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SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1899.

A Fable, with Reflections.

Once upon a time there was an old rat who had reared a large family, so runs the fable. She called her youthful progeny about her, and told them in pathetic terms of the great love she bore them, but knowing she was mortal she had determined to retire from the busy cares of life, and give her sole attention to preparation for the great change that awaited her. She exhorted her young in regard to their duties to each other, and to the world; then, with sobs and many tears, she bade them an affectionate farewell, cautioning them not to follow her, she retired from the world and its awful responsibilities.

The accurate historian neglected to tell how the mother rat's solemn admonitions were received, or how much they suffered from the loss of a mother's love; but we find them skulking far and near in pursuit of food. Weeks passed. The little fellows were on the lookout for supplies. Contented on a high shelf in a closet to which they had gained access by industrious nibbling, they found a fragrant cheese. Seeking a favorable opportunity they visited it in a body. In search of a desirable place to make an attack, so the owner would not discover they were poaching on his domain, they found in the rear, close to the wall, a small opening, and proposed an ingress. As they were about doing so their maternal ancestor put in an appearance and obstructed the way. Indeed, she chided them severely for following her, and was deaf to their piteous appeals to be permitted to enter and embrace her. She even told them it was not love of her that prompted them to enter, but ambition to get her cheese.

Reflections:—Were it not for the "cheese" the purgatorial fires of the church would be permitted to go out, hell would have frozen over long ago, the devil would have been coaxed back into paradise, and the clergy, intent on soul-saving, would have abandoned their profession, and the common-sense teachings of Spiritualism would have been everywhere welcomed. So long as the old rats can deceive their brood, and make them supply the cheese they will manage to find retreats where they can gain the good things of life with little physical labor.

Good for Rev. Savage.

Many highly complimentary remarks in regard to the life and works of Col. Ingersoll have fallen from the lips of educated clergymen. They of the Rev. Jasper Webb have each vied, the one with the other, to see which could excel in expressions of sectarian hate. The noblest minds of the country and of the world, on the contrary, have only spoken of him in eulogy. Rev. Minot J. Savage, who stands above creeds, and sees nobility independent of such imbricatures, in an interview is reported to have said:

"Let me say here, I think Col. Ingersoll's position was completely justified in its antagonism to popular creeds. It was a natural reaction from the old Presbyterian confession of faith, and its criticisms, for example, would not touch at all my opinions. They would not hit me but the end of me, than to take any heaven the old creeds offer me at the price of an endless hell for the meanest man that ever lived."

Priestly Nonsense.

"Of course we can't say positively that the sudden death of Col. Ingersoll was an indication of God because of his blasphemy, but it looks very much like it." So said a good orthodox clergyman, faithful to his hellish creed, in a late Sunday discourse. And so we can't say the frequent deaths of clergymen, priests and bishops, while on their bended knees in prayer, or while preaching the God-dishonoring and blasphemous doctrines of the church are judgments of offended heaven, but if the death of Col. Ingersoll was a divine infliction for denying that God is an impotent, cruel and vindictive monster, torturing his own creatures eternally, then the worst is, why he permits the other fellows to live so long, or at all.

"A Collection of Myths."

"Chickens come home to roost," so thoughtless and illogical preaching, with dogmatic theology, and their way back to the prejudice of those responsible for their utterance. Bishop Potter, who delivered the ordination sermon when Dr. Briggs was inducted into an Episcopal pulpit, having occasion to publish his sermon, made an explanatory note, a portion of which was in words following:

"The time has come when the church and its teachings must vindicate themselves by something more than speech hardened into dogmatic terms. In our age, and in a world that reads and compares and inquires because it thinks, authority must vindicate itself by its appeal to those judges of all truth which are the image of the Divine in man—the spiritual intuitions, the conscience and the reason."

The New York Sun reviews Bishop Potter, and says of the quoted extract: "The meaning of this can only be that in the opinion of Bishop Potter the time for dogmatic religion has gone by. If that is the case the time for Christian theology has gone by, for theology rests necessarily on dogma—the dogma of revelation, of supernatural direction and occurrences—or on no evidence which can be adduced or supported naturally, but wholly on dogmatic assertion. The divinity of Christ and his birth and resurrection are dogmas purely. They cannot be demonstrated, but must be taken on faith in their dogmatic assertion. They do not appear to the spiritual intuitions, the conscience, and the reason, but must be accepted as facts on the authority of dogma purely. In a natural and a wholly rationalistic view, they are impossible, for they violate the law of nature. They must be rejected or be accepted on the authority of the church, because of speech hardened into dogmatic terms."

That is a philosophical and logical conclusion to which the editor of the Sun arrived; but here is another quotation from Bishop Potter, followed by the Sun's comments: "The Book is a literature, priceless, incomparable, and most wonderful, a literature that is not to be accepted, and those who love and reverence it must accept it, the conditions of its existence."

To which the Sun: "If the Bible is literature it is human simply and has no supernatural authority. Looked at in that light and without special authority at the Word of God, it is incredible, for it describes events and relates occurrences which are naturally impossible. No human intelligence could have penetrated into the mysteries and explained the events of the world as God can know of them. If the Book is a literature it is merely a work of the human imagination, not a record of veritable supernatural occurrences; it is a collection of myths, of the vain and impossible attempts of men to fathom the mind of God. Where, then, does Bishop Potter get the authority for the creed so dogmatically required by the Episcopal church? His argument is nothing but an Agnostic argument, and as such it will commend him to the far and the near of the men in a world that reads and compares and inquires because it thinks, who give up the mystery of life and death, of creation, and of the government of the universe as impenetrable by man, and reject religious dogma as unable to 'vindicate itself.'"

"Thus the most profound arguments of the Christian clergy are overturned by the secular press."

An Object Lesson.

At Napoleon, O., there was a camp-meeting, and James Springer attended. He was no better nor worse than many others, but he was drawn under the hypnotic influence of the preachers and the shouting congregation and made a confession of faith. He did not come out of this state. He sank deeper into it. He became a howling maniac. The sheriff set out to arrest him, but he eluded that officer. Then with a razor he cut his own throat. This awful tragedy was sent out as news, and the newspapers did not appear to comprehend what a terrible reflection it cast on religion. A doctrine that will in one hour drive a man to insanity, surely is not to be recommended. Why does it not drive all who accept it to madness? Surely because they do not believe it. They say they do; they think they do, but they do not. If they believed that those they loved were surely elected for the tortures of hell, they would go stark mad if they possessed the ordinary faculties of humanity. And yet the preaching of these dreadful doctrines goes on, and no one makes protest! It is a crime to teach such a faith.

No One Is Perfect.

It would be amusing if it was not so ridiculous, to observe writers guilty of innumerable blunders in fact and logic, denouncing others, better scholars than themselves, with ignorance. A learned English writer having an "I-am-better-than-thou" character under review, wrote:

"The most ignorant of all ignorance is that ignorance which is too ignorant to suspect it is ignorant."

The **PROGRESSIVE THINKER** especially commends this quotation to any one tempted to boast of his own great ability, or who is prompted to charge another with ignorance. The true scholar labors to educate, not to degrade; to build up character, not to demolish it. Principles may be assailed, and it is a joy to demolish error; but the most learned are too illiterate to be set up as standards of learning, or models for the world to copy after.

Horribly Real.

"Nearly two thousand years of trial and demonstration have justly written down Christianity a most stupendous failure! The fruits, the influences, justify such judgment. Its highways ablaze with war banners, are paved with human skulls; and its history, shocking to refined natures, can only be written in tears and blood. The candid in every walk of life must admit that, since the famous Constantinian Council, its undertones have been groans and pleading cries of the persecuted and the imprisoned, the beheaded and the burned at the martyr's stakes.—Dr. J. M. Peebles, pp. 90-91 of 'Jesus: Myth, Man or God.'"

