



AN AUTUMN BASKET OF CHOICE FRUIT

Adapted to Different Tastes and Mental Idiosyncrasies.
By Dr. J. M. Peebles.

GOD AND THE CONSTITUTION.

Out of some 70,000,000 of people, less than 20,000,000 of them, so reported statistics say, are church-members. Therefore, brothers, there's no danger of politically infecting any orthodox God into the Constitution. Saying nothing of the reported nine or eleven millions of Spiritualists, with the Unitarians, Universalists, Quakers, Shakers, Swedenborgians, with other religiousists, all of whom would oppose the God-in-the-Constitution business, there is no danger of any such movement proving successful. Bigots may plan, and religious sectarists may plot, but in a land where thought, speech, press, and platform are free, churchianity can force no chains, construct no pillars, nor successfully deal damnation round the land. And church and state in European countries—everywhere—must pale and fade away before the rising sun of progress.

CHAMELEON CATHOLICISM.

Some twenty years ago, when traveling among the old pre-historic ruins and pyramids of Mexico, Yucatan, and Nicaragua, I reached Progresso, the port of entry to Yucatan. It was about thirty-five miles to Merida, the capital. There was no railroad there then, so I rode on a springless old wagon, drawn by two lean horse-drawn mules. Merida numbered some 40,000, and there was no Protestant church, no Liberal League, no Odd Fellows' lodge in the city. A little band of Free-Masons were compelled to secretly meet up in the second story of an old stone building, away from the fury of the Roman Catholic priests. These walked the streets in their canonical robes, with cocked-up three-cornered black hats upon their heads, and when people passed either them or the old cathedral, they were required to take off their hats in reverence to Romanism. Roman Catholicism in Yucatan, however, is very unlike Roman Catholicism in England or America. It is as stretchy as India rubber. It adapts itself to every color, class and clime. It is the religious chameleon of the continent. During our recent war with Spain, a telegram from Madrid to London, May 12, informed this city of cities that the proceeds of a great Sunday afternoon bull-fight would be applied as helps to the "Spanish army" to fight, of course, Cuban patriots, who in turn were fighting and struggling for political freedom and independence. This is Roman Catholic Christianity!

POVERTY OF THE POPES.

Saudi, the Persian poet, homeless and homeless, died at an extreme old age leaning against a tree that shaded a bubbling spring. The greater part of the world have, beggars and beggars, and centuries after, noble cities claimed the honor of his birth. The greatest statesmen, philosophers, poets, and prophets of the world have—at least the majority of them—lived in poverty; while the Pope, professedly the greatest of the "Man of Sorrows," is reveling in the luxuries of hoarded millions.

The New York Sun says that Pope Leo has accumulated more wealth during his pontificate than any of his predecessors in the chair of St. Peter. Plus IX. collected \$10,000,000, and that was looked upon as a large sum. But Leo is said to have acquired twice as much for the Vatican. The greater part of the money is said to be deposited in the Bank of England, and the remainder rests in various other European banks. It is said that the Holy See is now free from debt, the few obligations remaining at the death of Plus IX. having been settled by Leo. The annual budget of the Vatican is said to show a yearly surplus.

How much of the money collected by Leo XIII. was given to him for his personal benefit and how much for the Holy See is not known. The value of personal presents made to him since he came to the papal throne is said, however, to exceed \$10,000,000, and the objects are so numerous as to constitute a collection worthy to be placed in a museum. Plus IX. received possibly as many, but he is said to have given them away as rapidly as he received them, and for that reason he never accumulated as many as are now hoarded by Leo XIII., who has kept all his.

Some idea of the value of them may be gathered from the fact that President Kruger gave him a diamond worth \$4,000,000. Such gifts are of course rare. But his collection contains 28 tiaras of gold set with all kinds of precious stones, 319 crosses of gold ornamented in the same way, and 1,200 chalices in gold and silver, engraved and ornamented with precious stones. Of the 81 valuable rings that he owns the Sultan gave him one that cost \$100,000. He has 16 pastoral staffs of gold set with stones, and 84 ostensors for the exposition of the sacrament. Seven statues in gold and silver are part of his possessions. In addition to more than 1,000 other objects of great and artistic value. The Kruger diamond is said to be the largest in the world.

Think of it! Leo XIII. worth his millions, and yet the scriptures say it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

FREE-MASONRY AND ROMAN CATHOLICISM.

This word-wise institution, Freemasonry, proclaims that its cornerstone is the Great Architect of the universe. Being a Knight Templar myself, I positively affirm that it imposes no limits upon the free search for truth, and that it demands tolerance for all. Its doors are open to men of every creed, race, and nation. In Turkey I met with Masonic Shakers. Masonry forbids in its meetings all political, religious, provincial and party discussions. It combats bigotry and ignorance in every form, and historically speak-

chief, one of the first four spirits that ever appeared to me, and others whom I knew. But soon one approached whom I had never seen—a man of most venerable and majestic aspect. He was attended by a numerous company of spirits, and eagerly greeted, as if expected, the request I made to restore to earth this wandering mortal. I saw a golden yellow light fall upon my dead body, and I knew no more until I awoke in the form. Though I had previously been ill, I arose and told the astonished friends that I was going home. They said I could not live to get there. The Old Man of the Mountain said he would attend to that, and I reached home safely.

Many of the older Spiritualists of the New England States will remember Mr. Whiting's lectures in the Melancon Hall, Boston, and especially the ones that Prof. Felton, of Harvard College, attended. Mr. Whiting's improvisation upon "Balaazar's Feast," a subject given him by the committee investigating Spiritualism, astonished Prof. Felton and others. The improvisation occupied nearly a quarter of an hour. Quite a discussion followed between Dr. Gardner and Prof. Felton upon Spiritualism. Prof. Grimes, the phrenologist, whom I saw with Moses Hill at Anderson's, Ind., last year, at the anti-Spiritualist Convention, was at this time in Boston, and took a hand in the evening's discussions. He was, of course, then, as now, bitterly opposed to Spiritualism. Mr. Whiting lectured and improvised all through the country, from Louisville in the South to Boston in the East, where he was warmly welcomed and appreciated by the more thoughtful and philosophical class of Spiritualists. He was among the faithful pioneers of the past.

A DISAGREEABLE FALL.

Mrs. B.—and others in Sturgis told me of an incident that happened at Sturgis Sunday meeting, some twenty years ago, that was more sad and grotesque than amusing. It was a Sunday evening. A husband and wife were upon the platform, the latter entranced and giving a lecture. While thus in a seemingly unconscious trance, she stepped about hither and thither very near the edge of the platform. The audience became nervous. The husband did not seem to notice her peril. Soon she fell off "co-whop," measuring her whole length upon the floor. The excitement was, of course, intense. The wife blamed the husband, the husband blamed the controlling spirits, and the audience was divided as to where the blame should rest; but all were united that the fact was an intensely disagreeable one. The lesson was, and is, that mediums should not be put upon a platform during the services unless they are thoroughly devoted, and until a class of intelligent spirits have them so under psychic control that they can manifest good, solid common sense, with ability to teach; and are endowed with a sufficiently high moral influence to educate and uplift their listeners.

Mrs. Carpenter, of Detroit, a most excellent woman, occupies the Sturgis platform during this October. She speaks and sings in the trance state, and also gives remarkable tests. Sturgis has superior mediums, such as Dr. Denslow, Mr. Wyland and others.

LECTURING WITH THE BACK TO THE AUDIENCE.

In this same Sturgis, nearly thirty years ago, there came a youthful Spiritualist lecturer and medium, Mr. Dinkel-spiel, a dark-complexioned young lawyer of Jewish birth, from Louisville, Ky. This was then the home of Mrs. Hollis, a very noted medium and an excellent woman. The spirits talked audibly in the presence of Mr. Dinkel-spiel, and they also sang audibly, and certainly had magnificent gifts. After one of my lectures in Sturgis I invited Mr. Dinkel-spiel to come onto the platform and submit to entrancement for a short address. He so did, and the controlling intelligence, seemingly taking no notice of time or space, or brick walls, kept on giving and turning around, turning his medium around, until his back was squarely to the audience, and he was, or seemingly, as eloquently talking straight to the church wall. Rising, I stepped forward upon the platform and gently turned him around. Being magnetically wound up, my presence did not seem to disturb him in the least. He kept right on, until the people were literally driven out, several leaving. The scene was infinitely more trying than instructive. Inquiring of this entrancing spirit about this afterwards, he deliberately said that he was "conscious of no church walls. It was all spirit space to him," and then there were hundreds of spirits out of the body, and he said, one in the body, and while the medium's back was to those in the body, and out of the body, too, his face, though seemingly turned to the wall, was facing thousands of spiritual beings, some of whom were listening, some were coming upon the address, and others were studying the laws of psychic control. The wisest of us may be as yet upon the threshold of Spiritualism. The word embraces everything that is true.

