



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

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ALFRED TENNYSON A SPIRITUALIST.

His Psychic Experiences and Spiritual Convictions.

GILES B. STEBBINS, AN ABLE WORKER IN THE CAUSE OF TRUTH FOR MORE THAN A HALF CENTURY, GIVES PROOF THAT THE GREAT POET AT TIMES WAS DIVINELY INSPIRED, AND REALIZED THE GRAND TRUTHS OF SPIRITUALISM.

A Life, or Memoir, of the noble poet, by his son, Hallam Tennyson, has lately been published in New York and London—its two volumes full of value and interest. From material gathered in a few years past, and from late notices and extracts from the biography, facts are given touching his psychic experiences and deep convictions as to the immortality of man, our divine relations and the great truth of spirit-presence.

In his preface Hallam Tennyson says of his father:

"From his boyhood he had felt the magic of Merlin—that spirit of poetry—which made him know his power and follow throughout his work a pure and high ideal, with a simple and single devotedness and a desire to ennoble the life of the world, and which helped him through doubts and difficulties to endure."

He tells us that his father regarded his poem of "Merlin and the Gleam" as constituting his autobiography, as offering quite enough to those friends who urged him to write of himself. Of that mystic poem a few lines may give the key:

Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight,—
A young mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your compasses,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And ere it vanishes
Over the margin
After it, follow it,
Follow the gleam.

To "follow the gleam" plainly means to follow the spiritual light within and from above—a path so natural to some and which might be to many, if their lives were wise and true.

Thus did Tennyson walk serenely on his upward way:

And broader and brighter
The gleam flying outward,
Wed to the melody,
Sang thro' the world.

At the last:

I can no longer
But die rejoicing,
For thro' the magic
Of him, the mighty,
Who taught me in childhood
There on the border
Of boundless heaven
And all in heaven
Hovers the gleam.

The marked period, the crisis in his life, came in 1833, when Arthur Hallam passed suddenly to the more real life. Hallam was to marry Tennyson's sister Emilia; then the poet was twenty-four years of age; their lives were intertwined by sympathies too strong for time or bodily death to sever or even to weaken. His sorrow was deep, but unselfish, his affections deepened while, as ever, his duties were well done. Especially his duties as poet, and spiritual life, exalted and opened, and his feeling of a nearness to a life largely independent of our external senses or physical bodies, grew to a strong and radiant conviction. Views which ran like threads of gold through his earlier poems, gained a deeper reality. Arthur Hallam was a daily and real presence, even more than while in the earthly body. The other two friends, one on earth, the other in the celestial life, but not really separated, helped each other. To the one here came the opening of a great career as poet and religious teacher. What came to the one above we know not.

In that immortal poem, "In Memoriam," so tender, so large in its range, so full of a divine philosophy, Tennyson says to, and of his ascended friend:

And doubtless, unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.

And what delights can equal those
That stir the spirit's inner depths,
When one that loves and knows not,
Reaps

A truth from one that loves and knows?
God's finger touched him, and he slept!
The great intelligences fair
That range above our mortal state,
In circle round the blessed dead,
Received and gave him welcome
there;

And led him through the blissful
climes
And showed him in the fountains
fresh,
All knowledge that the sons of flesh
Shall gather in the cyclical times.

How fares it with the happy dead?
No shade can last
In that deep dawn behind the tomb,
But clear from marge to marge
shall bloom,
The eternal landscape of the past:

That each, who seems a separate
whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing
all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general soul,
Is faith as vague as all unweet;
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;

And I shall know him when we meet.
And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good;
What vaster dream can fit the mood
Of love on earth?

How large and inspiring, how natural and rational, this view of the celestial life! How beautiful the nearness of the "one who loves and knows not," yet reaps a truth from "one who loves and knows" while the one is here, the other never too far away to draw near or to send a needed message!

He saw psychics, or mediums, and gave careful attention to their varied manifestations. These matters were usually in the privacy of home, and are hardly mentioned in the biography. He said: "Spiritualism must not be judged by its quacks." Its crudities and "humbug" he disliked, but saw that these had their place as first steps with many.

Of intercommunication of spirits in its high forms, he said:

"I do not see why its central truth is unattainable. If we would think about this truth, it would become very natural and reasonable to us. Why should those who have gone before, not surround and minister to us, as legions of angels surrounded and ministered to our Lord?"

Tennyson's poems were his gospels of life and immortality. From his life-work as an inspired poetic teacher he never turned aside as a public advocate or opponent of Spiritualism, or of any form of organized religious faith. Sincere as he was, the simple statement just given marks his belief in spirit-presence. His own experiences, the statements of valued friends, and his poems in these few pages, but emphasize this conviction.

In Blackwood is an interesting bit of evidence, supplied by Prof. Knight, in a paper, entitled, "A Reminiscence of Tennyson."

"We then went on—I do not remember what the link of connection was—to talk of Spiritualism, and the Psychological Society, in which he was much interested, and also of the problems of Theism. He spoke of the great Realm of the Unknown, which surrounds us, as being also known, and having intelligence at the heart of it; and he told more stories than one of spirit manifestations as authentic emanations from the unknown, and as a proof that, out of darkness light could reach us."

In the Memoir sparing references are made to the Spiritualistic experiences of the poet. There is one curious story which shows that the late Bishop Wilberforce had participated in the investigation. Tennyson spoke of the last visit of Bishop Wilberforce, of his sudden death, and of the Bishop's story of the "table-turning" when he was staying with Judge Alderson, at Farringford. A table moved towards the door where the bishop was standing. He exclaimed the supposed spirit, and then the table stood still, rapping out, "I can't abide a bishop."

Chairvoyant trances may be the best descriptive name for what were best Tennyson's leading psychic experiences. It includes a partial, or entire loss of external consciousness, an awakening of a wonderful interior consciousness, a vision into spiritual realms far beyond the range of our external senses, and usually the sense of a spiritual presence guiding and opening our interior faculties.

The Hartford Times tells of Mr. Benjamin Blood, of Amsterdam, N. Y., who wrote a book on "Anesthetic Revelations" and sent a copy of it to the poet. In return, Tennyson wrote him the following curious and interesting letter:

Sir—I have to thank you for your essay and your photograph. The face is that of one it seems to me born to grapple with difficulties, metaphysical and other, and the essay does not belie the face—a very notable sketch of metaphysics, ending, apparently, yet once more, in the strange history of human thought, with the placid Buddha, as verified by nineteenth century anecdotes.

He never had any revelations through anesthetics, but a kind of "waking trance" (this for lack of a better word). I have frequently had quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has often come upon me through repeating my own name to myself silently, till at once, as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being—and this not a confused state, but the clearest, the purest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words—whose death was an almost laughable impossibility—the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction, but only true life.

I am astounded of my feeble description. Have I not said the state is beyond words? But in a moment, when I come back into my normal condition of sanity, I am ready to fight for "Meine Liebe Ich," and hold that it will last for aeons of aeons.

If ever you come over to England I shall be glad to welcome you here. Believe me, yours very truly,
A. TENNYSON.

Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, May 7, 1874.

A graphic description; not fancy, but fact, is this by Tennyson of a trance in which his friend Hallam, a strong spirit, was doubtless a controlling helper:

So word by word and line by line,
The dead man touch'd me from the past,
And all at once it seem'd at last

The living soul was flash'd on mine,
And mine in this was wound and whirled,
About ethereal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught

The deep pulsations of the world.
Eonian music measuring out
The steps of Time—the shocks of chance—

The blows of Death. At length my trance
Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt.

Vague! but ah! how hard to frame
In matter-molded forms of speech,
Or ev'n for intellect to reach
Thro' memory that which I became.

These vague doubts often came with the return from the far-reaching intuition to the normal state, narrower in its perception and range of thought and vision.

One night at Farringford, says Borderland, Tennyson, Jowett and Tyndall sat talking about the power of imagination, or intuition, as an instrument of scientific discovery. After Jowett had retired, Tyndall and Tennyson continued to converse. Tyndall thus records what Tennyson said:

"With great earnestness Tennyson described to me a state of consciousness into which he could throw himself by thinking intently of his own name. It was impossible to give anything that could be called a description of the state, for language seemed incompetent to touch it. It was an apparent isolation of the spirit from the body. Wishing, doubtless to impress upon me the reality of the phenomenon, he exclaimed, 'By God Almighty! there is no delusion in this matter! It is no nebulous ecstasy, but a state of transcendent wonder, associated with absolute clearness of mind.' Other persons have had, I believe, similar experiences. Walking out with a friend one evening, the poet Wordsworth approached a gate, and, laying hold of its bars, turned to his companion and said, 'My dear sir, to assure myself of the existence of my own body I am sometimes obliged to grasp an object like this and shake it.' It was at the Red Alp, and I believe by the late Professor Bonamy Price, that this incident was communicated to me."

The condition here referred to appears to be similar to that "union with God" which was described by Plotinus and Porphyry.

This remark was made twenty-eight years before "The Ancient Sage" was published, and great was Tyndall's surprise to find there expressed in verse the experience which Tennyson had described to him so long before.

Tennyson wrote "The Ancient Sage" after reading the "Life and Maxims of the Philosopher Lao-tse," although there is no attempt to embody in the poem the philosophy of the Chinese teacher. It is throughout, as Prof. Tyndall says, a discussion between a believer in immortality and one who was unable to believe, and the ground-work of the sage's argument against materialism, and in favor of personal immortality, was the description of a trance, which this Memoir proves was Tennyson's. The passage in question is as follows:

"And more, my son! for more than sat all alone, revolving in myself,
The word that is the symbol of myself,
The mortal limit of the self was loosed,
And past into the nameless, as a cloud
Melts into heaven. I touch'd my limbs,
The limbs

Were strange, not mine—and yet no shade of doubt,
But utter clearness, and thro' loss of self
The gain of such large life, as matched
with ours.

Were sun to spark—unshadowed in words,
Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world."

When a mere boy, his son tells us, that his father possessed this power of abstraction from his surroundings, which enabled him to dwell with the invisible:

"As he wandered over the world or by the brook, he often seemed to be in dreamland, so that one who often saw him then called him a mysterious being, seemingly lifted high above other mortals, and having a power of intercourse with the spirit-world not granted to others."

Tennyson himself repeatedly referred to this "it might," he said, "be the state which St. Paul describes: 'Whether in the body I cannot tell, or whether out of the body I cannot tell; God knoweth.'"

When he spoke of those illumined seasons to his family, or to others with whom he had deep spiritual intimacy, his words were uttered with a glow of passionate fervor, which left an indelible impression upon those who heard him. For instance, speaking of a conversation with his father, in January, 1869, his son records what he spoke to them with deep feeling:

"Yes, it is true that there are moments when the flesh is nothing to me, when I feel and know the flesh to be the vision, God and the Spiritual the only real and true. Depend upon it the Spiritual is the real. It belongs to one more than the hand and the foot. You may tell me that my hand and my foot are only imaginary symbols of my existence, I could believe you; but you never, never can convince me that the 'I' is not an eternal reality, and that the Spiritual is not the true and real part of me."

These words he spoke with such passionate earnestness that a solemn silence fell on us as he left the room.

The poet told his son that there might be a more intimate communion than we could dream of between the living and the dead, at all events for a time.

He wrote, with Hallam in his mind: "If the immediate life after death be only sleep, and the spirit between this life and the next should be folded like a flower in a night slumber, then the remembrance of the past might remain, as the smell and color do in the sleeping flower; and in that case the

memory of our love would last as true, and would live as pure and whole within the spirit of my friend until after it was unfolded at the breaking of the morn, when the sleep was over."

He dwelt in a world apart, out of which he emerged from time to time to lead the daily life of ordinary men, but it was in no sense the whole or even the most important part of his existence. Borderland says:

"No one can say that he was not a man intensely alive to all that concerned his material life. He lived a very full life, and his interest was unabated to the very end. He was a man of affairs, as well as a poet. He was a student of science as well as a mystic, and for more than half a century he met and mingled as an equal, and more than an equal, with the foremost men of his time. This, it is well to remember, in view of the prevailing disposition on the part of materialists to argue that dwellers in the Borderland are necessarily incapable of taking their full share in the busy life of mortal men. Tennyson's conviction of what may be called the evanescent and transitory nature of the material universe in no way weakened his grasp of business."

At eighty years few young men could keep pace with our poet's strident gait in a long walk, and few writers have had so long and commanding a career. To "follow the gleam" is health to the body, giving lasting power for long and useful life on earth. He was filled and inspired, by faith in the invisible world which encompassed him, and of which he believed he had direct personal experience.

He wrote the queen in her jubilee year (1887) as follows, then, as always, their letters being those of sincere friendship:

"Madame—I am grateful for your majesty's most kind letter. I do indeed feel how the sense of loneliness may oppress your majesty in the midst of these loud rejoicings. The multitude are loud, but they are silent. Yet if the dead, as I have often felt, tho' silent, be more living than the living; and linger about the planet in which their earth life was passed, then they, while we are journeying with them, are not at our side, may still be with us; and the husband, the daughter, and the son, lost by your majesty, may rejoice when the people shout the name of their Queen."

After conversation with Bishop Lightfoot he wrote: "I believe that God reveals himself in every individual soul; and my idea of heaven is the perpetual ministry of one soul to another."

"Idyls of the King," and elsewhere, are poems, largely transcripts of his personal trance experiences.

Just after Tennyson wrote his ode to the Duke of Wellington, Lady Tennyson dreamed that the Duke called to see them and she deeded to take his hand, expecting it to be icy cold, but found it warm and natural. She was a gifted woman—an inspiring helper and adviser when needed, and she shared the same great law of God.

Physical death is not, therefore, the penalty of sin in the race, but God's natural provision whereby we pass on to higher being. The analogies of nature confirm those scriptures which teach that unless we die we can never be more than we are here. One thing passes away that a better thing may be born, and when we come to the end of this life, we shall find ourselves lifted to higher species. The spirit of man goeth upward. Mortal bodies precede bodies immortal. The new being which comes through death is a nobler being. With better faculties, and more of them, we shall know more than now, and understand it better. But always first the natural and after that the spiritual.

With this faith, what we call death must be better than our birth into this world, for it is only birth into the next world. As the end of accidents, and uncertainties and evils, death is a blessed relief. Remembering how much may happen here, Solon the Athenian lawyer, said he counted no man happy until his death. Still more so, if, added to the relief from life's burdens, they go out confident in the faith of futurity. The Christian reckons that "The dead alone are great;

For when they die, a morning shower Comes down, and makes their memories flower

With perfume sweet, though late."

I think there are many mistaken notions concerning death from which we ought to be relieved. One of the commonest mistakes is to suppose that it is attended with great suffering. To give an idea of intense agony people will say, "I suffered death in that experience," or "I have suffered far more in many instances, than we shall suffer in dissolution. This is almost certainly true with every one, that he experiences a hundred-fold more pain, through life, from headaches, rheumatisms, neuralgias, sprains, inflammations, fevers, fractures, or some other form of sickness, a hundred-fold more than he will realize in the hour and article of death. The growing belief of scientific observers is that there is very little suffering in natural death.