"Time To Think."

"Time to Think" is the name of a paper published monthly by J. C. Bell, at Glenview, Ill. It is sent out at 35 cents per year. It is usually full of interesting and suggestive matter. Mr. Bell is truly alive to everything that concerns the free thought movement.

Holy Firecrackers.

Say all the religious papers: "The demand for Bibles is constantly on the increase. The appeals from missionaries in foreign countries, particularly China, were far greater last year than during any preceding year. The Bible Society presses have been run to their extreme ability to meet the constantly growing demand, whilst new presses are set up fast as resources will allow of the expense. Do not these facts furnish indubitable proof that Christianity is not declining, but is constantly advancing, and will advance until the whole world is brought under its benign influence?"

Of course they do, and M. M. Mount, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for July, tells how they do. He had his information from a missionary just returned from the Celestial empire. Said the missionary:

"Independence Day reminds me of the most encouraging and the most disillusioning experience in my life. I had labored hard in the work of converting the Chinese to Christianity, and there was unforgotten rejoicing among all the missions in China and the churches in America when the demand for Bibles on the part of our converts culminated in orders for 84,000 Bibles in one shipment."

"The remarkable number of new Christians thus indicated, while it occasioned much thankfulness in America, caused the heads of the missionary associations to set on foot an inquiry as to the methods employed in saving the souls of such an unusual number of Celestials, and the uses to which they put the Bibles sent them."

"You may know that in China a majority of the firecrackers which we celebrate our national independence are made by the Chinese in their homes. Contractors for fireworks give each man a certain amount of powder and that must be made into a given number of crackers. The paper used in the manufacture he buys himself—and paper is not a cheap commodity in China. The powder furnished seldom fills the required number of crackers, but that does not disturb the Celestial in the least; he turns in his quota all the same, and the American boy, in consequence, invariably finds in each package firecrackers that 'won't go off.'"

Or discovered that the powder theft had been discovered by the heathen Chinese with much more readiness than Yankee

Priestly Consolation.

It was amusing to read the other day the remarks of a pulpitier, who told his congregation that Spiritualism and Free Thought were on their decline; and that the pendulum-beats were shortening, and soon would cease altogether. He held to the Arminian faith, as opposed to Calvinism. He found the source of antagonism in the church in the unreasonableness of predestination and election. It was but natural, he said, that a rebound should occur. "It is already here. Skepticism is declining, and Spiritualism is a mere fad, with no foundation, and will die out so soon as people shall learn the reasonableness and the consistency of the Christian system."

As we read, the adventure of the antediluvian rose before us. There was the ark, with Noah and his family nicely stowed away with the lions, tigers, snakes and carion birds. The incoming waves of the great sea were rolling inland, while torrents of rain in a continuous downpour were falling from the clouds. Women and children, with their natural protectors, were clinging to floating timbers, while others were struggling and sinking beneath the rising and overwhelming flood. One poor wretch grasping the situation, asked Noah for a ride in his boat, but there was no further room on board for humanity. The hosts of prey and of destruction must be saved, else their species would fail. Vexed at the refusal, with the courage born of conviction, and his manhood triumphant, he saluted Commodore Noah, and shouted, said to have been heard above the roar of the elements.

"Go to! with your old worthless ark. I don't think there will be much of a shower."

So our preacher sees the work of church disintegration go on; he sees leader after leader go over to the opposition; doctrinal views repudiated; pulpits vacated; whole churches discarded; their ancient creeds; their sacred books, classed with pagan mythology; and their triple-headed God shorn of his power; while the long-rejected God of Nature and of Science comes to the front, whose reign will soon be universal. If not in the identical words of the antediluvian, the sentiment is these: "Go to the units with your childish teachings. It is not adapted to modern civilization!"

60,000 COPIES SOLD.

Sixty thousand copies of the edition of *The Progressive Thinker* containing Col. Ingersoll's remarkable lecture on the Devil has been ordered from various parts of the country. This is remarkable. No other Spiritualist paper in Europe or the United States ever issued half that number in one edition. To show the wonderful interest this lecture by Ingersoll has caused, we will state that we have received an order for 2,000 copies from New Zealand. These papers are sent out for 75 cents per hundred to one address, or one dollar per hundred to as many different addresses as the purchaser may desire. We can supply on short notice a million of copies.

Should Be Treated as Swindlers.

The *Tribune* has an excellent article on those who get money through false pretenses. It appears that Joseph Wilhoft told a girl who has a blind mother that he would restore the sight of the latter by magical means in a month if paid for it. He was given \$2, but did not work a cure. The same individual told an old man who runs a small truck farm that his lettuce and cabbage would not grow unless Wilhoft was paid to keep away a blight from them. The truck farmer handed over \$40 to buy immunity. Other persons believing in Wilhoft's alleged supernatural powers have paid him money. Finally this man, who is evidently a cheap impostor who has been able to impose on the credulity of some silly people who still believe in spells, witches, and other medieval nonsense, has been arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses.

Denominations Behind the Bars.

The following interesting statistics have been prepared from the record books of the chaplain's office at the Penitentiary, for the Columbus Evening Post.

Out of 1488 prisoners admitted to the Ohio State Prison from January 1, 1893, to January 1, 1899, a total of 1129 have registered their religious connections as follows: Methodists, 377; Catholics, 208; Baptists, 229; Presbyterians, 92; Lutherans, 33; Episcopalians, 27; United Brethren, 29; German Lutherans, 4; Salvation Army, 1; Christians, 30; Jewish, 6; Campbellites, 5; Universalists, 4; Reform Lutherans, 2; German Reform, 6; German M. E., 1; Disciples, 6; Church of England, 3; Mononites, 2; Congregationalists, 8; Evangelists, 3; Spiritualists, 1; Quakers, 4; Dunkards, 4; Second Adventists, 3; and Union Missionists, 12.

A Parallel.

Col. Ingersoll, in his tribute to his brother, Eben C. Ingersoll, said: "He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, 'I am better now.' Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, of fears and tears, that these words are true of all the countless dead."

And these identical words, "I am better," were the last spoken by the great Agnostic, and that assurance was accompanied by a smile which lighted up his face and remained until the flame enfolded him in his loving embrace and comforted all that was mortal of Robert G. Ingersoll into insensate ashes; but in spite of doubts, fears and grief, we can echo his hope and believe it true, he is better now.

In Memory of Col. Ingersoll.

Money is being contributed to erect a monument to the memory of Col. Ingersoll, at Peoria, Ill. Already \$25,000 are reported in hand, and it is believed the amount will speedily equal \$100,000. The president of the committee having the matter in charge says there is no limit to the amount that can be raised. Churchmen, do you hear that?

The Wish Guided His Opinion.

Bishop Hurst, of the Methodists, in an article in the Western Christian Advocate, says, "The trend of thought in Europe, especially in Germany, is to abandon the higher criticism, and return to the long prevalent belief of the church." He should have said: "It is the desire of the church to re-establish the ignorance of the Middle Ages," then we would believe him.

HEART CRY OF INGERSOLL'S FAMILY

By Helen H. Gardener, in The New York World.

Having been with Mrs. Ingersoll and her two daughters alone in the room with their great dead, I feel that as an old friend of theirs and of Col. Ingersoll, it is only right and just that I should say one thing to the public which perhaps no one else may say.

In the various newspaper reports the kind and gentle tone toward these three women has been most conspicuous. The evident fairness of latest toward the great agnostic in all these hundreds of newspaper articles has, I know, been deeply appreciated by those three sorrowing women; but several of the papers have spoken of their sorrow as the harder for them to bear "because they are without hope," or "because they have not the religious consolation of some certain religious belief" or have in some way indicated that their passionate grief has been the greater for the reason that the Colonel and they were agnostic.

