



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

VOL. 21

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1900.

NO. 536

LIFE AND DEATH.

A Wonderful Spiritual Revelation.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

A mother wrote from the far West, "Shall I know my darling child when I meet her in the spirit world? If she matures she must change, and I fear I shall not recognize, or be recognized." After replying to this question another spirit came and wrote the following, which while allegorical in conception embodies fundamental principles of the spiritual philosophy, and replies to many questions.

Life sat by the shore of an infinite sea.

Beautiful as a dream, her veins pulsating with power; her cheeks flushed with sunset, and her eyes dark as the midnight sky, lit by beaming stars.

She had paused from her labor, having wrought out of the elements and peopled the earth and sea with living beings, and with satisfaction she viewed the result.

"What a world is this!" she exclaimed, "to which I came in its primeval time! Bare and blasted rocks laved by dark waves, and overspread with a threatening sky. The wailing winds, the moaning sea, the rolling thunder, the rumbling jar of the earthquake were the sullen language of the elements. It was an earth in black and grey, and the only color was that of the rainbow when it hung like a gigantic blossom on the brow of the storm.

"Behold the change!" She extended her arms toward the sea and the land, with undulating grace of freedom and energy. "The changel! In every wave which sparkles in the light, are creatures I have fashioned into form in accord with the wave lines of motion, and endowed with an individuality which makes them in their spheres creators of their own destiny. From the atom which floats invisible in a flock of spray, to the leviathan which stretches his huge length from wave to wave, I have by my mysterious alchemy conferred the power of individual substance, of motion, of consciousness.

"All the coats I have by the shower and the sunshine, carpeted with exuberant vegetation, which extends down beneath the coasts of all the seas, and he who can count the endless forms of being I have wrought, feeding on that herbage, could as well count the stars. The tiny insect, the mastodon, and the bird whom I gave form in harmony with the atmosphere, and wings, every feather beaten into form and fitness by the air itself, are incidents of my labor.

"Out of all and above all, the crowning glory of my work, in which I concentrated all that had gone before, I created a race, more richly endowed, and admirably equipped, for I profited by experience, and as I gathered the forces of the elements into the living individuality, so in this last effort I concentrated intelligence, the manifestation of which in Nature is called God. Hence this race more than any other portion of my work is endowed with conscious purpose and independence which makes them creators."

As she paused, there came hand-in-hand, walking along the shore, smooth with the receding tide, two beings of that highest type, beautiful even exceeding that of her own, for there was that touch of materiality which she had not, of brawn and strength in the man, of grace and wave-like symmetry in the woman.

They sat down by the side of Life, and the man crowned the woman with a chaplet he wove from the amethyst moss of the sea, and she sang a song of joy to which the waves beating at their feet kept time in a droning monody.

And as they thus engaged, Life laid her hands with proud benediction on their heads, and said softly, "I will give you each a name by which you shall be known to all time. I will call you, my son, Manu, for it is your high privilege to know, and my daughter will I call Mai, for she shall be my royal handmaid."

"Thy handmaid?" responded Mai in tones of doubt, mingled with gladness. "Is it for me to assist you, infinite mother?"

"Even to more than I. Because without you the plan of creation would miserably fail."

"I do not understand."

"Nay! It is better you do not, but the time will come when it will be made plain. Wisely the future is impene-trable, else you would grow weak in expectation of its burdens."

There fell a dark shadow and out of it appeared a spectre such as Life had not created, endowed with equal energies apparently superior to hers. His visage was re-lentless and there was no love in his cold grey eyes.

Life shrank from the spectre so unlike herself and with repellent gesture sought to screen the children of her choice, and exclaimed:

"Why come you, infernal shadow, between me and the light?"

Then the ogre spoke in tones hard and monotonous: "I alone am not of your creation, and your equal. You are the positive force of creation, I the negative; you are the light, I the darkness; You the day, I the night; You the creator, I the destroyer; You breathe the breath of joy into nature, I the blight of decay. Whatever you build up, it is mine to tear down. Your atomic I will rend with another atomic. Your leviathan stretching from wave to wave I will disintegrate and resolve to elemental dust. The forms you have wrought to glide through the flood, I will feed to the maw of other forms; the birds wrought out of the forces of the air, I will de-roy with stronger wings, which in turn will melt not into the distant sky, but into the dissolving waves. Nothing you have created shall remain, for as your name is Life, mine is Death!"

Life smiled on this vain boast and said: "My work is better than you list, for though the individual fall by your shafts, the race lives on, and the more you overthrow the more will spring into existence, and though you merci-lessly slay they will increase, for they are my children, a part of me, and indestructible as the attraction of worlds."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the ogre, "we shall see! we shall see! Was there ever a mountain not leveled? Ever a sea not filled up? Ever a force not expended? I, too, am a be-ing wrought from infinite forces, and know you that noth-ing can be created that cannot be destroyed. So, my dear Sister Life, my twin sister, do your best, for your best will be as pleasant pastime for my destruction."

With that he extended his vampire wings, and flew over the sea away to the purple rim of the horizon.

When he had vanished from sight, Mai, pale and

breathless, looked up appealingly to the face of Life, and cried: "Oh, mother, why shrink you from that being? Is he stronger than you? Can he destroy all you can cre-ate?"

Then Manu, with a great fear in his voice, said: "Can he destroy this dear creature by my side? How, oh, how, will he do this? I will defend her with my strength, I will hold him away as I would the strong beast."

Life knew that the words of the ogre were true and that he had power over all physical creations, and not a word of comfort could she give her sad children, until it came to her as an inspiration that over individualized spiritual existence death had no power. Had she reached that crowning glory? Had her labor brought this fruition? Was the arch of life and consciousness completed, that it would not fall in ruin at the dissolution of the elemental body which evolved and gave it expression? She did not know. How could she know, until the crucial test?

She hoped, and with a brightness born of its inspiration she replied to the supplication of the woman and defiance of the man:

"Sip the nectar of the flowers to-day, laugh with joy in its sunshine, and abide in faith that to-morrow will bring the same."

II.

Manu and Mai dwelt in a beautiful grove by the shore of the sea. The perfect climate gave a constant June. Flowers everywhere festooned bush and tree, burdening the air with fragrance. Luscious fruits blushed on low-bending boughs. They made long excursions up the mountain sides, listened to the song-birds; and along the shore, filled with wonder and constant surprise at the strange forms thrown up in the wreck of the sea. They waded in the sea, sporting like children that they were, calling each other sweet epithets, and he repeated to her, each time as though he had made a discovery, that her laugh was more musical than the sweetest note of the song-birds.

Thus passed days and days, without change, except from joy to joy; the full possession of each other; the be-ing of all in all to each other, yet there came an unrest; a crying of their hearts for something more. The most delicate twilight on the restless waters, and the droning of the waves no longer brought sleep and rest. They had companionship of animals which knew no fear of them. The deer came bounding to their call and ate from their hands, and the apes, fantastic caricatures of humanity, gathered around them in chattering groups. Even the mastodon crushing through the tangled herbage stretched out his trunk for the proffered fruit.

Can days in human life be too bright and thus surfeit with their joy? Is it necessary that there be tornadoes that we appreciate the sunshine? Can the stream of life run so smoothly that it falls? They wandered aimlessly along the shore, or sat on the drift in discontented silence.

On the infinite expanse nothing had ever appeared to them but the white crests of waves which oftentimes converted the emerald meadows into banks of snowy flowers, and hence their interest was awakened by a tiny object which rapidly approached them. As it drew near they saw it was a tiny boat, shaped like a shell, white as pearl, and at its helm, and holding its silken sail was Love.

They met it as it was driven high on the strand and Love sprang lightly to their side. He parted the soft canopy, and there, nestling in a bed of snowy down was an infant, which opened its wondering eyes and stretched its hands to Mai. Her heart beat fast, and her being thrilled with unknown delight, as Love placed the tiny form in her arms. She pressed it to her bosom murmuring sweet words and giving it many a dainty kiss.

"Oh, that it were mine!" she cried, "for this is the treasure that I have longed for!"

"It is yours," replied Love. "I bring it to you at the command of Life, who knows the wants of her children better than they know themselves."

"It is sweeter than a dream! Out of the depths of the infinite sea she has come to us, and hence will I name her Pearl."

"It is trite to call her by that name," replied Manu, "yet better were your own, for she resembles you."

"I see only resemblance to you," she responded.

"The mouth is yours."

"And yours the eyes which seem to look beyond into unseen things."

"A blending of us both! We could wish for more!" she laughingly exclaimed.

Then Manu took up the shell-like boat, saying: "In this silken couch we can place her and when we rock her to sleep it will be as the motion of the waves."

Mai held it close and sang lullaby songs, nor could she take her eyes away from feasting on its loveliness. When it awoke she would have it quickly sleep, and when it slept she was seized with fear lest it would not awake. She gently laid it in his sea-cradle and rocking it as she sang:

Softly the shadows are falling,
Gently the wavelets are calling;
Sleep, babe, sleep!

As she grew day by day, from the helplessness which could only smile and stretch its hands, to the child with strength of body and will to think and do, her unfold-ment was a constant series of surprises. How wonderful the rosebud expands into the full-blown flower! More wonderful the development of the child. They were startled by her first articulated word, expressive of thought awakening and striving for expression. The touch of her velvety hands was magnetic, her slightest wish was an imperative demand. She learned to walk, and her feet seemed never weary. They led her to the shore, as she was delighted with the scene, and would sit as one entranced, expectant of the coming of a holy mes-senger. Her eyes would follow wistfully the white gulls on their tireless wings, spirits of the waves, and she would answer their shrill cries coming from afar.

One evening the moon arose out of the sparkling waves, and a path of light lay undulating far to the horizon.

"Oo give it to me!" she cried.

"I would give you the moon and the world with it," re-plied Manu, taking her in his arms and holding her up as though she could take hold of it, "but I cannot."

She reached as far as she could and cried: "I will have Not being gratified, she began to sob.

Years thereafter they recalled the scene, and the words she said, with a sad pleasure that cut their hearts with pain.

"It is a hard lesson," said Mai, "we have given it ev-erything, and now we are helpless to satisfy her. The more we have, the more we want, and we swiftly reach the limits where our desires are attainable."

How by her coming had she molded them into perfect oneness, and changed their selfishness into helpfulness for others. Although no wish was ungratified, they did not find the highest happiness in the self-absorbing state. The purest pleasure comes from assisting others, even to doing all for others, which is the highest rule of righteousness.

Pearl became more and more in appearance suggestive of her name, translucently fair, and her dreamy eyes more expectant.

"I am in constant fear," said Mai, as they sat one day in the porch hung with trailing vines.

"Why and what fear you?" asked Manu.

"That the Messenger come for her. You well know that she may be demanded of us, and if she were, my heart would break."

"You are becoming too much absorbed, my Mai. Pearl was brought to us by Love, who cannot, if he would, take her away. He abides with us, and would not cause us a single pang. For love is like the sun, it gives all and receives no return. It throws out its flood of warmth, and is warmed thereby."

"I know not why it is," replied Mai, "yet there is a shadow between me and the sun."

Pearl came and begged to lie in her arms. Her brow was paler than usual, and a bright flush tinged her cheeks. Once in that haven, she closed her eyes and said, "I'm so tired!"

What smote the heart of Mai, until it fluttered as a frightened bird vainly striving to escape? Instinctively she knew that the child was changed. She whispered her name without gaining response. She caressed her shining hair. So still the priceless Pearl lay in her sleep! Oh, was it sleep? If so, such sleep she never had before. She called Manu, and asked him why this silence and continued sleep from which there was not the usual awak-ening. In comforting assurance, he laughed at her fears.

"She had a busy day, cutting sea moss and gathering shells; by moon she will be ready for her play."

The morn! All that night Mai sat dreading not to place her trust in its cradle. The grey East blushed with the first light, when a weird wail came up from the sea. The child quivered, awoke, and opening wide her eyes, looked up to Mai's. Looked up, but away and beyond, as seeing through earthly things to the beyond.

"They have come with the boat," she whispered.

"Please place me carefully in the nest and spread the cov-ering close to keep me warm. I have a long, long way to go. You will go? Ah, no! It was so dark! It is lighter now and I must go before—it gets night again."

Her eyes closed. Mai bent her face against that of the child. She was surprised at its coldness, and that she no longer heard the rhythmic breathing. When Manu came she implored him to explain the mystery.

"I do not know," he said hesitatingly. "Once in the forest I saw a fawn, a wolf had bitten. It ran to me, and as I stroked its glossy neck, it uttered a plaintive cry and fell motionless. Nor could I again restore it to activity. It was as Pearl now is in your arms. I know not; I cannot explain. Perhaps it is a deeper sleep, and she will awake when the day brightens."

As they thus conversed they were made conscious of a presence, and the presence said, in solemn, yet inexorable tones: "You desire to know what has happened? You remember me? I am Death. Did I not declare to Life, that whatever she could create I could and would destroy? And here is my witness. Pearl was the best Life could create, and I have taken this best, and nothing can re-store her."

"No being can be so merciless, so cruel, as to take my darling!" cried Mai. "I will hold her so fast you cannot tear her away."

"She has already perished. The flower has shed its petals. The body will go quickly to dust."