Fatal disease almost invariably has a certain benumbing effect upon the nerves, and the spirit passes out of the body as easily as we fall asleep. There may be labored breathing and twitching muscular contractions and relaxations, which have the appearance of being painful; but it is appearance only. Insensibility robs physical death of its sting, if it has one.

Many times have the dying expressed their surprise to find this so. The experience was so different from what they had imagined and dreaded. "If this be death, it is easy to die," is an uncommon remark. Oftener still, it is so free from any sensations different from those by which we live that the dying make no reference whatever to their feelings.

And if it be true, as seems the case from the experience of these men, that people who are eaten up by wild beasts

THE HIGHER CONCEPT OF DEATH.

Advanced Views Coming From an Orthodox Pulpit.

"IF I WERE TO DIE" DISCUSSED BY REV. J. C. JACKSON AT EASTWOOD, OHIO—DAY OF ONE'S DEATH BETTER THAN ONE'S BIRTHDAY—DEATH NOT A PENALTY FOR SIN, BUT THE NATURAL RESULT OF OLD AGE, AS PROVEN BY SCIENCE—AN INTERESTING SERMON ON A GREAT QUESTION.

"If I Were to Die" was the subject of Rev. J. C. Jackson's morning sermon at the Eastwood Congregational Church, Sunday, says the Press-Post. The text was taken from Eccl., vii., 1: "The day of one's death is better than the day of one's birth." Dr. Jackson spoke in substance as follows:

This saying comes down to us from a far distant age. It is an enigmatical utterance. Most of us would deem it pessimistic. We would say that its author was suffering from dyspepsia or some other depressing disease. The world does not believe that death is better than birth. We make the latter a festival; we celebrate its anniversary. The day of birth is a day of smiles, and its annual return an occasion for congratulation. But the day of death is a day of tears and sighs. Its anniversary is passed in solemn silence. No, this is not a favorite thought—that the day of death is better than the day of birth. Yet there is a sense in which it is true; and it is a very precious truth to me. It applies to every good life in a most consoling way. It is the thought that death itself is only birth into a higher life, free from the cares and infirmities and disappointments of this one. I love that class of scriptures best which view death as natural—not as an afterthought with our Creator, a penalty for sin. The patriarchs seem to feel that it was appropriate and right to die, when old age came on. They did not fear it, but spoke of it as sleeping with their fathers; being gathered to their fathers, as they are gathered to us, may still be with us; and the husband, the daughter, and the son, lost by your majesty, may rejoice when the people shout the name of their Queen."

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With this faith, what we call death must be better than our birth into this world, for it is only birth into the next world. As the end of accidents, and uncertainties and evils, death is a blessed relief. Remembering how much may happen here, Solon the Athenian lawyer, said he counted no man happy until his death. Still more so, if, added to the relief from life's burdens, they go out confident in the faith of futurity. The Christian reckons that "The dead alone are great;

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I think there are many mistaken notions concerning death from which we ought to be relieved. One of the commonest mistakes is to suppose that it is attended with great suffering. To give an idea of intense agony people will say, "I suffered death in that experience," or "I have suffered far more in many instances, than we shall suffer in dissolution. This is almost certainly true with every one, that he experiences a hundred-fold more pain, through life, from headaches, rheumatisms, neuralgias, sprains, inflammations, fevers, fractures, or some other form of sickness, a hundred-fold more than he will realize in the hour and article of death. The growing belief of scientific observers is that there is very little suffering in natural death.

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WHY WE DIFFER.

Reasons Therefor Tersely Expressed.

To the Editor—I am attracted by your paper, particularly by the kindness and charity expressed in your injunction to contributors: "Kindly feelings should always be entertained for those who differ from us." But why should those who differ from us be respected? Let science answer. Because those who differ from us are honestly expressing themselves according to their specific mental organizations as they are endowed by nature. While ecclesiasticism teaches that every one has the same mental life, if he will, science declares that every one has a specific mental life adapted to his own toe.

It has been truthfully said by Dr. C. W. Hadden that "the brain is not the source of thought," and it can be as truly stated that man is not the source of his mental capabilities. He views things, subjectively, just as his brain is made to view them, and this is the chief reason why "kindly feelings should always be entertained for those who differ from us."

By the gospel of science we put kindness, charity and liberty in the place of "believe or be damned." We do not blame a fish because it delights in water; neither should we have unkindly feelings for those who differ from us, because as a fish is adapted to the water and water to the fish, by natural law, so man is fitted to his creed and his creed to him by the same power.

All forms are the combinations of the power which dwells in them. While all forms are a part of God, yet they are not God. God is not expressed in the idol made in the lower animals; his work only is made manifest.

The universe has no soul in the sense of dualism, but it has life—material life. Future life for man cannot be based upon the assumption that he has a soul which does not die with the body, because all animal life is resultant of a combination of specific organs. Universal life and animal life are the same. The former is self-existent, while the latter is subject to the power which organizes it. Eternal life is in the atoms, while transient life is in animal organisms. Future life cannot be based upon the assumption of continuity, but upon re-evolution by the same power which evolved it from the atoms before.

A new era is about to dawn, and all the ancient ideas which have pictured man as an independent of God and as a sinner against him, will have to give way before scientific truth.

JOHN MADDOCK.
Minneapolis, Minn.

An Electrical Prayer Book.

Capt. Charles L. Albertson, of the Eleventh Police Precinct, is a well-known student and collector of rare books, says the New York Times. His private office in the Mulberry Street Station House contains a lot of interesting volumes, many of which are of great intrinsic value, while others are valuable because of unusual features. In an old bookstore the other day he found a book which was a peculiar book bound in metal, with what seemed to be an electrical appliance at one end, which he immediately purchased. The volume proved to be a copy of the Protestant Episcopal Book of Common Prayer, translated into the language of the North American Indians in Dakota, and published in 1883 by the New York Bible and Common Prayer Book Society for the Indian Commission of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the missionary jurisdiction of Nebraska. The covers of the book had been carefully reinforced with substantial plates of nicked brass, firmly fastened with five strong rivets on each side. At the top of each cover was an appliance for the insertion of an electric wire.

According to the story told to Capt. Albertson by the seller of the book, the work was used in its present form by a missionary to the Indians in connection with an electric battery. While the missionary converted brave, whose soul the missionary desired to save, held the prayer book with his hands on both covers, the latter would surprisingly turn on a gentle current, which he believed to be the power of the Holy Spirit, and the converts of the newly-found religion.

None of the officials in the Church Mission House, the headquarters of the society which printed the work, and the center of Episcopal missionary work in the country, to whom the book was shown, could offer any explanation as to the purpose of its metallic attachments, but all admitted that it had to do with the application of electricity to something in some form or other. Each one insisted, however, that no missionary would be guilty of any such deceit or chicanery as suggested toward the people under his spiritual care. At the Bible House, also, where all are familiar with religious works of every description, not even a guess at the solution of the mysterious object of the curious book would be hazarded.

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Social Evils: Their Cause and Cure. By Mrs. Maria M. King. Price reduced from 25 cents to 10 cents.

AMENDMENTS

To Constitution of N. S. A.

All persons desiring to amend Constitution of the National Spiritualists' Association, please present said amendments to local chartered society for endorsement, and forward same to secretary of N. S. A. Annual dues should be paid at once if societies desire representation in Convention, to be held in Washington, October 13, 10, 20, 21, 1898, at Masonic Temple.

FRANCIS B. WOODBURY.

MEDIUMSHIP.

Psychometry, Clairvoyance, Trance.

The Higher States of Consciousness—The Triumph of Truth.

Everything is mediumistic, from the sparkling gem reflecting the solar rays to the highest angel receiving and transmitting the light of the spiritual sun. From gem to flower and fruitage, from insect to man, from man to God, there is one scale of gradation; the lower becoming the medium for the higher, the passive being receptive to the active state. Man is the controlling spirit of all beneath and the medium for all above his plane of life. He is the great central magnet whose dual poles are Deity and Nature. From Deity, through all beings that inhabit the finer spaces of existence, there descends a continual stream of energy which vivifies and illuminates the embodied soul. And there descends from man to all creatures of the lower world the same creative rays of light and power. Man, being an instrument through which the finer essences of spirit are made manifest, should assume a receptive attitude toward all forces higher than his plane and should be positive toward all things in the lower scale of life, thus assimilating the life quality from the Akasa and transmitting it to those who are sufficiently sensitive to receive.

This stream of light, flowing from the inexhaustible fountain of universal life, is open to all who make the proper conditions to receive it. The laws of reception are passivity, sensitiveness, and affinity. There must be a listening attitude of the mind if one would hear the finer vibrations of spirit resounding through the sanctuary of the soul. The whole structure of the material organism must be tuned up to a degree of sensitiveness that will make it responsive to the delicate touch of the most subtle aura; and there must be affinity between the soul of things.

The astral body is an ethereal counterpart of the external visible form; and in the astral sphere of every form, from minerals up to man, is recorded the history of its existence. The one who can place himself in rapport with the astral light can see the images existing in the mirror of nature and from these he can read the history of the past. To perceive this substance whose vibration brings us into instant touch with the past, it is necessary to acquire a remarkable sensitiveness to impressions. One must be keenly alive to every feeling and responsive to every thought. This power to feel the vibrations emanating from an object, to sense its conditions and discern its relation to other objects, is called psychometry, which literally signifies to measure soul.

Through psychometry one may develop the power to come into an affinity of consciousness with the soul of things, and through the sensations produced by these contacts he may read the past and prophesy the future. By the science of psychometry one may examine a petrified acorn and behold the scenery that had surrounded the tree from which the acorn had fallen, centuries ago. A fossil may reveal to the psychometer the scenes of nature and the mode of life on earth in prehistoric times. But the most practical use that may be made of this science is in the power to measure human beings—to be able to see as each sees, to feel as each feels, to determine the potentialities and possibilities of all, and from a knowledge of the present, ascertain the future destiny of every living soul.

Experiences in regard to the development of psychometry vary with differences of temperament. Some persons are very impressionable, and can quickly establish affinity of sensation with the aura surrounding an object; and through an acuteness of perception and delicacy of distinction they can interpret the impressions received. This faculty may be cultivated to a wonderful degree; but unless there is a harmonious unfolding of other powers it will lead to morbid sensibility, and cause discord of body and mind. For when the nerves are too highly strung, the medium is unduly influenced and swayed by the destructive force of adverse environment. For this reason the psychic should be surrounded by a harmonious mental and spiritual atmosphere, and be free from all material cares and duties which tend to disturb the soul. There must be complete tranquillity of the mind, relaxation of the muscles, suspension of all sensation, and inward concentration of the soul. Every faculty should be brought to a centre within the depths of consciousness, and the sense of feeling should be concentrated to a single point, that the ethereal vibrations emanating from the object to be psychometrized may be subjectively perceived.

Closely related to psychometry is the power of clear seeing, which is called clairvoyance. In fact it is but a different phase of the same sense. They are developed under somewhat the same conditions; and greater accuracy and better results may be obtained by using them together. We may handle an object with our fingers, while blindfolded, and partially determine its qualities; but when we both see and feel the object, the perception is nearer perfect. So when we are permitted to see and feel the images existing in the psychic realm, greater satisfaction is obtained than where one of the senses alone is used.

Clairvoyance may be developed by the inward focalization of sight. If you can command only for a moment the multitude of drifting thoughts within the mind—silencing all desires, all consciousness of self, all anxiety and fear—you will penetrate the darkness of the formless, remove the veil that obscures the radiant forms of the ethereal world, and come face to face with the dwellers in the astral light. You should sit in the silence alone, where there will be no danger of intrusion. Breathe deep and slow, and when silence prevails in the region of the mind, secure from every thought and sound; when the heart is free from all emotion, and peace reigns supreme within, then light will enter the inner sanctuary and illuminate the undiscovered recesses of the soul. When the light shines brightly, and forms appear, create in the depths of consciousness a clear idea of the person or thing you wish to see; project that image into the sphere of light, and like the artist who paints on canvas the picture projected from his mind, hold the interior vision on the ethereal sky of the astral light until the image is clothed with form and life.

In the psychic realm, space is no barrier, and telepathic messages are sent and received with greater speed than the electric flash along the wire, and will be equally as precise when man understands more fully the law of thought transference, and makes the conditions required for operation. Pictures have already been formed by means of instruments, their vibrations telegraphed, and successfully reproduced at a distance; and by the same law of vibration a picture may be produced in the psychic sphere of one's aura, projected in the ether of space and reproduced in the passive mind of one at a distance who holds himself in readiness, and is in condition to receive the number and degree of vibrations exactly as they are sent out.

In every age of the world there have been many convincing proofs of the soul's power to penetrate the interior realm and to discover things invisible to the material sense. And in the phenomena of trance we have a near approach to the mysterious, the supernatural. The body lies in peaceful repose; the chest moves gently with each involuntary action of the lungs; each inhalation is long drawn; each breath is long sustained; slowly and silently each breath ceases. The limbs, prostrate and unresponsive, seem charged with strange potencies, as if each atom was being pressed apart from every other atom by an imperceptible force, dense as steel, yet fluent as air. Then an oppressive sense of stillness, silent as death,

creeps through the impassive frame. The loudest noise reaches the ear as a faint echo from some distant shore. The half-opened, staring eyes are impervious to light, and over the enlarged and upturned balls the heavy lids rest, fixed as they will be in the final sleep. And this sleep is indeed the brother of death. Each physical sense is sealed. The brain is too benumbed for the reflection of thought, and is wrapped in a silence too deep for the shadow of dreams. In a darkness, beyond all physical light; in a stillness, beyond all sound; in a loneliness, deep, beyond all earthly presence, the soul sinks downward, the universe dissolves before its view; it floats in the sea of the formless, alone, in the silence, with God.

Then slowly a divine radiance dawns; a new firmament appears; and in the midst of the firmament a beautiful world, more ethereal than ours, peopled with souls who live closer to the Great Heart of Being.

Those who have pierced the veil of mortality, while the body was benumbed by trance, have found unanswerable demonstration of the fact that the soul can live, and feel and know, when dissociated from the earthly form. They have received abundant evidence of the reality of the spiritual world; and the memory of the vision of that glorious existence is like an oasis in the desert of life, sacred through all the coming years of their earthly existence as the hour of supreme joy when, for a few brief moments, their souls' deep yearnings were realized.

There are persons at the present time who have experienced this deep soul communion with the exalted beings of the higher realms. They have seen the temples of learning, where wisdom and love and truth are taught. They have seen landscapes, too beautiful for brush to paint, too sublime for language to depict—resplendent beyond all earthly scenes. They have been in the presence of masters and teachers who lived on earth and labored for the cause of truth and justice at a time when the world was enshrouded in the gloom of ignorance, and who, through years of patient toil, have won for themselves the privilege of life and action in the higher spheres.