This is wholly mistaken. I and I know that I am doing what they would wish done in saying this as strongly as I may to the public. Mrs. Ingersoll and her daughters believe that if there is another life, a higher one, that no one who ever lived in all the world can any longer suffer a royal welcome and a lofty place in that better life than is Robert Ingersoll. They believe with him that if "immortality is true, it is a fact in nature" and not an adjunct of any creed. They believe with him that the longing for another life is the blossom of affection when face to face with death—that it is the star of hope that human love has set in its own sky, and yearned for with so passionate a desire as at last to believe, and finally to say, "I know!"

MOURN FOR THEMSELVES.

It is a mistake to suppose that these three women have ever had one slightest pang of fear for him, one little doubt, one smallest touch of anxiety. It is for themselves they mourn and cannot be comforted. It is that they want him, here, now, always. In striving to comfort them I said: "But you have everything to comfort you, everything. Think how few in all the world have had so much left at such a time."

With her arms about me and tears streaming down her eyes, Eva, his married daughter, smiled through her tears and sobbed out: "Oh, yes, dear, I know. I know we have absolutely everything—but him. We want him! What is the world without him? We cannot give him up—just that. The simple human heart cry, the need to keep within the reach of loving arms, the touch of adoring lips, the object of their devotion. 'I want to do something for him,' sobbed Maud, the daughter, who had for years been his constant companion in his travels (even to and from his law office). She stood beside his body fanning him, touching his hand, arranging flowers about him, and her cry was of her need to serve him yet again—to do something for him, if I want to do something for him—and after to-morrow I cannot even do these little things, nor touch or see him."

KINDLY IN THEIR GRIEF.

Then the sad-eyed widow of the great musician, Anton Seidl, was brought into the room, and the character of those three stricken women (which illustrates the atmosphere of Robert Ingersoll's home life blossomed out in another beauty. Anton Seidl had been Col. Ingersoll's close friend. He had died so short a time ago, and his wife, suddenly, Col. Ingersoll and his family had done everything in their power to comfort and help his wife, who had been left absolutely alone in a strange land, and now she had come from the mountains, in her widow's weeds to weep with them. Instantly their thought was for her.

"Your health is not good. You are not strong. You should not have tried to come. It was so good of you to come—but it was too much for you." She had brought a box of roses. Hundreds of dollars worth of flowers were there sent by known and unknown friends, but "I will put this rose of yours here beside his hand. He loved you and he so pitied you when you lost him."

Sitting by the window, with both hands in mine, hands only less cold than the time ago, and after a long time, Mrs. Ingersoll talked of what they were about deciding to do as a last tribute. No other words than his own could be worthy of him—to be said above him.

"They came from his heart when he spoke them for his brother. Do you think anything could be better to be said for him?" Nothing. "And his own thoughts on immortality, and the last poem that he wrote, these things will represent him better than the words of anyone else. We feel sure of that. We cannot think yet. It is so terrible to have to give him up; but such a great heart, such a heart whose own words are best. Yes, he shall be cremated. At first we thought we could not. But it is for the best—don't you think so?" Indeed, yes.

"I could never, never put him in the ground, and, shut him out of the home. We shall bring him back here. And you shall see him. I know we will be with him at home. No, I could never shut the door and—be outside."

Perhaps nothing will better illustrate the universality of Colonel Ingersoll's kindness than does the following little incident. When I left the home of Mrs. Ingersoll their coachman had been ordered to drive me the two miles to Dobbs Ferry, New York, and to call on me there. Thinking I was the only person he was to drive to the station, the coachman came to the door with only a T cart.

THE MAN FROM PATTERSON.

All day long an old man had sat about in the lower end of the room. He had come from Patterson, N. J. He had not prepared for the expense of riding farther than the station at Dobbs Ferry, and so he walked those weary two miles up the hill to the home where the man he so loved and admired lay dead. I thought he might like to ride to the station with me, and so asked him, and he accepted gratefully.

THE TESTIMONY OF LOVE.

The old man shook his head gently. "You see it was this way. I knew him a good deal better than you. I knew him. I read every word he ever wrote, and you see I was eighty years old my last birthday and I say to myself 'I'm going to treat myself to day. I'm going to New York and call on Col. Ingersoll. And I did. When I went in he was in a private room, but I told a man in the outside office that I was eighty years old and I had come to New York to treat myself to a sight and maybe a handshake of the greatest man in the whole world. Well, he went in and told the Colonel, and he came right out laughing and held out both hands to me and he says: 'So you're eighty years old to-day. Well, sir, you're my guest for the day.'"

A DOUBLE ENTITY.

Who Can Offer an Explanation of It?

In 1850 I became acquainted with a young lady, an elder sister or child of a family in Dunkirk, N. Y. The girl attracted my attention, and at the end of two years, in 1852, we were married at Fredonia, N. Y., a town located a few miles south of Dunkirk. My wife's name was Martha. In the course of three years a girl baby was born unto us. This child, who was named Martha, seemed to make our family circle complete, and my wife would often remark to her friends that she had all the "trinity" that she cared for in her husband and her baby and her home.

However, it seemed to me a constant dream of home-like pleasure. I was employed down town all day, and at night always rushed to my happy home, to wife and baby and enjoy a long evening with them, often robbing all of us of needed rest that we might visit until, often ten o'clock found us up sitting by the crib that contained the curly head of our baby Grace.

Well, time wore on until at the end of five happy years, when I arrived home one night to find my wife Martha sitting in the large armed rocking chair, with a large aspect in her lap, and as I supposed the mother asleep; but as I inprinted a kiss upon her lips I found them as cold as ice, and her form stiff and rigid, fast locked in the embrace of an eternal sleep, the sleep of death.

Her sister Mary who had made her home with us for the last few years, was upstairs in her own room, which she rarely left to sit in our room with us, now came down when she heard my exclamations of grief, and did her best to console me, declaring that she was Martha and that she is not dead, also declaring that she is not Mary at all. At that time I paid but little attention to her protestations that she was Martha, but after we had left Martha's body in the distant churchyard, and my home seemed so desolate as I returned to it, I began to notice that Mary always stayed downstairs in our room, and that she had deserted her own room and that she cared for our baby Grace just as Martha always did, and that she always met me at the gate or door just as Martha always did, at all times filling the place of a wife in so far as household duties were concerned, even kissing me just as Martha did at parting in the morning and meeting me when I returned at night.

When our baby Grace was born, our good old doctor at once recommended that Martha and baby Grace should occupy a separate room from our own, and from the night of Martha's death Mary left her own room and has insisted upon occupying Martha's room with Grace at night. Mary left her own room locked up, left all her clothing and toilet articles and has used the articles in Martha's room, wearing Martha's clothing, etc., never inquiring for any article, but seems to know just where everything is that belonged to Martha or baby Grace, just as well as though it were her own. At the table she took Martha's place and calls herself Martha, writing home to her mother, brothers and sisters as Martha used to do, and any interference with her plans of Martha always brought a wild look in her eyes that would brook no control over her, only as Martha the mother of our baby Grace. Mary has never opened her own room more than three or four times since Martha died and then for a short time she would be Mary and I would have Grace looked after by some one else until Mrs. Mary came again.