ANCIENT LITERATURE AND EVIL SPIRITS.

In my opinion, two-thirds of the agnostic, materialistic, and phenomena-hunting Spiritualists of America are not only behind in the results of psychic research, but are utterly unacquainted with the last twenty-five years' discoveries in Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, and other Oriental lands; and so, they keep on thrashing over the old straw-heaps collected by Dupuis, Higginis, Robert Taylor, and several lesser lights. Later writers upon these subjects are little more than plagiarists, and yet, generally graceless enough to give no credit.

The literature and Assyrian libraries of tablets are simply marvelous. One of the principal libraries for several dynasties was at ancient Nineveh, and the monarch who most cultivated literature was Assurbanipal, the Sardanapalus of the Greeks. The tablets that most interested me in the British Museum last July, were those relating to charms, spells, atmospheric demons,

evil spirits, and how to expel them. For instance: Here was an Assyrian youth under the "spell of evil spirits." He alternately laughed, wept, prophesied, and gave warnings. "And Merodach, one of the gods, seeing him, went to the god Ea, his spirit father, and inquired how to cure him. Ea, the god of Wisdom, in answer related the ceremonies and incantations for effecting his recovery," and these are recorded on the tablet for the benefit of the so-troubled in after times. Some of the advice, relating to gods, demons, and sacred rooms, inscribed upon these tablets, would not be inappropriate to-day in the purification of consecrated buildings—the burning of disinfecting incense, and various other preparatory practices for a high order of mediumship which was in the past, and is to-day, the open door between this and the invisible worlds of immensity.

DESTROYING PERSONALITIES.

Themselves being judges, boys know more at sixteen than they ever do afterwards. Colleagues, like bumble-bees, are biggest when they first hatch. Overburdened with sophomoric lore and wisdom, their weighty presence is almost painful. It has become a habit with many Spiritualists, and some Spiritualists, to either deny, or to question the wisdom, the architecture, the poetry, the sculpture, and the lately discovered manuscripts of antiquity.

LIFE A RICH BLESSING.

Life at best is a struggle, and it is grand to struggle for the right. It develops genuine grit, and grit is a guiding star that points to victory. It is a comfort to be born of wealthy parents or to inherit a fortune. My father, an honest, good-hearted man, captain of the militia in southern Vermont, was in my earlier life an inebricate. The old homestead was sold on a mortgage. Poverty stared the family in the face. Looking back, I consider it really fortunate that I was born, cradled and grew up in poverty. While not yet sixteen, I taught a district school, helping my parents financially. A little later I worked in hay-fields and harvest-fields for finances to attend Oxford Academy, N. Y., which recently celebrated its centennial. It was and is most blessed to work. True labor is prayer. I labored, struggled then and have continued to struggle—continued ever since the fight, and I enjoy fighting—fighting with thought, and pen, and tongue, for the right, for the true and for every great social and moral reform. A street drunkard I will lift up and support and save; but a newspaper blackguard I will not notice. There are men so slanderous, so vicious, and unprincipled that their curses are vastly preferable to their praises. Their libelous vomit, while selfishly relieving them of internal filth, harms none but themselves. To let them alone, entirely alone, is even then, honoring them beyond their deserts. As long as one is personally conscious of right doing, let him talk in criticism, let him journey on happy as an Englishman.

REFUSED TO PRAY.

At the Lily Dale Camp-Meeting, I had the pleasure of meeting my old friend, Dr. O. J. Willard, Mayville, N. Y., and the meeting revived among other reminiscences the fact of my lecturing in this town some twenty-five or more years ago, and being introduced in the afternoon by Dr. Willard to the Baptist and Methodist preachers. Our conversation upon the reforms of the age and the progress of the times was interesting and inspiring, and they promised to attend my evening meeting and open the same with prayer. It was a solemn promise, and yet they failed to put in an appearance. Think of it—preachers breaking their promises, preachers refusing to pray. It reminded me of the old hymn with these two lines:

"Great God on what a slender thread Hang everlasting things."

If those prayers had been prayed according to promise, some soul upon orthodox grounds might have been saved. The prayers of warm times always amuse me. During our late war with Spain our chaplains prayed for their side, and the Spaniards prayed to God for victories on their side, and all their prayers did not amount to a "hill of beans." True prayer is aspiration, an uplifting and an outgiving of the soul's emotions towards the good, the beautiful, and the true. It is well and wise to pray to ministering spirits and angels and to lift our thoughts in gratitude to the infinite life and light of the universe. There are men, I am told, who never pray—and I am certain that there are pigs who, while feasting upon acorns, never look up to the oak from whence they fell. Neither the pig, nor the man, of course, is to be commended, but the man of aspiration should be expected for dwellers in the swine kingdom of creation.

MRS. E. W. WALLIS.

This lady, recently from London, has of late given several lectures upon Spiritualism in Battle Creek, Mich. This was my residence for seven years between thirty and forty years ago. Then, under the name of the First Free Church, there was a large and flourishing society of Spiritualists, with quite a smattering of Unitarians, Universalists, Quakers, and Freethinkers. There was also a fine progressive lyceum. The lyceum expired long ago. Spiritualists now have nominally two societies in this city, but no regular Sunday lectures. The causes are inharmonious, jealousies, indifference, lack of enthusiasm, want of finances, and more than all the need of a thorough working organization of noble, non-jealous, zealous, self-sacrificing souls. The most of the old Spiritualists have passed on to the higher life. Their children usually attend the liberal Congregational church in this city. It is best that these facts be on record. And yet, there were never so many Spiritualists in this Battle-Creek-City, of some 20,000, as there are to-day. But they need a missionary-gatherer, a shepherd or a shepherdess. In other words, a regular speaker, a choir of fine singers, a lyceum, and a living, burning, enthusiasm for the upbuilding of the truth.

ANNIHILATIONISTS.

Why, oh, ruthless annihilator, do you seek to annihilate, why thoughtlessly deny, why hate the ancient past? Do we love the sunning any less because it illuminated Plato's villa, or shed its shimmering beams upon the Grecian Crito's rosegarden? And the crystal waters that quenched the thirst of the Persian poet, Saadi, any less cooling to-day than they were some two thousand years ago? Is it not true that truths like Nature's laws are unchangeable? They are never old—they are never new, only in our conception. Is it not wise then to retain the good and the true of the past while we reach out and upward for still higher, grander truths that brighten the present? Is sorrow for those materialistic agnostics

SLATE-WRITING.

Some Extraordinary Manifestations.
A REPLY TO AN ATTACK IN THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

To the Editor:—It seems very strange to me that the religious world, the skeptic world and the so-called scientific world, as well as all of the fanatics in all of those make such desperate efforts to keep from believing the truth, and also write and speak so many falsehoods to prevent others from investigating to learn the truth of spirit return.

I was amused as well as disgusted with the puerile spirit exhibited in some articles published in the Scientific American of October 8, 15, 22 and 29, 1898. The writer of those articles either maliciously lied or was too ignorant of what he wrote to be worthy of credence. The writer, who signs his name as W. E. Robinson, in each of said articles claims to tell how independent slate-writing is produced.

First, he tells us it is produced by a "flap dropped on the slates with writing on it." Then by a "silk covering which is withdrawn." Then by "putting a large-mouthed bottle which is run over the slates, which has the message protruding from its mouth, and by heat it writes." Next, by a "small piece of pencil in a thimble on the finger under the slate," then by a "small piece of pencil protruding from under court-plaster on the medium's finger," and lastly by "iron filings attached to a piece of chalk put between the slates, which, when rolled around, produces scratching," which he claims is hardly recognizable as writing.

He has several other processes equally as preposterous, which I will not stop to mention. I would advise every Spiritualist that can to get the Scientific American of those numbers and read for themselves, if for no other purpose than to show the character of the stuff that is printed in the columns of this so-called scientific paper.