The semi-trance condition is a more common experience; and while the revelations are not so great, yet many remarkable exhibitions of psychic power are given by mediums while in this state. The faculty of perception becomes strangely keen. Material objects seem transparent to the mind. Closed books and sealed letters are accurately read. The most secret thoughts of another are easily discerned. While in this state, the soul often retires from the throne of reason and permits some disembodied intelligence to establish a magnetic affinity with the deserted brain; and while the rightful occupant goes forth to a more free exuberance, or remains within the inner spaces of his own aura, the controlling influence moves the lips to speech; at times revealing facts beyond the medium's power of knowing; again, giving utterance to deep thoughts, which are often eloquently expressed, and sometimes in a language the medium does not know, and has never heard spoken. But communications received in this way are often unreliable. They prove the presence of invisible beings, yet the nature of these beings are not revealed, and can only be judged according to the depth and purity of thought they express, and the wisdom their utterances contain.

The only true guidance in all the affairs of life is through man's own intelligence, guided by the light of experience. Man lives on earth for the purpose of development; and it is only by contact with the manifold conditions of his checkered career that he is rounded out and fitted to withstand the storms and vicissitudes of the material life. He should be open to helpful suggestions from every available source, but should follow no advice that is contrary to the light of his own reason. The man who accepts a statement which is contrary to reason, because it comes through a medium in a mysterious way, ignores not only his reason, but common sense. If he must be misled, let the misleadings be caused by his own limited knowledge, that the needed experiences may be gained. Then the seeming mistakes will be but ripening experiences, which will reveal the better way, and force the soul into truer conditions of life.

The highest phase of mediumship is attainable only by complete moral and spiritual regeneration. And when this goal has been reached, the body is attuned to the symphony of nature, and is responsive to the quickening rays of the solar energies; the soul of man is in perfect accord with the soul of the universe, and reflects the light of the spiritual sun, as the dewdrop reflects the splendors of the bright orb of day; all human attributes are blended into a perfect identity, and exist in a state of at-onement with the Supreme. One dwelling in this exalted state sees the divinity expressed in everything. He feels the spirit of love that throbs in every heart; he sees some ray of light in regions of deepest darkness, some spark of intelligence in the mind of the most ignorant, some gleam of hope in the bosom of the most depressed.

In the regenerate state man is able to keep himself in that condition of harmonious adjustment to the material and spiritual environments which insures peace and prosperity, fulness of life and power, as well as wisdom and the knowledge of truth. His thoughts are deep and pure; his presence is like the magnet to fragments of steel; his words are like the music of a stream. Upon the bright mirror of his mind are reflected the noblest thoughts, the deepest truths, and the most unselfish love. He is always ready with a message of consolation for the unfortunate, with a ray of hope for the despondent, with a word of wisdom for the confused. With one hand he reaches up to the source from whence all power comes, and with the other he reaches down to those who grope in darkness, and lifts them up into the bright atmosphere of wholeness and health, happiness and peace.

The true medium stands on the bright mountain of truth, where he catches the first glimpses of the dawn of new ideals; he flashes their rays of light down into the valleys of ignorance and dispels the mist of sickness and sin that hovers there. He feels deep in the heart of his brother or sister the unexpressed longings; he reads their requirements aright, and administers a healing balm for every sorrow. Wherever a soul is bound by the fetters of creed, or enslaved by the farcical conventionalities that social tyranny demands, if that one is seeking the light, it is the privilege and duty of the medium to reveal the way to the attainment of power and the realization of freedom from all things that bind the struggling soul to the limitation of others. Each one should follow the light that guides him to the better way; and it is the sacred privilege of each to act according to the highest and best he knows.

Slowly the hand of nature and the ministrations of the spirit are revealing to man glimpses of a higher life, and the veil that has obscured the sunlight of truth is being lifted from the soul. Man feels the touch of that great power which awakens within him a consciousness of his true self, and he is beginning to learn that the incarnated ray of divinity is independent of time and space, and superior to sickness and death. Through the labyrinth of material conditions the sunlight of truth flashes the healing rays of love. The mists of ignorance are clearing away. Knowledge will ultimately ripen into wisdom, and through spiritual inspiration the soul will recognize the divine heritage of its perfect day.

Reaching the crowning age of earth life, the days of spiritual supremacy, mankind shall be lifted up to the plane where all shall know the truth, and hold communion with the exalted beings of wisdom spheres, and live eternally amid beautiful and harmonious surroundings, where perfect life and love find perfect bliss. Nation shall no longer take up arms against nation, nor brother against brother, for all the world will be engaged in those pursuits that tend to the fulfillment of only right desires. No selfish grasping, no feverish rush of life to gratify ignoble aims—man's will shall be obedient to the promptings of the voice of truth.

The higher states of consciousness cannot be reached until the body is free from all impurities taken in the form of unwholesome food; until the mind refuses admittance to all impure currents of thought, and the imagination is trained and exalted to reflect only the highest.

Those who wish to develop their spiritual possibilities must live chaste lives. And those who can should live close to nature's heart, amid green fields, flowery dales, and pine clad mountains. The heart and mind, the soul and spirit must be blended into a perfect whole, harmoniously attuned to every living thing. The highest attainment cannot be made so long as there is a single note of discord in the symphony of universal life. The feelings of hatred or revenge, of enmity or pride; the thoughts of limitation, and the illegitimate desires, clog the body and mind with the soil of earth conditions, and are impediments in the way of the soul's progression.

To attain the utmost there must be physical harmony and beautiful environment; thorough mental culture by contact with bright intellects; spiritual purity, and periods of silent meditation; companionship with nature and thought communion with God. And there must be virtue, for virtue is the great loadstone which attracts the finer essence of spirit and shapes it into the stately structure of the purified soul. The one who seeks to fathom the hidden mysteries should pledge himself to earnest living, to making manifest the higher life. He should inflict no pain, and take no life, for all life is sacred, and to take the life of the least of God's creatures is contrary to the spiritual law of man's being, and is a violation of the Divine commandment which says: "Thou shalt not kill." There should be no cruelty in his heart. He should discard the diet of flesh, and take his food supply first-hand from the gardens, the orchards and fields. He should drink pure water and breathe live air. And there should be intensity of desire; not impatient desire, but the sincere aspiration and the fixed resolve that come life or come death, this oneness with the Supreme shall be attained.

Those who would scale the heights should be careful lest their feet become entangled in the web of materiality, which will bind them to the sphere of earth. Let them beware, and tarry not too long in the enchanted realm of psychic phenomena; but press forward to the flowering and fruitage of the soul—onward and upward until the dawning of a cloudless morn dispels the shadows of the night of illusion, and reveals to the spiritual vision the splendors of the soul's eternal day.

URIEL BUCHANAN.

STUDIES IN SPIRITUAL THOUGHT.

Views of the Spirit Realms, their Location and Nature.

The subject of the spiritual realms, comprising our future homes, and the life of the spirits therein, is of intense interest to every mind awakened to think on the things that pertain to the spirit.

Different writers vary in their revelations, yet there are some views that appear natural and accordant with common sense thought applied to spiritual things.

We may be sure that other world life is just as natural as this earthly life; their mysteries no greater than the mysteries that surround our earthly existence.

Existence itself is the Wonderful Mystery. It is not merely that we shall live again, after death, that is mysterious; but the wonderful fact that we live at all. After the fact of present existence, the fact of future existence is secondary in mystery and wonder.

Often has this feeling of deep wonder overwhelmed me as I have, so to speak, stood aside from the world, in spirit, and gazed on the strange and wonderful panorama of being—of life, of existence, of thought and of action—going on around me. Whence? How? What?

O, it is all so strange—so mysterious—so wonderful. And the soul—the spirit, that can consciously look on, and think, and wonder—it is a mystery to itself. And its present existence is far more wonderful than the fact that after death it shall still live. My conscious life and being now is more mysterious and wonderful than can be the fact of a continuation of my conscious entity hereafter beyond the pale of death. It is the present mystery that grows upon me, rather than the mystery of future, continued existence. The future life at most is but a continuation of the present admirable mystery and wonder.

Dr. Babbitt, Hudson Tuttle, Eugene Crowell, as well as A. J. Davis and others, have written well concerning the spirit realms, and have probably reflected about all the light on the subject that the world is capable of receiving at the present time.

Dr. Babbitt writes: "The spirit realms extend around the earth in several belts or zones, one above the other, the higher belts or spirit spheres being more ethereal and divine than the lower, and occupied by spirits who, by becoming progressed and refined, have graduated from the spheres below. While a vast number of undeveloped spirits dwell on or near the earth, the first regular spirit zone around the earth has been estimated to be less than a hundred miles from the earth's surface and extending about sixty and more degrees each side of the earth's equator. This is sufficiently high to be beyond all the coarse elements of the earth's atmosphere, although a very exquisite atmosphere composed of all ethereal grades of matter, of which refined hydrogen is a prominent factor, is said by spirits, and favored by some important facts of earthly science, to extend through all the interstellar spaces and forming, when polarized by the light of sun and stars, the celestial bridge-work over which all fine forces travel. Baron Reichenbach found that his sensitive perceived far greater beauty and freedom of the odic lights and colors when the atmosphere was removed, and this fact will show the importance of having the spirit realms above the main atmosphere of our earth, in order to gain the glorious manifestations of lights, colors, forms and motions that have been described in rapturous words by spirits and clairvoyants.

"Hudson Tuttle and others have described these spirit belts or zones around the earth, as having been formed from the refined emanations of the earth; but the spirit guides of Mr. Eugene Crowell, as signified in his 'Spirit World,' p. 25, object to this, evidently presuming that they were supplied from some higher realms. A little more clearness in the perception of the quality of law which rules everywhere would make it easily understood that all things are both from above and from below; in other words, that the Deific Spirit from the highest combines with the refined material emanations of the earth, and thus forms the divine realms, which are all the more delightful to the liberated spirits of our world from being a glorified copy of the terrestrial scenery which they have left behind.

"Not only are these regular spirit belts, sometimes called spheres, thus extending around the earth, but various intermediate islands or masses of matter which to us are invisible, but which to the spirit is as tangible and visible as the earth is to us. These, as well as all spirit belts, rest in a greater or less altitude from the earth in proportion as they are light or heavy, just as the lighter substances in water rise toward the surface while the heavier sink toward the bottom from the law of gravitation. The matter of all spirit realms has weight; so have spirit bodies, but those persons who have lived a pure and spiritual and unselfish life possess an exquisite spirit body which is so fine and light that it can easily be buoyed up to high and beautiful abodes by the weight of the ethereal atmosphere itself, or by an exertion of the will power, or it may glide along on the magnetic streams that are ever moving between the earth and the spirit realms.

"There are three principal spirit zones surrounding the earth in which are mansions, parks, fountains, temples, lakes, rivers and mountains of superb character, growing more and more resplendent as they recede from the earth. These three zones are estimated to be between fifty and a hundred miles from the earth. Still farther from the earth is a vast spirit realm, which is more than a hundred thousand times the size of our world. Even the higher zones are more beautiful than earthly minds can conceive

of. Still more transcendently glorious is this angelic realm, especially in the portions in which its curves recede from the earth into the finer atmosphere of space. The first, second and third zones are called the first, second and third spirit realms; this constitutes the fourth spirit realm. The fifth spirit realm is inconceivable even to the dwellers of the fourth realm, and is the highest celestial abode connected directly with our earth. It is said to resemble a sublime ribbon-like form, the ends of which are united. These are the glorious realms of being through which the wonderful and ever-expansive human soul must be passing for tens of thousands of years, and even beyond which it must progress as it moves forever onward toward the deific sun centre."

"I am informed that there are spiritual realms near the earth which were constituted originally of the finer radiations of the earth itself, segregated by chemical affinity into more ethereal masses of matter in the shape of refined landscapes, and that these in their turn sent off still finer emanations, that from their lightness gravitated farther from the earth and formed still more beautiful realms—that there are gradations of spirit spheres suited to the ever-advancing character of spiritual and angelic life, some of which have their palaces and homes made of materials more exquisite than diamonds, while the beings resident there are described as being more radiant than the sun and possessing a beauty, wisdom and power beyond all mortal conception."

I have quoted thus freely from Dr. Babbitt's work on Religion, to which I would commend inquiring minds, as especially rich in fine spiritual thought and instruction. The variations in the spirit realms as described by different seers, may be largely comparable to the variations in a landscape as painted by different artists viewing the same scenery from different angles of observation.

IN THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE.

Over there, over there, in the beautiful blue,
Where the sun-tints in loveliness glow,
There's a beautiful home—for me, and for you,
Just veiled from our vision below.
There's a beautiful home in that World Unseen,
Where life shall its sweetness renew,
And the angels are waiting in glorious sheen,
Over there in the beautiful blue.

We have friends who have passed to that beautiful home,
In their youthful and unlooming days;
They left us forlorn in our sadness to roam
Mid the thorns of life's wilderness ways.
We missed them, and often has memory brought
Their faces and actions to view:
In fondness and sadness sweet solace we sought—
They are there, in the beautiful blue.

Over there, over there, in the beautiful blue,
Death's shadow shall fall nevermore,
Our spirits shall joy in that beautiful view,
With the loved ones who've gone on before.
Let us build with pure gladness our beautiful home,
And adorn with love's garbment true,
Where pure spirits may enter, and angels will come
To our home in the beautiful blue.

Do you long, do you long for your beautiful home
That awaits in the gardens unseen?
O, build it so pure that the angels may come
All arrayed in their beautiful sheen;
For with thoughts pure and sweet and with labor of love
Is it reared and made lovely to view—
For we build with our thought our bright mansion
above—
Our sweet home in the beautiful blue.

O, we stand on the verge of that beautiful strand
Whose scenes are entrancingly fair;
With its fragrant sweet breezes our spirits are fanned,
And its music floats in the air:
It is near, it is near, it is not far away—
Bright glimpses e'en now we may view;
For we live in the morn of that fair, endless Day
We shall find in the beautiful blue.
Hammond, Ind. JAS. C. UNDERHILL.

Try to Lynch a Preacher.

An attempt was made recently to lynch R. E. Howell, a preacher, who is in jail at Warrensburg, Johnson county, Mo.

Howell was arrested in Oswego, Kan., a few days ago, in company with Mrs. William Henderson, with whom he had eloped from Warrensburg, but the charge was dismissed in order that he might be prosecuted on the more serious charge of arson, it being alleged that he promised a country boy \$50 to burn his leased residence in Warrensburg, in order that he might obtain the insurance.

When Howell was arrested and returned to Warrensburg the boy broke down and confessed his part in the crime. There is said to be abundant corroborative evidence. The husband of the woman with whom Howell had eloped posted himself with a shotgun yesterday where he could see Howell's window in the jail, hoping to get a shot at him, but was discovered and driven away.

At a late hour a party of men surrounded the jail with the object of lynching the preacher, but Sheriff Lear and deputies offered so strong a defense that the mob dispersed.—Press Dispatch in Chicago Times-Herald.

WHAT THE CHILDREN SAY.