Slowly Mai grasped the ideas of death and awoke to the dreadful knowledge of her irreparable loss. It came not as it has to countless mothers with their full knowledge, but as the shadow of the unknown. How many a mother has pressed close her child with protecting arms, and prayed as only a mother can pray to turn aside the bitter cry, and then realized that her prayers met no answer, for the breath passed she knew not where, and only a clod of clay, the broken cage which confined her bird of song remained?

Then it seemed a sin for the sun to shine in the heav-ens, for one to laugh, or a bird to sing when the light and joy of life had vanished!

She bathed and dressed the inanimate shard, with mingled hope and fear, twined blossoms in her golden hair and by every gentle persuasive sought to make those drowsy lids again open, that she might see the soul with-in. As she watched a change slowly came. The waxen features wondrous fair in angelic sweetness, darkened, became distorted and repellant; so horrible that she turned away, with the agony of despair. Manu not only suffered from his anxiety for the child, but doubly more from the agony of Mai, whom he held in his arms and sought to console by words which were to both as empty phrases.

They were silent for a time, when Manu exclaimed: "Why have we not called on Life, who brought us into be-ing, and gave us the child? She surely can restore what she has power to create."

With clasped hands they invoked the Great Mother of all Being, and as they finished she stood in regal strength and beauty before them.

"What is the demand of my children?" she asked.

Mai pointed to the shell-like cradle where Pearl lay in ghastly satire of her living self.

Life, startled by the revelation, for a moment was ap-palled. "Ah, the Destroyer has blighted my fairest work! Your hearts are broken, you are helpless. Even I cannot restore this blasted form to you. I can give you another, but this earthly being my power cannot restore. Take it, my son, and give it back reverently to the bosom of Nature from which it came. It is sacred because it was her garment, and you will embower it with lilies and trail-ing roses, and keep her memory green by your regretful tears."

Even as she spoke there came out of the air the cruel voice of the Destroyer, in exultant tones:

"Reverently place her in the bosom of her mother, Na-ture, and bid good-bye forever! My slaves shall snatch the atoms of her form so dear to you, and dissolve them into the chaos of the elements."

"Why, oh, Death," said Mai, "did you not spare her un-till like us she became nature and tasted the delights of this fair world? Why snatch her away as a bud broken from its stem before scarcely a petal had expanded?"

"And is your petty life of so much consequence? Is it so essential that every bud expand to fullness? Not one in a thousand blossoms bear fruitage, not one in a million beings come to maturity. Most of your race do not find it agreeable. You have not tasted the bitterness of age,

which balances the pleasures of youth. I am not terrible to all, for many court and gladly hail my coming. Even do they rush to my embrace. If I take the child, I save it a life of disappointments, of regrets and pain. It loses nothing, it gains repose. Repose is the condition to which all things converge; the nirvana of forgetfulness, where if there is no sensation there is no desire."

"Are you certain that my designs have failed, and you are triumphant?" asked Life.

"What do you expect of the future of any of your be-ings, even the most perfect? Out of this dust will you resurrect another form? It will not be the same. You may go on and on in your seething caldron, but only to re-form, renew, remodel."

"I have not so blundered, nor failed in my plan," re-plied Life calmly. "I have a realm over which you have no power. All my forces have been laboring by evolu-tion to this perfect fruitage. In these highest beings I have completed the arch even to the key-stone, and you cannot crush it. After you tear away the scaffolding of the physical body, it will remain."

"You would have us take this by faith?" said Death, with gleeful laughter. "Faith is belief in things you do not know. What we do know is the disappearance of your vitalized forms. They are gone, as the hum of the bee after the insect has passed; as the warmth of the fire when the fuel is consumed! Faith may soothe the pangs of grief, but it offers no solution acceptable to the under-standing."

"Now will I for the moment lift the veil which shuts from mortal view my crowning creation." With an im-perious gesture, Life lifted the curtain between this world and the world of spirits, and then their tearful eyes be-held the darling Pearl, held in the arms of an angel, and surrounded by beings of exquisite beauty.

"My lost darling!" cried Mai. "May I go to her? Can I bring her back with me?"

"Nay," Life sadly replied, "for in my cycles there is never a downward step. The angel cannot return to be-come a human being; the human being must become an angel."

"May I then, go to her?" asked Mai.

"Not now. When this transition comes to you, then leaving your body here, your celestial being will pass through the veil and greet her."

"Am I to be like those I now see around her?"

"Even like them, and like them you are now, for in you have I wrought the problem of continuous existence. The body may perish, but the celestial being outgrowth by evolution, as its final expression, is my triumph over all the opposing forces of decay."

"Why should this veil close between this higher and lower world?" asked Manu.

"It has no reality. It is an illusion of the senses. To the blind a wall of darkness extends before them, and be-cause your eyes, unless changed as I have changed them, cannot see, you think there is an impenetrable veil before you."

While they conversed, the angel brought Pearl to Mai. With a cry of joy she nestled against the fond bosom, and kissed the lips that always spoke sweet words for her. She did not understand why she was not caressed, or that Mai did not know she was there. When she found that she received no response, she began to grieve, and the at-tending angel folded her in his arm, and with many a ca-ress, bore her away.

"How will she be in the future years?" asked Mai.

"When I go to her, will she be as the child, or as the angel? Will I know her if there comes to her such change?"

Life replied: "She will change from the child to the likeness of the angels, and you will know her, for love never forgets."

Stretching forth her hand, she said: "I will give you power to see through the shadows and a glimpse of that life which is continuous with this."

They seemed to stand on a summit of a promontory, and a sea wrapped in clouds extended beneath them. As the great cloud curtain parted, they saw beyond, a coun-try so exceeding fair that no words could describe its lov-eliness. There were many people there, and through the archway they saw a multitude passing in, some led by those who had come to guide them, and others met at the entrance. There were glad recognitions; weeping for joy, and surprises no words can express. Burdens and cares and sorrows, disappointments and regrets were left at the gateway. The child was borne through by angel guides; age threw off its decrepitude and passed in youthful strength; husband met wife, wife, husband, and children came to welcome parents. It was a glorious vision and Life turned in triumph, to her antagonist and said: "This after countless defeats, is my final triumph. This is the perfect fruitage of the tree I planted when the earth first emerged from fire-mist swung in the murky atmosphere of chaotic elements. Its roots run down to the founda-tion of things, and its branches reach into the heavens. As all living forms ascend to man, so through man is evolved an immortal spirit. My task is finished, and know, oh, Death, that you are not my enemy, but my friend; not my antagonist, but my most tireless slave, for without your dissolving power my processes could not succeed, and did you not at my summons throw open the portal, my perfected spirits could not pass through. Henceforth you are the Resurrection!"

The Deacon's Interruption.

"Wen Moses tell de sun ter stan still—" began the old deacon.

"Dat warn't Moses," interjected a brother in the amen corner, "dat wuz Joshua!"

"Ez I said," continued the deacon, "wen Joshua tell de sun—"

"You didn't say dat at all!" said the brother who had corrected him. "Hit wuz me dat said it! Hit wuz me dat tuck you up on it!"

The deacon's patience was exhausted. He folded his brass-rimmed spectacles, laid them carefully on the table before him, walked over to the amen corner, took the ob-jecting brother by both arms from behind, and with the swish of a cyclone swept him forward to the door, landing him precipitately in outer darkness.

"Ez I wuz sayin', fo' dis little incident occurred," he continued, "wen Moses tol' Joshua ter tell de sun ter stan' still—"

Some of the older, learned brethren moved uneasily in their seats. They looked like they wanted to correct him, but they did not. They let it go at that!—Atlanta Constitution.

No word is offenser on the lips of men than "friend-ship," and, indeed, no thought is more familiar to their aspirations. All men are dreaming of it. It is the se-cret of the universe.—Thoreau.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

A New Use for Psychometry.

It is proved through psychometry that one can become in rapport with a specimen and sense its history more or less complete; that by attentively ob-serving or thinking of a person, he may get in rapport with him in the same way. That, as one may sense the con-dition and character of the writer, and the subject of a letter, by holding it in the hand, so he may do the same in re-spect to the author of a book, and the contents. He may, by a review of chap-ers in his past, induce old physical and mental states, and expressions, charac-teristic of the degree of engrossment on special parts, will follow. Then he may be attentive to character and physical expressions of a person, or character traits apart from a person-ality, and later on, undesignedly, ex-press similarly; or, in trying to imitate some physical expression of another, he may manifest the character traits, and vice versa, etc., etc.

If the above were true in part only, how would the repeated handling and indiscriminate reading of the Christian Bible affect an unconscious or untrained sensualist or a psychometrist with ex-perience with the subject? If, as in-terparts, he may see the wisdom in putting its gems of truth in a separate volume.

But why would it not be wiser to study the law governing the adjustment of states, and then apply to receive in-spirational truths for ourselves, instead of depending on those given through mediums of conveyance? If, as in-dividuals, we would live in the now, or discriminate in our reviews, we could manipulate the law of periodicity and have only such parts of history repeat itself as we desire.

We learn when trying to adjust to states of health, of harmony, that one who, through body, character and life-history, will suggest beauty, cheerfulness, wisely selfless love, character force, and pain-free experiences, is an inestimable aid; so we conclude that such a person may be a power to influ-ence his fellows into such states uni-versal; and the same will be true of a religion.

Very few—save those trained in men-tal action—who have often attended Christian religious services, or have read the history of Christ, can hear the name, and not associate him with the cross, or think of him other than the man of sorrow and suffering; and, at times, may not in loveless denunciation of the Jews, the religion that is a se-quence of his life, suggest to the masses much more of misery, persecu-tions, disruptions and depravity, than of ennobling philosophy; in fact, it was pain, gloom and horror shadowed throughout, until the light from other isms began to illuminate it. All sym-bols and titles associated with it have an influence largely adjusted to force-fulness, and dictation, and more of the "I am holier than thou," than of brotherly love. It is my wonder that inharmonious, and loveless judgments manifest in our ranks, when Spiritual-ists exercise so little originality as to name their places of meeting, churches; title their speakers—who can be agents of suggestion only—reverends; and, so universally consult the Christian Bible, for passages to recommend their ideas to the Bible preference part of their audience? Why need we, of a now, be so concerned, whether our concep-tion of truth fits into its now, small measure, or not; or whether or not, such a person as Christ ever lived? Spirit-u-als concede that if the account of him be true, he was no more, no less, than a medium. It is not possible to prove him the most advanced character who ever lived; and, possibly, some his superiors, even, have long ago gone into oblivion, so far as their history here is concerned, and the world has moved right along, and will, though he is proven a myth.

One would think from present indica-tions, that some powers that be are ac-tively engaged in trying to make this earth Christ's Kingdom, with the Cross the symbol of the religion. But—with a fair understanding of each—as sub-jects for suggestion and adjustment to superior states, the Christ personality and Cross is inferior to Buddha and the Oriental symbol—the Crescent and Star. For Buddha was not, according to au-thentic accounts, such an agent while here, or since—through influence of his-tory and teachings—as Christ has been and is in augmenting the pain, gloom and kill-vibrations in the earth's aura. The Crescent symbolizes the same transi-tional love states that the Cross does; and, in its apparent sphere—full moon—culminations, the sometime-to-be sun, also, which is fully typified in the Star, as sun, or psychic love states. The Crescent and Star includes all life in the circles of evolution; whereas the Cross considers only part as attaining godly growth; and, furthermore, it in-cludes the shes of humanity, while the Cross is solely a masculine symbol, and in no way suggests the culminated love states, but is of the earth, states, while the Orient symbol is of the heavens, heavenly.

We make up our ideals of excellence, and receive inestimable aid from all with which we associate, either directly or indirectly through history; but when we are confined to a single, or com-bination of personalities, however well advanced, we are limited, like a chick in its shell, to a very small sphere of truth, and we will undoubtedly make much noise pecking and peeping before we come into a full realization that Im-mensity is our trapping ground.

If we as Spiritualists have ideas or inspirations that enable us, and are suggestive of ego power to reach grander heights of living; of apprecia-tion for what each, and all life, has done, or can do, of the possibility of harmony, and heavenly states, right here; of a large patience to work, to wait and grow; then permit me to sug-gest that we give them out, pure, and simple, without so much mixing with the long ago; and prove our power to walk alone—a little way at any rate—spiritually; and, if a prefix is a neces-sity, let it be—To-day Spiritualism.

LISLE E. SEXTON.

LIFE AND EXPERIENCE IN SPIRIT LAND

A Series of Letters from Spirit Franz Petersilea to His Son, Carlyle Petersilea.

LETTER NUMBER ELEVEN.

We have, in these letters, been trying to teach just how spirits inspire men, women and children, and we are met by the assertion that inspiration ceased long ago. After all, this seems to be the hair that is split, or the dividing line between the Spiritualist and the good old orthodox—for they are good, the most of them, they are level-headed and are not lunatics or even crazy—but this diverging line—let us see if we cannot bring the paths nearer together.