Now this man Robinson has evidently been visiting and studying fakery for the purpose of deceiving. He does not know enough, or is too dishonest to admit that there ever was any genuine independent spiritual slate-writing. What would Mr. Robinson think to go to a medium he did not know, and who did not know him, and he would prepare his own slates, and would hang one pair upon a chandelier above his head, and put another pair under their feet, and hold another pair in the hands of himself and the medium, with the pair under both their feet, and in just one minute and a half one of each pair of slates was written on, a portrait on each, and the one on the chandelier the picture was exceptionally fine and life-like, and was a perfect picture of my then living wife's brother? The writing was in three or four different colors, and the slates written over the entire surface. I had equally as good with Mr. Cole, now of Detroit, Michigan. The slates were entirely new, and under my control all of the time, and never written on, and in twenty minutes the slates were written all over, and on all sides, each message with different colors and a picture of my old mother, a daughter that had passed over some years ago, and my Indian guide, "Big Thunder," and two portraits, one of my wife's former husband and one of a son that had passed on. Those messages were in red, white, blue, and green colors, all on a beautiful October afternoon.

I had the same experience with Dr. W. A. Mansfield. None of these mediums knew me or mine, and could not have drawn the writing or made the pictures if they had tried. Dr. Mansfield's messages were from my old father, who had been over more than thirty years, and was in all the colors of the rainbow, and in my father's own handwriting; also one from my daughter in her own handwriting, and their names both signed in full. Dr. Mansfield had never seen me before and did not know my name until after the work was done.

Come, my religious, scientific, skeptical and fanatical friend, let us be honest. Do not blacken your own spiritual existence to defame the medium or belittle the phenomena of Spiritualism. It will do you no good to kick against the pricks. It is too late to deny spiritual phenomena. Let us all join in eliminating fakers and frauds and advancing the truth of the only intelligent road to future life. I have all of this phenomena and the slates just as they were written, and Mr. Robinson, of this so-called scientific paper, can see them, or any one else that desires. Mr. Editor, I write this in the interest of truth and right.

J. M. KENNEDY.

Marysville, Ohio.

AUTUMN.

Autumn leaves are falling
Around us, brown and sere;
Moaning winds are calling
In tones most sad and drear.
Bright Summer's death lamenting;
Its vanished light and shade;
Our spirits discontenting—
So swift the roses fade.

In the woods there rests a stillness;
Lone and weird the silence seems;
Now and then within the dimness,
A flickering ray of sunshine gleams.
Autumn days bring forth a sadness,
Which by contrast greater seems,
After Summer days of gladness,
Spent in idleness and dreams.

But the Autumn has its charms,
Though colder grows the sun's bright rays,
Till winter clasps her in his arms,
And then farewell to Autumn days.

MRS. E. J. BUCHANAN.

The ethically sublime side of Spiritualism is governed by the measure of success attending its grappling with the profundities of psychic nature.

E. LINDNER.

STRANGE CONFESSION.

Revealing the True Inwardness of Christian Sentiment.

In the year 1890 the General Conference of the M. E. Church South, was held in St. Louis, with Bishop Keener, of Louisiana, presiding, and four hundred ministers in attendance. The devout bishop, bidding the assembly arise opened conference by giving out that old-time hymn, two lines of which run as follows:

"Prone to wander—Lord I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love!"

And these lines were sung by the assembled delegates with great zeal and earnest pathos. This fact proved that the Lord they so tenderly loved was not a drawing card, and that they were anxious to cut his acquaintance. It must be remembered that these four hundred preachers are under stupendous and stern obligations to him whom they expressed themselves so anxious to leave. Through the sin of Adam they were all innately vile," convicts already condemned and sentenced to hell, and their Lord had interceded for them, secured a stay of their sentence, cleansed them with his atoning blood, and yet the recipients of all these favors confessed in concert that they were prone to give their "captive benefactor" the G. B. Imagine the feelings of the Lord when he looked askance from his great white throne down on these four hundred ordained preachers in conference.

And there saw them arise and freely declare,

That they were prone to wander—the Devil knows where,
And turn their faces from Eden above,
Forsaking the Lord they professed so to love.

We would think that such an open insult would be too much for even a long-suffering Jesus to tolerate without protest, but then Jesus—poor fellow—always was unlucky in choosing his associates. His twelve disciples enlisted in his service because he promised to make them "fishers of men" and that in his kingdom soon to be established on earth they were to "sit on twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel;" but when the tide of fortune turned against their master and he was arrested for aspiring to kingship in a Roman province, not one out of the twelve maintained allegiance to him, but all proved themselves "prone to wander," and thus Jesus was left alone to "sit on twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel;" but when the tide of fortune turned against their master and he was arrested for aspiring to kingship in a Roman province, not one out of the twelve maintained allegiance to him, but all proved themselves "prone to wander," and thus Jesus was left alone to "sit on twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel;" but when the tide of fortune turned against their master and he was arrested for aspiring to kingship in a Roman province, not one out of 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JUNO, OR THE NEW WOMAN.

INSPIRED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WRITTEN BY

CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

... AUTHOR OF ...

"The Discovered Country," "Mary Anne Carew, Wife, Mother, Spirit, Angel," "Philip Carlisle, a Romance," "Oceanides," a Psychic Novel, Etc.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"I think the world is all right, just as it is. God has provided a way in which all may become new, or renewed, through Christ; and if we are meek followers of the lowly Jesus we shall not care to leave the position in which we find ourselves."

"Ethel," said Grace, "we cannot follow Jesus if we would."

"I should like to know why not?" said Ethel. "Will any of us sell all that we have, and give to the poor? Did not Jesus strictly command that his followers should sell all that they possessed, give the proceeds to the poor and then follow him? And did he not also say that he had not where to lay his head? Suppose none of us here had where to lay our heads? And didn't he say that one should leave father and mother and cling to him? I don't think such ideas are practical, myself. I don't understand how we all can become tramps and vagabonds."

"Another reason why Juno would not like to become a clergywoman, and study theology," said O'Donnell. It seems to me that the teachings of Jesus do not require very much study."

"You may be sure," said Grace, "if I ever join a church, it will be that I may be more popular and stand a better chance of becoming president; for, to follow Jesus, in the strict sense of the word, I, for one, never can; and I will join whatever church is in the majority. I don't think I shall trouble myself to ask whether it is in the right or wrong. I will let the pastor do all my thinking in that direction, and accept whatever he preaches. That's his business, you know. I shall have all I can attend to as a lawyer and politician."

"What will you do," asked O'Donnell, "if you fail in becoming elected?"

"I will not fail," answered Grace; "for first of all I will get as rich as a Vanderbilt; then I shall be able to buy up nearly all the votes of the country."

"You intend, then, to become a monopolist?"

"Well, why not? That's biz, you know. Why shouldn't I become a monopolist, as well as the supposed stronger sex?"

"Grace," said her brother, sternly, "you are becoming exceedingly vulgar. Try to retain a small vestige of womanhood."

"Is it any worse for me to talk monopoly, than for you and papa? I am sure I have not heard much else since I can remember. I can't think of father except in connection with stocks and bonds and big monopolies, the rise and fall of produce, when to buy and when to sell—and, don't I understand very well just how it should be done? Give almost nothing when one buys, and sell at the very highest price possible? That's just the right way, Raph. I am sure I agree; and don't you think I have some ambition as well as yourself, and wish to emulate you when you desire little else than to become a successful candidate for the presidential chair?"

Raphael cast an uneasy glance at Juno.

"Father and I are men," he said. "These things are perfectly proper for us. We are the bread-winners. But you are a woman, and such things are not within your proper sphere."

"There you are again, Raph!" she retorted. "Who is to point out to us our proper sphere, I want to know! Our lords and masters, the men, while we poor, humble slaves, meekly obey? No, sir! Women are asserting themselves. We are bound to break our bonds or die. I have attained my majority—past eighteen—and beyond the rule of any man on this earth. Father says he simply holds my fortune now in trust and I can draw all the money I wish. I will make that money fly, be sure; at the same time I intend it to fly in the right direction—to double—triple—and quadruple itself. I will be my father's daughter, most certainly. And you should be the last one to oppose me, Raphael. Doesn't father often say that you are a son after his own heart, filled with ambition, smart, sharp and shrewd where biz is concerned?"

"Grace, I beg of you not to say biz."

"Why not? You and papa never call it by any other name. Don't it sound smart and business like?"

"Not precisely, from a young lady's lips."

"Well, I can't see the difference," said Grace, with another point of her scarlet lips.

The ladies now left the table and repaired to the drawing-room. The gentlemen, according to English custom, remained to partake of wine, for Mrs. Alstead was an English lady, and retained most of the manners and customs of her native land, although she had resided in America quite a number of years.

CHAPTER V.

Juno Expresses an Opinion.

"Now," said Grace, as the ladies found themselves alone, "why should it be considered proper for gentlemen to remain behind, drink wine and smoke cigars, while it would be very improper for us to do so? Do they need wine more than we do? But you may be sure they don't get the better of me, after all. I keep a nice little decanter filled with wine, in my room, and while they are drinking at the table I am doing the same up stairs. What's sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose; that's my motto. If wine is good for papa and Raph, it's good for me."