When, in the dusk of evening, I come to where I see
Three little faces at the window looking down at me,
And hear the shout of "Papa," and the sound of scampering feet,
And find myself a prisoner ere I can beat retreat;
The robbers seize my parcels and search my pockets through,
And bear me to their castle spite of all that I can do.
There the queen of these banditti gently chides their boisterous glee.

And asks how many kisses it will take to ransom me.
Oh, is there any pleasure in all the busy day
That's quite as sweet as listening then to what the children say?
Helen thinks a hundred kisses are enough to ransom me,
If I'll change them all for pennies bright as soon as I am free;
While Henry claims that "Papa is more valuable than that";
And so the racial confiscates my overcoat and hat.
But tender-hearted Josephine makes terms for my release:

"We'll let you go dear papa, for just one kiss apiece."
When I've paid my ransom duly, this valiant robber band
Escorts me to the table, with a guard on either hand;
There for a blessed hour I fling my cares away
And grow younger as I listen to what the children say.

From my prison in the study I detect them stealing by,
'Till they think they're out of hearing; then with shouts
away they fly.
All about the house they frolic—now below, now overhead.
Little chance I'll have for study till they're snugly tucked in bed.
But at last there comes a silence; and I tiptoe out to see
Three little sober faces clustered at their mother's knee.
Their prayer, "Please bless dear papa," never fails to put to rout
Every skeptical opinion or philosophic doubt.

When the world looks cold and cheerless, and heaven seems far away,
Just stop, my friend, and listen to what the children say.
—Thomas C. Roney.

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MEDIUMS AND MINISTERS.

Comparative Status of Their Immorality.

The burden of the orthodox pulpit's opposition to Spiritualism, since it has been made to accept, however reluctantly, the fact that there are genuine phenomena, is that of the immorality of mediums and Spiritualists. While we confess that there is far too much of that article among mediums and Spiritualists, we affirm that there is quite as respectable an amount of morality to be found in their midst as may be discovered in orthodox circles. As a physician of over twenty-five years' experience, I know whereof I write. But I do not ask the reader to take my word for it; I propose to introduce as corroborative, a prominent witness from the pulpit itself not only, but one from the editorial sanctum of the New York Christian Advocate, the Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D.

In The Forum for January, 1887, may be seen a contribution from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Buckley, upon the subject of "The Morality of Ministers," involving more especially the consideration of that apparently more paradoxical question, "The Immorality of Ministers."

That so prominent a theologian as Dr. Buckley evidently is, should find it necessary to contribute for a secular journal an article upon a subject so peculiarly delicate as "immoral preachers," is not a little significant. It indicates that he is a thinker far in advance of his brethren, viewing with alarm the increase of fraud in the pulpit, considering the number of bogus ministers about equal to the number of spurious mediums in the proportion to their relative numbers. While the general tone of Dr. Buckley's article is apologetic and defensive, ably and justly protecting those of his brethren having clean hands and hearts and who are sincere in their sacred calling, he fails to find language sufficiently expressive of his contempt for the spurious preacher, and regards Shakespeare's attempted description of him as falling far short of the requirements of the case:

"Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede."

Dr. Buckley writes as follows:

"An immoral minister is, of all men, the most despicable and dangerous. He professes morality, teaches it, and is the recipient of confidence because of his professions and teachings. He is admitted without restraint into homes and into society; his statements are believed; and upon his motives, discretion and promises others rely. He claims to receive assistance from God, not only in the prosecution of his ministerial work, but in the maintenance of a consistent Christian character. If, under cover of his profession, while enjoying the privileges of his position, he practices immorality, he is most despicable, because the contrast between his professions and his conduct is the greatest, and because, according to his own teaching, he is without excuse. The wretch who makes no profession is less despicable than an immoral minister."

"The opportunities for vice and for deception of the immoral ministers are greater than those of most others. Until exposed or suspected, he pursues his ends unwatched, certain that a number of persons think it a sin to suspect him, and that they would denounce with holy horror those who might insinuate that he does not act in harmony with his profession."

"It is not probable that all the hypocrites of the church are exposed. There is no one so much like an honest man as an arrant knave. Nor is it necessary to conclude that all hypocrites are guilty of vice or crime. Their hypocrisy may consist merely in the profession of motives by which they are not governed, and of a religious experience of which they know nothing."

It is probable that Dr. Buckley's article was prompted partly by his own knowledge that there existed this class of ministers, and partly by the appearance of a certain book entitled "The Crimes of Preachers" which enumerates a great many, giving names and dates as collected from the secular press throughout the country.

From a non-ministerial standpoint, but with some experience with and observation of the class of individuals referred to, we might add to what Dr. Buckley has so ably written, that when an immoral minister discovers that some of his crookedness has been detected, it is wonderful with what energy, activity, cunning, etc., he endeavors to cover up his tracks and deflect suspicion, or to render unfounded in the minds of the brethren whatever may exist. It is then that the stimulus of threatened exposure, added to whatever of physical power and vigorous health he may possess, enables him to do a vast amount of mental and physical labor. It is then that everything is brought to bear upon the one supreme object, that of warding off suspicion and preventing investigations by those in authority, and no work is too hard for church, college or Sunday-school, no duty too self-sacrificing, that will in any manner tend to accomplish the desired ends. The assistance of close friends is brought into requisition. A mutual admiration combination is established. Brother A., you admire me immediately, for I need a few puffs other than those written by my own hand, just now, and I will admire you the first opportunity that presents. We must now be on the alert, for we are watched. Perhaps an article of eulogy in one of the church or college periodicals is considered the one thing needful, and to adorn the same with a lithographic portrait and meet the cost of printing, kind friends cheerfully respond with the sine qua non. In the meantime, our subject fortifies himself by affiliation with all the various societies existing—secret, scientific, moral and religious—seeking successfully, by reason of his calling and professions, the various offices, little honors and compliments at their disposal. Having succeeded in reinstating himself in the confidence of his people, he is now ready for his summer vacation if it be this season of the year. It is now while I write that season, and congregations are voting their ministers vacations, and those who are paid to console and instruct are absenting themselves from their flocks to study the divine teachings of nature no doubt. Upon some cliff overlooking the sea, and looking on the mystery of its blue, glancing waters, or listening to the monotonous plash with which its everlasting ripple kisses the strand, is a Methodist divine; he is secure and what delightful letters he writes in order to retain his salary.

Here a Baptist divine has climbed to a mountain top, gazing in the fields and ponds and villages, and when spellbound in the study of the upper chambers, and gorgeous upholstery of the atmospheric powers, and while watching the ineffable pomp of clouds, lazily marching, gathering, floating, dissolving against the intense azure ceiling of noon, he says to himself: "How else so well can I repay my people for the kindness which allows me to enjoy these luxuries of unbroken quiet and unveiled nature, while most of them stay at their tasks in the hot and noisy city?" "What better can I do than to write to them and recount to them the holy lessons I have learned?"

A Presbyterian flies to the hills and he soliloquizes thus after he leaves the town limits and gets fairly into the country: "How quiet everything seems, in contrast with that incessant trample of feet, rumble of wheels, clash of hammers and buzz of business, to which we have grown accustomed. How primeval, sober and serene is all around us here. No funerals or funeral sermons?"

So the entire ministerial force, in the season of greatest sickness and death, are on the hilltops, studying the divine teachings of nature.

This ministerial church unrest did not always exist. History does not in this instance repeat itself, for we have yet to learn that after Paul stood up and spoke on Mars Hill, that he asked for a vacation and visited some celebrated watering place, or that the apostle Peter, after he

had baptized three thousand on one day, the day of Pentecost, asked for a leave of absence and went off to recuperate near some mineral spring, or that in those primitive days churches were closed as stores are now for inventory. After Moses had left Egypt he went into the mountains, but it was on business, for it was there that he received the tablets of stone containing the Ten Commandments.

In more gentle corroboration of what the Rev. Dr. Buckley has written of a class of his ministerial brethren, we have the more recent utterances of a no less prominent ecclesiastic, the Rev. Bishop John H. Vincent, of the M. E. Church. In the Methodist Review for March and April of last year, Bishop Vincent, in the course of an article he contributed, thus writes:

"The theological student is often a dependent, educated by charity. This itself is not at all ground for his disparagement; but there are a few ministers who were once theological students supported in this way, by individuals or by societies, who up to this day have never paid even the interest on the loan by which they were able to take their theological course. What is still worse, they seem to have no conscience about it. They marry, they have children, they buy books, they ride bicycles, they take summer vacations, but seem to have no ethical sense which makes imperative the restoration of the funds by which they were educated for their profession. There is among a certain class of ministers and of candidates for the ministry a tone of servility which perhaps these processes of professional education promote; a readiness to accept gifts of money; the habit of soliciting discounts because of their office; and consequently the cultivation of the tramp spirit and habit among men whose office stands for the highest, most independent, most manly type of manhood."

Rev. Dr. Henry Bennett, now pastor of the M. E. Church at Anderson, Indiana, while pastor of the Wayne Street M. E. Church in Fort Wayne, published a monthly church paper called "Our Methodist Paper." In this paper occurred the following editorial about a year ago:

"We told you so." Ah! A Mrs. Lake, at the Indiana State Camp-Meeting for Spiritualists, now in session near Anderson, said: 'The majority of mediums are frauds.' Nothing new about that. We would amend by the use of 'all' for 'majority,' and add after 'mediums' and 'spirit communications.' It would then read: 'All mediums and spirit communications are frauds.'"

To this I replied through the columns of the Fort Wayne Journal, in part, as follows:

Mrs. Lake is one of the grandest speakers upon the Spiritualistic rostrum and never misses an opportunity to denounce thereon the many frauds and impostors which infest the ranks of Spiritualism. But she knows that if out of a million of mediums there is but one that is genuine; and if out of ten millions of spirit communications there be but one that is absolutely true and bonafide, Spiritualism is true nevertheless, and will continue in the future as in the past to withstand the assaults of its enemies.

Mrs. Lake's efforts to purify the ranks of Spiritualism are certainly as praiseworthy as are the efforts of Rev. Dr. Buckley and the Rev. Bishop Vincent to purify the Christian pulpit.

I am sorry that the Rev. Dr. Bennett, in thus insulting the intelligence of thousands of men and women who, in intellect, honesty and morality, will compare favorably with himself, should thus fail so miserably in practicing the "Golden Rule" he is supposed to preach.

Neither the intelligence nor the heart of that man is to be envied whose sole denunciation of Spiritualism is the admitted and regretted fact that immoral men and women are found within its ranks. The objection involves a palpable inconsistency which stamps with folly those who unduly urge it.

I know of no law in nature which operates against the acceptance of a truth even upon the part of the base and immoral, however much that truth may be sought to be counterfeited and prostituted to base and ignoble uses. The glorious sun of Spiritualism shines alike upon humanity everywhere, and if here and there throughout the world its light is shut out by the darkness of trickery and fraud, it is no fault of the sun.

The refreshing rains of Spiritualism fall upon the just and upon the unjust, the good and the bad, and if the unjust and wicked utilize those rains for the nurture and growth of humbuggery and fraud, it is no fault of the rains. No man or woman ever counterfeited or disgraced Spiritualism that did not prostitute the truth of Spiritualism to his or her damnable purposes—traded on its sacred truth for their own personal ends. Spiritualism is entitled to the distinction of being the only religion, science and philosophy under the stars that is counterfeited.

If Spiritualism may be justly censured because bad men are found in its ranks, then by parity of reasoning it should be commended when good men are enrolled among its constituents. Among the believers, eye, knowers in Spiritualism, are found men of influence, virtue and unchallenged morality, equal in number and excellence at least to any beyond its precincts. From the humble laboring man, than whom there is no better specimen of humanity on God's footstool, to those who are endeared to us by their illustrious civil, political, scientific and religious achievements—men at the head of our armies, in the Senate, on the bench, and at the sacred desk, who are so inseparably identified with all that is good in the moral history of our world, and who occupy so lofty a niche in the temple of virtuous fame that their memory will remain embalmed in the grateful hearts and their deeds be sung in the loud acclaim of generations yet unborn. Abraham Lincoln was a Spiritualist.

A standing question of the orthodox church is: "How can we reach the masses?" In answering, it occurs to us that it depends very much upon the character and standing of the "reachers," who in recent times it appears, must needs be strangers, called from a distance and entirely unknown, save by "reputation" as revivalists or evangelists. Stereoscopic exhibitions of historic sacred places are now thought to be a great help in the "reaching of the masses."

When the church renounces her unreasonable dogmas and accepts and elaborates the proof of a future existence as afforded by Spiritualism and taught in the Bible, then and not until then will the masses be reached.

H. V. SWERINGEN.

Want Freedom of Religion.

The Tabernacle Christian Church Congregation, at Columbus, Ind., at a morning session, ordered the following telegram sent to President McKinley, says the Times-Herald:

"Columbus, Ind., July 31, 1898.—To the President of the United States, Washington.—The Congregation of Disciples, numbering 1,200, earnestly pray that the American flag be lowered from no territory until absolute religious liberty has been safely guaranteed to the inhabitants thereof."

The telegram was signed Z. T. Sweeney, William T. Strickland, B. M. Hutchins, committee. Z. T. Sweeney was for twenty-five years pastor of the Tabernacle Church here, and was President Harrison's consul general at Constantinople.

Here it would seem apropos to pray, or ask for "absolute religious liberty" here at home before making such a guarantee abroad. Spiritualism has been fighting that spirit of bigotry and intolerance that seeks to stamp out all progressive religious demonstration or expression here in America, and has made progress; not wholly by prayer, however.

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CATHOLIC AND BUDDHIST MONKS.

By Father Augustine Baumann of the Passionist Order.

Roman Catholic monks do not like to be told that they have a close resemblance to the Buddhist brethren. In fact any insinuation of the kind is looked upon by them as a mortal insult. They want to monopolize all the glory of being monks, and in their desire to do so they completely ignore the fact that Brahmins and Buddhists have been many centuries before them. A thousand years before the first cenobite went to the desert in the West, monasteries had been built and were in a flourishing condition in the East.

The similarity between the two institutions is very striking. Buddha, the founder of the Buddhist monks, bears a close resemblance to St. Anthony, the founder of monasticism in Egypt. We read that when Buddha tore himself away from his family, relations and friends, and undertook to lead an austere life of solitude and meditation, he had to struggle for years against Mara, or the Evil One. At last this persecution became so terrible that he was on the point of being conquered. A Buddhist account says: "Fiends and demons swarmed about him; they appeared in the form of fearful monsters, furies, vampires and hobgoblins, armed to the teeth with every implement of destruction. Their million faces were frightful to behold, their limbs were encircled by myriads of serpents, and their heads were enveloped in a blaze of fire; they surrounded Buddha and assaulted him in a thousand different ways, missiles of all kinds were hurled at him, and poison showered down upon him; but his constancy changed them into flowers and the fire became his halo."