All intelligent people to-day believe that the world is more enlightened than formerly; they think that men's brains are larger and of finer quality than in the olden days; they will tell you of the wonderful achievements in the arts and sciences; they will point to the telephone, the telegraph, the X-ray, as proof of their assertion, and we smile benignly and interestedly and are most happy to agree with them; really, we seem to be walking side by side with them. Surely, this split hair must be very fine indeed—but the point of difference—let us try to discover it: When did inspiration cease? Could you point out the exact date? Did all inspiration cease with Jesus of Nazareth? No; you think his disciples were inspired also—Paul, John, on the Isle of Patmos, and many others. And did not Jesus and his disciples distinctly say, "Go ye and do likewise?" If they were inspired to write, heal the sick, make the lame walk and the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and they told mankind to go and do likewise, pray tell us when and where inspiration ceased? If, as you say, you think inspiration has ceased, then men must have degenerated instead of progressing, their brains must have become smaller and of coarser texture; but you agree with me that this is not so. If their brains are larger and finer than formerly, are they not more easily inspired? Do they not more nearly approach the spiritual? A photographer will tell you that the finer and more sensitive his plate, the better the picture stamped thereon; and we tell you, dear orthodox friends, that the larger and finer the brain of a man or woman, the better the thought pictures which we stamp, or photograph upon them; and this is the modus operandi of that which is called inspiration.

Come, my good orthodox brother or sister, let us walk together. The lines do not diverge so much, after all. Let us get over the childish habit of making faces, calling names and saying, "You shan't play in my back yard." Let us be noble, generous, forgiving men and women, either in or out of the body.

Many who philosophise and write of the celestial or spiritual life, apparently forget that more than two-thirds of all who come here are women and children, and they range all the way from the tiny infant to the adult. Comparatively few persons live to be aged, and two-thirds of all who live on earth are women and children; but many writers seem to ignore this fact and seemingly write only for those who are capable of deep, abstruse reasoning. This is especially noticeable in Spiritualistic writings. This is a great mistake and ought to be rectified.

The average woman, more especially if she be young, takes up a spiritual journal, glances over it, then throws it down with a yawn. "The dry stuff," she murmurs. "I don't understand it, and can't get interested in it. Why don't they print some charming stories, something interesting?" And children never think of reading a word in these papers, and as we said before two-thirds of the world are women and children, young men and maidens—perhaps more than two-thirds.

Now this is not as it should be. If this large majority could be interested the world would move on more rapidly. "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." Very few women seem to write for the Spiritualistic press. Now this is a great pity, for women writers would interest this great majority far more than male philosophers possibly can. Nearly all the interesting writing and stories of the present time are written by women, but these women are not Spiritualists and these books and stories contain no hint of the life after the death of the body. Whenever the subject is touched upon at all, it simply accords with the orthodox standard. We often wish that some of the spiritual lecturers and writers would come down from their stilts and talk and write so that this large majority could fully understand them and become interested in what they have to write or say.

My dear son, Carlyle, from the time I first ventured to take control and write, I have tried to write great truths in simple language. Simple, concise language seems to be greatly needed at the present time among Spiritualists. Some of the grandest truths that have ever been given to the world have been given through poetry, romance and novel writing, for these are especially attractive to the great majority, and it is the same here in the celestial world.

How do you suppose we teach this great majority? A tiny infant, a small child or even a youth or maiden, to say nothing of the average woman and common-place man, cannot and do not comprehend abstruse reasoning on difficult subjects and problems. It even has been said by some writers, that nothing was immortal but the higher moral and reasoning faculties of man. I suppose they included woman, but they did not say so.

A babe an hour old has no reason whatever, and young children have very little or none. A young calf, a colt, a dog, a cat, or almost any young animal one can mention has more reason a few hours after birth than a child in as many months. Does anyone think of denying that these little children are immortal? We are also aware that some writers and thinkers have said that the lower, or perhaps the very lowest races of men, were not immortal; but these writers and thinkers are certainly mistaken. Let me ask those who think thus, where they draw the dividing line? The lower nations of mankind are simply infantile in intellect and can no more be denied immortality than can the infants of the higher races of men. There can be no dividing line drawn anywhere. All things are immortal. Life is spirit and spirit is immortal in whatever form it may exist. The tiniest blade of grass is just as immortal as is man. No form, when once attained, is ever resolved back into elementary principles. Matter falls away from it but the form is retained forevermore.

If matter falls away from the spiritual forms of humanity, it falls away from all other forms in precisely the same way, leaving the spiritual form intact; for the life of anything is its spiritual form more or less developed.

(To be continued.)

A Plea for Kindness.

Ever since last fall, after the convention at Chicago, I have watched the inflowing thought from the pens of the many intelligent writers. While I have read the same with much interest, I cannot say I always read with pleasure, because of the sometimes sarcasm, or severe unto-kin criticism. Now, in my opinion, no one finite being can comprehend the infinite any more than any other finite being can. We can only give our own individual opinion, and that ought to be given in all kindness.

True, some entertain a more exalted view or conception of that all-powerful something we have been taught to call God, Infinite Intelligence, or Supreme Being. Some time, in a little article, I quoted the poet's few words, "Whatever is, is right." Some time after, another writer quoted the same, whereupon another writer wrote some very cutting words concerning the quotation. Now, as a matter of course, when writing and using such a quotation, the mind does not take in at a glance all the hidden crimes or the lesser, but merely a few of the questions in mind at the time; like, for instance, the question of the proceedings of the convention, in forming what it

has pleased some to call a creed. I have felt many times, while reading the many able criticisms on the same, that indeed it does seem that "Whatever is, is right"—for what seemed such a woful error in the forming of a creed or code of principles, has been the means of awakening and bringing out a flood of thought that never would have been given to your readers had it not been for that seemingly great error. I am led to pen these few lines because of the frequent attacks by those who are just beginning to investigate, also by others not friendly to the cause, both claiming there is too much bickering in our ranks for Spiritualism to stand or progress. However plain that may seem to be, I take it as showing Spiritualists to be a wonderful thinking people, notwithstanding they differ widely on some questions, which is surely a great blessing and benefit to each other.

While writing, I would like to solicit a discussion by our many advanced thinkers on the question of what the orthodox and some Spiritualists call the "second birth, change of heart, or conversion." Recently I met a medium who claims the perfect and direct guidance of "The Sun Angels of Light," giving the important information that, "except we be born again we cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." MARY E. MATTHEWS.

New Philadelphia, Ohio.

CONSCIENCE.

It is an Innate Principle Implanted in Man by Nature.

In the organization of every human being born is the germ of conscience. This germ, developed by years and experience, tells a man he is morally right or wrong, mean or noble. In some children this faculty asserts its sway very early, leading the child to play fair with its companions, tell the truth to its parents, and to judge with astonishing precocity as to "yours and mine; and all this without lecturing or rehearsed lessons from anyone. Proof of this is familiar to every observer.

In another child this germ of conscience may be so hidden in a depraved and selfish nature that it plays a subordinate part in all the career of the individual. Yet the germ is there in one case as truly as in the other.

Neither education, nor growth, nor yet experience creates any element of man. In the child must be some talent for music, otherwise how could he be taught music? The teacher does not create the tune of the faculty in the child. Neither does the painter create the talent for colors in his student. Precisely so, the teacher of morals creates no faculty, no element. Occasionally some writer falls into the old and often refuted metaphysical blunder that conscience is wholly a taught principle. If this were true, how in the name of common sense could man teach something of which he had no conception himself? As well could the fish without eyes, swimming in the streams of Mammoth Cave, give lessons in landscape painting. The very statement of the situation shows the extreme absurdity of the theory that conscience is wholly something taught. As well talk of man's writing works on civil engineering when in all the human race there was no talent for mathematics.

The only refuge from this absurd position is in the assumption that priests have taught the world of a conscience. Who taught the priests, if this is wholly taught? "They got it from books," I hear you say. Who wrote the books? "Why, priests," and there you are. You have totally refuted and upset your own position. Another question: What priests? This sense of right and wrong is found in the tropics among men who, in a state of nudity dream away existence, subsisting on the mussel and oyster, on the fruit that grows wild, having no written language, no history, no government. What priest taught them to give evidence of a conscience? The same proof is found among the Eskimos and the American Indians.

But larger and far stronger proof is found in the great systems of theology. Go to Confucius, or Buddha, or Zoroaster, or Mahomet, or Jesus, and differ as they will otherwise, they agree, as indeed all the world agrees, on the great fundamentals of justice and charity and self-sacrifice.

Conscience is the spinal column around which is built every system of divinity or morals on earth. Why? Because the great teachers would build on the only foundation available, the natural elements of the human soul.

Jesus began his preaching by saying, "Judge ye not of yourselves what is right." He clearly did not assume that conscience was wholly a taught principle, but exactly the reverse. And if he did not understand the moral elements of man, we are still waiting for one to come who does.

That men differ as to what is right, in specific cases, only proves that they are exercising the very faculty that is one of the constitutional elements of our being. The measure and training of intellectual gifts, heredity and circumstances play in a measure determine the exercise of conscience. To say that they create this gift would be as logical as to say that there is no such thing as a talent for music because some who are musical like a bass drum, others a mandolin, some sing "A Hot Time in the Old Town," others Coronation, or Stabat Mater. The world would be a den of tigers, without the native element of conscience in every human being; rather it is inconceivable what it would be, for all there is of law, order, peace, harmony, is due to this gift.

W. H. HARRINGTON.

DO THEY STRIP THE BAD BOYS BARE?

Have they shingles up in heaven, mother?

Wear they slippers over there?

Have they switches there, my mother, And do they strip the bad boys bare?

I have heard they punish bad ones, mother—

Boys who said no evening prayer— Boys who swore and "hooked," mother; And do they strip the bad boys bare?

Now I know a curly-headed fellow,

A chap with black and curly hair,

Who distracted mother with his bellow; Say, do they strip the bad boys bare?

Do the spirits watch a fellow, mother,

Till he grows to manhood fair—

Keep the records of his meanness, mother? And do they strip the bad boys bare?

I have lingered till the frost-time, mother,

Has quite silvered o'er my hair, And, no doubt, have injured someone, mother; And do they strip the bad boys bare?

I have suffered little here, dear mother,

For sins—I hope my fullest share—

For I am grown and bashful, mother; Oh, do they strip the bad boys bare?

I can stand and be dismantled, mother,

In the spirit, but do not care

To be punished—made all striped—mother; Say, do they strip the bad boys bare?

Dr. T. Wilkins in The Lyceum.

That man is not poor who has the use of things necessary.—Horace.

The man of pleasure should more properly be termed the man of pain.—Colton.

It is hard for a haughty man ever to forgive one who has caught him at fault.—Brydner.

Friendship must be something else than a society for mutual improvement—indeed, it must only be that by the way, and to some extent unconsciously.—Stevenson.

COGENT COMMENTS.

Pertinent to a Variety of Subjects.

I cannot see anything so very bad the matter with the Declaration of Principles adopted by the N. S. A. It seems to me that some do not understand whether "Infinite Intelligence" means a personal or an impersonal God. As I believe in God—not in a God, the God, or Gods, but just plain God—I here give my definition of the same.

It is the fountain source of all laws; the eternal life-principle of all that is; the Supreme Will, Infinite Intelligence, Master Mind, Sovereign Force, Conscious Energy, Atomic Law, and all that tends to create, form, disperse, and unite the imponderable, the infinitesimal, molecular particles, which consolidated from the visible system of universes, following the dictates of the Universal All, of which the visible is but a shadow, and which is everlastingly generated all that ever was, is, or ever shall be. This Great Eye sees all things, is in everything, is the life of all that is, and is the Hand that gathers the flower and the thistle, the young and the old, with no respect to cause, or use, or view of change. Every soul is a part of this Great Soul, and when parted from the earthly dress, passes to the arms of the Great Ancestry, to wander through the lands of ecstatic bliss, and eul from the Plant of Life the never-dying flowers of eternity. The thought of God is the act of the germs of planetary life, and new organisms are the result. Thought is the magnetic action of the Great All in its etherial zone. There is no such thing as chance; nothing happens whatever, is to be, will be, was so intended to be, or else it would have been some other way. God, therefore, is Nature, and knows no right or wrong as man sees it; has, then, no moral sense of such things, as man terms it with his finite mind. This, then, is a rough idea of the thing of God I believe in.

There is unmistakably a wide divergence among believers in spirit return as to what they believe aside from that grand base. For myself, I do not care to be classed with the Godless, Christless, prayerless, religionless, organizationless, self-styled "progressive" order. I utterly fail to find anything whatever antagonistic to receiving Jesus as a leader; whenever his teachings, sayings, and doings are rightly and properly read, understood and applied, I am, rather, somewhat of the opinion of others better than I who regard him as the Spiritual Father of this world. What Force or individuality is it that attracts and draws the spiritual forces and hierarchies onward, ever onward and upward? If I choose to give it a name, who can prove I am mistaken?

There is plenty of good teaching in the New Testament concerning salvation by character, the basis of true religion. James, especially, speaks of it in his writings, crystallized in the last verse of the first chapter. Then in my own words, "He that overcomes or conquers himself rules the world," is the essence of considerable occult study. One of many "vain and empty" and "happily, in the Spiritualist journals, and outside them. Ella Wheeler Wilcox's article on "Christians and Christianity," in The Progressive Thinker of January 6, is good. I always find much spiritual food in the writings of Sister M. Klein. She is unquestionably of a high order of spiritual unfoldment. I always enjoy, to a large degree, the articles of Brothers Buchanan, Peebles, Hull, Coleman, Tuttle, Loveland, among a long list of able writers.