Juno gazed at the girl with clear, thoughtful eyes. Juno's brain never worked so vigorously as when she was brought in contact with Grace.

Mr. Scorsiss was a millionaire. His daughter Grace was considered by some as incorrigible; but more looked upon her as one of the new women. Mrs. Scorsiss was an invalid, and very nearly a nonentity; although quite dashing and beautiful when a girl; but her spirit had long since been broken, together with her health. Her husband had been to her simply a tyrant and a master; although now for many years he had scarcely looked upon her face. There were two other children, but they were still young, the girl being eight, the boy ten.

Grace had been left almost entirely to tutors, governesses, French maids, housekeepers and servants; as had the other children. Mr. Scorsiss took great pride in his children, indulging them and playing the unreasonable tyrant alternately. When they pleased him money was showered by the thousands upon them; but when they displeased him almost the necessities of life were denied them. That was his method of punishment.

Raphael had become almost a counterpart of his father, and Grace aped them both to the best of her ability.

Mr. Alstead had been a banker, almost, if not quite as wealthy as Mr. Scorsiss. He died some two years previous to the opening of our story, leaving his widow and only daughter all the wealth they desired, and well secured. We will speak of Juno's antecedents later.

O'Donnell was a young Irishman of high degree; but just now in disgrace with his father, who threatened to

disinherit him, and the young man had taken to the stage; but, more of him anon.

The ladies found themselves alone in the drawing-room. It would be an hour yet before the guests for the evening arrived. Grace went thrumming at the piano. "I never could learn to play the piano well," said she; "but the cornet! Ah!"—and she rushed into the hall and brought in the cornet. "This is my darling!" she exclaimed, sounding a blast or two. "On this I can play. Band instruments are the only kind I care anything about, and the louder a band plays, the better I like it. I would like a band large and powerful enough to drown out every other noise in the world. O, a fine band is just exciting, you know. Now, I shall use my influence toward having women play with the best brass bands in the world, and when they do I will play the cornet."

"O, Grace—Grace!" said Ethel, "How can you talk so? I do not believe you mean half you say."

"Therein you are greatly mistaken, little puss. I mean all that I say and much more. I would like to know why men arrogate to themselves all the great things in this world, while we poor women must take the least and crawl about as their servants, slaves, or playthings? Now, for instance, I could vote as intelligently as any man. Many women can lecture as well or even better than most men; they are capable of becoming lawyers, doctors, bankers, mechanics, farmers; they can keep books and clerk it, as well, in fact, they can do almost anything as well or even better than most men; then, why shouldn't they? That is what I want to know."

"Then, Grace, you would have no distinction between the sexes?" asked Mrs. Alstead.

"Not the least in the world," replied Grace. "Give us women a chance! That is all I ask. And be sure we will take it whether the men give it to us or not. Why should we stay at home, keeping house, and rocking cradles, I should like to know, when we can so easily fit ourselves to stand shoulder to shoulder with the sterner, more obtuse sex?"

"Because," said Juno, "nature herself has made a distinction between the sexes; a marked distinction, that nothing can overcome. We are the mothers of the world. Nature has distinctly marked us as the mothers of all human beings. We cannot leave our children uncared for, unkempt, untaught, wholly in the hands of hirelings, that we may stand shoulder to shoulder with man. Nature has made us smaller in stature than man. Our heads seldom reach much above their shoulders; we are more daintily fashioned; our hands and feet much smaller. The greatest distinction of all is in our natural forms. We bear with us the fountains of life. The new-born babe draws its nourishment from the very being of its mother. Ah, Grace! your own unusually full form gives the lie to your masculine ideas."

Grace's swelling bosom heaved with indignation. "Yes," she cried, "if it were not for just such pull-backs as yourself, women would have had their rights long ago. Just to hear such ones talk is enough to make one sick. We have all the privileges now which we want. We would not go to the polls if we could. We prefer that the male portion of humanity should earn our bread; and so forth, and so forth. Pah! It is too disgusting!"

"Yes, I think that natural law points directly toward the male as being the proper bread-winner. Of course there are exceptions to all laws. A mother may be left alone, with a little family of children, and for a time may be obliged to win her own and their bread; but even under such circumstances, I think it a wrong, both to herself and her children. The world should be good enough, generous enough to provide for such an unfortunate widow and her children until her sons at least are old enough to win their own and her bread. A mother thus left alone has enough to do to perform the duties of a mother to her children and look carefully after their education."

"But, if a woman has no education, how is she able to look carefully after the education of her children?"

"I did not say that a woman should not be educated," replied Juno. "I simply meant to say, that a woman cannot overstep the bounds where natural law has placed her and take the place of a man; neither can a man take the place of a woman. Neither man nor woman can change their sex at will."

"Then you think we should always be slaves and subordinates, and have no voice in making the laws by which we must abide?"

"On the contrary," answered Juno, "I think woman should have an equal voice in making laws. Nature does not say that a mother shall not rule her household and construct wise and merciful laws which her children shall obey; and I believe that a nation should be ruled by one who is capable of being like a father, or mother, to it; thinking of nothing but the true welfare of every citizen within his or her jurisdiction. A nation should be like a very large family, wherein a father and mother should rule with equal sway. I believe that a man and woman should be at the head of every nation; not a man alone, or a woman alone; that such man and woman should be husband and wife goes without saying; that the position should not be sought through ambition, or political intrigue, or partisanship; but because through many years they have proved themselves to be wiser and better qualified to take that position than anyone else; and when once so proved, they should hold that position until old age disqualifies them, or one or the other were to die. Exceedingly wise and beneficent laws should not be subject to change; and all laws should be for the protection and benefit of all."

"For my part," said Grace, "I do not wish to share honors with anyone. When I am president of the United States, my husband, if I have one, cannot be president at the same time. No president has ever allowed his wife to be president at the same time with himself. O, no! Catch them giving their wives, or any other woman, a chance."

"Well," said Juno, "I have no wish to become president. I shall confine my ambition to becoming as wise a wife and mother as it is possible for me to be; and I will be exceedingly careful that I do not overstep the bounds where nature has placed me. I am a woman. I want all the natural rights belonging to a woman. Natural right tells me that I ought to be a wife and mother. As a wife I cannot fill my husband's place; and I am in duty bound to fulfill my duties to my children. I cannot do this and become a bread-winner at the same time. While my husband, as the natural bread-winner, wins the bread, I, as a natural woman, will look after my household and children; he cannot do this and win the bread. He cannot bear the children; he cannot nurse them; he is not fitted by nature to care for them through their infancy and tender childhood; neither is he fitted by nature to take charge of budding daughters; and all boys and young men need the mother's careful, guiding hand."

"But, suppose a woman doesn't care to marry? Aren't there hundreds and thousands of old maids?"

"A woman who doesn't care to marry must be a very unnatural creature. Something must be wrong with her. That women do not always marry, I admit; and there may be in many cases good and sufficient reasons why she should not; but that does not alter the fact of her being a

woman. Such women should appoint themselves to care for the motherless and orphans. They could serve natural laws in no better way."

"Well, Juno, you can go on preaching until the day of doom; it won't change my mind in the least. You may take the place in life which you desire; and I will strive for the position which I wish to occupy. Each her own way, say I; and when you see me the honored president of the United States, while you are the slave of a husband and large family of children, you will envy me and wish that you had fostered a laudable ambition. Gracious! Don't men and boys think it the greatest thing on earth to become president of the United States? And wouldn't one man like to rule the whole world, if he could? And wouldn't I like to be the honored Princess of all the world, if I could? Yes, indeed. And if I live long enough in this world, I will be something great, or break."

CHAPTER VI.

Juno's Refusal.

The gentlemen now entered the room. O'Donnell had caught the last sentence, "great or break."

"Miss Scorsiss," said he, "I am broke because I would not be what, in general parlance, is called great. Most, in my country, think it great to be a lord, duke or earl; but you see I am content to be a simple actor; and being an alien I could not become president of the United States."

"Juno would think it far better to become simply a married man, and the father of a large family of children, than the honored president of the United States; and as you are her relative, perhaps you think as she does?" said Grace.

"Juno's ideas of what a husband and father ought to be, are so exalted that I should never be able to reach, even such a position and fill it as she thinks it ought to be filled. To be president of the United States would be nothing in comparison. Presidents are usually faulty beings, but her ideal husband must be above and beyond faults of any kind," said O'Donnell, with a light laugh. "Heigh-ho!" he continued, with a sigh, "It is a pity that we men cannot be better than we are. I would to God that some of us might become as exalted, and worthy as she thinks all men ought to be."