At the end of a year I came home one evening and found Mary in her room and baby Grace below crying for mamma, and strange enough Grace always accepted and took up with Mary as her real mother, calling Mary by the same pet name that she had called her own mother. I took care of baby Grace and put her in her crib asleep, and went up to Mary's room. She received me as Mary, just as shy as a girl of 18 would receive a brother-in-law. After a convincing myself that I was in the presence of Mary and that Mary was in her right mind, I proposed that we should join our fortunes by getting married and so keep the family together. Instead of answering me directly she became Martha and upbraided me for wishing to marry her again, saying she was already married to me, and that once was enough. However, she consented to have the ceremony performed again on the next anniversary of our marriage and this was done. She has been Martha ever since and has never opened her room as Mary since, nor has she ever been any other personality but Martha, and has fulfilled the duties of a loving wife for the last forty-seven years faithfully, always insisting all that time that she was Martha. She has worn Martha's clothing all her life, and I think it is safe to say she wears Martha's body, and all Martha's place just as Martha would have done. Her whole family have long ago accepted the situation and call her Martha, and Mary is not known among us at all but that she is the departed one.

I have a hundred explanations for a

hundred different sources, but are any of them true?

The most plausible one is that the spirit or soul of Martha has taken possession of the earthly body of Mary, and being a determined and a persistent personality, she has set aside the soul or spirit of Mary and so still exists in earth life through and in the body of her sister Mary. Mary was a quiet, negative character, and always was subservient to Martha's wishes. If this is the case that Martha does possess the organism of Mary, will some of your students in occult matters tell us all about it, and also tell us if there is any other case on record like unto this case, also tell us where the soul or spirit of Mary is now, and in this manner crowded out or set aside. Has Mary's life gone out instead of Martha's or does Mary lie dormant in her own body while Martha demonstrates through it? Who knows? I do not; but there is one thing certain, Martha is with us while Mary is not. While this fact would not hold good in human law, it does hold good with us, and we would like some explanation from some student that knows more about the matter than we do.

Found the Light.

While writing letters this afternoon, I was given the following message from Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, which I was later requested to have published, that it might reach all of his friends:

"There is beyond the silent night
An endless day;
Death is a door that leads to light—
Love leads the way.
Longing to know and do the right,
I sought the truth, I found the light!"

In explanation I would say: "I am not

professionally a medium, but in our own home we enjoy communion with our spirit friends, and I have frequently been a favored messenger, as now. Toledo, O. MRS. H. D. P.

GHOSTS WE HEAR OF. Mysterious Psychic Forces at Work.

VISITS FROM THE DEAD AND OTHER FORMS OF PHENOMENA—GHOST OF A ROBBER THAT WAS TRACED TO PHOSPHORESCENT GASES FROM HIS DEAD BODY.

Have you ever had a psychic experience of any kind—seen a ghost, received a telephonic communication, had a prophetic dream, or witnessed anything which appeared to you to be due to occult or supernatural influence? Dr. L. O. Howard, well known as an entomologist, relates a curious prophetic dream, also a strange case of thought transference, as follows:

"I am an old Cornell man, and have always been enthusiastic concerning all of the athletic contests entered by my alma mater. Three years ago, in Washington, during the night just previous to the great intercollegiate boat race at Poughkeepsie between Cornell, Columbia, and Pennsylvania, I was awakened by a dream that I was on a tugboat following the race. To my disappointment I vividly saw the Columbia crew pull ahead, while the boats of the other two were rapidly slipping water and were lagging far behind. Columbia continued to gain in the lead, and finally the Pennsylvania boys swamped. Our tug came to their rescue, and I helped pull them out of the water. That was Sunday night. Monday I told my dream to several friends, who can attest to the accuracy of what I tell you. The race did not come off until late Monday afternoon.

"In the evening I met at the Cosmos club another Cornell alum, who told me that he had been unable to get any news of the race, and asked me if I thought we might learn anything over the phone. I immediately rang up central, who reported that Columbia had come in first, Cornell second, and that Pennsylvania had swamped. The next morning, Tuesday, the papers came out exactly with my dream in respect to all details save that I was not aboard the tug to help to rescue the Pennsylvania men. You can see the newspaper files for yourself."

GHOST OF SELF-MURDERER.

Curator Watkins of the Division of technology in the National museum, who is also secretary of the Philosophical society of Washington, relates the following experiences:

"During a visit of a few days in New York city, in 1882, I accompanied two friends, Mr. and Mrs. B., to a séance being held by Maude Lord, then at the height of her fame. We were all unbelievers, absolutely unknown to the medium, especially myself, then living in the suburbs of Philadelphia. The usual circle having been formed by the hands of all present, including those of the medium, the lights having been lowered and several manifestations having caused consternation among what we supposed were gullible sensitivities, suddenly appeared about two feet in front of me a small luminous sphere.

"Gradually, as if my eyes were being focussed without my control, I saw the object transform into a small head, about the size of an orange. The face was that of a man with a very florid complexion and red side whiskers. I could not change in his expression, even the blinking of his eyes, exactly as if he were alive. He opened his tiny mouth, distinctly exhibiting his teeth and tongue, and exclaimed in a shrill voice, 'Boy's, whatever you do, for God's sake don't commit suicide.' Upon my questioning him he confessed that he had committed suicide in Central Park. I received the most vivid impression of the little specter, one which I retain even until this day.

"After my friends had experienced other manifestations we returned to their home, disappointed. If anything, at our inability to fathom the mysteries, which we had expected to smother strongly of charity. I described my experience with the little head, and Miss B. asked me if I thought I might identify it from a photograph, she having apparently suspected who it might be. I assured her that I could. Upon my return to her house she produced a large stack of old family photographs and laid them before me. After examining many, I suddenly recognized my grim visaged and exclaimed, 'There! That's the one!' The likeness was striking, beyond mistake. Mr. B. and his sister looked at each other knowingly, and afterwards confessed to me that the photograph was that of a near friend of the family who had committed suicide in Central Park some years ago, a man of whom I had never heard before.

VISIT FROM A DEAD FRIEND.

Henry Ridgely Evans, of the bureau of education, author of "Hours with the Ghosts," told me of one case, which in his numerous experiences troubled him most, and which he believes he will never explain:

"I had heard of Maggie Gaul, a Baltimore seer," said he, "so decided to take a trip over there, prepared to subject her to a right test. Three years before a relative of mine had died of cancer of the throat. He was a retired army officer who had reddish hair and a reddish beard. He was tall and of military bearing. I went to Miss Gaul with the circumstances of his death intentionally fixed in my mind. She sat in an armchair, saying: 'You wish messages from the dead—one moment, let me think.'"

"After passing her hand over her forehead and remaining in for a time in deep thought, she said: 'I see standing behind you a tall, large man, with reddish hair and beard. He is in the uniform of an officer, and he is not sure whether of the army or of the navy. He points to his throat, says he died of throat trouble. He looks at you and calls: 'Mary! How is Mary?' The dead man was a great friend of my mother, whose name is Mary. He was in the habit of asking me, 'How is Mary?' whenever he saw her. I was just thinking of this particular habit prior to the seance—in fact, I had forgotten it."

GHOSTS THAT WERE "LAIN."

Professor W. J. McGee, in charge of the bureau of ethnology, who is a member of the Society for Psychical Research, says he used to have a fair for sleeping in haunted houses, but never succeeded in finding a ghost indoors, although he once hunted and caught one in the open.

"While I was once in a country town," said he, "a clerk in a store shot and killed a burglar who had succeeded in forcing an entrance. The burglar was thrown into an ordinary box, carted off to the cemetery, and unceremoniously buried. The townspeople, incensed at

THE HIGHER LIFE.

As Outlined by the Editor of the New York Herald.

It is curious to note the changes in our spiritual ideals in different epochs. What one age accepts without question another age doubts, substituting for it something very much better and something which possibly the former age regarded as heresy. We are constantly changing our point of view because we are constantly advancing. We are like travelers who climb a mountain side, who have a wider horizon with every day's upward march, and to whom the landscape which seemed so beautiful when they stood on the lower level seems time and commonplace in comparison with that furnished by the loftier height. If a man did not change his ideas from time to time it would mean that he has stood still both spiritually and mentally.