This account is paralleled by a similar one recorded in the life of Saint Anthony of Egypt. He also left family, relatives and friends, and shut himself up for years in a lonely cell in the desert. There as he prayed, the Evil One approached also to tempt him, but being unable to succeed he thought to frighten Saint Anthony by assuming a hundred different and hideous forms, and by bringing other devils with him. They appeared to the saint in the shape of wolves, hogs, monkeys, serpents, lions and tigers. They roared and howled around him whilst he was praying and meditating, and Saint Anthony paid no attention to them. The results in both cases were the same; Buddha and Saint Anthony became only more confirmed in their respective practices, and felt that a divinity had called them to it. Buddha declared that marriage was bad; love, pleasure and everything in life were bad. Saint Anthony preached similar doctrines. To him the body was a mortal enemy; it was to be mortified and punished by fasts and prayers, and all the pleasures of this life were to be renounced.

In the middle ages and in modern times, monasticism developed with remarkable rapidity in the West under a Christian disguise. But at the bottom it was still the same as the monasticism of the Buddhists. Both have their novitiates. The Buddhists, for instance, require young men to be fifteen years of age before they are admitted to the novitiate; a similar rule is laid down by most Roman Catholic orders. The Order of Passionists, to which I belonged, lays it down as an invariable practice that only young men, and such as have attained the age of fifteen years, should be ordinarily admitted.

Again, the novitiate continues for a certain length of time. Among the Buddhists it commonly lasts five years; in Roman Catholic orders some require two and three years, but others only one. But after that, though the novice becomes professed and a member of the order, he is still kept under a sort of pupillage for five or ten years, just as the Buddhist monk is required to subject himself to a teacher for five years after his solemn admission.

Again, Buddhist monks lay great stress on contemplation. Roman Catholic monks do the same; in fact, there are some orders in the Roman Church which are called "contemplative orders." Buddhist monks will make a vow not to speak for a number of years, and Roman Catholic monks have taken similar vows. The Trappists, for instance, bind themselves to silence for life, and if all do not observe the rule it is merely because they are not as bad as their absurd system would make them. Buddha prescribes certain positions of the body, rest and quiet as conducive to contemplation. We read, for instance, in a Buddhist work, that: "Holding his body, head and neck quite immovable, seated on a pure spot, with Kusa grass around him, the devotee should look only at the tip of his nose to meditate on the Supreme Being. I remember as a Passionist that rules were laid down for us almost as absurd. We were called to choir by the ringing of a bell; once assembled there, a member would read a few words from some pious book; then we were to compose ourselves for meditation; partly seated, and partly kneeling, with our knees barely touching the little knee bench before us, we were to hold our heads a little inclined, our eyes half shut, or altogether closed, and our arms conveniently folded over our breasts. Thus we were to spend an entire hour without speaking or moving except in case of grave necessity, and in this wearisome posture we were to meditate on the divine perfections or on the glories of the Virgin Mary."

I read in some Buddhist books that few monks observe all these rules to the letter; that many scandalously break them, or go through them in a perfunctory manner. This accords exactly with my own experience. I knew of monks who were only too glad to escape from the tormenting hour of prayer, morning and evening, and even if they did stay in choir their meditations would be on anything but divine things. Many would either fall asleep or count the tickings of the clock; others would be watching the flies or mosquitoes as they whizzed through the air, and yawn at intervals. If you made an effort now and then to think of the subject of meditation you were supposed to have escaped sin and blame, because human nature is weak.

The height of Buddhist contemplation is to get into such a state of profound absorption in the Supreme Being that the mind no longer thinks of anything. The same ideal is proposed to Roman Catholic monks. The souls who arrive at that stage (I never met any) are said to have received the gift of contemplation. They become so absorbed in God that their minds no longer have any thoughts; the heart alone speaks. How this is brought about, except in the case of lunacy, I was never able to understand even while I was a monk. I can remotely imagine what sort of a vacancy must be in that mind which is so profoundly absorbed in meditation as to think of nothing. Philosophers say that this is an impossibility, but Buddhist and Roman Catholic monks must set all philosophy at naught.

The Holy Rules and Regulations of the Passionists, which are like those of other Roman Catholic orders, are prolix in prescribing every word and act of the monks. Hours are set down for praying, for meditation, for study, or eating, drinking, walking and sleeping. The same thing is done by the Buddhists, whose books say: "Let the monk be directed by his rules in every movement and action, waking or sleeping, dressing or undressing, sitting or standing, going out or coming in, fasting or eating, in in speaking or not speaking."

Originally, it is said, Buddha did not intend there should be any superiors in the monasteries; they were to be strictly democratic, and each monk was to follow only his own spirit of piety. But gradually it was found necessary for the elders and the more intelligent to assume a certain control for the peace and quiet of a community; later on these elders were formally elected, and abbots were the result. Thus also Roman Catholic monks acknowledge that the early cenobites of Egypt had no general superior; they merely professed obedience to their individual teachers; but in time, as monasteries were built and the brethren lived in community, superiors had to be chosen, and they were called abbots. In modern times

this system has been carried still further, and we not only have abbots, but general and provincial superiors, priors, guardians and rectors.

In the details of the daily observance of the rules we meet with a similar uniformity. The Passionist monks, for instance, are aroused at one o'clock at night by a rattle which a brother shakes as he walks through the corridors. They rise, go to the choir, where they make an obeisance to the statue of Christ, of the Virgin Mary, or of some other saint. They then chant a certain formulary of psalms, hymns, responses and anthems. When this is done they again salute the statue and then return to their cells. At six o'clock they repeat a like ceremony, spend an hour and a half in the choir and then go to their other duties. The Buddhist monks have similar practices. They rise very early, go to the temple and bow three times to Buddha and to the abbot; after this they recite portions of Buddha's law, spend some time in contemplation and then go to their daily duties of teaching or begging.

Even in regard to the vows a similarity of practice may be observed. Roman Catholic monks, as a rule, make three vows, namely, a vow of obedience, a vow of poverty and a vow of chastity, or celibacy. The Buddhist monks are not behind them. When a Buddhist novice is about to be admitted he is required to repeat the following sacred formula, equivalent to vows: "I go for refuge to Buddha; I go for refuge to the Law; and I go for refuge to Order." These are supposed to signify three sacred promises, and to make a Buddhist monk, just as the vows make the Roman Catholic monk. But even in particular vows they are alike. It is a common thing for Roman Catholic monks to make a vow to fast for a year, or several years, to eat no fruit on certain days, in honor of the Virgin Mary; monks have been known to make vows never to speak during their lives, vows to pray so many rosaries every day, vows never to look at a woman, vows to sleep only a certain number of hours and vows to go on certain missions. Buddhist monks are not behind them; they have made vows to fast seven years, vows to abandon caste, vows of various kinds of self-torture and vows never to sit down. I heard of a Passionist monk who made a vow never to keep his cap on in the presence of a priest, and Buddhist monks have made vows never to look upon the face of their abbots.

As regards the number and classes of monks, we also find a great similarity. We are all aware of the great variety of monastic orders in the Roman Catholic Church. We have the Dominicans, the Franciscans, the Carmelites, the Trappists, the Capuchins, the Jesuits, the Benedictines, the Barnabites, the Redemptorists, Lazarists and Passionists. The Buddhists are fully abreast of them. There are the Sannyasis, "those who give up the world," the Vairagi, "those who are free from affections;" the Yogi, "seeking mystical union with God;" the naked monks who call themselves Digambara, or "sky-clothed;" the Tapasvi, or "practicing austerities;" and the Yati, or "restrainers of desires."

In that quaint little book, called the Flowers of Saint Francis, we read that the saint used to go through Assisi in company with another brother to preach to the inhabitants by their example. "Brother Leo," he would say, "let us go and preach;" and the saint would start out with his arms devoutly folded, walking up and down the principal streets of the town, without once raising his eyes from the ground. I remember, in the Passionist rules, that a similar mortification of the eyes was prescribed to the novices and younger members. It was one of the things that always seemed to me essentially absurd, yet we had to practice it rigorously. To see the face of any one was a grave fault, and every evening we had to report to the master of novices how many faces we had seen even inadvertently. Buddhist novices have to go through the same mill. Matters are made even worse for them; they are told exactly at what angle their eyes are to be fixed on the ground.

These few points of comparison suffice to show the similarities of the two systems. All Roman Catholic monks profess allegiance to the pope; even in this the Buddhists are their equals. In Tibet there is a grand Lama who resides at Lhasa, and whose sway is in every respect as supreme as that of the Pope of Rome. He has his cardinals, abbots, monks, novices, crosiers, mitres, sacred vestments, relics, shrines, not even excepting rosaries. The Lama holds grand canonization services, exposes relics to veneration and blesses holy water. It is evident, therefore, that Roman Catholic monks enjoy no monopoly of the system. An attempt has been made to prove that the Buddhists copied from the Roman Catholic monks in the twelfth century, but the proof falls to the ground at once when we call to mind the fact that authentic records exist of Buddhist monks a thousand years before the Christian era. It is immaterial whether one system copied from the other; both are miserable deceptions, the product of superstition and ignorance, and the greatest foes to enlightenment, progress and reasonable religion.

Democracy with a Vengeance.

To the Editor:—I am a native Bostonian, was educated in the public schools of that city, and have always been proud to think I had the privilege of receiving my education in the schools that Boston has furnished to her pupils. But the Fourth of July this year has changed things to my mind, in the city of Boston.

In Faneuil Hall ("the cradle of liberty"), on the very same platform where William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and the Adamses have given their grand addresses, Mary A. Livermore her eloquent lectures, and Charlotte Cushman her Shakespearean readings, on the very same platform, I repeat, the first time in the history of Boston a Catholic priest delivered the city's oration. I call this democracy with a vengeance, when a Catholic priest delivers the oration, a colored boy reads the Declaration of Independence and a Unitarian divine offers prayer. And it is stated that Rev. E. A. Horton, the Unitarian clergyman (one of the finest pulpit orators we have in the country to-day) "that his prayer was so eloquent that at the close the audience burst into applause."

The question I wish to ask: Why has not Rev. E. A. Horton been asked to deliver the oration for the city of Boston?

Having been a Boston school-boy, and all those landmarks, such as Bunker Hill, Old State House, and Faneuil Hall are as dear to me as my native land and the Stars and Stripes, it makes me stop and think. What are we coming to at the present time when the Fourth of July oration is delivered by a Catholic priest in the "Cradle of Liberty" and I can well quote the following lines from the Rev. Minot J. Savage:

"By the Ancient's long endeavor,
By the Honorable's fame,
By our race and by our country,
By each high and noble name,
By the God of hosts who leads us,
By the future's dawning light,
Swear to stand and swear to struggle
Till earth's might shall mean its right!"

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CAMP-MEETING DIRECTORY.

Cassadaga Camp, N. Y.

This favorite place of resort opens July 15 and closes August 28.

Freeville Camp, N. Y.

This camp opens July 30, and closes August 14.

Onset Bay Camp, Mass.

Onset Bay (Mass.) Camp-meeting commences July 3, and continues to September 4.

Niantic Camp, Ct.

The Niantic Camp-meeting commences June 24, and continues until September 8, inclusive. Extension tickets to Niantic can be obtained at all stations on the New London Northern railroad at little more than half fare.

Lake Sunapee Camp, N. H.

The nineteenth annual Lake Sunapee Spiritualist Camp-meeting will be held at Biddeford's Landing, N. H., for five weeks, commencing Sunday, July 24, and ending Sunday, August 28, 1908.

Marshalltown Camp, Ia.

Commences Sunday, August 18, and closes Sunday, September 18. For further information address Miss L. P. Beeson, Albion, Iowa.

Mesick Camp, Mich.

Mesick (Mich.) Camp-meeting will open July 31, 1908, closing August 14. For particulars address Jacob Bullard, Mesick, Wexford Co., Mich.

Topeka Camp, Kansas.

Commences September 11 and continuing until the 25th. T. P. Kelley, Secretary, 211 E. Fourth St., Topeka, Kan.

Grand Ledge Camp, Mich.

Grand Ledge Spiritualists' Camp will open July 31, and close August 28, inclusive. Mrs. Geo. Sheets, secretary pro tem.

Mt. Pleasant Park Camp, Ia.

Commences Sunday, July 31, and closes Sunday, August 28. For full information address Martin H. McGrath, secretary, at Fulton, Ill.

Lake Erie Camp, O.

Opens July 10, and closes September 4. D. A. Herrick will preside as chairman during the session.

Southern Cassadaga Camp, Fla.

The Southern Cassadaga Camp-meeting commences the first Sunday in February, 1909, and continues four weeks. For information write to the corresponding secretary, Emma J. Huff, Lily Dale, N. Y.

Mantua Station Camp, O.

Commences July 17 and closes Aug. 22. D. M. King, president.

Ashley Camp, O.

National Spiritual and Religious Camp Association, Ashley Park, Commences August 21 and closes September 11. H. Baxter, president; W. F. Randolph, secretary.

Banks Lake Camp, Mich.

Banks Lake Camp-meeting, at Lawton, Mich., commences July 23 and ends August 14.

Vicksburg Camp, Mich.

The Vicksburg camp, at Fraser's Grove, opens August 5, and closes August 23. Programmes will be sent to anyone addressing Jeanette Fraser, Vicksburg, Mich.

Island Lake Camp, Mich.

Fourth annual camp-meeting of the Island Lake Camp Association, Island Lake, Mich., beginning July 1, and ending August 31, 1908.

Lakeside Park Camp, Mo.

Lakeside Park, Jasper county, Mo., commencing September 10 and closing September 20. B. G. Sweet, president, Empire City, Kans.

Chesterfield Camp, Ind.

Chesterfield Camp-meeting will begin July 21 and close August 21, 1908. For programmes address Flora Hardin, secretary, Anderson, Ind. President, G. W. Parkinson, Yorktown, Ind.

Hastlet Park Camp, Mich.

Opens July 31, closes August 28. For information and programmes, address J. D. Richmond, secretary, St. Johns, Mich.

Harmony Grove Camp, Cal.

The Harmony Grove Camp will open at Escondido, San Diego county, Cal., Sunday, August 14, closing Sunday, August 28. For particulars address the secretary, D. L. Haines, Franklin, Neb., box 27.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

Lake Pleasant Camp opens July 31, and closes August 28. Albert P. Blinn, secretary.

Woolley's Summerland Beach, O.

The camp-meeting at Woolley's Summerland Beach commences the first Sunday in August and continues two weeks. Near Millersport, O., 30 miles east of Columbus. S. I. Woolley, president.

Franklin, Nebraska.

The Northwest Kansas and Southwestern Nebraska Spiritualist camp-meeting will open August 25 and close September 12, at the Rose Grove, Franklin, Nebraska. For particulars address the secretary, D. L. Haines, Franklin, Neb., box 27.

Brainard, Iowa.

The 31st annual meeting of Fayette county, Ia., Spiritualist Association, will be held August 12, 13 and 14, one mile southeast of Brainard, and one-half mile west of Oak Grove school-house, on the farm of L. W. Reed.

Etma, Maine.

Camp will open August 26 and close September 4. For particulars address H. B. Emery, secretary, Glenburn, Me.

NEW ERA CAMP, ORE.

Good Account of the Work and Workers.