"For my part," said Grace, "I don't want men to be too good—goodly—good—namely pambly! I should consider such men quite worthless and devoid of all ambition. I find the gentlemen of the present day quite good enough for me."

The arrival of a number of guests put an end to the conversation, and soon the concert began.

Juno took her seat at the piano. Grace led with the cornet. Raphael played the violin. Juno played wonderfully well for a young lady of her tender years. Raphael scraped the violin clumsily; but Grace—what shall we say of her? The echoing cornet resounded far and wide. Her playing was as full of spirit as a prancing, pawing war-horse smelling the battle afar off. Her eyes shone like stars. Her flaming cheeks were puffed out with wind, which she deftly and rapidly forced into the cornet; her head thrown back, her small hands, with their fingers flashing with jewels as they played rapidly at the stops; her silken, balloon sleeves rising, flapping and falling with tremulous motion, like some huge bird's wings—but she played—O, how she played, as a cornet was never played before or since; that is, those who were present never heard one played in like manner. At the finale of each number rendered there was wild applause. Not for Juno's exquisite interpretation on the piano; not for Raphael's squeaking violin; but for that resounding cornet and its wild, spirited, bewildering play.

"Oui! Oui!" exclaimed a young Frenchman of the party, "mademoiselle one wonderful woman!" To which remark all assented.

Grace possessed the power of bringing all men, as well as women, to her feet. The feelings which she inspired in others were a curious medley: intense admiration mingled with slight disgust; envy, and yet glad that they were not like her; respect which, after all, did not amount to esteem; asking themselves if women, really, ought to be like her? It was the one great question of the day: What ought a woman's real position to be in the world? Should she become a sort of nondescript between a man and a woman—or between a man and what had formerly been thought a woman ought to be? Oh, the question was hard to solve; and no one felt entirely satisfied with those who were struggling to become the new women, of whom Grace was a fair sample.

But the pendulum swings back and forth and either extreme is not equitable.

The concert was over at last, and the young people flocked to the dining-room, to partake of a dainty collation, and soon tongues were let loose, and conversation became general. The large dining-table had been removed and a dozen or more small tables were scattered about the room. O'Donnell conducted Grace to one of these tables. Juno and Raphael were seated at another. The young Frenchman before mentioned, had escorted Ethel to another, and soon all the tables had their complement of youth and beauty. Raphael looked rather uneasy and discontented. O'Donnell careless and free, as though he might at all times be able to shake all thoughts of a troublesome nature off at his finger tips. Ethel was a little weary and dispirited, while the young Frenchman was a calm, grand, peaceful radiance; being slightly wearied, she was a little paler than usual, which gave her forehead a prominence not at other times so noticeable. One looking at Raphael and Juno could not help being reminded of the full moon, shining in all her silvery radiance, with a heavy black cloud near her, threatening to engulf her within its black shadow. Raphael's eyes shifted uneasily beneath Juno's clear, cool, calm glance.

"Juno," he said, "your words at dinner to-day have filled me with despair and foreboding. You are well aware that I desire to stand well in your esteem. You have long known that I seek you to be my wife. You are so very young, that I cannot expect to lead you to the altar for two or three years to come. My father, likewise, is not willing for me to marry before that length of time; but I desire your love. I desire your promise. I long to place the engagement ring on your finger; and you are cool, calm and indifferent. Yet you say it is your highest ambition to become a wife and mother; but if you allow no man to win you, how can that ever be?"

"I did not say that I could not be won," she answered. "No; but you said that unless a man were thoroughly good, you would remain single all your life. What fault have you to find with me? I love you to distraction. You are my ideal of what a true woman ought to be. I do not believe in the new woman, or any woman who tries to ape a man. I would rather take a viper to my breast than one who oversteps the bounds which nature herself has set up between the sexes. You give me not the slightest hope that I may be the one to win you; and I ask you again, what fault you have to find with me?"

"First of all," said Juno, "I do not love you."

"You are too young yet to know your own mind on that point. My ardent love for you must meet with a response in time."

"God grant that such may never be the case," said she. "You are driving me mad!" he exclaimed. "But tell me, wherein do I lack?"

"Well, you scorn the new woman; but if I ever marry, it can be to no other than the new man. The present type of man is not to my taste. There may be, I grant, a few exceptions to this general rule; and, if so, I may some time in the future meet one of them. As yet, I have not met one who can be called the new man."

"But still, you don't seem to care to become one of the new women? You are as far from that as possible?"

"I beg of you not to be so sure of that. I fear I greatly desire to see the new woman; but, like the new man, I have not yet discovered her."

"Then you think that my sister Grace, and those of her ilk, are not the new women?"

"They certainly are not the new women I should like to see."

"Well, let us return to my first question: Wherein do I fail to please you? I think I would willingly lay down my life, if by doing so I could gain your approval and consent to become my wife."

Juno's clear, pure eyes met his own, firmly.

"If I were to tell you wherein you do not please me, you would immediately take offense."

"I swear to you that I will not," he asserted.

"Very well," she said, "we will take the first count. You desire to become president of the United States, sometime in the far-off future."

"Can it be possible," he interrupted with wide-open eyes of astonishment, "that you can object to such a laudable and honorable ambition?"

"It is the peculiar ambition to which I object, more than to the fact that you might, one day, be seated at the head of your nation."

"But ought not every man to be ambitious? Without ambition a man becomes worthless."

"I said it was the peculiarity of the ambition, to which I objected."

"It is almost impossible to comprehend you," he said, petulantly.

"You desire to rise to such a position through political intrigue. You would leave nothing undone, no matter what its nature, to accomplish your purpose."

Raphael's countenance fell. "Woman's province is not in the political world," he said, rather sullenly.

"You will, no doubt, be somewhat surprised when I inform you that I think differently."

"He caught his breath in utter astonishment."

"You think differently?" he exclaimed. "I thought you were opposed to woman having the ballot. You said that your highest ideal of a woman was as a wife and mother."

"Very true; and my highest ideal of a man is as a husband and father. Unless he can become perfect as a husband and father, he is not fit to become president of the United States."

"Oh, well," said Raphael, "we will not disagree materially on that point," and he began to look more hopeful.

"Now, then, we come back to my first question. I desire to become your husband, and the father of your children."

"More than you do to become president?" she asked.

He hesitated. "Why cannot one desire both?"

"I do not wish to become second in the heart of my husband. I wish to stand pre-eminent—above all other wishes or desires."

"Then you would have me cast my ambition away like a worthless rag?"

"I did not say that. I said I desired to stand first in my husband's mind; the ambition to be secondary."

"And subject to your dictation?" he said, sarcastically.

"Subject to my dictation, if so you choose to think."

"It is not a woman's place to dictate to her husband."

"You think it is his place to dictate to her?"

Raphael's eyes blazed with anger.

"I never dreamed you were so strong-minded. I verily believe you wish to become one of the new women."

"You see, at once," said she, "that we could never agree as man and wife. We quarrel about the very first requisites."

"Well, if you desire a man to crawl at your feet, like a whipped cur, and humbly ask you what he may or may not do, why, then, I don't know what to think."

"We will reverse the picture," she said. "You would expect to dictate to me. You would expect to tell me what you thought was my proper place. You would not think I had a right to cast the ballot, unless, indeed, you thought that men would have something to gain thereby; and if you allowed me to vote, you would expect me to vote as you thought best, regardless of right and wrong; and unless the lords of creation will it so to be, woman may not cast the ballot. Are we not your humble slaves and whipped curs?"

Raphael ran his hand into his hair and pulled at it, with clenched teeth.

"Juno!" he thundered, startling all the others around the tables. "In God's name, stop! You're the most rampant woman's rights woman I ever met, and I thought you the ideal woman, filled with modesty and womanly instincts. Why, Grace, with all her mannishness, cannot compare with you. I know not what this world is coming to!"

"To a better state of things, I hope," said Juno.

"Where woman will rule," he sneered.

"Where women will rule, if so you are pleased to term it," she coolly replied. "Men have ruled about long enough. Turn about, I think, is fair play. We have been your obedient, humble slaves; suppose you now become ours?"

"Never!" he growled, "never!"

"Well, you now see that I was right in refusing to become your wife, or slave; for if you were the dominant party, that is the position which I should be obliged to take. You do not wish to be my slave; I do not wish to be yours. I should not stand first in your heart, or esteem; but must become subordinate to that which you would consider of more importance; your ambition."

"This world would be a waste wilderness, but for man's ambition," he said, gloomily.

