeter than songs the angels sing,  
Are the voices I know in the music's tone;  
And dearest gift of God the King,  
Are the hands in the throng that shall clasp my own.

Oh, dwellers in heaven, clothed in white,  
Still veil your treasures of pearl and gold,  
Oh, city of God, enthroned in light,  
Still hoard your glories no thought can hold,  
Till my fluttering spirit, with sweet surprise,  
Without doubting or fear shall see,  
Grown strong in the welcome of human eyes.

My loved ones in heaven with me.  
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