To the Editor:—The New Era Camp for 1908 is a matter of the past. It opened at an inauspicious time and amidst unpropitious circumstances, the first Sunday being the day before the glorious Fourth of July, when there were elaborate celebrations and many attractions to draw people to Portland, Oregon City, and other nearby towns. However, a few gathered at the camp, and those who were there enjoyed the exercises and felt sorry that the eloquence and logic of the inspired speakers could not have had a greater number of mortals to benefit and bless.

The public exercises were in the hall, and Charles J. Anderson, the California "boy orator," discoursed to the delight and wonder of his hearers. That one so youthful in appearance could give utterance to impromptu thought of solid weight and worth, clothed in almost faultless language, did not cease to provoke comment then and during the entire camp. He made himself a favorite with many, both by his eloquent public efforts, and his genial, kindly disposition of the rostrum. He won many friends, did good work, and was not at all sensational.

Mrs. Kate Obrock, a spiritual healer, was there and remained until the last day, doing excellent, honest, straightforward work—the kind that benefits and heals the ailing establishes for the healer an enviable reputation, and at the same time commands the respect of the investigator. She was tireless in her efforts to promote the general welfare.

Mrs. Loe F. Prior, the principal lecturer and medium of the camp, lectured in the afternoon. Her inspirers chose for a subject, "One of the corner-stones of Spiritualism,"—the Spiritualists' God. This was defined to be natural law. Most eloquent, instructive and splendidly delivered address gave her hearers a keen relish for all that might follow from this gifted worker. And I believe that while expectation was high, none had reason to be disappointed. Her delineations, messages and tests were of that kind that are desired by genuine lovers of the cause of truth. Her guides are progressive and intellectual. They are not satisfied to give today what they did two or three years ago, in the same way. Those who had not listened to Mrs. Prior for three years were both surprised and delighted at the many evidences of growth and progress manifested in her work. Her hold on the public did not relax during the meeting, but, instead, became firmer. On the last day of the meeting, the largest audience that has been upon the grounds for several years listened to her inspired utterances with unabated attention for almost two hours. It was an occasion to be remembered. Mrs. Prior is not sensational in her work, although at times in giving tests incidentally occur, that might appear to border closely thereon.

Gifted with an excellent stage presence, perfect self-possession, good language and animated delivery, she holds the undivided attention of thoughtful minds from preface to finish. Having formerly lived at Oregon City for a number of years, she is known to numerous persons in that vicinity and many had the pleasure of hearing among the number her aged mother. The latter sat near me once during the camp while her daughter was giving tests. Some stranger had received a striking message that brought tears to more than a few eyes, when the mother turned to me with pride and pleasure depicted on her features through tears and expressed admiration for the work of the daughter's work. She has many staunch friends and admirers where she has been long known, thus disproving the adage that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

The general impress and effect of her work is elevating. She commands the respect of critic and skeptic, stimulates the sluggish mind to active exertion, edifies the thoughtful, and instills into all hearts a desire to advance, to grow, to keep pace with the army of progress. Devoted to the truth, to the betterment of mankind, to spirituality, may the gods send us more workers of the same sort!

I have written thus at length of these workers, because the camp is naturally dominated by the same degree of them, and perhaps for the time of the character of their work and personality. Among the local workers, this writer's "better half," Mrs. Ella Royal Williams, took an active part. She served in various capacities as occasion demanded—organist, test medium, gave one or more addresses, and an evening's eloquent entertainment, all of which I heard with pleasure and interest.

Of the younger mediums, Mr. J. G. Dollarhide deserves mention. He was born and reared in the orthodox faith, and for three years served as a minister. Spiritualism took him out of the church, and for five years he was superintendent of construction of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Co., resigning that position to follow them, now living at Canby (but a few miles from New Era) and has developed the gift of independent state-writing to some degree. Although the church in which he formerly ministered denounces dancing as of the devil, Mr. Dollarhide served the association as floor manager at its dances. He seemed to enjoy it, too. If his gifts are properly unfolded, he promises much useful service in bringing the light of knowledge to many darkened minds.

The second Sunday of the camp, Dr. George Wigg, of Portland, a physician in active practice, delivered the morning lecture, taking for his subject, "Spiritualism," and giving his hearers well arranged, solid and edifying thought. He brings to the elucidation of his themes a trained mind and the results of much study and research. His lecture was appreciated by the large audience present. During much of the time the doctor presides as speaker and trance medium each Sunday evening at the home of Captain and Mrs. J. H. McMillan, Portland, East Side, where many have been enlightened on spiritual matters.

The third Sunday was largely devoted to the subject of the N. S. A., Mr. E. A. Marshall, Mrs. Prior and the writer each speaking to that topic. No effort was made to form a State Association, but much interest was expressed in the subject of the addresses. Wherever the matter is intelligibly presented, there are some ready to hear and understand.

Mr. George Lazelle, the president, with his pleasant wife and daughter, had charge of the hotel, and it was a success. Mr. Lazelle is a farmer by occupation, and while he no doubt feels more at home superintending his interests there than on a rostrum, he discharges his duties admirably and well. The same may be said of Mr. J. H. Haynes, the secretary, whose post is not a sinecure. Both these gentlemen

deserve great praise for their devotion to the interests of the camp.

Taking into consideration the nearness of Gladstone Park, where the Chautauqua annual assembly was in session a large portion of the time, presenting a very attractive programme to the general public, the absence of adequate transportation facilities between Portland and the camp, and other unfavorable conditions which the association is compelled to contend with, the success of the meeting was most gratifying.

A collection was taken on N. S. A. day for the organization, and during that week Mrs. Prior gave a test seance for the benefit of Mr. Frank Walker which will help to reduce the Jubilee deficit and thus gladden the hearts of all.

A number of the old and tried friends camped on the ground. Mrs. Cheney was there, and did good work as member of the programme committee. She exerts a cheerful, elevating influence at all times and I trust she may visit New Era many times hereafter.

The Fullers, of McMinnville, occupied their cottage during the last part of camp, sickness and death in the family of near relatives keeping them at home for a time.

Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Prior, and the former's two little girls, just home from Miss Bush's Seminary, occupied a large tent.

Mrs. Elsie Reynolds, the materializing medium, occupied a cottage for a short time, but the patronage accorded her being limited, she went to Portland. Unfortunately there was a division of opinion as to the phenomena witnessed in her seances. The absence of test conditions prevented me from reaching a conclusion, as to the character of the phenomena I witnessed at the only seance I could attend.

The camp association elected the following officers to serve for one year: George Lazelle, Oregon City, president; Mrs. Kate Obrock, Portland, vice-president; William Fenn, Canby, secretary; B. F. Fuller, McMinnville, treasurer; and the writer, corresponding secretary. Two trustees were also added to the board—Mrs. Irvine, Barlow; and Mr. J. Burgoyne, New Era.

The length of the camp session was curtailed for next year, and will include but three Sundays. This is to be tried as an experiment.

W. ALFRED P. WILLIAMS.

Salem, Oregon.

CASSADAGA.

Notes of the Daily Doings.

Ye ancient time-worn proverb that birds of a feather flock together, is well illustrated these mid-summer days at Camp Cassadaga. Certain cliques—and there are cliques given at this Mecca of Spiritualism, represent different social elements and the mental and spiritual attributes of the man or woman belonging to each—following a fad, or interested only in one subject.

The character of an audience indicates to the keen observer, the object of the meeting or thought to be presented. At the Forest Temple exercises congregate the media and those seeking development. At the Thought Exchange and Morning Conferences assemble the active wide-awake minds who digest and debate the live current topics of the day. Private classes in the Yoga, Sanscrit language, India Philosophy and Hindu life attract lovers of the antique, explorers into the past, while at the public lectures there is a commingling of all, resulting in a brilliant kaleidoscopic panorama, majestic and inspiring.

In the week just closed, Lyman C. Howe completed his dates for this season delivering some of the finest addresses from our rostrum.

Moses Hull, the Biblical student, profound thinker and logical reasoner, who met with a flattering reception, delighted large audiences, whose presence evinced their interest in the speaker and his subjects.

At the "Woman's Day," an event yearly recognized at Cassadaga, when the pretty dale becomes resplendent in orange bunting, flying banners and floral decorations, when everybody seems jubilant, the band plays its most patriotic airs, and the crowds of political equalities from the adjoining towns and country march, many hundred strong, in through the L. F. A. gates.

In the evening there was a symposium, participated in by the best talent on the grounds. Pandit B. K. Lalun, our distinguished guest from far-away India, talked briefly of the social and domestic condition of our sisters in India.

Mrs. B. J. Harnett, who has traveled extensively through the land of the Orient, told us of the Hindu woman. Lyman C. Howe, the American woman's evolution during the past fifty years, and Dr. Hicks expatiated on the Yankee mothers.

In the afternoon, that matchless queen of oratory, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Lease, delivered a masterly address upon "The Legal Status of Woman," winning the frequent applause of the immense audience, the gratitude of the women, and scoring a success for the cause.

A reception and ball in the evening, with a supper at the Hotel Grand, was gracefully conducted by the ladies.

The days of the week can be told here by the vacillating crowds—at least you can always tell when Sunday comes by the number of excursions. Yesterday, a fairly large number arrived before noon, attracted by our platform talent—Moses Hull, who lectured in the morning on "The Moral Tendency of Spiritualism;" Mrs. Lease in the afternoon, on "Ireland; Her Warriors, Poets and Patriots;" and Mrs. Walter's platform tests. Prof. Sheehan, leader of the Buffalo Operatic Company, gave the soloist.

In the evening the leading bright lights gave early reminiscences of their public work. A small audience fee being charged, netted a handsome sum for our library fund.

Scores of investigators are in evidence, and rumors of wonderful phenomena received are in the air. Recently through the mediumship of the Bangs Sisters, the association president, Henry C. Bangs, received a beautiful pastel portrait of a young woman, purporting to be his daughter, now in spirit life. It certainly bears a strong family resemblance, and as a work of art is generally admired.

The present week will be crowded full of interest and attractions, brief bits of which we hope to chronicle here. In the meantime, the peaceful, peaceful, harmonious, the crowds here, our treasury is being replenished, the people are happy, while the management is doing its best in all ways possible for the enjoyment, entertainment and comfort of its welcome guests.

SHIRLEY BELLE.

I concluded that all religions had substantially the same origin, and that in fact there has never been but one religion. The various religions are but different names for the same thing. The same may be said of Mr. J. H. Haynes, the secretary, whose post is not a sinecure. Both these gentlemen

ONSET BAY.

The Work of the Past Week.

Monday, July 25, was conference day. The steamer made an excursion to Cottage City, carrying a great number.

Tuesday, Mr. F. A. Wiggin delivered the discourse. Mr. Maxham sang "Sullie and Be Contented," and "My Boat is on the Steamy Sea." Mr. Maxham's singing is a great feature at this camp. He has sung upwards of ninety pieces since the camp-meeting opened, without words or music before him, and every piece seems appropriate and fitting to the subject matter of the day.

Mr. Wiggin on Tuesday spoke impressively from the subject of "Environment," the importance of making our environment subject to us instead of being the slaves to our environment.

On account of the threatening weather on Wednesday the afternoon service was held in the Arcade. Mr. Maxham sang. Mr. T. Ernest Allen gave what he pleased to call "My Life's Story," an interesting account of his antecedents, his ministry, and his struggle to overcome environments, which shows a stamina and earnestness that all Spiritualists would do well to emulate. We bespeak for him only success in the work chosen. Mr. Allen has the good will and commendation of his audience of the afternoon.

This is the second day of the O-ne-set Fair for the benefit of their new circulating library. It has been quite a success thus far, in spite of the threatening weather. Their tables are loaded with works of art and ingenuity, and the grounds last evening lighted with Japanese lanterns, looked like a veritable fairy grotto. The voting contest is growing interesting. Valuable prizes are on exhibition.

Thursday services in the Casino. Mr. Wiggin lectured from the subject, "The Evolution of Modern Spiritualism," and closed with tests by spirit Joseph D. Stiles. Mr. Maxham closed with song. Thursday evening's entertainment, which closed the O-ne-set Fair, was largely attended.

Friday, after singing by Mr. Maxham, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller introduced Mrs. Elizabeth Low Watson, who preceded her discourse by greetings sent from Lily Dale camp, where she has been lecturing, to Onset camp. The subject of Mrs. Watson's discourse was "Mediumship and its Laws." What ever has come to us in the way of mediumship has come through immutable law and upon this law rests our philosophy. Like attracts like along the spiritual as well as along other lines. If mediums do not surround themselves with a sphere to protect them they are responsible and should not be excused. I am no more in love with a bad or licentious spirit out of the body than I am with one in the flesh. If you are to be under the power of evil spirits, see to it that the power of mediumship is quenched in your souls at once for those out of the body are not to be excused any more than those in the body. If we are not made better by our mediumship let us go back into the ecclesiastical ranks until we are prepared for it. The angels will use whomever they can and whether it be on Sinai or Calvary or in America, it is the same law, and it remains for us to say whether they shall be places of light or darkness. Song by Mr. Maxham.

Saturday, July 30. After the fog and dampness of the past week one cannot help appreciating the beauty of this sunny morning. Nature is a most wonderful study, a kind mother who holds a rich store of comfort for those who love and seek her in her balmy messages that she gives them; hope is written plain in the blue sky, the clear air and glowing sun. Every day and hour is a token of love; the birds sing merrily and in spite of ourselves our hearts grow lighter.

Sunday morning, Mrs. Elizabeth Low Watson lectured, taking for her subject, "World Builders and World Savers." Mr. Maxham sang. Band concert at noon.

At the afternoon opening, Miss Laidlaw, of Boston, sang "The Sailor's Board of the Maine." Mr. Maxham sang "Whatever Is, Is Right."

Mr. A. E. Tisdale gave as the subject for his discourse, "The Philosophy of Science as the Staunch Friend of the Thinking Man of the 19th Century." Dr. G. C. B. Ewell gave some fine tests. Band concert at 4.

AUGUSTA FRANCES TRIPP.

Banks Lake Camp, Mich.

Our meeting opened here Sunday, July 24, with a fair-sized audience. The day was warm, but everyone seemed to feel a deep interest in the success of our meeting, and our numbers increased for afternoon meeting until every available seat was taken.

Our good sister, Abbie E. Sheets, gave two lectures which were fully appreciated. Decorations and mottoes were in abundance and good singing, by Mrs. Worthington, and the meeting closed with tests by the chairman.

Campers came on Saturday and Sunday, and they have been increasing all the week. Mrs. Sheets gave five lectures to fair-sized audiences throughout the week and the chairman, Dr. W. O. Knowles, followed with tests, and every one was correct, names and dates given in full. Mrs. Sheets left us Thursday evening for her home, as her own camp at Grand Ledge, opens on Saturday, July 30, and she is president.

Mrs. A. E. Robinson speaks on Sunday, July 31, and a large crowd will be here.

DR. W. O. KNOWLES.

Mesick Camp, Mich.