One thing I cannot but feel, and comprehend is why a new layman paper is to be started. My financial condition requires me to practice strict economy, else I would subscribe for "The Lyceum," published by Brother Tom Clifford, and otherwise help the paper along. I have seen a copy or two of it, and am of the very plain outspoken opinion that if the N. S. A. or some other body or committee of hustling Spiritualists would take hold of that paper and help Brother Clifford along in publishing such a journal, it would have much greater approval among the spirit forces than to clutter it by starting a new paper, which it would certainly do. Moreover, there are too many Spiritualist papers that take out a miserable existence for a time and then pass out when their "life" is not full of force is over. It don't help the cause, which could be better advanced by supporting the existing journals that are lived long enough to have a place in the ranks as conservators of the Higher Philosophy of Existence.

The books that head the list in my small library are those by P. B. Randolph, known as the Rosicrucian Library. Then come those by Hudson Tuttle, Moses Hull, J. M. Peebles, J. R. Buchanan, and a few by others, including The Progressive Thinker Library. So that I have quite a variety and am able to keep in line with the general trend and scope of spiritual thought. I don't agree with everything I read, it does not say I should be illiberal enough to deny such a place in my reading-room. Opposition is the spice of life.

That grand old apostle of Unitarianism, of primitive Christianity, William Ellery Channing, nobly said: "We need not doubt the fact that angels whose home is heaven, visit our earth, and bear a part in our transgressions; and we have good reasons to believe that if we obtain admission to heaven we will still have opportunity to return to earth, but to view the operation of God in distant spheres, and be his ministers in other worlds." So again, perhaps eighty years afterward, our modern apostle of Unitarianism, Minot J. Savage, truly says: "I believe that the spirit world folds this lovely, beautiful old earth around like an atmosphere; and when you ask me where those we call the dead are gone, I do not believe that they necessarily have gone so very far away. I believe that this world of those we call the dead is close by us, and all around us, and there is a difficulty about that to our imaginations only because we are the fools of our eyes and ears. We fancy that we see all things, that we have all there is; while as a matter of fact, our clear-headed science has taught all those who have dared to dip into the truth that it is only the limit part of this physical universe that we ever see or hear—just a little fraction that our senses enable us to explore. It has taught us that the mightiest of all the physical forces of the world are the invisible forces, the intangible forces. We talk about spirit as being shadowy, ghostly, thin, unreal. Why? The things that disperse like shadows are what we speak of as material things often, from the point of view of science. The things we cannot see and cannot touch are the mighty physical forces. There is nothing, then, in the science of the world to make it seem unreasonable that those we love may be close to us, watching our lives, able to render us services in ways that we can as yet only partly comprehend. They are people like us. They remember this old life here. Indeed, they have never been very far away from it.

Why should they forget it? They love us just as of old. There is nothing in the fact of death to change a man's character, to change a man's purpose or aspirations or desires. Death does not turn us into angels or devils, nor make ghosts of us. It simply leaves us what it found us. I believe, then, that our friends in the other life have bodies as substantial and real as are these that we wear, and there is nothing in science to contradict such a hope or belief. What do they do over there? I believe they lead purely human lives, just as natural lives as we lead here. It will be endless growth over there. Imagine yourself over there perfectly wise, perfectly happy, every desire, wish, and longing satisfied, and sitting down that way for a thousand years? I, for one, would not have had that kind of world if I could." G. FIGLEY.

Ney, Ohio.

IMPORTANT QUESTION.

The New or the Old—Which?

To the Editor:—Your correspondent has not given expression regarding the late convention's declaration of principles, for the reason that he desired to see from the consensus of opinion all that could in clarity be said of such a public utterance. It is little to say that Spiritualism, as pioneered and defended against assault for half a century, he considered unwarrantably misrepresented, the falsity being only equalled by its audacity and untimeliness. One of the saddest things in the history of the cause is the presence and activity of persons who would make Spiritualism an imitator of the world's falsehood and divert it of the self respect belonging to a divine and commanding truth. I would all who have connected themselves with the movement have been impressed with the necessity of making every part of it as original in its character as possible, so as to avoid copying the ways of others, we would now be respected as people with our own ideas and as having brains to use them.

The two essentials which underlie all other religions are the concepts of Deity and of the future life. Of the latter the experiences of this century have proven that the religious teachers knew nothing whatever and that what is known is by Spiritualists only. The interests of the old order of things need to have the public understand that the demonstration of a continued life is not such, but is deception and delusion instead. This position gets great strength from those posing as Spiritualists who hunt for fraud in place of seeking for truth, making themselves believe they are one and the same. If there is anything we stand for to declare to the world, it is the proofs given us of life's continuity through the re-discovery of a spirit world and intercommunication between the two.

But when we approach the subject of Deity, we find something very different. It is something which in no way concerns us. The idea of an Infinite Intelligence cannot be placed before the world without bringing with it the conception of a personal God evolved from a past time period of "primitive guesses," and unceasingly foisted on mankind since as the one belief essential to a life of virtue and goodness. Its announcement at once fills the average mind with the falsehood evolved by man when but a grade removed from the ape. Nothing new has been added to this conception from those with a discernable experience. The fact that a cause lies beyond all known causes in the universe, is conceded alike by the most radical atheist, the liberal churchman, and the most superstitious religionist; the latter only professing to know what the others do not.

Now I would not be recalcitrant to the divine lessons by angels given—the doctrine of the human brotherhood, as to unnecessarily wound the feelings of any believer in what to him is sacred. One may be sure of the divinity of the man in the moon—it is my place to treat him with the kindest consideration, and because he so much differs from me; yet I contend that the subject of Deity is one that is in no way connected with our work as Spiritualists; while all the world agrees, with its bells of suffering, injustice and tyranny—its oceans of blood—all forbid the introduction of such a cause of discord with the angelic message of peace and consolation that comes with the reunion of the two worlds. Let me be thoroughly understood by saying it is not directly a part of Spiritualism to either antagonize or to teach God; but to leave this subject with those who do, toward whom with all others we shall ever manifest the angel-taught doctrine of human brotherhood.

It has been wisely asked by one of our best workers, in the future history of Spiritualism will it be absorbed by the church or will the church be absorbed into Spiritualism? It is a serious outlook for one who loves the truth. One of the strong factors in the problem is the honest desire of the uneducated mind to invest the subject with the sacredness of religion, or, in a single cent for the great expense he has to, hundreds of dollars being paid out in putting them in type, and electrotyping the pages, and making them ready for the printer. That is why you are getting these intensely interesting books for almost nothing. We are only carrying out the Divine Plan, inaugurated only by The Progressive Thinker. There are thousands of Spiritualists who take no Spiritualist paper, and this inducement is offered, in order that they may commence forming at once a Spiritual and Occult Library, and thus keep in line with the advancing procession. The postage on the above books and expense of mailing is about 45 cents, hence you are almost receiving them as an absolute gift. These books

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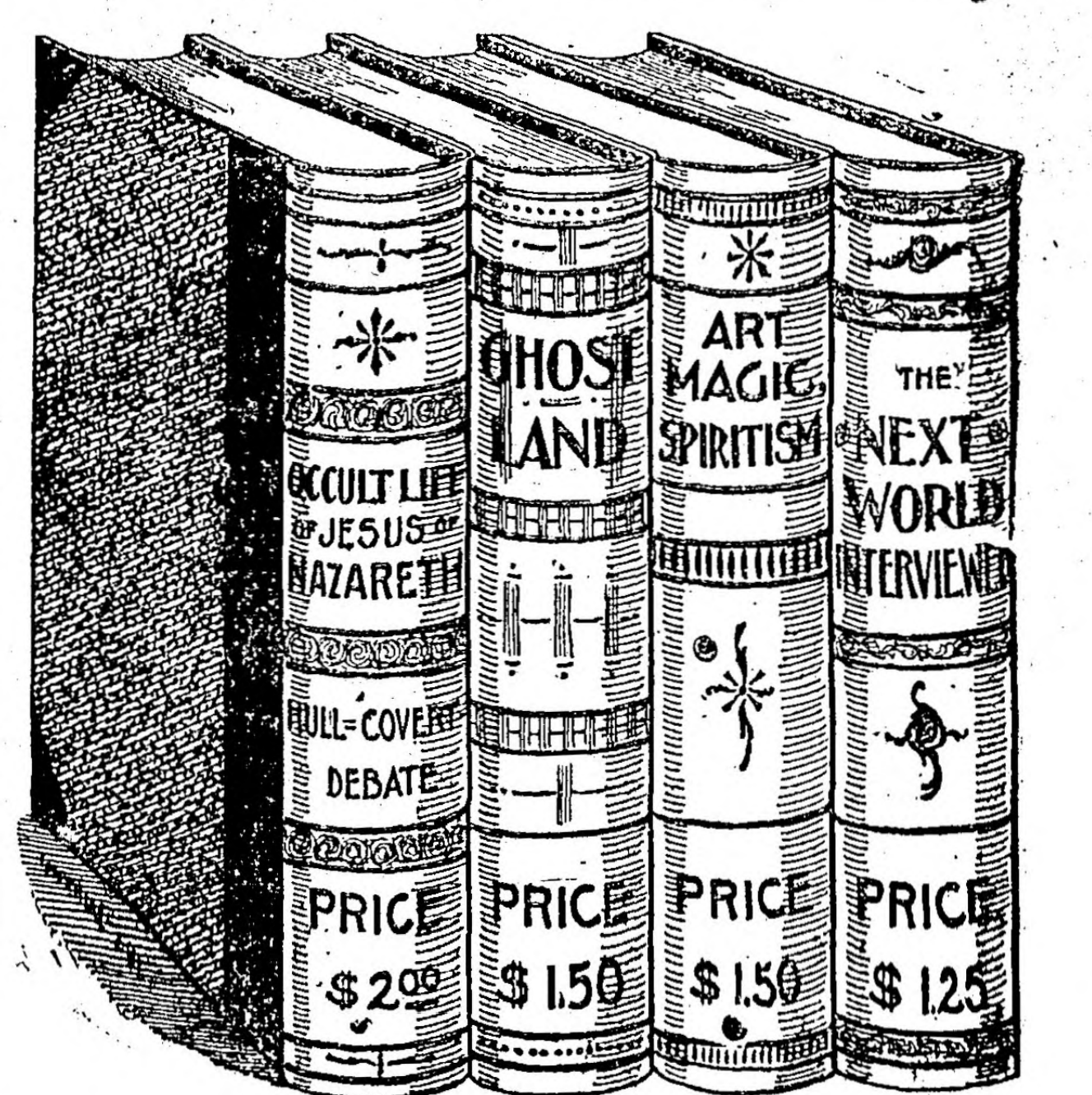
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LETTER NUMBER ELEVEN.

We have, in these letters, been trying to teach just how spirits inspire men, women and children, and we are met by the assertion that inspiration ceased long ago. After all, this seems to be the fact that is split, or the dividing line between the Spiritualist and the good old orthodox—for they are good, the most of them, they are level-headed and are not lunatics or even crazy—but this diverging line—let us see if we cannot bring the paths nearer together.

All intelligent people to-day believe that the world is more enlightened than formerly; they think that men's brains are larger and of finer quality than in the olden days; they tell you of the wonderful achievements in the arts and sciences; they will point to the telephone, the telegraph, the X-ray, as proof of their assertion, and we smile benignly and interestedly and are most happy to agree with them; really, we seem to be walking side by side with them. Surely, this split hair must be very fine indeed—but the point of difference—let us try to discover it: When did inspiration cease? Could you point out the exact date? Did all inspiration cease with Jesus of Nazareth? No; you think his disciples were inspired also—Paul, John, on the Isle of Patmos, and many others. And did not Jesus and his disciples distinctly say, "Go ye and do likewise?" If they were inspired to write, heal the sick, make the lame walk and the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and they told mankind to go and do likewise, pray tell us when and where inspiration ceased? If, as you say, you think inspiration has ceased, then men must have degenerated instead of progressing, their brains must have become smaller and of coarser texture; but you agree with me that this is not so. If their brains are larger and finer than formerly, are they not more easily inspired? Do they not more nearly approach the spiritual? A photographer will tell you that the finer and more sensitive his plate, the better the picture stamped thereon; and we tell you, dear orthodox friends, that the larger and finer the brain of a man or woman, the better the thought pictures which we stamp, or photograph upon them; and this is the modus operandi of that which is called inspiration.

Come, my good orthodox brother or sister, let us walk together. The lines do not diverge so much, after all. Let us get over the childish habit of making faces, calling names and saying, "You shan't play in my back yard." Let us be noble, generous, forgiving men and women, either in or out of the body.

Many who philosophise and write of the celestial or spiritual life, apparently forget that more than two-thirds of all who come here are women and children, and they range all the way from the tiny infant to the adult. Comparatively few persons live to be aged, and two-thirds of all who live on earth are women and children; but many writers seem to ignore this fact and seemingly write only for those who are capable of deep, abstruse reasoning. This is especially noticeable in Spiritualistic writings. This is a great mistake and ought to be rectified.