"His ambition has made of it a wilderness of war, murder, rapine, bigotry, tyranny, intrigue, error and bloodshed. His ambitious love of power, and desire for homage has caused him to tread all that is beautiful and lovable beneath his feet. He has walked knee deep in blood; he has been deaf to all sighs, tears and groans of despair; it is time that unselfish love should rule the world and not personal ambition. And where shall we look for unselfish love, unless within the heart of woman?"

"Yes, and when I ask you for your love, you treat me with cold disdain."

"You asked me for conjugal, or mutual love; and as by your own showing you cannot even understand it, and certainly do not feel it yourself; why, then, should you expect me to render it to you? You certainly would not think it right for me to hold you secondary in my heart. I am very sure you would require the first place, or none. Love cannot be equal or mutual unless it is the same in both hearts. You must stand first, of all things else, in my soul. I must stand first of all other things in your heart; and all else become subject thereto to us both. You must be my king. I must be your queen. You must obey me in all things, as I must obey you, the same. You must be entirely worthy to rule over me, and I must be wholly worthy to rule over you; otherwise it is not love but merely a semblance of it. It may be admiration, passion, a desire to conquer; no matter what it may be, it is not love. I have interested you, no doubt. Your own ungoverned passion you have called by the sacred name of love. Your ambition and love of power desire to conquer me and make of me a humble instrument that may pander to your dominant wishes; but, pure, undefiled and beautiful love does not abide between us."

"Enough! enough!" he exclaimed passionately. "But you shall yet feel my power. You shall yet admit man's superiority. If you do not become my wife I will grind you to the dust; I will leave no means untried to humble you."

He shut his hands together until the nails cut into the flesh; his teeth fairly chattered in his rage.

"Power I will have. My ambition shall know no bounds. I will tread all things under my feet to gain that which I desire. Be my wife, and all shall be well. I will listen to you whenever your advice does not clash against that which I consider to be the special province of a man; otherwise, you will live to rue the day you refused me."

Juno straightened herself, threw back her regal head, her eyes flashing forth the deep scorn which she felt.

"I do refuse; and, once for all time. There is no power either on earth or in heaven that could compel me to become your wife. Although you were to set all the fiends

of darkness against me, my answer would be the same. Although you were to tear me limb from limb, yet would my answer be Never! That which you call the superiority of man shall be matched for once by the superiority of a woman."

She arose from the table and returned, alone to the drawing-room, where the rest of the company soon joined her. Shortly afterward the party broke up, and all returned to their respective homes.

(To be Continued.)

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BIBLE PROPHETS AND PREDICTIONS

Compared With Modern Mediums and Messages.

NUMBER ONE.

"As a motto for the first of this series of papers I can think of nothing more apropos than the words of Isaiah. In chapter 51:1, the prophet says: 'Look to the rock whence ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged.'"

If every traducer and slanderer could occasionally get a glimpse of himself as he is—if such could look over their past records and the records of the fountain whence they sprang, some of them would be like the strutting peacock. It is said of that proud bird, that whenever he gets a sight of his ugly, black feet his feathers fall. I have met very few denouncers of Spiritualism, or very few among Spiritualists whose mission was to find fault with the lives of others, whose past records would bear close inspection. It is well for all to spend a little more time in self-examination, and not so much in seeing that our neighbors walk perfectly circumspect. Let us, one and all, obey the injunction of this text.

This language seems to me particularly appropriate when I remember that not a great while since a paper was sent to me containing a sermon against Spiritualism. A note on the margin of the paper asked me to please read and review. The sermon contained a long series of charges against mediums and mediumship.

This sermon bore the somewhat euphonic title of "God's and the Devil's Mediums." Of course it asserted that Spiritualism was all the work of His Satanic Majesty—that mediums were all of them, without exception the devil's prophets; while the prophets of the Bible were mediums through which Almighty God, the maker of heaven and earth, communicated with earth's children; that while the devil selected the worst people in the world for mediums, the prophets of the Bible were all of them paragons of perfection.

This man made specific charges against mediums, and asserted over and over again that about all the mediums were guilty of each charge.

After attacking the character of all mediums, he asserted that an occasional prediction met a remarkable fulfillment—"nothing else would suit the devil," said he. He and his prophets would very soon become unpopular, if he gave through them no true predictions. The object was not so much to deceive the people with regard to things which are to occur in the immediate future, as it was to lead people on by predicting unimportant truths, and thus lead people to believe in his mediums, and, by this means seal souls for an eternal residence in his dark dominions.

He then enumerated and specified certain charges, which were about as follows:

1. The mediums are, most of them, indecent.
2. They are immoral.
3. They are frauds.
4. Though they tell many truths on unimportant matters, they nearly always prophesy lies.
5. Money is behind it all. They work for money.
6. They are jealous of and quarrel with one another.
7. If one gives a test which is not recognized, he generally informs the sifter that he will remember it later. "It will come to you by and by," is a common way of expressing the matter.
8. Very few, if any of them, are sure of their own mediumship; if a thing proves to be a flagrant untruth, the medium will say, "Well, I got mixed up with other minds," or, "my mind got mixed in this communication."
9. They generally demand conditions so subtle as to say, if the communication is not right, "the conditions were not right."

He then went on to say that when God sent his mediums out, there were no conditions; no failures; nothing to explain. God made no predictions through persons of doubtful character, nor did he ever make a prediction without arranging in advance against its failure.

As I read these charges against mediums, some of which may be true of some real and pretended mediums, I said to myself, every charge here made against mediums applies with all its force to the prophets of the Bible; and every good thing said about a prophet of the Bible is true of some of the mediums. I took my Bible and a few books on Spiritualism, and seemed to be guided to the right places in each. Within three hours I had noted down nearly all the proofs which will appear in this series of papers.

In two discourses I delivered a reply to said discourse: first in Berkley hall, in Boston; then in the Spiritual Temple, in Buffalo. In both instances I was asked to publish the outlines of these discourses in pamphlet form. I have concluded that instead of doing that I will give them a much wider circulation through *The Progressive Thinker*. In these papers, in which I intend to reply to the points to which reference has been made, I intend to affirm:

1. That every charge that ever has been made or ever can be made against mediums has been brought by biblical prophets against each other. I will add, that from this distance it seems that the prophets had good grounds for their charges.
2. Every truth told by a prophet can be matched hand in hand by a truth told by a medium.
3. That no prophecy of the Old Testament was fulfilled in the Jesus of the New Testament.
4. There is no proof that one prediction of the Old or New Testament ever met a fulfillment.

I hope no one will understand from what is written above that I intend to try to prove that the biblical prophets were all bad men, nor that the mediums are all good. I shall neither try to prove this or its reverse. In fact, I think that the prophets and mediums are very generally made of about the same materials as other folks, and are about as liable to err as mankind is in general.

Mediumship or the prophetic gift may render its possessor more negative, and consequently more receptive of good or evil influences than others. But that they are intrinsically better or worse than others I doubt. I think their temptations on the average are neither greater nor less than those liable to come on others.

The first charge this Rev. medium-hater brings against mediums is that

THEY ARE INDECENT.

That there are mediums who may be more or less liable to that charge there is little room to doubt. How was it with "God's mediums?" If this man had turned to Isaiah 20:2-4, he would have found this prophet staggering under more indecency than the average medium today could carry. There he would have found this prophet of the Lord prophesying three years in a nude state. He said he did it as an illustration, to show the people that they had got to go naked. Verse 4 says: "So shall the king of Assyria lead away the Egyptians prisoners, and the Ethiopians captives, young and old, naked and barefoot, even with their . . . uncovered, to the shame of Egypt."

Saul, of the tribe of Benjamin, king of Israel, was a pretty decent sort of fellow until he got to be a prophet; but when he became one of "God's mediums," he for the time being lost all sense of decency and prophesied all day and night in a nude condition. The Bible writer adds to this item, "Wherefore they say, is Saul also among the prophets?" 1 Sam. 10:24. It seems that the fact that he went out and prophesied with his "beauty unadorned" convinced the people that he was a prophet.

David was also a prophet, at least Peter said he was. See Acts 2:30. This prophet got so highly elated over the return of his cabinet, which he called "the ark of the Lord," that he exposed his nakedness in the presence of the ladies. Under influence he danced a jig, in a nude state, before the ladies. The eldest of his numerous wives thought he overstepped the bounds of propriety, and told

him so. "She despised him in her heart." She said to him, "How glorious was the king of Israel to-day, who uncovered himself to-day in the eyes of the handmaids of his servants, as one of the vain fellows shamelessly uncovereth himself." See 2 Sam. 6:14-23.

MOSES HULL.

WM. LARSEN.