The opening of Mesick Camp, July 31, was a June rose in the morning. Everything was lovely and serene as nature could make it. The audience in attendance was of the intelligent class, judging from their bright and beaming faces.

The opening address by Mrs. L. A. Mabey, of East Saginaw, and the response by Dr. P. T. Johnson, of Battle Creek, were eagerly listened to and highly appreciated by all present. The most harmonious prevailed throughout the day and evening.

The interest increases with each meeting, and as this is our first attempt at camp-meetings, we feel highly elated over the prospects of the good that may be accomplished. Many from a distance, among them mediums and speakers have not arrived yet, but will be here in time.

Those seeing this communication will avail themselves of the opportunity and come to one of the most delightful spots that nature can produce. All will be made welcome.

J. BULLION, Sec'y.

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A SPONTANEOUS

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Anderson, Ind.

F. J. MACOMBER.



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Dr. G. A. Bishop, a prominent magnetic healer, of Chicago, writes: "It has given me pleasure to read Ghost Land and Art Magic, premium books to subscribers of your valuable paper; and while I do not endorse all that is in them, I most cheerfully recommend them as worthy a careful reading of all interested in Spiritualism; for not only the instructive thought they contain, but suggestions of other valuable thoughts and information all investigators need."

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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.

L. Howes: Q. (1) Why is it that subjects which occupy our minds during waking hours, (in many instances) leave us entirely during sleep? For illustration, I quote from personal experience: Seven years ago our eldest son, a bright boy of thirteen, passed to spirit-life. My grief at parting with him was overwhelming. It seemed as though I could not be reconciled. Thoughts of him occupied my mind continually while awake, but on going to sleep they immediately left me, and during all these years he has not appeared to me in my dreams.

(2) What is the distinction between Christian Science as taught by Mrs. Eddy and Mental Science as taught by Helen Wilmans?

A. (1) Perfect sleep is rest for the body and mind, and there is a suspension of activities. There are, however, varying degrees of sleep, and it is a most complicated state. Often those who are not sensitive in the waking state become so in certain stages of sleep. Such sensitive receive wonderful communications by way of dreams. The desires while awake, have no influence in their fulfillment during sleep unless united with other causes.

That this correspondent does not have the dreams she longs for, simply shows the profoundness of her sleep. It is delightful to dream of meeting the loved departed, resurrected to the old scenes and surrounded with familiar objects, but yet more blessed to know that they are with us, through the more certain means sensitiveness furnishes.

(2) A subtle analysis would fail to show any vital difference between the "science" of Mrs. Eddy and Helen Wilmans. In their unscientific methods; their stupendous assertions; their monumental egotism they are alike. They are also alike in having stolen from Spiritualism all that is valuable in their doctrines. The Spiritualist has no need of going to either, for he has already all that is true in their systems, and free from the immense piles of rubbish with which they obscure it.

Perhaps it may be claimed for Mrs. Eddy that she is orthodox of the orthodox, and singularly intolerant. The Wilmans system lends more modern fields of thought, but starts from the same Bible root.

"A. J." also O. Peterson: Q. How can I get free from an annoying control that has been with me constantly for over a year and at times almost drives me to despair?

A. With the last question comes the explanation that the medium gave himself up to almost continuous control of spirits, until this spirit usurped the place of all others, and by being ever ready with untruthful answers, kept the medium constantly irritated and angry.

The advice cannot be too often repeated, not to make communication with the spirit-world at all seasons, but to set apart certain times, and if possible, places.

By constantly remaining in the sensitive state the vital forces are weakened, and the strength of personal resistance to being made a helpless instrument is so weakened that undesirable controls find the way wide open. Then comes antagonism and anger which leave the subject entirely at the mercy of whatever influence may have gained possession.

The only remedy is to go back to correct methods. Hold sittings at regular and appointed times, and no other. Do not antagonize nor become angry, but pleasantly receive all communications, and discard those not desirable. We are told falsehoods and wrongly advised every day by those we meet, but we do not fly into a rage, and call names. We simply let the false pass by. If this correspondent can control anger and antagonism, which are within himself, he will have no trouble with the annoying controls. By anger is weakness, and if he continues in the course he has followed he cannot gain that control over himself which is the first factor in controlling others.

A. J. remarks, "I will be a truthful, honest medium, or none," yet how can A. J. or any other medium receive truthful messages from untruthful spirits? The medium cannot be censured on this point. That a communication is untrue does not invalidate its source; it only indicates the character of the sender.

P. C., Walkerville: Q. Can you inform me where I can procure a perfect mineral rod?

A. A great deal has been written for and against the value of rods in the discovery of water, minerals, etc. The fact probably is that it is not the rod, but the sensitiveness of its holder which is the source of the knowledge conveyed. Many rod experts use a slender forked branch of the witch-hazel, holding a branch in each hand, and allowing the united portion to fall over from them. They profess to detect water or minerals by the bending of the branch. Really it is a nervous contraction of the wrists, the result of mental impression.

A slender steel wire bent into the form of a V would be equally serviceable. Rods advertised and sold at extortionate prices have no value superior to those described, for there is nothing secret, mysterious or occult in their manufacture. The slender flexible branch of any other tree or shrub than the witch-hazel would be equally serviceable. The blossoming of this shrub in the beginning of winter has bestowed on it mysterious powers, which it does not sustain.

R. A.: Q. (1) When a writer writes so learnedly that he cannot be understood, is it evidence of wisdom?

(2) I am able to write automatically, but doubt because the thoughts written by my hand come into my mind first. Is this usual?

A. If a writer or speaker understands the subject he is writing about he will think clearly and as clearly express his ideas. If he does not, it is an indication not of wisdom, but of cloudiness of comprehension. A pool of water may be muddy without being deep, in fact it is not thought profound because we cannot see the bottom, rather we conclude that it is shallow because of its turbidity.

(2) The consciousness of what the hand is automatically writing is the usual experience and R. A. ought not to be discouraged on that account.

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

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SABBATH DAY THOUGHTS.

In the Vestibule of the Wondrous Temple of Nature.

It is the Sabbath, a day that has long and wisely been set apart for the cultivation of spiritual thoughts and the calm contemplation of our duty to God and humanity. Upon each recurrence of this consecrated day the healthy mind turns with a joyous sense of freedom from earthly cares to enter in thought, or in reality, the grand temple of nature wherein the reverent worshiper ever learns such lessons as the soul needs for its growth and unfoldment in that progressive life which is, even here, a prophecy of immortality.

The vestibule of this wondrous temple is open alike to rich and poor, the weary and oppressed, the honored and the dishonored; none who seeks to enter its sacred precincts is branded as an "outcast" or doomed to a life of joyless isolation. The humblest soul "may feast at nature's board," and taste of waters that never intoxicate.

At their approach no tremulous organ may send forth an anthem of praise, but choristers of the air, singing of "Peace on earth, good will to men," invite their willing hearts to prayer till on earth's holy altars are placed the sacrifice of an "humble and contrite spirit."

Through the many voices of inspiring nature the devotees of art, science and religion, may find expression for the varied emotions of soul life, and catch the keynote of heavenly joys that are richer purer and "deeper than all speech." In such close communion with nature it is possible for the spirit to become so exalted as to catch a foregleam of the life to be, until in a fuller sense of our dependence on a power and love omnipotent we cry out: "Father, here am I, what wouldst thou have me to do?"

Then it is that, refreshed as by a holy baptism, we behold all things, as it were transfigured. "Old things have passed away and behold all things have become new." The murmuring rills have caught a richer strain, the winds a deeper refrain; one bears away on its dimpling waves the sighs of "the weary and heavy laden," the other carries up to heaven's gate the groans of the oppressed and disconsolate and returns with promises and prophecies of coming good, while the very beatitudes of Christ, the beloved, come nearer to us until we feel them overflow in our hearts and their voice is heard in all things animate and inanimate.

Then it is that the pines shake music from their multitudinous leaves, hushing all sounds of discord and whispering of a hope that brings calmness in the midst of trials, peace in the hour of peril, and victory over death and decay.

Then it is that the poet of the soul awakes and lo! every atom is instinct with life and thrills with a divine melody which reveals to us even the sweet uses of sorrow and night. Then it is that the songs of birds, or "insects' busy hum" may herald forth the "morn of a new day" in that heavenly bower, while at our feet from many beds and bowers "wee modest violets peep" and wild flowers nod responsive to the winds. In all these things are manifest the sacred laws of growth and that orderly arrangement and application of forces which admit of no mistakes, no accidents, no duplication of forms. This wondrous temple, wherein no death is found, whose changes are ceaseless and infinite, was reared by the divine architect, who laid the foundation of the deep and builded hills out of atoms of sand until they stand venerable with age, their lofty peaks covered with eternal snows.

What more sacred or beautiful temple can we find wherein to "worship in spirit and in truth" the Creator and preserver of all forms of life, whose wisdom guides the planets in their orbits and whose love smiles in the rainbow, or sustains a world?

It is pleasant at such times of silent communion with nature to feel that our thoughts, our feelings, our desires are known to Him, and as expressed in words or deeds, become a part of that grand chorus which ever and forever rises exultant over the warring elements of human life, giving strength to its spiritual forces and holding in check the more material. Come, then, oh, my soul! to this feast of nature and while her summer glories are aglow on hill and mountain crest, she will open to thee her treasure halls, and thy "house beautiful" shall be flooded with the warming light of joys ineffable. Then will come to thee the "true Sabbath" which bring "rest to the weary," and with the inspiring voices of nature thou shalt hear in low sweet tones accord with the divine anthem of the universe those words of humble, trusting love, "He leadeth me; by his own hand he leadeth me."

In the cultivation of this reverent spirit born of a sincere love of nature and of nature's God, all days will be consecrated to noble uses, and the Sabbath of the soul will begin on earth and find its counterpart in eternity. To this exalted state will study and reverent contemplation of nature lead us if we but listen to "the fair music which all his creatures make in perfect diapason." Belvidere, N. J. MRS. E. L. B. CLARK.

The Brotherhood of Man.

Among Spiritualists there seems to be a society called the Brotherhood of Humanity. What are the principles it teaches? Does it reach out its hands to the outcast and degraded and teach them to cultivate the divine spark within them? God has given us pure air, clean water, and bright sunshine in great abundance, to keep ourselves wholesome and in good health. Many men and women through their ignorance of the laws of health or through natural indolence, seldom, if ever, know the luxury of a bath, and wear their garments to shreds, without cleansing them with soap and water. Have we the love of humanity strong enough within us to overcome our natural repugnance to such conditions, and go to them with pleasant, kindly words, and teach them to gain the respect of themselves and others by keeping clean? When a woman, clear-eyed, and staggering from the effects of the poison the law allows her to buy, has slept off her debauch, do we go to her and kindly tell her of the divine life that is within each mortal and help her to cultivate it until she arises from her degradation? Do we repeatedly visit the homes of the fallen, and remembering they are our sisters, urge them to a more wholesome way of living? In fact, do we live up to the true principles of the brotherhood, or is it only a name?

It may be urged that those things have been tried, but do no good. Christ said we were to forgive our brother seventy times seven times. Shall we stop at forgiving once? Brothers and sisters, let us ponder these questions and apply them to ourselves. Shall we overcome our repugnance to that which is repulsive, or let our repugnance overcome us, and miss the golden opportunity of bringing ourselves up to a higher plane of unfoldment? Watertown, N. Y. MARY A. INGALLS.

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LAKE BRADY CAMP, O.

Mention of the Happenings.

Just at this time a word from Lake Brady and the mentioning of recent happenings within the camp, may be of some interest, especially so to those who have the cause of Spiritualism and its unfoldment at heart.

Sunday, July 31, was a memorable day, so far as Lake Brady is concerned. The weather was lovely, in fact, it was all that could be wished for or expected during the hot months. At an early hour the Sunday excursion train from Alliance brought a goodly number to the grounds, so also did the Erie trains from both the east and west. Other parties came in from Canton, Kent, Ravenna and other near-by towns, to say nothing of the many who drove here in their private conveyances. At 9:50 a. m., the Lake Brady Special from Cleveland, steamed up to Lake Brady station with eight well filled coaches.

At 10:30 the morning services were held in the large auditorium with its natural amphitheater having a seating capacity of 2,000 people. After a selection of choice and appropriate music by the Slaughter orchestra, Mrs. Russell, of Alliance, favored us with a song which was highly appreciated by the large audience.

At 10:45, Mrs. Carrie Fuller Weatherford, of Dena, Mich., was introduced by Mr. D. A. Herrick, the gentlemanly chairman, and for one hour beautiful spiritual truths, in a fluent and masterly manner, flowed from her lips and were eagerly devoured by her attentive listeners.

After the lecture, her guides favored us with improvised songs, which were extremely lovely and highly spiritual.

At 1:30 p. m., the ringing of the bell at the auditorium gate, to be followed with the sweetest of orchestral music upon the hill adjacent to the auditorium, announced the opening of the afternoon services, and in a very few moments almost every available seat in the auditorium was taken.

Another appropriate song by Mrs. Russell, of Alliance, was again introduced. Her lecture and improvised songs were even better than they were at the morning services, and her tests, with one exception, were readily recognized by those for whom they were intended; that one was a change had taken place in a man's life a number of years ago, which he could not at the time of the test remember.

On Wednesday, August 3 and Friday, August 5, Mrs. Lizzie R. Miller, of Canton, O., will lecture. While Mrs. Miller is not so well known to the Spiritualists of the country as are many of our other speakers, she is an excellent woman and a pleasant speaker, and is fast coming to the front as a valuable instrument of the spirit-world.

On Sunday, August 7, Mrs. Anna L. Robinson, of Port Huron, will occupy the platform. Mrs. Robinson needs no introduction to the Spiritualists. The simple fact of her being announced to speak at Lake Brady is enough, and will assure a large attendance. Mrs. Robinson will also speak at Lake Brady, August 10 and 14.

As to our phenomenal mediums, Messrs. Charles J. Barnes, Henry B. Allen, D. J. King, the Indian medium, and D. A. Herrick, no better mediums or more worthy gentlemen can be found anywhere, and as a medium for spirit telegraphy, Mr. M. M. Henry has no peer.

A cordial invitation is extended to all who are seeking after truth and proof of continuity of life, to come to Lake Brady during the month of August, as the camp will close on Sunday, September 4. E. R. KIDD.

AN ACTIVE WORKER.

Letter from Oscar A. Edgerly

[The following letter, written on the 10th of July, was accidentally misplaced, or would have appeared at once.—Ed.]

To the Editor:—As I am at present enjoying a few days' rest at beautiful Lily Dale, I thought it well to take advantage of my leisure and write a few lines in regard to my general work also in the field of Spiritualistic labor.

During the month of June I combined business with pleasure. While stopping with friends in the town of Liberty, Maine, I found that delightful town both Liberty in name and liberal in nature, as I was invited to, and did, occupy the pulpit of the Baptist church for several Sundays. While occupying that position, I preached as good Spiritualism as I knew how, and the best of it was it seemed to be well received.