The average woman, more especially if she be young, takes up a spiritual journal, glances over it, then throws it down with a yawn. "The dry stuff," she murmurs. "I don't understand it, and can't get interested in it. Why don't they print some charming stories, something interesting?" And children never think of reading a word in these papers, and as we said before two-thirds of the world are women and children, young men and maidens—perhaps more than two-thirds.

Now this is not as it should be. If this large majority could be interested the world would move on more rapidly. "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." Very few women seem to write for the Spiritualistic press. Now this is a great pity, for women writers would interest this great majority far more than male philosophers possibly can. Nearly all the interesting writing and stories of the present time are written by women, but these women are not Spiritualists and these books and stories contain no hint of the life after the death of the body. Whenever the subject is touched upon at all, it simply accords with the orthodox standard. We often wish that some of the spiritual lecturers and writers would come down from their stilts and talk and write so that this large majority could fully understand them and become interested in what they have to write or say.

My dear son, Carlyle, from the time I first ventured to take control and write, I have tried to write great truths in simple language. Simple, concise language seems to be greatly needed at the present time among Spiritualists. Some of the grandest truths that have ever been given to the world have been given through poetry, romance and novel writing, for these are especially attractive to the great majority, and it is the same here in the celestial world.

How do you suppose we teach this great majority? A tiny infant, a small child or even a youth or maiden, to say nothing of the average woman and common-place man, cannot and do not comprehend abstruse reasoning on difficult subjects and problems. It even has been said by some writers, that nothing was immortal but the higher moral and reasoning faculties of man. I suppose they included woman, but they did not say so.

A babe an hour old has no reason whatever, and young children have very little or none. A young calf, a colt, a dog, a cat, or almost any young animal one can mention has more reason a few hours after birth than a child in as many months. Does anyone think of denying that these little children are immortal? We are also aware that some writers and thinkers have said that the lower, or perhaps the very lowest races of men, were not immortal; but these writers and thinkers are certainly mistaken. Let me ask those who think thus, where they draw the dividing line? The lower nations of mankind are simply infantile in intellect and can no more be denied immortality than can the infants of the higher races of men. There can be no dividing line drawn anywhere. All things are immortal. Life is spirit and spirit is immortal in whatever form it may exist. The tiniest blade of grass is just as immortal as is man. No form, when once attained, is ever resolved back into elementary principles. Matter falls away from it but the form is retained forevermore.

If matter falls away from the spiritual forms of humanity, it falls away from all other forms in precisely the same way, leaving the spiritual form intact; for the life of anything is its spiritual form more or less developed.

(To be continued.)

A Plea for Kindness.

Ever since last fall, after the convention at Chicago, I have watched the inflowing thought from the pens of the many intelligent writers. While I have read the same with much interest, I cannot say I always read with pleasure, because of the sometimes sarcasm, or severe unkind criticism. Now, in my opinion, no one finite being can comprehend the infinite any more than any other finite being can. We can only give our own individual opinion, and that ought to be given in all kindness.

True, some entertain a more exalted view or conception of that all-powerful something we have been taught to call God, Infinite Intelligence, or Supreme Being. Some time since, in a little article, I quoted the poet's few words, "Whatever is, is right." Some time after, another writer quoted the same, whereupon another writer wrote some very cutting words concerning the quotation. Now, as a matter of course, when writing and using such a quotation, the mind does not take in at a glance all the hidden crimes or the lesser, but merely a few of the questions in mind at the time; like, for instance, the question of the proceedings of the convention, in forming what it

has pleased some to call a creed. I have felt many times, while reading the many able criticisms on the same, that indeed it does seem that "Whatever is, is right"—for what seemed such a woful error in the forming of a creed or code of principles, has been the means of awakening and bringing out a flood of thought that never would have been given to your readers had it not been for that seemingly great error. I am led to pen these few lines because of the frequent attacks by those who are just beginning to investigate, also by others not friendly to the cause, both claiming there is too much bickering in our ranks for Spiritualism to stand or progress. However plain that may seem to be, I take it as showing Spiritualists to be a wonderful thinking people, notwithstanding they differ widely on some questions, which is surely a great blessing and benefit to each other.

While writing, I would like to solicit a discussion by our many advanced thinkers on the question of what the orthodox and some Spiritualists call the "second birth," change of heart, or conversion. Recently I met a medium who claims the perfect and direct guidance of "The Sun Angels of Light," giving the important information that, "except we be born again we cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." MARY E. MATHEWS.

New Philadelphia, Ohio.

CONSCIENCE.

It is an Innate Principle Implanted in Man by Nature.

In the organization of every human being born is the germ of conscience. This germ, developed by years and experience, tells a man he is morally right or wrong, mean or noble. In some children this faculty asserts its way very early, leading the child to play fair with its companions, tell the truth to its parents, and to judge with astonishing precocity as to "yours and mine," and all this without lecturing or rehearsed lessons from anyone. Proof of this is familiar to every observer.

In another child this germ of conscience may be so hidden in a depraved and selfish nature that it plays a subordinate part in all the career of the individual. Yet the germ is there in one case as truly as in the other.

Neither education, nor growth, nor yet experience creates any element of man. In the child must be some talent for music, otherwise how could he be taught music? The teacher does not create the tuneless faculty in the child. Neither does the painter create the talent for colors in his student. Precisely so, the teacher of morals creates no faculty, no element. Occasionally some writer falls into the old and often refuted metaphysical blunder that conscience is wholly a taught principle. If this were true, how in the name of common sense could man teach something of which he had no conception himself? As well could the fish without eyes, swimming in the streams of Mammoth Cave, give lessons in landscape painting. The very statement of the situation shows the extreme absurdity of the theory that conscience is wholly something taught. As well talk of man's writing works on civil engineering when in all the human race there was no talent for mathematics.

The only refuge from this absurd position is in the assumption that priests have taught the world of a conscience. Who taught the priests, if this is wholly taught? "They got it from books," I hear you say. Who wrote the books? "Why, priests," and there you are. You have totally refuted and upset your own position. Another question: What priests? This sense of right and wrong is found in the tropics among men who, in a state of nudity dream away existence, subsisting on the mussel and oyster, on the fruit that grows wild, having no written language, no history, no government. What priest taught them to give evidence of a conscience? The same proof is found among the Eskimos and the American Indians.

But larger and far stronger proof is found in the great systems of theology. Go to Confucius, or Buddha, or Zoroaster, or Mahomet, or Jesus, and differ as they will otherwise, they agree, as indeed all the world agrees, on the great fundamentals of justice and charity and self-sacrifice. Conscience is the spinal column around which is built every system of divinity or morals on earth. Why? Because the great teachers would build on the only foundation available, the natural elements of the human soul. Jesus began his preaching by saying, "Judge ye not of yourselves what is right." He clearly did not assume that conscience was wholly a taught principle, but exactly the reverse. And if He did not understand the moral elements of man, we are still waiting for one to come who does.

That men differ as to what is right, in specific cases, only proves that they are exercising the very faculty that is one of the constitutional elements of our being. The measure and training of intellectual gifts, heredity and circumstances will in a measure determine the exercise of conscience. To say that they create this gift would be as logical as to say that there is no such thing as a talent for music because some who are musical like a bass drum, others a mandolin, some sing "A Hot Time in the Old Town," others Coronation, or Stabat Mater. The world would be a den of tigers, without the native element of conscience in every human being; rather it is inconceivable what it would be, for all there is of law, order, peace, harmony, is due to this gift.

W. H. HARRINGTON.

DO THEY STRIP THE BAD BOYS BARE?

Have they shingles up in heaven, mother?

Wear they slippers over there?

Have they switches there, my mother,

And do they strip the bad boys bare?

I have heard they punish bad ones, mother—

Boys who said no evening prayer—

Boys who swore and "hooked" mother;

And do they strip the bad boys bare?

Now I know a curly-headed fellow,

A chap with black and curly hair,

Who distracted mother with his bellow:

Say, do they strip the bad boys bare?

Do the spirits watch a fellow, mother,

Till he grows to manhood fair—

Keep the records of his meanness, mother?

And do they strip the bad boys bare?

I have lingered till the frost-time, mother,

Has quite silvered o'er my hair,

And, no doubt, have injured someone, mother;

And do they strip the bad boys bare?

I have suffered little here, dear mother,

For sins—I hope my fullest share—

For I am grown and bashful, mother;

Oh, do they strip the bad boys bare?

I can stand and be dismantled, mother,

In the spirit, but do not care

To be punished—made all striped—mother;

Say, do they strip the bad boys bare?

Dr. T. Wilkins in The Lyceum.

That man is not poor who has the use of things necessary.—Horace.

The man of pleasure should more properly be termed the man of pain.—Colton.

It is hard for a haughty man ever to forgive one who has caught him at fault.—Bryere.

Friendship must be something else than a society for mutual improvement—indeed, it must only be that by the way, and to some extent unconsciously.—Stevenson.

COGENT COMMENTS.

Pertinent to a Variety of Subjects.

I cannot see anything so very bad the matter with the Declaration of Principles adopted by the N. S. A. It seems to me that some do not understand whether "Infinite Intelligence" means a personal or an impersonal God. As I understand it, it means God, the God, or Gods, but just plain God—here give me your definition of the same.

It is the fountain source of all laws; the eternal life-principle of all that is; the Supreme Will, Infinite Intelligence, Master Mind, Sovereign Force, Conscious Energy, Atomic Law, and all that tends to create, form, discover, and unite the independent, the infinitesimal, molecular particles, which consolidated from the visible system of universes, following the dictates of the Universal All, of which the vital forces are but lines of a great battery, wherein are generated all that ever was, is, or ever shall be. This Great Eye sees all things, is in everything, is the life of all that is, and is the Hand that gathers together the diver and the turtle, the young and the old, with no respect to cause, or use, or view of change. Every soul is a part of this Great Soul, and when parted from the earthly dress, passes to the arms of the Great Androgyne, to wander through the lands of ecstatic bliss, and culm from the Plant of Life the never-dying flowers of eternity. The thought of God is the act of the germs of planetary life, and new organisms are the result. Thought is the action of the Great All in its ethereal zone. There is no such thing as chance; nothing happens; whatever is to be, will be, was so intended to be or else it would have been some other way. God, therefore, is Nature, and knows no right or wrong as man sees it; has, then, no moral sense of such things, as man terms it with his finite mind. This is a rough idea of the kind of God I believe in.

The two essentials which underlie all other religions are the conceptions of Deity and of the future life. Of the latter the experiences of this century have proven that the religious teachers knew nothing whatever and that what is known by Spiritualists only The interests of the old order of things need to have the public understand that the demonstration of a continued life is not such but is deception and delusion instead. This position gets great strength from those posing as Spiritualists who hunt for fraud in place of seeking for truth, making themselves believe they are one and the same. If there is anything we stand for to declare to the world, it is the proofs given us of life's continuity through the re-discovery of a spirit world and intercommunication between the two.

But when we approach the subject of Deity we find something vastly different. It is something which in no way concerns us. The idea of an Infinite Intelligence cannot be placed before the world without bringing with it the conception of a personal God evolved from a past time period of "primitive guesses," and unceasingly foisted on mankind since as the one belief essential to a life of devotion and goodness. Its announcement at once fills the average mind with the falsehood evolved by man when but a grade removed from the ape. Nothing new has been added to this conception from those with a discernable experience. The fact that a cause lies beyond all known causes in the universe, is conceded alike by the most radical atheist, the liberal churchman, and the most superstitious religiousist; the latter only professing to know what the others do not.

Now I would not be recreant to the divine lessons by angels given—the doctrine of the human brotherhood, as to unnecessarily wound the feelings of any believer in what to him is sacred. One may be sure of the divinity of the man in the moon—it is my place to treat him with the kindest consideration, and because he is absorbed in the moon; yet I contend that the subject of Deity is one that is in no way connected with our work as Spiritualists; while all the world's experience, with its helms of suffering, injustice and tyranny—its oceans of blood—all forbid the introduction of such a cause of discord with the angelic message of peace and consolation that comes with the reunion of the two worlds. Let me be thoroughly understood in stating it is not directly a part of Spiritualism to enter antagonism or to teach God; but to leave this subject with those who do, toward whom with all others we shall ever manifest the angel-taught doctrine of human brotherhood.

It has been tritely asked by one of our best workers, in the future history of Spiritualism will it be absorbed in the church or will the church be absorbed into Spiritualism? It is a serious outlook for one who loves the work, and the world's experience, with its helms of suffering, injustice and tyranny—its oceans of blood—all forbid the introduction of such a cause of discord with the angelic message of peace and consolation that comes with the reunion of the two worlds. Let me be thoroughly understood in stating it is not directly a part of Spiritualism to enter antagonism or to teach God; but to leave this subject with those who do, toward whom with all others we shall ever manifest the angel-taught doctrine of human brotherhood.

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It is a sad fact that persons can come into our ranks and take to themselves the place of representing our views to the world, whose ideas of the grandeur of Spiritualism are so obscured by a hankering for the fleshpots of Egypt's darkness and falsehood, as to grieve those who are called upon to run the gauntlet of the world's ignorance and scorn in its defense. Yet this has been done. May heaven pity these misguided persons when in the future Spiritualism's history shall be written! H. W. BOOZER.