He Speaks a Mysterious Dialect None Can Understand.

A BLOW ON THE HEAD MAKES HIM THE WONDER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, AS SET FORTH BY THE EXAMINER OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

William Larsen and his strange case have become the medical mystery of the hour.

A few weeks ago, while working on the Cunard Steamship Company's dock in New York, a falling block shattered his skull. From the injury received he has forgotten his own native Norwegian tongue, and when not speaking in better English than he ever used before, he talks softly in a mysterious language never before heard by man. And yet the injury to his skull was not of unusual severity.

A section of the large lobe of the brain, some three inches across, was laid bare and that part of the substance known as the center of speech from which run all the nerves that control the talking apparatus of the human being was penetrated by several of the bone splinters.

In removing these splinters, about two ounces of the brain itself at that point were destroyed.

When Larsen recovered consciousness he could not speak. A few days later he began to articulate faintly at intervals. As his physical condition improved, it became possible for him to make known his wants in English. But the power to speak his native tongue was gone. It had perished with the lost brain substance.

And a still stranger phenomena marked the case. In the intervals of his English conversation the man began to talk in a tongue that no one had ever heard before.

His own Scandinavian relatives at his bedside could not understand it. By the intonation and manner of delivery they knew that it was some systematized language, but no one of them recognized it, nor had they ever heard him speak in it. When they addressed him in the Scandinavian tongue, the patient stared at them, puzzled in expression, and made no answer.

Physicians divide the material substance of the brain into areas and give a name to each. 'There is the area of center of thought; the center of hearing; the center of sight; of self; of speech, and the sensory motor area. From the centers of sight, speech, hearing and the motor center radiate a set of nerves that run down and govern the muscles of the parts from which they are named.

Thus the marvelous functions of the body are carried on by a mechanical action that forms the subject-matter of psychological investigation. Seldom, though, is it possible to study this wonderful connection of volition and resultant action in a living, pulsating brain laid bare to the eye of the observer. This brain is being studied so. Scores of men of science have gone to the ward of St. Vincent's Hospital, where Larsen lies, to observe the phenomena of his case.

The shattering of the bone of his skull had left Larsen's thought and other centers practically intact, but hereafter him at first of the power of speech. Gradually, though, the tissue began, by the process of nature, to build up again. Then he began to utter words. As the brain tissue added to itself the man's words grew more frequent. There was an exact proportion between the growth of the brain matter and the growth of the vocabulary.

Where the mysterious language that no one had ever heard him speak before came from is the marvel of the case. Dr. Curtin, who performed the operation and has charge of the patient, has no theory to explain it.

"I have never heard of such a thing," he said. "There are several remarkable features in this case that make it appear unprecedented. A great area of the man's brain was laid bare by the accident, and the membrane was torn to shreds. Bone fragments penetrated deep into the brain itself. Had the skull been injured just a trifle higher up, the motor tract would have suffered and the man's right side would have been paralyzed. As it was, the speech center lost tissue during the operation, and when Larsen recovered consciousness he could not speak any more than could a new-born child. But the cells of his brain repaired themselves with new tissue very rapidly and power over the muscles of his tongue returned.

"He lost the knowledge of his native language, Norse, and began to talk in a curious form of words that no one understood. English, however, he has regained and is improving fast in his use of it.

"We shall not trephine his skull. The torn scalp has been returned to its place and a hard covering will gradually, in the course of months, form over the brain that will answer in place of the original bone. The patient is doing well and will undoubtedly recover."

He was interviewed last week and raised himself in bed to extend his hand to the reporter. His strong-featured Norse face wore a pleasant expression, but there was a straining, puzzled look in the eyes. He did not appear to be in pain, though the effort of recollection taxed him.

"Are you Mr. Larsen?" he was asked.

His eyes lit intelligently and he nodded and answered "yes."

"Do you remember how you came to be hurt?" He seemed to strain his attention to grasp the meaning of the words and hesitated a minute. His fingers plucked at the bedclothes and his eyes roved around the apartment. Then he began to reply softly, in the strange language that has come to him since his injury. He had understood the question and was doing his best to explain, pointing at times to the bandage around his head.

"Do you understand Scandinavian?" he was asked. Instantly he shook his head and smiling, said: "No, I have forgotten."

"How old are you?" Larsen hesitated, shook his head, then seemed to be striving hard to grasp the import of the query. His hands worked nervously again and he began to mutter, as if to himself, "a hundred—hundred—hundred—no—"

"Forty!" was suggested. His expression brightened as he answered, quickly. "Yes forty—I'm forty."

"How long have you been in the United States?" He seemed to understand this at once, but answered it in unknown language, speaking for nearly a minute and giving a varying inflection to his words.

As the visitor turned to go Larsen reached out his hand to bid good-by and spoke at some length still in the incomprehensible tongue.

His wife comes to his bedside nearly every day and spends the time in conversation of this strange sort, receiving answers to her questions in English or in the other speech apparently at random and indiscriminately.

Who can explain this? Can spirit control do it? San Francisco, Cal. INVESTIGATOR.

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THE DELUGE.

Something About the Legend of the Great Flood.

The legend of a deluge forming part of ancient cosmogony is naturally wide-spread, but it is not found among some of the great nations of antiquity. The Hebrews, Babylonians, Greeks, the tribes of North, Central and South America, and aborigines of Australia, have traditions, but the Arabs, the Egyptians, the northern and central Asia, are entirely ignorant of an event of the magnitude and calamitous nature such as is described in some of the records that have come down to us. On examining the flood stories themselves told by various nations, we find certain features in common. The most striking features with regard to them, however, is not their affinity, but the different versions which they give of the cataclysm.

The Babylonian account, which reaches us in a twofold form, deserves the first place as the oldest of the records. Before the discovery by Mr. George Smith of the eleventh tablet of the izdubar series, which was composed, at the very least, 2,000 years B. C., the story as given by Berosus was the only one known to us. In the Babylonian narrative the flood is described as inspired by divine justice—resulting in widespread ruin and devastation. "I watched the sea making a noise, and the whole of mankind was turned to clay, like reeds the corpses floated. * * * I was grieved and sat down. I wept; over the fortress of my nostrils went my tears." At last, the ship stopped on the Mount of Nizir. A dove and swallow sent forth returned, but a raven, let out on the seventh day, did not come back. The account concludes with a dispute among the gods. Bel was filled with anger against the other gods and the spirits of heaven, and ordered that no human being should be saved. "Let no one come out alive; never may a man live in the abyss." But Ilia, god of knowledge and of the waters, interceded.

The Rig-Veda contains no reference to the flood story, and it is therefore probably not an original Aryan myth. The legends embodying a deluge story are found in the "Satapatha Brahmana," the "Mahabharata," and the "Bhagavata Purana."

An interesting point is the purifying effect ascribed to the deluge—a notion put forth in the first epistle of St. Peter, where the deluge is represented as symbolical of baptism. In the last mentioned of the Indian versions, Brahma is asleep. During his slumbers a demon steals the Vedas. The flood is brought about in order to restore the genuine Vedas, and to prevent their falsification. The guardians of the sacred lore are saved, also a number of plants and animals.

The Greek stories are more or less familiar; so it will be enough to call attention to some of their peculiar characteristics. There are two principal legends, the one connected with Ogyges; the other with Deucalion. In its latest form—neither Homer nor Hesiod mentions the deluge story—the son of Prometheus and Pandora, and Pyrrha, his wife, are represented as driven away from their home by a great flood. Taking refuge on a little ship they landed on Mount Parnassus, whence they descended to found the first city and to call into being a new humanity. With veiled heads they take their stand and throw stones behind them, from which springs another generation, taking the place of the old one destroyed by the water. In commemoration of this recreation of the world the Athenians kept an annual festival.

The original legend mentions merely a local flood, but in the hands of Ovid and Apollodorus it assumes considerably larger dimensions. Lucian (160 A. D.) gives the story a decided Oriental coloring. Deucalion is credited with the foundation of a temple, in whose vicinity was a large cleft which long ago formed a receptacle for the waters of the deluge. Deucalion was saved from the general destruction in a large box, which contained in addition to himself his wife, pigs, horses, lions and serpents. The box is supposed to have reached Mount Lebanon, where Deucalion built a temple in honor of Hera.—Church Gazette.

THE "HOLY" SHROUD.

Merely a Relic of Superstition.

WINDING SHEET IN WHICH CHRIST WAS BURIED EXHIBITED AT TURIN.

According to the Osservatore Romano Turin, Italy, was last week the scene of a great pilgrimage to pay reverence to the holy winding sheet of our Lord, which is being presented to the veneration of the public for the first time in thirty years. The exposition will last for twelve days, and it is calculated that more than a million persons will visit it during this time.