When we give up a dogma which our fathers cherished as essential, or an interpretation of scripture which they held to be finality, it is not because we believe less, but because we believe more. Their vessels were full, and they were satisfied; but we have larger vessels, and more is required to fill them. Their appetites were satisfied with a certain kind of religious food, and they grew healthy and strong; but our appetites crave other nourishment, and it is our duty to find it lest we grow weak and feeble.

The most powerful sermon on dogma which thrilled the people fifty years ago would seem flat, stale and unprofitable if preached to-day, for the simple reason that our mode of life has changed, our sphere of knowledge has become enlarged, new truths have been borne in upon us and our convictions have been altered, just as the map of the world was altered when Columbus cast anchor in this Western Hemisphere and added a new continent to those already known. It was a duty and a necessity to give up the old geographical teaching when Columbus announced his new discovery, and it is equally a duty to give up an old theory of religion when new facts render it untenable. This only means that as we approach God and detect his presence with more accuracy the new light which is thrown upon Scripture proves that our fathers were right in their time, but were not right for all time.

The essentials of religion have always remained the same. The sermon on the Mount is what it was when it was preached. Love and honesty and heroism and integrity can no more change than can the law of gravitation or the loyalty of the needle to the polestar. The moral truths that have been taught us, the aspirations of the soul, the something which alone can satisfy these aspirations, these are the fixed stars in our heavens, but the dogmas of theology depend on our intelligence, and as that increases the dogmas change their complexion or are possibly blotted out altogether. The path we have traveled has at every turn the grave of some doctrine that has been abandoned, and each grave is a milestone in our onward journey.

It is not long ago that God was called "Our Father," but known as an unquenching judge. The clergy waxed great in the great in the descriptions of his terrors, and the picture was painted in such lurid colors that timid souls were even afraid to go to heaven, and clung to this life with frightful tenacity. The other world looked so strange to us that we hardly dared to think of it, and we wept over the departed as though they were greatly to be pitied, for the separation was complete and hopeless.

Have we less faith, less love, less faith which makes life glorious and grand, because when we say, "Our Father," we mean it in a literal sense? Do we believe less in his revealed word because we have learned that the Almighty is revealing himself to us, to each one of us, to the poorest soul that hunger for knowledge of him, and is doing so every day of our lives? Are we recent to eternal truth because heaven has come closer to us because we have re-read the Bible in the light of a higher interpretation and find to our infinite joy that love when it is true never dies, that death is the kindest friend we have, since he lifts the tired soul out of the body and tenderly bears it in his arms to a realm of rest or of larger opportunity and wider activity? Is our faith lessened by the thought that those who have gone have not gone so far that they need less sight of us or of their interest in us need become indifference?

We have got to read the Bible aright. For we have regarded it as a treatise on theology, whereas it is a revelation of God's love and pity. Our eyes are being opened, and our hearts also. It is one thing to be told about a friend and quite another thing to feel the pressure of his hand and to hear his voice. So it is one thing to have a theology, which is the story of what he is and how his gracious providence works, but a wholly different thing to know God in some close personal relation and to listen with your soul until you hear him speaking to your own self. It is one thing to believe that there are angels in heaven and another thing to know that these angels cross your path daily and leave on the rugged roadside the tokens of their presence and helpfulness.

There is a higher life, and we are slowly attaining to it. There is very little theology in it, and its only dogma is hidden under the single word "Love." With love in the heart you are already in heaven; without it you can never get there.

Mother's Spirit Visited Her.

Muncie, Ind.—Standing before 10,000 people, August 6, at Chesterfield, where Indiana Spiritualists are holding their annual meeting, Mary Ellen Lewis of Kansas affirmed the report that she is a Spiritualist, stating that she became converted to this belief when the spirit of her mother visited and conversed with her not long ago.

She declared that destruction must come before construction in all things, and hence America must be necessary be victorious in the Philippines, which she predicted in the near future. She asserted demonic forces, and was continuously and uproariously applauded by her audience.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Unreasonable Spiritualists.

It was a very unreasonable crowd of Spiritualists that gathered at Lyric Hall, in Manhattan, last evening. They had been invited to invest twenty-five cents each for admission to the hall in the expectation that the spirit of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll could be induced to be present and address them, but the spirit of the great orator had not yet arrived, and all the efforts of an experienced medium were unavailing to elicit anything from him. Then the disappointed Spiritualists got mad. They could not wreak their anger on the spirit of the Colonel, for that was discreetly absent, but they revenged themselves upon the unfortunate medium and upon the manager of the show.—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

Human Culture and Cure, Marriage, Sexual Development, and Social Upbuilding.

By E. D. Babbits, Jr., author of the most excellent and very valuable work, by the Dean of the College of Fine Arts, and author of other important volumes on Health, Social Science, Religion, etc. Price, cloth, 75c. For sale at this office.

"Progression, or How a Spirit Advances in Spirit-life." "The Evolution of Man." Two papers, given in the interest of spiritual science, by Michael Faraday. Price 15 cents. For sale at this office.

"Wedding Chimes, By Delpha Pearl Hughes." A tasty and appropriate marriage ceremony, marriage certificate, etc., with choice matter in poetry and prose. Specially designed for the use of the Spiritualist and Liberal Ministry. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

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Col. R. G. Ingersoll.

The Spiritualists are rejoicing that the late Robert G. Ingersoll has found that the principles of Spiritualism are in accordance with the teachings of the medium of Mrs. Elizabeth J. Demorest, of Pittsburg, Pa., who is at present in this city, and to whom Mr. Ingersoll appeared at Camp Progress, Swampscott, last Sunday afternoon.

It was during the afternoon session, shortly after Professor Webster's talk. The latter had said that experience was only secured through the physical body. Mrs. Demorest a few moments later said to the audience, "I said through the medium of Mrs. Elizabeth J. Demorest, of Pittsburg, Pa., who is at present in this city, and to whom Mr. Ingersoll appeared at Camp Progress, Swampscott, last Sunday afternoon."

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Grand Rapids, Mich.

About 1,700 persons journeyed out to North Park last evening to see the first of the Briggs Park Spiritualist camp-meeting. The closing exercises were attended by the largest of the crowd which has gleamed through all the program of the month, and has made the way seem more plain and open to the faithful few who engineered the project at its beginning, for ensuring the permanence of the event with the help of a large army of converts.

The lectures in the morning and afternoon were given by Dr. J. M. Peebles, and were so wide in range and comprehensive in outline that they covered pretty much all the ground embraced in an outline of Spiritualism in general. The evening service was composed chiefly of tests given by the large number of mediums which the management has assembled for the closing week. Several remarkable insights were given into the lives of auditors, and the usual sensational revelations were given to the ecstatic crowd.

The managers believe that the interest shown by Grand Rapids in the meetings is indicative of a general advance all along the line of Spiritualism, and, to cater to the obvious want of another camp-meeting next year have determined to repeat the experiment with increased facilities next season.

Mrs. Isabella Wilson Kayner and her fire tests received another enthusiastic endorsement yesterday from Mrs. Mary Roberts of Rockford, who has been treated for rheumatism under Mrs. Kayner's methods of "magnetic" healing. Previous to coming to the camp-meeting Mrs. Roberts says she was afflicted so severely by the disease that she had paralyzed her entire side by hypodermic injections to allay the pain. During her last exhibition Mrs. Kayner magnetized a piece of paper while under the influence of her fire-worshipping control, and this was given to the rheumatic patient to be applied over the afflicted spot. Faithful to this direction Mrs. Roberts went home, and so successful was the result of the treatment that on the first touch of the paper to the face the rheumatism is alleged to have completely disappeared and has never returned. Mrs. Roberts said yesterday to the Herald: "I fairly worship this piece of paper."

The campaign of Spiritualism will not cease with the passing of the camp-meeting, but will continue through the fall and winter. A course of lectures has already been arranged, and all the prominent mediums in the city will participate with outside talent in keeping Grand Rapids fully awake to her opportunity.