Why should they forget it? They love us just as of old. There is nothing in the fact of death to change a man's character, to change a man's purpose or aspirations or desires. Death does not turn us into angels or devils, nor make ghosts of us. It simply leaves us what it found us. I believe, then, that our friends in the other life have bodies as substantial and real as are these that we wear, and there is nothing in science to contradict such a hope or belief. What do they do over there? I believe they lead purely human lives, just as natural lives as we lead here. It will be endless growth over there. Imagine yourself over there perfectly wise, perfectly happy, every desire, wish, and longing satisfied, and sitting down that way for a thousand years? I, for one, would not have that kind of world if I could. G. FIGLEY.

Ney, Ohio.

IMPORTANT QUESTION.

The New or the Old—Which?

To the Editor:—Your correspondent has not given expression regarding the late convention's declaration of principles, for the reason that he desired to see from the consensus of opinion all that could in clarity be said of such a public utterance. It is little to say that Spiritualism, as pioneered and defended against assault for half a century, he considered unwarrantably misrepresented, the falsity being only equaled by its audacity and untimeliness. One of the saddest things in the history of the cause is the presence and activity of persons who would make Spiritualism an imitator of the world's falsehood and direct it of the softest of the tongue to a divine and ennobling truth. Could all who have connected themselves with the movement have been impressed with the necessity of making every part of it as original in its character as possible, so as to avoid copying the ways of others, we would now be respected as people with our own ideas and as having brought up new themes.

The two essentials which underlie all other religions are the conceptions of Deity and of the future life. Of the latter the experiences of this century have proven that the religious teachers knew nothing whatever and that what is known by Spiritualists only The interests of the old order of things need to have the public understand that the demonstration of a continued life is not such but is deception and delusion instead. This position gets great strength from those posing as Spiritualists who hunt for fraud in place of seeking for truth, making themselves believe they are one and the same. If there is anything we stand for to declare to the world, it is the proofs given us of life's continuity through the re-discovery of a spirit world and intercommunication between the two.

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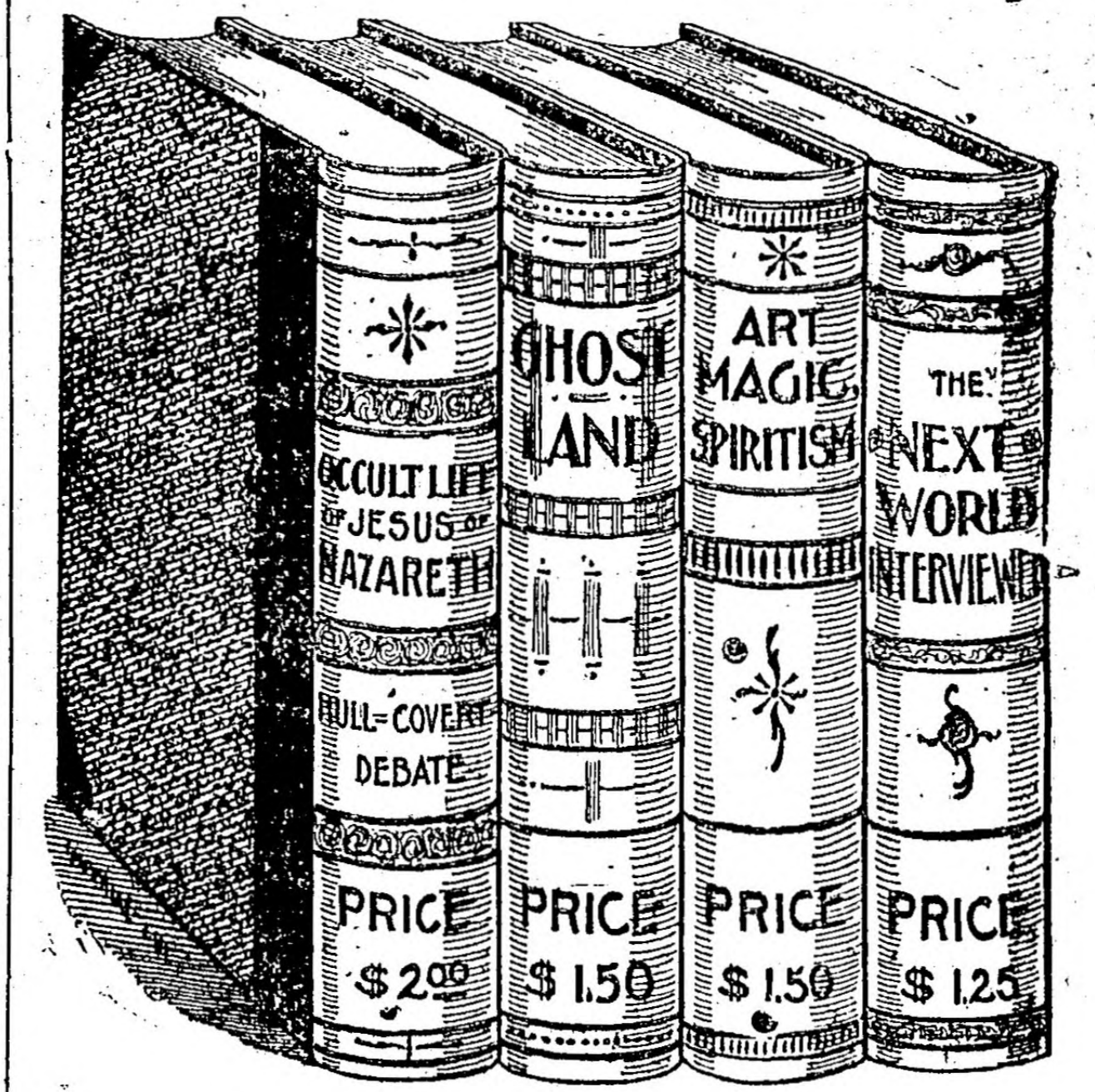
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PROF. HYSLOP'S REPORT ON MRS. PIPER.

He Declares Positively there Is No Other Explanation than Spiritism.

At a regular meeting of the Society of Psychical Research, which took place at Allston Hall, Boston, Feb. 9, Prof. Hyslop, of Columbia College, gave his long-awaited report of his experiences with Mrs. Piper, the celebrated medium, which have resulted in his belief in Spiritualism and spirit communication from the dead to the living, and which is given in full in the New York World.

NO FRAUD ABOUT MRS. PIPER.

Prof. Hyslop went on to say that his report covered the entire sitting, and that Mrs. Piper, and the other mediums, had been subjected to the scrutiny, the detective service that has surrounded Mrs. Piper. Therefore Prof. Hyslop said that any opponent who advanced such an argument simply had no standing in the courts.

Prof. Hyslop said that his sittings with Mrs. Piper had been conducted with the greatest possible care and secrecy. Without the medium's knowledge as to whom she was to receive he had been conducted to her house and introduced as "Mr. Smith."

"MR. SMITH" IN BLACK MASK. He had worn a black mask through which it would have been impossible for his nearest friend to recognize him, and he had religiously refrained from uttering a syllable, so that neither Mrs. Piper nor any one else could have identified him.

Mrs. Piper was controlled during her early years, continued Prof. Hyslop, by a personality that went under the name of Dr. Phinuit, and who, according to his own account, was in life known as John Phinuit Schelle, a Frenchman born in Marseilles in 1785, a graduate of medicine, a traveler, who died when seventy years of age of leprosy, which he described as unpleasant.

Dr. Phinuit declared that his business was to communicate with those in the body and make them believe in the existence of spirits. He got himself into disrepute and behaved so badly that Prof. Hyslop, when pursuing his investigations, did not hesitate to say that while he believed Mrs. Piper herself was thoroughly honest, he was convinced that her trance personality was a preposterous scoundrel.

When Dr. Phinuit had control of Mrs. Piper, the manner in which she made her revelations was quite different from that of today. In Phinuit days the room was darkened and she held her hands. This holding of hands has been open to the objection of lending itself to the telepathic idea.

At present Mrs. Piper sits in broad daylight and does not touch the sitters.

"G. P." SUCCEEDS "PHINUIT." Phinuit disappeared in 1892 and "G. P.," a new personality, who had for a time alternated with the Doctor, now took entire control.

"G. P." or George Pelham, was in his lifetime a friend of Prof. Hodgson and was a member of the Psychical Research Society. He died as the result of an accident, only five weeks before he first made manifestations through Mrs. Piper.

Prof. Hyslop said that during his life he had been an unbeliever in the immortality of the soul, and he had laughingly assured Dr. Hodgson that if by chance he should die first and were to ascertain that he had been mistaken, he would give some signs of his spirit existence.

Pelham's control was superseded by the installment of "Imperator" and "Reclor," who now have charge of Mrs. Piper, and to use Prof. Hyslop's words—may be called "Mrs. Piper's transcendental syndicate." Mrs. Piper sits in a light room by a table upon which there are a number of cushions. It may take ten minutes before the trance condition is complete. When it is, her head falls to the cushions so that she cannot see her right hand, which rests upon the table.

A writing pad is put before the hand and a pencil placed between the first and second fingers, and the medium writes. All the spirit conversations are carried on in this way.

Prof. Hyslop says that the first four sittings he held he considered very unsatisfactory. Mrs. Piper told him at the first sitting that his brother Charles wished to speak with him, and that his brother, who died when he was but four years old, had asked him one or two questions which Prof. Hyslop did not regard as evidential.

SPRIT KNEW ALL ABOUT HIM. At the second sitting the Professor's father spoke with him, calling him by name and asked him if he recollected various things.

For example: "James, do you remember my little brown knife? Do you recall my cane with my initials carved on it?" and numerous other apparently trivial questions.

Prof. Hyslop reported his failure to find anything very satisfying, and not until four months later, and after long correspondence with his stepmother and various other relatives, did the value of the first messages reveal itself.

The Professor's stepmother remembered the knife, which was, she said, the one Mr. Hyslop used for years to pare his nails with, and the cane with the carved initials was one Prof. Hyslop had never seen or heard of, but which his father's second wife knew all about.

When Prof. Hyslop resumed his sittings with Mrs. Piper, his father asked to communicate. Then the Professor told of his father's asking about the building of a broken fence, the payment of delinquent taxes, the placing of an organ in a Methodist church, and the almost life-long feud which had existed between himself and a neighbor whose dog had destroyed one of Mr. Hyslop's sheep.

Prof. Hyslop's sisters, Anna and Eliza, also communicated with him, referring frequently to incidents Prof. Hyslop knew nothing of, but which when hunted up always proved true. Sometimes it would take weeks to get at these facts. Then some aunt or cousin or more distant relative would be found and the result would always be a corroboration of the spirit statement.

Prof. Hyslop said his father had always had a terrible dread of cancer. When General Grant died the senior Mr. Hyslop said: "I don't know what I should do if I thought I had a cancer of the larynx." As an actual fact, he had one, and the fearful truth was kept from him to the end. He died believing

WHY DID MY THROAT SWELL?

Prof. Hyslop at one sitting, said: "Father, do you remember when you passed over—when you suffered?"

The answer was: "I felt my heart beats grow faint. I knew I was going. Yours was the last voice I heard. But, James, why did my throat swell so?"

"Now," said Prof. Hyslop, "I was the last person to speak to my father. I closed his eyes. His throat swelled from the cancer of which he never knew."

The conclusion from this statement would naturally be that the spirit has no superhuman knowledge of events which were not known on earth, nor as other incidents which Prof. Hyslop relates would prove—can the disembodied spirit apparently tell what is going to occur. Thought transference must be eliminated with telepathy in considering the Piper phenomena.

Prof. Hyslop once said for Prof. Hyslop, making himself known to the departed father as "James' friend." The tests were even more successful, and facts were elicited that had long escaped Prof. Hyslop's memory and that Dr. Hodgson could not possibly know.

Speaking of the triviality of the identification tests, Prof. Hyslop said that for his own satisfaction he had telegraphed wires placed between two of the College buildings.

Prof. Hyslop said that he had telegraphed that A should be at one end of the wire and B at the other. A should know that B was there, but should not know who A was.

In order to identify A, B "reminisced," and his questions were quite as trivial as any of the spirit inquiries.

"In fact," said Prof. Hyslop, "when a lot of stupid men and women of mature age get to recollect old memories, they do so with a surprising accuracy."

Prof. Hyslop said that once again he wished to say there was no fraud in the Piper manifestation.

If the telepathic and thought transference hypothesis were rejected he would like the honest skeptic to explain the phenomena.

At the conclusion of the lecture Dr. Hodgson asked for questions or remarks upon the paper just read. A gentleman in the audience arose and asked Prof. Hyslop if his experience with Mrs. Piper had resulted in his acceptance of Spiritism.

Prof. Hyslop replied, "It positively has done so; there is no other explanation but Spiritism."

Seeress Told of Cave and Treasure. Berryville, Va., Feb. 17.—Great excitement has been created in this vicinity by the announcement that a cave had been discovered on the farm of Mrs. Mattie Dorch and her sister, Miss Sella Williams.