Concluding my work in Liberty, my next field of labor was at Island Lake camp-meeting, Michigan, and I can truly say that I had a most delightful stay at that beautiful camp-ground, meeting while there many earnest and true workers for our cause, among the number being the scholarly Dr. Schermerhorn and his genial wife, also that most energetic individual, W. H. Bach; both of the gentlemen named were my co-workers on the rostrum of the camp, and I trust that our joint labors resulted in good.

Concluding my work at Island Lake on July 12, I profited by the kind invitation of my esteemed friend, W. H. Bach, and came to spend a few days at Lily Dale, at his delightful home, where I am at present enjoying such hospitality as can only be fully appreciated by a tired medium—one not to ask, "What do you see for me?" and "Won't you please be controlled a little while?" and all the rest of the endless demands that amount to an imposition on mediumistic good nature. All of these things find a place in this ideal Spiritualistic home. Mr. and Mrs. Bach are as busy as bees all the time, and while their work incidentally gains them a livelihood, I think by far the greater good derived from their labor goes to the interest of Spiritualism and Cassadaga Camp.

My next field of labor will be Queen City Park, Camp, Vermont, where I shall be until the 4th of August, after which I go to the Vicksburg camp-meeting, Mich., where I am to officiate as chairman during the entire month of August.

The Young People's Spiritual Union is highly appreciated here, and is doing a good work; it is gaining very rapidly in membership.

Farmer River, of Michigan, is here, and as usual is doing a grand work in convincing skeptics of the genuineness of materializing phenomena.

OSCAR A. EDGERLY.

CHESTERFIELD CAMP.

Excellent Work Being Done.

Sunday, July 31, is a big day with the Spiritualists of Camp Chesterfield. Thousands of people are present, some coming, no doubt, to see; some to be seen; but many come to learn what proof Spiritualists have to offer for the soul's immortality. Well, this is a good place for men and women of thinking propensities to come. One can learn something of life, its capacities and laws of government, by listening to the able lectures delivered by our employed speakers present.

Brother J. Clegg Wright and Sister Eva Pfuntner are still with us, and are doing a good work in the way of educating the people in the phenomena and philosophy of Modern Spiritualism. Many branches of literature, germane to Spiritualism proper are being carefully and masterly handled by these two talented speakers. Among the many questions discussed are the following which were treated with more than ordinary ability: "The Empire of Matter and the Empire of Mind," in which was shown the duality or two sides of the universe. Another, "The Evolution of Psychology," a lecture delivered by Brother Wright, fell upon the consciousness of the eager listeners with Herculean force, seasoned with the eloquence of a Demosthenes. It was accompanied by illustrations upon the blackboard, by different drawings of the figure of the human head. These with explanatory arguments enabled the thinking audience to get, at least, an inkling of the mental qualities predominant in the infantile ages of race-life, when and where perverted, creating gods, angry demons, fiery lakes and eternal punishments were incubated.

As the speaker advanced in argument with modified illustrations, showing new and higher developments in man's cerebral and psychical powers as the ages rolled by, it became visible that, out upon the moral sky hangs the promise of a grander to-morrow for the races of human kind.

Sister Pfuntner closed her course of lectures to-day for the present session, acquitting herself with honor and gaining the well-wishes of the association.

Last, though not least—this afternoon, August 3, Brother Wright closed his labors here, for this session. After a song, he passed into a deep trance state, manifesting all the symptoms attendant upon the body when the soul is taking its leave of all that is mortal. I have no language by which to describe the lecture. For more than two full hours the speaker held the large audience spell-bound. The lecture seemed the embodiment of all that is sublime in life's realm. It was philosophic, scientific, and superbly poetic, filling the soul and heart of every man and woman present with the sunshine that can come only from worlds of ethereal light.

In conclusion I will state that, Dr. H. C. Andrews, of Marion, Ind., is with us and occasionally inspires the audience with poetic effusions coming from spirit Robert Burns.

Mrs. India Hill, speaker, arrived to-day. Many mediums are on the ground, and all phases of Spirit phenomena are well represented.

DR. J. H. MENDENHALL.

PRAYERS I DESPISE.

I do not like to hear him pray
On bended knee about an hour,
For grace to speed him on his way,
When he knows his neighbor has no fear.

I'd rather see him go to mill
And buy that luckless brother bread,
And see his children eat their fill
And laugh beneath his humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray
"Let blessings on the widow be,"
Who never seeks her home to say,
"If want overtakes you, come to me."

I hate the prayer long and loud
That offers for the orphan's weal
Of him who daily sees his wronged,
And only with his lips does feel.

I do not like to hear him pray,
With jeweled ears and silken dress,
Whose washerwoman toils all day
And then is asked to work for less.

Such pious creatures I despise;
With folded hands and face demure,
They lift to heaven their angel eyes,
And steal the earnings of the poor.

I hate to hear such soulless prayers
If wrong, I hope to be forgiven;
No angel will them upward bear—
They're lost a million miles from heaven.

—Mattie Cuddle.

AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

The curtain's falling, and the lights
Burn low,
So, with God's help, I'm ready now to go.

I've seen life's melodrama, paid the price,
Have known its loves and losses,
Hopes and fears,
The laughter and the tears,
And now, God knows, I would not see it twice.

I've crossed life's ocean, faced its blinding foam,
But now heaven whispers I am nearing home,
And though a storm-tossed hull I reach the shore,
A thing of tattered sheets and broken spars.

Naked against the stars,
I soon shall be at peace forever more.
For if again I pass these waters through,
I know the kingdom I am sailing to.

What boots it where I lie?—beneath the sod,
Or down the dark impenetrable deep,
Where wayworn seamen sleep?
All gates are good through which we pass to God.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

THE DIVINE PLAN.

It is carried out in The Progressive Thinker office, a portion of the profits returning to each subscriber in the form of a valuable book. The Progressive Thinker one year and Art Magic costs \$1.20. The 20 cents only a little more than pays for the expense of postage, so the book is practically a gift.

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In reality, we can cure nothing; we can only remove the offending cause while nature performs a cure, and therefore lay it down as a fundamental maxim in medicine, that all the physician can do is to act as a servant or handmaid to nature.

The author of the "Medical Sketches" remarks in relation to this subject: "The ancients not only observed the effects of that instinct by which brutes are directed to certain plants for relief when they are unwell, and then applied them to the complaints of men, but they also attended with diligence to the manner in which nature, when left entirely to herself, relieved or threw off diseases. They perceived that certain disorders were carried off by spontaneous vomitings, others by looseness, and others by augmented perspiration; and having thus learned how diseases were cured by nature, whenever her powers seemed too weak and tardy, then, and then only, they ventured to assist her by art."

"Here it is worthy of observation that although that sensation or instinct by which some animals are prompted to select particular vegetables for the removal of disorders, is not given in so strong or particular a degree to man, yet nature often directs him also, though in a more general way, to the best method of relieving his complaints. In fevers, the patient generally has a desire for cooling, light, astringent drinks, and dislikes those which are of a heavier and more heating nature; he covets juicy, ripe fruits of various kinds, and nauseates animal food; a free stream of air, and a spacious, cool bed-chamber, are equally salutary and agreeable to him, while confined air and a small, heated room are pernicious and oppressive. In those instances, what the sick person shows an aversion to, has a tendency to promote the disease; and what he relishes, has an effect in abating its violence."

The instances of the same kind might be enumerated; I will confine myself to one which I have frequently had occasion to observe: "Toward the end of very bad putrid fevers, when the patient, exhausted by the violence and length of the disease, lay constantly on his back, had continual startings in the tendons of the wrists; his lips and teeth being covered with a black fetid matter, his tongue tremulous, and with difficulty held out; the pulse weak and quick; in this deplorable condition, when the patient seemed insensible to everything else, he rejected, with every mark of aversion that was in his power, medicines of every kind; but upon his lips and tongue being moistened with wine, he sucked it in greedily, and was soon cured." This doctrine is further exemplified by the writings of Dr. Hillyar, who states in his secret of curing diseases, by adopting a better system, that "by accurately observing all the motions, endeavors, and indications of nature to carry off and cure disease—and by observing by what critical evacuations she does at last cast off the morbid matter which caused them, and so restore health—we may, by the same method of reasoning, know both the methods and the means we should use to assist nature in producing those salutary effects. If we avoid all hypothetical reasoning, and by thus observing, following, and assisting nature, agreeably to her indications, our practice will always be more satisfactory and successful."

The human body is so wisely and wonderfully formed, that whenever any noxious matter is got into it that would be injurious or destructive, we may observe that it always so irritates, stimulates, and offends nature, that she always exerts her power, or the vis vitae, to throw it off. And she acts with great regularity, order and uniformity in her endeavors to expel the offending matter out of the body; and by carrying off disease, restores health and preserves life.

"And thus, by observing, investigating, and truly knowing the diseases and their causes, and justly reasoning therefrom, we shall know when to assist nature according to her indications; and in this is contained the chief part of medical knowledge, and the true scientific principles of the medical art. And when we shall thus have learned of nature, by observing her laws and indications, we may reasonably hope to render the theory and practice of physic beneficial to mankind."

Why not try our methods of curing disease? If you believe what we have written, let us help Nature to effect a cure in your case.

DR. C. E. WATKINS, AYER, MASS.

Send age, sex and leading symptom.

A VISION.

When evening shadows gather 'round, And daylight softly disappears, When gently hushed is every sound, And mystic tones my spirit hears, Angelic themes in thrilling strains, Pervade my inmost soul; While music from the heavenly plains Doth every sense control.

I seem transported far away, To some far distant shore, Where all is one eternal day Of gladness, joy and love.

Long broken ties and wrested joys, With loved ones now renewed, Without the pain that ever alloys, Where never tears our hopes bedew.

A little while I'm thus entranced, Then back to earth I come; My hopes of future life enhanced By that brief glance of home.

Only a dream? It may not be! 'Tis vain to believe that some, In spirit vision thus may see, And know the future life to be.

Cured by Prayer.

For twelve years Mrs. William Sutherland, of Webster City, Iowa, had been crippled and unable to walk. She had been treated by the best physicians of the State without avail. Her husband recently interested her in the case of Mrs. Van Syke, also of that city, who was reported as cured of a like malady by Chicago "Faith Cure" healers, and a week ago she received word from them that for today at 10 o'clock they would pray for her.

Another message came this morning that prayers would take place for her recovery at that hour, and suggesting that she have friends pray with her at home. The house was surrounded at 10 o'clock, and ten minutes later shouts from the inside notified the waiting crowd that something unusual had happened. Describing her feelings after the prayers commenced, and that she felt all she could do to keep from attempting to rise to her feet long before she did. She now walks easily, and says she feels not the slightest pain.

Many claim it was the excitement and her determination that effected the cure, but Mrs. Sutherland insists it was the efficacy of prayer.

The above from the Times-Herald may seem wonderful, but so many similar cures have been made by these people, who do not themselves understand the philosophy of their treatment or the real cause of these favorable results, that they have come to be matters of general news in the secular press, whose editors long since gave up hope of a solution of the problem.

Prayer is the means of concentration of many minds upon the one susceptible person and "cure" vibrates upon that concentrated mind current to the patient. The patient and the suggestion that at that time there would be a concerted prayer for her restoration. Mind is superior to body. A general concentration of minds upon the consciousness mind in control of the afflicted body helped it to correct the errors of that body and restore equilibrium to body and mind. Not all persons can be reached, and not all errors can be corrected.

Healing, Causes and Effects.

Dr. W. P. Phelps' latest book, is a presentation from the spirit side of life of the basic principles of Mental Healing and their relation to Vibration. The Esoteric under-current of the processes manifesting themselves in the operation of healing, is clearly shown to be the silent power of invisible force. Under the head of "Causes and Effects" are made plain many hitherto unexplained phenomena, along the lines of spirit power, attraction, repulsion and overcoming. It treats of adepts, mediums, and their varied powers. It also has something to say of elements, and man's power over the unseen. The Helpers and Hostiles of the Invisible World are described, and their abilities specified. Astral conditions, with the process of going out on the astral currents are explained by one who knows. The subject of Fear occupies one whole chapter.

The whole field of man's relation to the forces bringing either the health which is harmony, or the discord which is disease is handled by one who evidently understands his subject. The booklet of 100 pages, is proving its interest by its sales. Sent on receipt of fifty cents. For sale at this office.

PASSED TO SPIRIT-LIFE.

(Obituaries to the extent of ten lines only will be inserted free.)

Drifted from mortal life, at San Diego, Cal., January 24, 1898, the wife of Mrs. Harriet P. Glover, in her 60th year. Clairvoyant, trance and healing medium over forty years. The last three years she suffered with cancer of left breast. The last services were held at Los Angeles. Prof. W. C. Bowman officiated. No priests present; none wanted. R. C. GLOVER, Los Angeles, Cal.

Jennie E. Case was born October 9, 1830, in Clayton, Jefferson county, N.Y. Came to Michigan in 1864; was married to H. L. Case, October 6, 1881. Two children were born to them, Ernest, aged 14, Charlie, aged 12. Passed to higher life, June 27, 1898, aged 37 years, 8 months and 18 days. The writer conducted the funeral services in the Unitarian church at Sherwood. ANNA L. ROBINSON.

Passed to spirit life, Alfred J. Sweet, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sweet; killed by lightning, July 6, 1898; age 13 years and 8 months. Funeral took place July 9, conducted at the home by J. D. Conzel. The body was taken to Eagle Bend, five miles distant, where at the G. A. R. hall, Mrs. Dr. S. Tyler gave a fine lecture to many listeners. At the G. A. R. cemetery the funeral services were conducted by J. D. Conzel. A SPIRITUALIST, Eagle Bend, Minn.

"From Night to Morn, or An Appeal to the Baptist Church," by Abby A. Judson. Gives an account of her experience in passing from the old faith of her parents to the light and knowledge of Spirit, and is well adapted to place in the hands of Christian people. Price 15 cents.

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OF INTEREST TO SPIRITUALISTS.

Anyone who is sick and failed to find relief, should send their name and address (with stamp for reply) to Dr. J. CRAIG, Sacramento, Cal., and I will through spirit power send you the cause and condition of your trouble; and after I give you a correct diagnosis, if you wish help I will make my terms within your reach.

N. B.—The above advertisement is for the benefit of suffering humanity, and if you know of any one who is sick, and is skeptical, show them the above, and I may convince them of the truth of spirit return.

BEAR IN MIND.

In sending remittances to this office, write your orders on a single sheet of paper, to file away for future reference, if you have anything to say to the editor outside of that, do so on a separate sheet. It is not safe to send money in a letter; if it is sent that way, and lost in the course of transmission, you will be the loser. Do not send personal checks, as it costs 15 cents to get them cashed. Send postal or express order, or registered letter or draft payable in Chicago or New York, and there can be no loss.

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"Progression, or How a Spirit Advances in Spirit-life," "The Evolution of Man." Two papers, given in the last three years she suffered with cancer of left breast. The last services were held at Los Angeles. Prof. W. C. Bowman officiated. No priests present; none wanted. R. C. GLOVER, Los Angeles, Cal.

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