For the first thirteen centuries of the Christian era this, the greatest of all relics, was venerated in the East, says the Freeman's Journal. Toward the middle of the fourteenth century it was brought from Cyprus to the West by Godfrey, Count of Charny, in Bourgogne, who deposited it in his castle of Sirey, near Troye, and founded a canonical chapter to guard it. At Sirey it remained until 1418, when Champagne being harassed by war and the precious relic in danger of profanation, the canons requested Humbert della Rocca, vassal of Amedes VIII., the first Duke of Savoy, to take it into his custody in his castle of Montfort, in Bourgogne, together with some other relics.

Thirty-four years afterward Humbert's widow bequeathed it on the house of Savoy. In 1532 the holy winding sheet was miraculously saved from being burned in a conflagration which destroyed the church in which it was placed.

During this time it was twice exposed for veneration at Pinerolo (1478) and Verelli (1494), both cities of Piedmont. In 1535 it was again carried to Verelli from Chambéry and remained there until 1578, when it was taken to Turin, where it has been ever since. During the present century the holy winding sheet has been publicly venerated five times—in 1814, when Victor Emmanuel I. re-entered his states; in 1815, when Pius VII. was in Turin on his return from exile; in 1822, at the inauguration of the reign of Carlo Felice of Savoy, and in 1842 and 1868, at the marriages of Victor Emmanuel and his son, the present King Humbert.

The winding sheet in which our Lord's body was enveloped at his burial, is mentioned by the four evangelists.

Among the Jewish rites for the dead it was customary, after closing the eyes and the mouth, to bind them with strips of cloth, to comb the hair, wash the body, anoint it with unguents, and wrap it in a sheet. This sheet does not correspond exactly with what we call a winding sheet, being a rather narrow piece of linen which covered the body, back and front, with the extremities meeting at the feet, in such a manner that a double impression of the figure would be left if stained with blood or ointments.

This double impression of our Lord's body is clearly visible in the precious relic now at Turin, with the wounds in the hands, feet, and side, the marks of the crown of thorns, and the outlines of the beard and hair of our Savior. The impression is a little over five feet eight and a half inches long, and every member of the body is in exact proportion.

The ceremonies at Turin on the 25th, when the exposition of the holy winding sheet was inaugurated, were of the most imposing character.

Five archbishops and bishops assisted at the functions in the presence of the Prince and Princess of the house of Savoy, among these being the Princess Clotilda, who thirty years ago sewed it in the red damask cloth from which it was removed last Wednesday.

A GLANCE AT THE N. S. A.

Being a Retrospective and Prospective View.

The National Convention of 1898 has passed into history, having made its record in its own way and outlined the labor of the N. S. A. for the fiscal year ending October 1, 1899. It is fitting, at the outset, to glance at the N. S. A. itself to see it as it is, and mark its steps up the hill of difficulty for the past few months.

It will be remembered that the convention of 1897 found the National Society with an apparent cash balance in its treasury. In reality several bills were outstanding, which, if they had been pushed, would have left an actual deficit of nearly or quite \$700. During the past year the officers of the Association have labored under this burden, and have done their best to meet it and other claims against the Association when presented. The Spanish war came and completely paralyzed business in many sections of the Nation. Parties who had made pledges at the convention of 1897 found themselves unable to redeem them, owing to the stringency of the money market. The financial disaster of the Jubilee still further embarrassed the N. S. A., and its revenues seemed to be cut off from nearly every quarter.

Despite these several disasters the N. S. A. held on its way, and came down to the convention of 1898 with a plain statement of the facts in the case to place before the delegates in attendance. Toward the close of the fiscal year, dues, collections and donations began to come in, so that when the books were balanced September 30, 1898, there was a cash balance of \$256 in the treasury, with liabilities to the amount of \$1,600. From October 1 to October 28 sufficient money was received to pay all outstanding bills, with the exception of about five hundred dollars in round numbers. In face of the heavy odds to which we have alluded, we believe the showing is far from being as bad as might have been expected. To be sure there was a rebate on the salary of the President that helped to lessen the amount of the deficit for this year, but the fact remains that the liabilities of the N. S. A. November 1, 1898, are no greater than they were November 1, 1897; in fact, a trifle less if anything. It will be seen from the above statement of facts that the N. S. A. has done exceedingly well to weather the heavy financial storms of the year as it has.

It is now entering upon the sixth year of its existence and feels that it can appeal with confidence to the Spiritualists of America for support. Its officers present no false claims to the public, but merely state the truth in all simplicity, asking that the N. S. A. be given a trial in its new methods of work. Its friends realize that it is not perfect, but it is surely pointing the right way, and its faulty machinery is being repaired from year to year. It now asks the Spiritualists of America to endow it with means to enable it to do its work. Rigid economy is to be practiced in all directions. The President serves without salary, while the Secretary receives the small stipend of nine hundred dollars per year, with no provision for clerk hire. Expenses are to be reduced in printing, and less meetings of the Board of Trustees will be held during the year, in order to economize.

Including the deficit above stated, it will take nearly or quite three thousand dollars to take the Association through the coming year, and leave it on a sound financial basis. The items of expense will include the deficit in secretary's salary, rent, printing, gas, water, coal, postage, stationery, express, and the traveling expenses of the board of trustees. The expense in each of these items has been limited to the minimum figure, and no unnecessary outlays will be made.

The board of trustees pledges itself to manage the affairs of the Association in a businesslike manner. Its members will endeavor to faithfully discharge the duties pertaining to their offices, and will honestly repay trust with trust. The present management makes no claim to perfection; mistakes are liable to occur in many ways, but the board will, as a unit, honestly and conscientiously endeavor to correct every error as soon as it is made known. It makes no complaint against the administrations of past years, but simply desires to carry forward the work that has been well begun.

The National Association is the servant of the people. Its present management knows no clique, no faction, and no enemies in the discharge of its duty. It stands for Spiritualism, first, last, and all the time, and means to deal fairly and impartially with all classes of people. It aims to carry out the aims and objects for which the Association was formed, and with that end in view invites the Spiritualists of America to unite in the support of the N. S. A. Schools, homes for the indigent, hospitals, sanitariums, libraries, local Spiritualist societies, missionary work, etc., etc., are needed in every quarter of this nation. The N. S. A. asks the people of America to put the means into the hands of its officials to enable them to establish these important reforms. Let us hear from those who are disposed to assist in this good work at once.

Address all communications to the secretary, 600 Penna. avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C.

HARRISON D. BARRETT, Pres.
MARY T. LONGLEY, Sec'y.
Per Order Board of Trustees N. S. A.

Visitation by a Spirit.

The Italian population of White street, West Orange, N. J., is in a state of hysterics, says a New York dispatch. Men and women are almost prostrated, and children sob and cry at a strange visitation.

The people believe it is the ghost of old Peter Christiano, who was murdered on New Year's eve, and so confident are they that the dead man is not at rest that they have determined to have mass said in the Church of St. Michael the Archangel for the repose of his soul.

Because of the disturbance, one family has moved out of the big rambling white frame tenement structure, which is owned by Mrs. Maria Hennessey of East Orange. It was in a back room of the house that the murder occurred. A New Year's dance was in progress at the time, when Lorenzo Corbo, an old grinder, and his son, who lived down stairs, complained of the noise to the landlady, who was at the house to collect her rent.

She told the Christians that the dancing must stop. A row ensued between them and the Corbos, and as a result Christiano was stabbed. Old Larry Corbo escaped, but his son, Michael Corbo, was charged with murder, and arrested. About three months later the old man was found, and admitted having stabbed Christiano. He was sentenced to a long term in prison and his son released.

After the murder everything seemed to be all right in the old house until Monday night. Mary Petro, the fourteen-year-old daughter of Frank Petro, was going upstairs with a lamp in her hand, when two sharp raps sounded on the boards of the partition at her side. Thoroughly frightened, the girl went back to the first floor, where the family were eating their evening meal, in the rear of the store kept by Petro. The girl told of the raps, and the entire family consisting of father mother, and eight little Petros, of whom Mary is the eldest, went to investigate. They all heard the raps.

Sometimes the noise came from the lower part of the stairway, again from the middle and top. The raps were generally in the partition, but occasionally they seemed to come from the stairs.

As a last resort, the Italians went to the Rev. Father D'Aquila, pastor of the Church of St. Michael the Archangel, and had him bless the house. He went there and prayed and sprinkled holy water on the walls and floors. While he was in the house the rappings were not heard, but he had scarcely been away ten minutes when the noises commenced again.

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