The circumstances which led to the discovery of the cave seem almost too strange to be true, but the prominence of the persons who vouch for their truth leaves no room for doubt. Mr. Henry Williams, a brother of the ladies above named, says that some weeks ago his sister, Mrs. Dorch, was visiting in Baltimore. In the same house where she was staying was an old lady, recently from Scotland, her native country.

Mrs. Dorch was told that this old lady had at various times foretold the discovery of money, and one day, more from curiosity than from any real belief in her powers of divination, she said to her, "I wish you would tell me where to find a fortune on my farm in Virginia." For a few minutes she said nothing, then, turning to Mrs. Dorch, she described accurately the farm here; told her that just west of the house was an old spring; so many feet from the front door, and that if an opening was made at a point between the two, which she described, a cave would be found; in that cave a well of water, human bones and a chest of gold and precious stones.

So impressed was Mrs. Dorch with what had been told her that upon her return here she told her family. Digging was begun two weeks ago, the cave was found and in it the well and bones, just as foretold. The cave contains several quite large toms, and from the new being steadily pushed on in the hope that the chest of gold will also be unearthed.—New York Journal.

Foretells a Storm and Finds Thief. Mrs. Mary J. Wright, of New Haven, Conn., is much in the public eye at present owing to the wonderful clairvoyant power she has developed. Her careful study of the occult, combined with her natural ability as a medium, has led to some of the most remarkable tests.

On an intimate friend, the wife of a New Haven banker, Mrs. Wright, when spending an evening with her, said that she and her husband must give up a trip South they had planned because a terrific storm would cause them much discomfort if they persisted in going. This was a whole month before the blizzard of 1898. True to Mrs. Wright's prediction, the storm swept down upon the country on the very day she said it would.

Another time the brother of a friend said: "Help me to find who is stealing from my cash drawer in my shop." Mrs. Wright located the thief, who turned out to be the man's own nephew.

Mrs. Wright is a most attractive woman, with a winning magnetic manner. It seems that her psychic gift began when she was a very young girl and has been the most potent influence in her life.—New York World.

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A SPIRIT'S REVENGE.

Drives an Officer Over a Cliff.

There were four companies of us holding a gap in the mountains of east Tennessee under command of Maj. Bell. Now and then our outpost had a brush with the enemy or were fired upon by bushwhackers, but there were long intervals of security. We were well away from war and its alarms and horrors, and the rank and file were glad of the rest. So, too, were the officers, except the major. At rare intervals in the army during the civil war you found a soldier who delighted in killing. He was a man who would have committed murder at home, but for his fear of the law. He enlisted that he might satisfy his cravings for bloodshed and fear no punishment. Such a man was always an outlaw in his own company and had neither chum nor tentmate. It was a soldier's duty to kill, but in war killing was sometimes mean murder. The major would have been outlawed as a private soldier. He was a man who thirsted for blood.

He did not take us long to find him out, and we hated him as a man, a soldier and an officer. There came into our camp one day a half-witted young man, the son of a mountaineer living three or four miles away. His only object was to satisfy his curiosity, but the major wanted a victim. He had the boy arrested as a spy and after a drum-head court-martial there was a hanging. When the mother and sister of the dead man came to cry out against the monstrous injustice they were imprisoned for a week and then escorted out of camp.

A union man who had been in hiding for weeks in a cave in the mountains came down to offer his services. We had him at one of the outposts for three hours before taking him into camp, and his honest face and frank speech satisfied us that he was what he claimed to be. He had never been in the army, but he was arrested as a spy, and even before his trial, he was warned by the major to prepare for death. There were union women and children within two or three miles of us who could have testified for the prisoner, but they were not permitted to. His court-martial was rushed through and he was hanged as a spy.

MEN REFUSED TO COMMIT MURDER.

As I said, the enemy sent down a detachment of regular troops now and then to feel us. There would be a sharp skirmish, perhaps, with half a dozen killed or wounded, and that would be the end of it. On one occasion, after one of these attacks, the major led two companies of us in pursuit of the retreating force. Not being aware of the presence of the enemy, the men were sent against us had halfed after an hour's march and most of them were bathing in a river when we came up. We had shot them at our mercy and could have sent every man down. Our orders were to kill. The major rode up and down and ordered and stormed and cursed, but not one of us would fire upon the unarmed and helpless men. With arms in their hands and opposing us, they would have been coming down on us as we did it would have been murder. Most of them swam to the other bank and escaped and the few we did capture had to be treated as prisoners of war. In revenge, the major put every company officer under arrest and smirched our good name as far as he possibly could.

There were a few guerrillas in our neighborhood—men who shot a forger or run off a horse now and then. As a matter of fact, these men were outlawed by both sides and preyed on both. At any rate, they had scattered families in the mountain caves had no influence over them, but were continually harassed and robbed. One day it occurred to the major that the way to get rid of the guerrillas was to get rid of the inhabitants, and we were ordered out to clear the country. Eleven families were driven out and their cabins burned and crops destroyed. In the last cabin we found a Confederate soldier. He was a young man under 20 years of age, who had been wounded in battle and given a furlough. At any rate, they had scattered families in the mountain caves had no influence over them, but were continually harassed and robbed. One day it occurred to the major that the way to get rid of the guerrillas was to get rid of the inhabitants, and we were ordered out to clear the country. 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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 assertive, 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.

NOTE.—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 correspondents is expected.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

John Burgess Brown: Q. When the mind reaches its highest possibilities is there any danger of its falling into dementia? Nesbit (in the *Insanity of Genius*, London, 1891) claims that genius and insanity are but different phases of a morbid susceptibility or a want of balance in the cerebro-spinal system.

Lombroso (in *L'Homme de Genie*) says that from an anatomical and biological study of men and genius, who are semi-insane, from an investigation of the pathology of genius, of their apparitions, marks of which are almost always left in their descendants, there arises the conception of the morbid degenerative nature of genius.

Pascal says that extreme mind is close to extreme insanity. While then, some alienists hold that genius is a pathological condition of the nervous system, a hypersthesia, a nervous mental condition, others do not go so far, yet all seem to be agreed that the relation between insanity and genius is very close. Please give us your views on this subject.

A. In reply to this important and much discussed question, by the study of the phenomena in the light of the most advanced spiritual science we take the exactly opposite view of that expressed by Lombroso and other alienists maintaining that genius is a manifestation of mind, and not of insanity. To make this subject understood, the words by which it is expressed must be distinctly and clearly defined. The conflict comes here as in most understandings my misapprehension of words, and juggling with their meaning.

Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, an accepted authority on dementia, defines it as "a manifestation of a disease of the brain, characterized by a general or partial derangement of one or more faculties of the mind, and while consciousness is not abolished, mental freedom is weakened, perverted or destroyed. An essential feature of the definition here given is that insanity depends upon a diseased condition of the brain." The old view that insanity is a disease of the mind itself, independent of its physical relation to the brain, has been the cause of confusion of thought, and is the source of the theory which allies it to genius. The modern view, however, is that the functions of the brain as materialized, for if the latter claims it to be the organ in which the mind has its origin, the former cannot avoid the conclusion that it is through and by means of the brain the spirit is manifested, and any disorder of the brain interferes with such manifestations. Hence these extreme views rest on identical the same basis.

The brain is an organ to which in delicacy of structure, the finest mechanism ever made by man can not be compared, and wonderful as are the manifold contrivances to prevent its being injured, by accident from without, or lesions from within, these cannot be entirely avoided. Intense use of any portion of the brain, calls for a greater supply of blood, distends the arteries, and carried beyond a limit, causes congestion of the brain. This follows abnormal cell formation, a tension and overactivity of nerve-force, or a deficiency. This may involve the whole brain, or a part, giving rise to various forms of mental aberration. Scanty food, depletion, exhaustion of vital energies by excesses, all lead up to organic changes which are manifested by insanity.

In all phases, there is never exhibited a prolonged and persistent intellectual superiority to that of the subject. Even when what is called intellectual insanity, when the purely mental portion of the brain is involved, the mind of the subject does not rise to a higher plane. In every case, the symptoms are those of physical disease. The expression of the face, the movements indicate organic lesions and changes.

Now we will turn to genius and obtain if we can a clear conception of what it is. The definition given in the Century Dictionary leaves little to be asked for.

"Exquisite mental power distinguished by intense aptitude and independent tuition; phenomenal capability derived from inspiration or exaltation, or intellectual creation or expression; that constitution of the mind or perfection of the faculties which enables a person to excel others in mental perception, comprehension, discrimination and expression, especially in literature, art and science."

It is thus clearly evident that genius and insanity are the antipodes of the mind. One is disordered, incoherent activity never above the line of mediocrity. Insanity never composed an ideal or invented a steam engine. The other is a superlative activity at times exceeding the limitations of the brain. The Spiritualist alone can understand this explanation.

To fully explain the phenomena of genius we must appeal to the subject, to a refined and perfected organism, adds receptivity, or the faculty capacitating him to receive impressions from superior intelligences. In a previous question, this "receptivity of greatness" has been discussed at length, and here can only be briefly illustrated. According to his own published letter, Tennyson wrote his exquisite verse in a trance, in which had any specialist in insanity found him, he would have at once assigned the great poet to a mad-house. Edison, he said, sits or lies for hours in an abstracted state evolving some great invention.

Dickens said that when he wrote he became so lost to everything else his

characters had voices and spoke the dialogues as he wrote them.

These and countless others which might be mentioned, to the ordinary observer were "odd," and "standing on the verge of insanity," yet they were organized and adjusted to physical and spiritual powers so to make insanity from any cause but outside accident next to impossible. A brain thus tensely exercised, and strung to the touch of spiritual beings, is in an assured condition.

And yet there must be something in the manifestations of genius, which has caused its classification with incipient insanity. It comes from that passes as genius, the initiative. Genius is always absent-minded, because receptivity demands absorption in the work in hand. When under control of the will, such concentration of mental power becomes priceless to its possessor. It is similar to the hypnotic state with none of its disadvantages, and removed to a higher plane. On the other hand, when this concentration of the attention is not controlled by the will, the condition of the unfortunate subject is most deplorable. He is lost in reverie, a dreamy, misty state of mind which unfits him for the duties of life. The difference is that between the forgetfulness of duty which has been the butt of endless ridicule and burlesque on the stage, and the reaches of thought attained by poets, sages and philosophers.

The old idea that the spirit of itself, was insane, must be discarded before a clear and correct one can be arrived at. This once was so firmly held that insanity was regarded almost criminal and the theologian and metaphysician were called on to effect a cure, instead of the pathologist and physician. Insanity is the result of diseased condition of the brain, when the mind "reaches its highest possibilities," it has the most perfect working instrument in its possession, so perfect as to be a receiver of spiritual thought currents, and is removed to the farthest limits from insanity, which means the disintegration or degeneration of that organ.

Joseph Carr: Q. Is it true that Mr. Hay, President McKinley's Secretary of State, emphatically denied that Abraham Lincoln held spiritual seances at the White House, or had anything to do with Spiritualism? In what form was the denial published?

A. I cannot say when Mr. Hay published a letter in which he made a petting denial. The book written by Nettie C. Maynard, "Was Lincoln a Spiritualist?" wherein she gives her remarkable seances with that noble man and his wife, forever sets the question at rest. Her integrity and truthfulness are above reproach, and she is abundant of substantiating testimony.

W. T. Greene (foresees events, as on Tuesday saw the general points of the Spirit Kop engagement of Tuesday, Wednesday and Wednesday night, which was not verified until Saturday: By what power do I see such scenes, and how shall I proceed to cultivate it for the good of humanity?

A. Such prophetic vision, and seeing distant scenes, is a manifestation of the intuitive and sensitive powers of one's own spirit, at the same time enables the near approach and communion of other spirits. The home circle is one of the most efficient means for the culture of this receptivity.

The Pictures in "Rending the Veil."

I desire to correct a statement in that unique work, "Rending the Veil," made in paragraph 122, in relation to some of the illustrations. The statement is: "Neither is there an exact counterpart of any of the other pictures sketched in the book, so far as we know." So far as Mr. Nixon et al are concerned I believe them, but, a big but at that, there are in existence, and had been at that time for almost thirty years, pictures of Yama, Orondo, Hiram Abiff, Omar the First and Confucius as given in "Rending the Veil."

During 1869 and 1870, Wella Anderson, the spirit artist, executed twenty-six life-size bust pictures of "The Ancient Band" for General Jonas Winchester, in San Francisco, of which I have photographic copies, of which size, and saw some of the originals during the period of their execution and all of them several times after their completion.

You may imagine my surprise upon seeing the rough sketches of five of these portraits in reading this most wonderful book. The sketches, crude as they are, are true to the very pattern of the drapery and head-gear and the tattoo monogram of the square and features I have photographed of Hiram Abiff and the medallion portrait on the bosom of Orondo. Whatever doubts I have heretofore had as to the personality of these "Ancients" is swept away by this cumulative evidence of their individuality. The Winchester pictures as works of art are wonderful in both physiognomy and beautiful drapery. To give the names of the twenty-six comprising the set would take up too much of your valuable space, but I desire to mention Gautama Buddha, Lord Brahma, Archibald Cameron and Alfred the Great. The three Englishmen are the most modern of the band if we except Abeldar and Heloise.