Mrs. Blake, one of the local mediums, who seemed to be so at ease as familiar terms with the spirits as any of the famous outsiders at the service last evening, is to take a prominent part in the course.—Grand Rapids (Mich.) Herald.

Woolley Park Camp.

Local Spiritualists will attend the camp-meeting that will be held at Woolley Park, Ashley, O., beginning with August 6, and extending through August 27. Elaborate preparations are being made for the accommodation of the Spiritualists, and it is expected that there will be at least 15,000 people attend this year.

Mr. Moses Hull, through Secretary W. F. Randolph, of Ashley, has issued the following challenge:

The Spiritualists of Ashley challenge any able, honest clergyman in the United States to come to Ashley, O., and engage in a four days' debate with Moses Hull, commencing August 8. Mr. Hull affirms that "Modern Spiritualism, in all its phases, is Sustained by the Bible, History and Reason."

The program for the camp-meetings opens with an address by President H. Baxter, of Ashley, who will in all probability be followed by Mr. A. P. Oliver. Mr. Oliver is one of the leading Spiritualists in northern Ohio. The program includes lectures by Willard J. Hull, Moses Hull, Adah S. Hornum, M. D., and tests by Dr. Nellie Mosler.—Columbus (Ohio) Journal.

ON THE PASSING OF INGERSOLL.

Farewell, farewell, "Bob" Ingersoll! No dismal bells your passing toll. But in the flower-enveloped air, Falls fast and fast the mourner's tear. You were so good; so true a friend—O, mother earth! Is this the end?

Farewell, farewell! Your mighty brain Is now resolved to dust again; Still you're immortal in the good And beautiful work you've done. Farewell, again, O good friend! You were so noble, free and kind. You're proven by your own career That we can live divinely here. And view contented life's decline Without the solace of a shrine. Save that "contented within our breast, Whereby we know what earth has best, Farewell, farewell! Most liberal mind, No other age produced your kind. But is this all? Your love intense, Your intellect and eloquence, Where is the force that prompted these? Had death the power to bid it cease? Lives not the spirit still that wrought Such harmony 'twixt life and thought? Was not the universe its scope? Some star must now live its portals open; Yes, surely you have gone from here To make more bright some other sphere. —John Leberg.

DREAMS.

"For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not."—Job 33:14.

"In dreams, in visions of the night," When men their daily tasks have done, There comes from higher spheres a light. That dazzles e'en the midnight sun.

"When deep sleep falleth upon men," Like clouds appear the sun to hide, The radiance of life is then, To mortal eye intensified.

"Tis then the spirit speaks its word, As o'er mankind its halo's shed; The vision's seen, the voice is heard, "Yet man perceiveth not," 'tis said.

"Tis then our inmost thoughts are found, With angel thoughts to correspond; 'Tis then, our spirit friends abound, Reflected shadows from beyond."

The phantoms of the night, that's all, These dreams and visions we call vain.

The voice of God! How dare we call The vagaries of the mortal brain? C. WILBUR TABER. Minneapolis, 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 new and knowledge of Spiritualism. It is written in a sweet spirit, and is well adapted to place in the hands of Christian people. Price 25 cents.

"Origin of Life, or Where Man Comes From." "The Evolution of the Spirit From Matter Through Organic Processes, or How the Spirit Body Grows." By Michael Faraday. Price 10 cents. For sale at this office.

"The Universe." What Force Is The Beginning of Creation? What Matter Is. The Creation of the Earth. The Beginning of Life. Immortality. The Substance of Its Environment. Psychic Science. What the "Soul of Things" Is. Song of Psyche. A pamphlet by L. M. Rose. Contains 71 pages of interesting matter. Price 25 cents. For sale at this office.

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ORTHODOXY.

And Heterodoxy in Spiritualism.

Every movement, religious, scientific, artistic, political or of any other kind that has ever taken place in the history of the world has originated in a protest against some item or items in a previously accepted system, and has proceeded to formulate another system against which later thinkers have protested in their turn. The difference between orthodoxy and heterodoxy in any line of thought is that between standing still and pushing onward in some (not necessarily the right) direction, between stagnation and action. To hear him say one who, however in theory he may declare otherwise, in practice regards his particularism as containing all truth necessary to be known upon the subject it embraces. He finds judges of every idea newly presented to his mind not so much by his own reasonableness or want of reasonableness as by its apparent consistency or lack of consistency with his line. He finds the most satisfactory answer to all suggestions of which he disapproves by saying "This is not Calvinism or Methodism or Catholicism, as the case may be. His argument may be stated thus: My line is truth. This is not consistent with my line. Therefore this is not true."

The orthodox Spiritualist is among us in quite as pronounced a form as the orthodox Christian or orthodox Jew. He is one who, however in theory he may declare otherwise, in practice regards his particularism as containing all truth necessary to be known upon the subject it embraces. He finds judges of every idea newly presented to his mind not so much by his own reasonableness or want of reasonableness as by its apparent consistency or lack of consistency with his line. He finds the most satisfactory answer to all suggestions of which he disapproves by saying "This is not Calvinism or Methodism or Catholicism, as the case may be. His argument may be stated thus: My line is truth. This is not consistent with my line. Therefore this is not true."

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

This department is under the management of

Hudson Tuttle.

Address him at Berlin, Heights, Ohio.

NOTE.—The Questions and Answers have called forth such a host of respondents, that to give all equal hearing compels the answers to be made in the most condensed form, and often clearness is perhaps sacrificed to this forced brevity. Proofs have to be omitted, and the style becomes thereby as terse, which of all things is to be deprecated. Correspondents often weary with waiting for the appearance of their questions and write letters of inquiry. The supply of matter is always several weeks ahead of the space given, and hence there is unavoidable delay. Every one has to wait his time and place, and all are treated with equal favor.

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.

H. C. Hildreth: A. The author of the article I have failed to identify. You are in a remarkably sensitive state at the time the phenomena you describe occur. You can, by holding special seances, have these manifestations at your command instead of occasional and unexpected.

L. L. Bair: Q. Is the science of phrenology an exact science? Does it prove as is claimed, the existence of a God?

A. Phrenology cannot be rightly called a science, for science is demonstrated knowledge classified. While it has been proven that the brain is formed by the coating of enlarged nerve centers, having special functions, it has not been proven that the surface of the convolutions as mapped by phrenologists, have the offices assigned. The whole nervous system takes active part in the phenomena of life and intelligence. Especially is the spinal cord an important factor, for from it and the base brain arise the startling phenomena which have received the name of "sub-conscious." Even were we to admit the mapping of the brain to be correct, so many conditions influence the manifestations that it would be impossible to determine the character from the form of the skull. The convolutions often depart from the normal type without giving external indications. The supply of blood may be deficient, or of poor quality, and the finest formed brain imperfectly nourished would not be equal in power to a less perfect brain well supplied with pure blood. When the work of an engine is predicted, not only is the size of the cylinder, and perfection of valves and bearings considered, but quite as important is the supply of steam, and its tension. The furnace is as vital as the piston, and the stomach and lungs, which digest and purify the food which supplies the vital power have like relations in living beings.

To unravel this complex relationship and predicate the character has not yet been achieved and to claim to do so from simply observing the configuration of the skull is like determining the work of an electric motor, without knowing how strong a current may be supplied.

An electric tension may be sent through the coils that will destroy them or it may be so low as scarcely move the machine. Those who have gained notoriety as readers of character, take all these conditions into consideration, and shrewdly guess at the results. The form of the skull is to them the least factor in the problem.

Arthur Wirt: Q. How are we to regard the extolled wisdom of Ramakrishna?