Such a test as this is of more value to the world than whole reams of philosophizing and speculation. It is impossible that there could have been any auto-suggestion, mind-reading, or jugglery connected with the production of these sketches made to illustrate the most marvelous book in the history of Spiritualism.

In conclusion I wish to say to your numerous readers that in my opinion The Progressive Thinker is the best journal of its kind in the world. Liberal, impartial, fearless and as its name proclaims to the world progressive, and he or she who reads it must think. When mankind awakens to thought the battle is half won.

Chrystal, Ariz.

O. F. THORNTON.

"The Molecular Hypothesis of Nature." By Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood. Prof. Lockwood is recognized as one of the ablest lecturers on the spiritual realm. In this little volume he presents in succinct form the substance of his lectures on the Molecular Hypothesis of Nature; and presents his views as demonstrating a scientific basis of Spiritualism. The book is commended to all who love to study and think. For sale at the office of The Progressive Thinker, 25 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Price \$1.00.

"Poems of Progress." By Lizzie Doten. In this volume, this peerless poet of Spiritualism may be read in her varied moods, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." It is a book to be treasured and richly enjoyed by all who love genuine poetry, and especially by Spiritualists. The volume is tastefully printed and bound. Price \$1.00.

"Woman, Church and State." A historical account of the status of woman through the Christian ages, with reminiscences of the Motherland, by Maria Joslyn. An important work for all who are students of history, etc. Paper, 75 cents. Cloth, gilt, \$1.50. For sale at this office.

SUPREME IGNORANCE.

An Analytical Review of the God Question.

All gods are theories, and all theories are propositions assumed to account for phenomena. One, or a general God, is a general theory for the explanation of all phenomena; local, or polytheistic Gods are partial theories for the explanation of classes of phenomena. Of course there are contradictions in the correctness of a theory before it is adopted at all. After the theory is adopted, however, it is a rule with science, that no matter how many facts the theory accounts for, if there is found a single fact that the theory should account for and does not, the theory falls dead and is thrown aside.

Biblical writers and the church have in their trust a theory which they claim accounts for everything that is, and that is done in the universe. If it falls in a single instance their God falls dead and must be buried, out of the way of something better, or we, like the Agnostics, must confess our inability to formulate a satisfactory theory. If a single fact conflicted with the atomic theory Science would bury it out of sight.

Another thing about theories is that they are only expected to explain what is this side and not what is beyond them. The church claims that there is nothing beyond their theory, for God is eternal and the one first great cause.

The atomic theory won't do as a first cause; for mobile atoms—as necessarily they were mobile when they formed—would not make a medium in which to exist and move. There is something about them, therefore they are not the eternal first cause.

Neither can I conceive that the "Matter" theory accounts for more than one half or one side of the universe—the physical half. Of course by a great stretch of imagination, prompted by a strong desire to make good the theory, we may conceive of thought, emotion, volition being properties of the brain and not of the matter, but an inquiry into the nature and extent of human knowledge speedily down this contention. It is the experience of both philosophy and common sense that all we know of anything is its properties.

Well, here are two radically different groups of properties, color, solidity, etc., on the one hand; thought, emotion and volition on the other. Can any thinking man say these two things are the same? Moreover we realize, the one individual in consciousness; the brain and nerve system in the matter side, and the intuitive way as something as completely foreign to the thing that knows as is a rock or log of wood. Therefore, while "Matter," as a theory, perhaps accounts for the passive unintelligent or physical side of things it falls utterly to account for the active, intelligent or spiritual side of things.

The very same objections operate against the theory that God, or the eternal first cause, is spirit, whether that contention is made by the church or any other class. The spirit theory explains only half, the spirit half, of the world.

The only defensible theory, the only theory which accounts for all the facts of the universe and falls to account for none, seems to be: Being without spirit as well as without physical attribute, but which lends itself to every possible attribute, which admits as a possible way as something as completely foreign to the thing that knows as is a rock or log of wood. Therefore, while "Matter," as a theory, perhaps accounts for the passive unintelligent or physical side of things it falls utterly to account for the active, intelligent or spiritual side of things.

But even were we to adopt this term and definition of the great, eternal first cause of all things, still we are not out of the woods. Is this "Being" intelligent, or not intelligent, as a starter? The church says he is supremely intelligent, sometimes the name for him is "Supreme Intelligence." He is not only omnipresent, omnipotent and omniscient, but "all good." All this as a very starter, so the church says.

But the church has great difficulty in maintaining the "all good" and Supreme Intelligence parts of the theory. The world is half bad, and "mostly fools." How could the bad be a self-development or evolution of a supremely good being; how could the "fools" be the outcome of a supremely intelligent being?

Of course a great deal of bunglesome patchwork is done to account for evil in the world, or the bad and fools. The Devil is introduced to bolster up their theory, otherwise here is evil which it falls to account for and must be discarded. But how happens it that a "Devil" self-develops out of a supremely "good" being? And if he did, a supremely intelligent being was in full view of all the consequences when he made him. The Devil therefore does not exist, and the theory falls.

The second effort to bolster up the theory, which showed indications of toppling down, was the sending of the "only son" to redeem a "lost" world. But how could an omnipresent and supremely intelligent Being lose a world? Sift it as you may, the "only son," if sent, was to correct the "mistakes of God" in the creation of the world. But how is it possible that an all-wise, omnipresent, omnipotent and supremely good and intelligent being should induce it if it was? Beside that, the "only son" made error, and was thus corrected the "evils" which we inflict on each other, he does not relieve us of tornadoes, earthquakes, fires and floods; and snow will still fall from the housetop on the parson's tile hat without any compunction of conscience. No wonder an eminent divine says man will never in this life be able fully to understand the depths and mysteries of the atonement. It is always difficult to understand a thing that is not, and that is indefensible if it was.

The church has had other great bothers with its theory. In an age of less searching criticism the Bible writers had plenary inspiration. Science showed that they had not as to her domain. Now, it is said, they were only inspired as to morals or ethics, and in certain other respects of which it is impossible to have any proof either way. But how about slavery and their treatment of woman?

But there is another theory, which while it coincides in "Being" as eternal, omnipresent, first great cause a starting point, is diametrically opposed to the church view as to the matter of intelligence. In this theory, Being is not only supremely intelligent but is not intelligent at all. Intelligence however is the first production, evolution or self-development, and in its turn produces other things, using Being as its material. The theory is that the universal direction was the elements, the universal matter, then vegetables, then the animal, finally man. In this theory it is not denied that there are Gods; but if so, they are not eternal at either end, and came into existence the same as man or any other old thing. How is that as a compliment to our personal God in a local heaven of which St. Peter has the keys? This theory we gather from two Hinduos of Indian philosophy, one a materialist, the other a mystic. Being a very religious man, seeing Being in everything, as he has right to do and claiming, as he has, that he was higher or above intelligence, as we don't know so well about. We like this

mystic, however, for he had Being say:

"That one, among of my servants is best beloved who fears no man—whom no man fears." Bravery, is a good thing but the man of whom it can be said "that man fears, that man will steal, that man will do any other ungodly thing, is a money pill in any country and very hard to find. This mystic places soul above sensation, intelligence above the soul, and Being above intelligence. And Cousin argues that Being above intelligence is Being without intelligence, just as intelligence above soul is intelligence without a soul. The materialist, Kapila, says the soul is the twenty-fifth production, or the result of twenty-four anterior principles coming on up from Being or matter without intelligence.

Science seems to prove this theory, if you allow us to substitute intelligence or spirit for force, and Being for matter. And the substitution is altogether legitimate since science makes no pretense of knowing what "matter" and "force" are within themselves. All scientists ask is that you follow their processes: "You may call the thing that 'processes' just any thing you like. It makes no difference with the 'law.' Le Comte, in Stewart's Conservation of Energy, says like this: A certain order of force (intelligence) raises the elements up to the mineral plane and executes all the movements on that plane; a yet higher order of force (intelligence, or spirit) originating on the animal plane, lifts matter (Being) up to the vegetable plane and executes all the movements on that plane; a still higher order of force (intelligence) originating on that plane raises vegetable matter (Being) up to the animal plane and executes all the movements on that plane; a yet higher order of force (intelligence, or spirit) originating on the animal plane, lifts matter (Being) up to the man plane and executes all the movements on that plane. If all this be true—and being 'science' it must be true, we see not why the first order of intelligence developed on the Being plane should not 'lift' Being up to the atom plane and

MEANDERINGS IN MICHIGAN.

An Up-to-Date Clergyman.

Since I closed work at Grand Rapids, January 25, I have been fairly busy in various ways, giving four lectures at Allegan, sharing the work, and intellectual, and spiritual, feasts at Lansing—"Midwinter Meeting"—and have given three lectures in Owosso, and expect to give two more next Sunday, and then proceed to Paw Paw. The Lansing meeting was called a success, and good impressions reached the people. The Universalist pastor, Rev. H. P. Bard, set a noble example; and his Sunday morning sermon was a rare specimen of liberal thought and choice expression, from which many misnamed free-thinkers might learn the meaning of unsectarian liberalism. He gently re-arranged the Christian theology—in contradistinction from the spirit of Jesus—as an enemy of freedom and progress. He said in every instance the reigning theology of Christendom had arrayed itself against new discoveries in science and all progressive reforms. The spirit of Jesus is in direct opposition to the ruling animus of organized Christianity. He would welcome every new truth, and extend the hand of good fellowship to all who were seeking spiritual light and trying to improve human conditions, and extend whole-some knowledge. Addressing the Spiritualists, who, I think, made up fully one-half of his audience, he said, in substance: "I may not be able to see as you do. The peculiar tenets of your faith may not agree with my understanding of things. I may not be able to accept as truth what you are very precious; but you believe it; I believe in your sincerity and respect your faith, and cordially welcome you to the conference of thought and co-operative effort for the discovery and application of truth."

It was a rare treat to those who heard it, and will long be remembered to the eternal credit of the speaker, and as a

IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

The Progressive Thinker needs no words of commendation, it speaks for itself. Those who do not appreciate it are either unacquainted with it or incapable of comprehending it, and both classes need our sympathy, our charity, and our instruction. Your efforts to reach and educate them are deserving of that compensation that cannot be paid in dollars and cents, but only by the gratitude and zealous support of a grateful clientele. Yours in love and truth.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

B. F. SLITER.

execute all the movements on that plane. Nor why a higher order of intelligence on the atom plane should not raise them to the elemental plane and execute all the movements on that plane. And we see not why the soul of man should not be the result of some twenty-four anterior principles or steps, as Kapila says it is.

We are glad to see that this theory encourages the Spiritualists' contention that the spiritual form "always" antedates the physical form; that the physical fashions itself on the pre-existent spiritual forms; a kind of materialization of the spirit form; for it will be observed that in the Conservation plan the higher form of spirit or intelligence antedates the "lifting" of the matter. Necessarily so if matter (Being) has no left of its own.

Now I think, on this theory, the existence of evil in this world—until we of our own heart are able to worm out of a part of it—is only what we would expect under the circumstance. It needs no Devil to account for it, and no "only son" could lift us up out of it—all of a "sudden." But every reformer—whether in politics, religion, society or what not—who gives us a "lift" out of our selfishness, up to the "plane" of Brotherhood and helps us "execute" all the movements on that plane is a part of one-brother, "savior," and we should be thankful for all small favors. But evidently our chief reliance must be in our own efforts.

Now if such is the wonderful "heft" of intelligence that it has lifted Being from what it is within itself on up to the soul of man, we see not why it should not at what we call death "lift" the soul up to the spiritual "plane" and execute all the movements on that plane." Nor why a higher order of intelligence evolving in the first heaven should not "lift" the soul up from the spiritual plane to a yet higher plane or second heaven and "execute" all the movement on that plane." And so on indefinitely. It would be but a continuation of the scientific "process" which in the ages has lifted the atom of the "beginning on up to the soul of man to day."

Why should we "bite" this process of what is called death? Home, Tenn.

F. J. RIPLEY.

SOUL COMMUNION HYMN.

Air: "The Old Minstrel and His Harp."

Comes again the holy hour
Souls with souls unite in power,
Angels leave their golden shore,
Joining mortals to outpour
Floods of light and streams of love,
Blessings from the realms above;
Cares of earth and burdens
Heaven answering to our call.

Chorus:—
Earth and heaven join'd in love;
Souls below and souls above
Mingle in communion sweet;
One in faith and love we meet.

Soul communion, hallowed hour!
O, its rapture, magic power!
Sorrows vanish with its spell;
Hearts with heaven's music swell.
Standing now on Canaan's shore,
Fears of death appal no more;
Meeting now with angels bright,
Earth is swallowed up in light.

Chorus:—Earth and heaven, etc.
Speed, oh, time, upon your wings;
Joy, alone your passage bring;
Soul, alone your path be light.
Soul communion brings the light;
Life begins when time is o'er,
Youth eternal is before.
Soul communion lights the way;
Angel-guided, who can stray?

Chorus:—Earth and heaven, etc.
H. N. MAGUIRE.

The new song-book, The Golden Echoes, by S. W. Tucker, has found its way into many homes, and its beautiful songs have been heard in many hearts, which they are sure to do when heard and sung. They should be heard in every home in the land. For sale at this office. Price, 15 cents; \$1.50 per

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