Max Muller is a famous linguist and has done a great deal toward the study of comparative religion, which blends all faiths by comparing them and leads to the rejection of all dogma. He admits the foggy "culture" of Hinduism, and has at this opportune time, when the fad is the study of the "wisdom" of Tibet and the Himalayas, committed the translation of the life and sayings of one Ramakrishna. A good deal of the poetry comes from the translations. The chunks of wisdom, which have been canned for several thousand years, and now first exploited to the eager seekers after the occult, are not so antique and astonishing that a mighty sage need contemplate his umbilicus for a score or more of years to gain the exalted state necessary for their reception.

"A woman likes to be astonished. Therefore be true to her," says Ramakrishna. This is ungallant, but sufficiently foggy to be "occult." Again Rama says: "The Lord can pass an elephant through the eye of a needle. He can do whatever he likes." To a western mind this is nonsense. God can transcend the laws of nature, therefore he cannot do as he pleases. He cannot make a straight stick without two ends, nor a twenty-year-old man in an hour.

The translation will be read with avidity by those who pride themselves in being "occult," and having insight into the Oriental philosophy. They will go into spasms extolling the wonderful wisdom of this great sage, now for the first time made available to the unacquainted with the tongue in which he wrote. Yet why is this called "wisdom," which is no more than proverbs, to be sought after and extolled, when the fresh fields of thought extend on every hand?

The wisdom and wit of this famed sage, and in fact of all the wise men of India, to a clear-thinking man or woman, are not comparable to the paragraphs of Nasby, Josh Billings, or Artemus Ward. There is no mysticism about them. No fog of words to study over and understand. There can be no dispute over their clear-cut crystal sentences which represent the directness of western thought.

The obscure, controverted phrases of the mystics, prove that they have no clear idea of what they are writing about. Their "wisdom" consists in their obscurity, as the mudslingers of a pool give the name of a king, or a deity, by the use of words to study over and understand. There can be no dispute over their clear-cut crystal sentences which represent the directness of western thought.

Virtual with his eyes looking backward, seeing nothing around or ahead. It is more pitiable to see a great people with their minds turned backward and unheeded of the present glory or future attainment.

Let the dead past bury its dead, and let us not seek for "wisdom" by resurrecting its moldering mummies. We have not time to waste over the study of obscure sentences, obscure because the writer's thoughts were in a fog. This fog is not nuggets of wisdom, and the western mind should not be betrayed in so accepting it.

Geo. A. B., Washington, D. C.: Q. What was the origin of the seventh day rest?

A. The Bible is not the authority for the seventh day rest, as is usually accepted. The Hebrews brought the observance of the day with them when they passed the Euphrates. Mr. George Smith, in his explorations in Assyria, discovered a curious religious calendar of the Assyrians in which the months were divided into four weeks of seven days each, and the seventh day marked with a rest day. The older the uniform tablets, as interpreted by Mr. Sayce inform us that the day came from the Akkadians. Who the Akkadians were has caused a great deal of conjecture, which is conclusive only that they were a very ancient people antedating the Hebrews.

The seven astronomical bodies then known, gave their names to the days of the week and determined their number seven.

Sunday was the day of the Sun, of Sun God; Monday of the Moon; Tuesday of Mercury; Wednesday, Mars; Thursday, Jupiter; Friday, Venus; Saturday, Saturn. As the orbit of Saturn, which is the slowest of the planets, was sacred. In one of the inscriptions the word Saturnus occurs, meaning "a day of rest for the heart."

Perhaps it would be impossible to go farther into the night of the past for the origin of the Sabbath.

Arthur Mason: Q. What reliance can we place in the signs, such as, "If you carry a hoe through the house, one of the family will die within a year," "seeing the new moon over the right or left shoulder," etc.

A. Of themselves all such signs are meaningless, because they have no relation to the occurrences they are supposed to prophesy. Yet we are not to cast them aside with contempt. If a person takes a certain event as a sign or symbol, as dropping a fork to mean the coming of company; seeing the new moon over the right shoulder as indicating that he has been deceived; the surface of the convolutions as mapped by phrenologists, have the offices assigned. The whole nervous system takes active part in the phenomena of life and intelligence. Especially is the spinal cord an important factor, for from it and the base brain arise the startling phenomena which have received the name of "sub-conscious." Even were we to admit the mapping of the brain to be correct, so many conditions influence the manifestations that it would be impossible to determine the character from the form of the skull. The convolutions often depart from the normal type without giving external indications. The supply of blood may be deficient, or of poor quality, and the finest formed brain imperfectly nourished would not be equal in power to a less perfect brain well supplied with pure blood. When the work of an engine is predicted, not only is the size of the cylinder, and perfection of valves and bearings considered, but quite as important is the supply of steam, and its tension. The furnace is as vital as the piston, and the stomach and lungs, which digest and purify the food which supplies the vital power have like relations in living beings.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Heroes of the Spanish-American War: and Lyre and Sword of Spain. Two Epic Poems. By Theodore F. Price.

A cursory reading of this volume impresses one that the author evinces fine taste and skill in a literary way, and his metrical ability and powers of smooth versification are beyond the ordinary. His feelings are intensely patriotic and he is a man. The style is pleasing, reminding one of Walter Scott's noted poems of Scottish fame. As a metrical history of the war, it could hardly be surpassed in poetical statement of facts and noted incidents pertaining to the conflict. It is illustrated with numerous likenesses of principal actors—statesmen, and military and naval personages, etc. The author says:

"I will give you one or two facts. I was taken out of bed by some spirit who had got hold of my organism, and at 2 a. m. taken to my desk and kept there writing till daylight and kept at the work of this composition mostly late at night for something over two months, when the poem was finished, much as it is now, with a few additions adapted to some changing conditions. On two occasions, on returning to my desk after having left it for a few moments about midnight, I saw a figure in military garb, with shoulder straps, seated in my chair, apparently reading my manuscript. Once the figure was that of a naval officer, from his insignia, and once of a woman, very sensitive when under this influence that the fall of a pin or the least thing would sound as if it was a cannon ball had dropped."

The book is neatly gotten up, contains 220 pages, and is published by the Capto, Theodore F. Price, Eldredge, Cape May county, N. J.

The N. Y. P. S. U. Convention.

Cooled by the beautiful sea breezes that sweep in from old ocean, and washed by the waters of old ocean itself, Onset Bay stands forth as one of the most beautiful places to convene and receive spiritual thought.

For years have the voices of our noted workers been heard from the rostrum of Onset Bay grove, sending forth their grand thoughts to enlighten the minds of the people at large.

But this year there is to be a new feature at Onset Bay Camp, a feature that has been a rare one in the history of Spiritualism—only to hear the voices of our tried and true workers, but we are to hear the voices of our young people as well. For years has the cry been raised by many, "Where are the young people of Spiritualism?" and we as young people are struggling hard to answer that question. The National Young People's Spiritual Union, an organization especially for our young people, holds its second annual convention at Onset Bay, Mass., August 25 and 26. The young people are working hard to make the convention a grand success, but they cannot work alone, but must have assistance from others. Let every Spiritualist interested in the young people movement be present at this convention if it is a possible thing, and let all the young people of the world say, a paper to read something at least to prove that they are interested in this. It is desired that as many of the young people as possible write papers to be read at the convention, without being personally written to in regard to the matter. While the local manager is striving hard to do all in his power to make the convention a success, still he knows the names of very few young people. If those who wrote papers last year will please be prepared with their year, they will have a little to do with each other. The teachings of Spiritualism are what ennoble and build up the individual with a spirit of self-reliance that places him beyond the possibility of becoming a victim of traveling fakirs and self-styled spirit mediums, so that this part of the charge must be understood and as firmly as the fact is remembered, that the traveling mediums are under the endorsement or patronage of Spiritualists; a point upon which he failed utterly to inform himself.

He next asserts that no medium ever was or ever will be on earth that could demonstrate the truth of spirit return; a responsibility that no reasoning being would care to assume, for "there are

more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in the philosophy."

As a matter of fact, this man's religion in its entire structure rests upon statements alone; opinions, and cunningly worded absurdities. A man who in this age will make a statement of any kind beginning with "there never has been and never will be," is unworthy of classification with intelligent beings and should be relegated to the dark ages—a period from which he doubtless has been handed in a city by force, and has been passed to the world of spirit existence. Whether or not this particular woman has or has not sufficient control of spirit laws to do all that she claims, or is claimed for her by her friends, is not to become a part of this evening's discussion. But, that she entertaining and mystified large numbers of people is evident by subsequent events. Now, right here I wish to say that I am not here to-night to champion her cause or that of any other medium on earth, but merely to reply to a sermon that was delivered in this city by a certain man, from a teacher of theology, in which all Spiritualists were arraigned and condemned. The sermon referred to was based upon the minister's experience while attending one of the afore-mentioned "mediums" seances.

After charging that the works of this woman were all so palpably fraudulent that none but the veriest fools could be made to accept them as genuine spirit manifestations, he proceeds to tell us that many "prominent and respectable people" were regular attendants at her meetings and were swayed by her influence. By "prominent and respectable people" I am led to understand he meant those members of his congregation who had wearied of his dogmatic teachings and sought for evidence and consolation in what to me is the most unlikely and improbable of the claims of Spiritualism. After a lengthy apology for the evening's text, which was "Some Spiritualists, a Medium and a Seance," the accuser proceeds to tell how his attention was called to the influence this modern "witch of Endor" was exercising over many members of his flock, and of his resolve to go to the bottom of the nefarious works, and for the benefit of his congregation, had her up to the world as a beautiful example of what a Spiritualist really is. He then tells us that after much exploiting and marshalling of "the faithful," four strong men, brave and true, were found who were willing to join him in the hazardous undertaking of exposure, an undertaking beside which Stanley's adventures in "darkest Africa" pale to insignificance. He goes on to tell how, after different of their well-laid plans had been frustrated by the woman's cunning and how, after several evenings had been passed by these loyal scouts in attending her seances, an opportunity presented itself and they captured the object of their "ire" in her lair, dragged her forth in a half-dressed condition, compelled her to return to all the entrance fee they had paid, and strategically escaped with their lives to tell the marvelous story and enjoy the fame of heroes ever after. These events formed the nucleus of his remarks.

Now, there are several reasons for which a man may occupy a pulpit or stand before an audience. One is, that of entertainment; another, that of accusation; another, to defend his labor principles; another, to defend the principles of others; still another, for the purpose of instructing his hearers, and another, for the salary he hopes to receive. It was for some one of these reasons that Spiritualists and Spiritualism were made the subject of this able speaker's remarks on Easter Sunday evening; the same golden Easter or spring love festival that has been celebrated by the Jews, Persians, Pagans and religious denominations as far back as history goes; and that reason must have been the one, "to provide entertainment for his hearers, mingled with malice and the desire to appear zealous in the work of ridding the world of those people who hold views unlike his own. In his opening remarks he has told us that the most "palpable frauds" were sufficient for the entertainment of many "prominent and respectable people," so on this occasion he does the cap and bells, assumes the role of jester, and, in the name of "Presbyterianism"—one of the most gigantic and brutal frauds the world ever knew—proceeds in unglorified fashion to handle the unfortunate Spiritualists as they were never handled before. He tells us that he understands that the works and actions of this woman, whose seances made him a hero, and those of kindred performances are under the indorsement and patronage of Spiritualists and that all such workers are fraudulent and their lives living lies; that any one who will tolerate a lie is himself a liar; that Spiritualism teaches these things and that these people are defended by Spiritualists. So that all, in his opinion and by his charge, who come under the name of "Spiritualist" must necessarily be liars. Now, friends, at this point we propose to take issue with this accuser and examine into the premises of his charge. First, by his own statements the most liberal patrons of these seances were worldlings, "prominently respectable people" and "advanced thinkers"—the latter, we understand, he designates as Spiritualists, and, more particularly, as a class with whom people of his caste and mentality have nothing in common. In this, it is needless to add, we all agree. The second mentioned by him, was that the woman's performance was under the patronage or indorsement of Spiritualists. I fail to see.

Second, The statement or inference that these performances or manifestations formed a part of the teachings of Spiritualism is made without authority, and serves to show the total lack of information, on the speaker's part, as to what Spiritualism really is. Spiritualism teaches nothing of the kind. In fact, the teachings of Spiritualism and what are usually accepted as its phenomena have little to do with each other. The teachings of Spiritualism are what ennoble and build up the individual with a spirit of self-reliance that places him beyond the possibility of becoming a victim of traveling fakirs and self-styled spirit mediums, so that this part of the charge must be understood and as firmly as the fact is remembered, that the traveling mediums are under the endorsement or patronage of Spiritualists; a point upon which he failed utterly to inform himself.

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PORTLAND, ORE.

A Layman of the First Spiritualist Society.

HE STEPS TO THE FRONT AND DEFENDS SPIRITUALISM.

Some time ago there appeared in Portland, a woman giving the name of Elsie Reynolds, who it is reported announced herself as a materializing spirit medium. That is one who, by the aid of the invisible forces, is able to clothe in a matter by force, and has been passed to the world of spirit existence. Whether or not this particular woman has or has not sufficient control of spirit laws to do all that she claims, or is claimed for her by her friends, is not to become a part of this evening's discussion. But, that she entertaining and mystified large numbers of people is evident by subsequent events. Now, right here I wish to say that I am not here to-night to champion her cause or that of any other medium on earth, but merely to reply to a sermon that was delivered in this city by a certain man, from a teacher of theology, in which all Spiritualists were arraigned and condemned. The sermon referred to was based upon the minister's experience while attending one of the afore-mentioned "mediums" seances.

After charging that the works of this woman were all so palpably fraudulent that none but the veriest fools could be made to accept them as genuine spirit manifestations, he proceeds to tell us that many "prominent and respectable people" were regular attendants at her meetings and were swayed by her influence. By "prominent and respectable people" I am led to understand he meant those members of his congregation who had wearied of his dogmatic teachings and sought for evidence and consolation in what to me is the most unlikely and improbable of the claims of Spiritualism. After a lengthy apology for the evening's text, which was "Some Spiritualists, a Medium and a Seance," the accuser proceeds to tell how his attention was called to the influence this modern "witch of Endor" was exercising over many members of his flock, and of his resolve to go to the bottom of the nefarious works, and for the benefit of his congregation, had her up to the world as a beautiful example of what a Spiritualist really is. He then tells us that after much exploiting and marshalling of "the faithful," four strong men, brave and true, were found who were willing to join him in the hazardous undertaking of exposure, an undertaking beside which Stanley's adventures in "darkest Africa" pale to insignificance. He goes on to tell how, after different of their well-laid plans had been frustrated by the woman's cunning and how, after several evenings had been passed by these loyal scouts in attending her seances, an opportunity presented itself and they captured the object of their "ire" in her lair, dragged her forth in a half-dressed condition, compelled her to return to all the entrance fee they had paid, and strategically escaped with their lives to tell the marvelous story and enjoy the fame of heroes ever after. These events formed the nucleus of his remarks.

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We would not deal with this subject as we do to-night were it not that our cynical assailant, who provoked the discussion, has named the weapons and taken the first shot; telling us in the course of his attack that he wants no sympathy and that any consideration by us for

By Thomasaine. Paris, 1871. 11. Being an answer to Mr. Burke's attack upon the French Revolution. Post 8vo., 279 pages. Paper, 80 cents; cloth, 50 cents.