

LIFE AND EXPERIENCE IN SPIRIT LAND

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

LETTER NUMBER FOURTEEN.

We often hear it said on earth, "If Spiritualism is true and spirits can return, why do not the great and wise, who have lived and died, return and give something worthy of themselves? Why does not Shakespeare return and give us some of his lofty plays and sublime poetry? Why does not Ingalls return and give us something worthy of his greatness?" Why, my friends, the doughty colonel is standing here by my side at this moment, and he says:

"Now, I can't tell such inquirers why Shakespeare does not comply with their wishes. He may be able to say for himself; but I can tell them something about myself."

"If I, as a spirit, say as I was wont to do when in the body of flesh and blood, that I did not consider I had proof of immortality—that I did not know anything about a future life—that there was neither God, Devil, nor hell, would the before-mentioned questioners think I had given something worthy of myself? If so, I should consider that I had not. It is quite humiliating to a man to find, after nearly half a century of writing, lecturing and talking, that he has been entirely mistaken from the very outset—that all his high-flown words have fallen about his soul like autumn leaves, leaving him like a tree stripped and bare of its foliage. This is somewhat the way I feel at present however, consequently, I cannot talk to the world as once I did. My beautiful green leaves lie about me withered and dead. They were very fair while they lasted—they gave a grateful shade and pleasing coolness to those who rested beneath their shadow, and I foolishly mistook the perishable leaves for the tree which they so cunningly concealed, and many others considered that to rest in their shade was all there was worth living for."

"I stand here now, strong and upright to be sure, but stark and bare, for my leaves have entirely dropped away from me. My friend, Herr Franz, says, 'Robert, do not despair. You will have a new growth, presently. Your old leaves, or ideas, are now obsolete, dead, for they were not eternal verities or truths, simply perishable ornaments; but you will presently put forth a larger and stronger growth.'"

"God grant it, is the prayer of your humble servant. "If I were to say to the person or persons above mentioned who questioned thus: I live, I am not dead, I am immortal, I am a spirit, I do not know all I thought I did—would they consider those great truths, or the statement of them, worthy of Robert G. Ingalls? Certainly not. Why, they would say, 'That is not at all like the great agnostic.' Nevertheless, it is like what I am now. Why don't I fight the Devil and error as I formerly did? Well, I have been stripped of so many errors myself that I feel a little shaky—can hardly tell yet what may be truth and what error."

"Why don't I now valiantly fight against Christianity—the church and its dogmas?"

"I can't fight against the beautiful Christ, for I have already met and conversed with him, and true Christianity is divine and of divine origin. Why don't I fight false dogmas? I am waiting to discover what is true and what false."

"I now feel something as a man does when he looks back to his youth, to the days when he thought he knew all there was to know, when he thought he knew as much or more than the wisest man who ever lived."

"I do not now care, or dare, to live in where angels fear to tread. 'Have you gone back on yourself, Robert?' Oh, no, my friend. The old Robert went back on me, or rather, he left me to take care of myself. The foolish fellow dropped me or I dropped him, I can hardly say which—however, we fell apart—that is to say we quarreled and parted company, and I am sure I never desire to see him again, and as I hear he has been destroyed by the purifying flames since that time, I could not wish to see him."

"Well, can't you tell us something about yourself now?"

"And I answer emphatically, yes, I can! But you might not consider that I was doing myself justice—not giving anything worthy of the 'great agnostic.'"

"I, 'the great agnostic,' am dead, I tell you, and burned up, and I, plain, simple Robert, stand here with scarcely a leaf to cover me. I am trying to do myself justice by telling the truth, as you see. Do you want me to go on with a lot of flowery falsehoods?"

"Well, Robert, where are you?"

"Neither in heaven nor in hell, nor yet in purgatory. Just now, my good friend, Herr Franz, and myself, are standing quietly here by the side of a sensitive—one on either side of the before-mentioned sensitive—and I am learning how to write, this good Herr Franz teaching and aiding me. 'Not worthy of me,' do you say? Herein we differ. The simple truth is worthy of any man, woman or child."

"Now, I learned to write when a little boy at school, and was not as smart as I might have been if I had member rightly. Now I am learning to write for the second time. I may not be very smart at it, but don't expect too much from a new beginner. I learned to write with the aid of a material hand and wrote on material paper, when at school as a boy, and I did it under the instruction of a competent teacher, and I find it necessary to have a teacher now just as I did then, otherwise I could not do this at all. I am now laboriously trying to write, sans hand, sans paper, and without pen and ink—laboriously trying to learn how to write on an entirely different kind of parchment—the quivering brain of a person still in the flesh—a sensitive. In order to do this I must first get my own thoughts clear, concise and positive—the more positive I am the better the reflection, for then my thought, becoming tangible, is reflected, or imaged, on my sensitive plate—the spiritual brain of my sensitive or material medium. Remember, I am new at the business, so don't expect too much, but say, as my earthly teacher did—'Robert, you are doing very well; persevere.' My present teacher smilingly says to me pretty nearly the same, so let not those who do not understand this, cavil, sneer and say: 'Why, this clumsy effort is not worthy the great agnostic.' Just simply say, as I used to about this, I don't know. I don't know, and then go on and try to find out. Find out. Try to find out I say. Try to find out! You will never hear Robert G. Ingalls say again, I don't know, I don't know, without adding, but I will go and find out; so, my good friends, go you and do likewise. Find out. Find out. Discover. You may have to sail away from all your former moorings, or ideas, but there's land ahead, be sure of that. You will soon discover a new country—a new continent not yet known to the greater part of the old world; struggle on against all opposition; behold the evidence is directly before you."

"O, Robert! you don't mean to tell us there is a God, a Christ who is the Son of God, a hell, a Devil, atoning blood, immaculate conception, fire and furnace, and all the rest of it—the wretched dogmas you used to fight so valiantly? Why, you were a regular warrior. You don't mean to say that you have succumbed to all this at last?"

"My friends, when you ask me if there is a hell, I answer, no. When you ask me if there are many hells, I answer, yes; as many as there are broken laws and erroneous opinions, and some of these hells are about as hot as they can be. There is not an error here, or on the earth, but is being consumed as rapidly as possible in the burning hells which they create for themselves; otherwise, they would endure forever. I can't fight the churches very much more on the hell question, for liars, deceivers, robbers, murderers, drunkards, libertines are all—all in the hottest kind of hells, and every vice and error, those who yield to, or cherish them, are in hells to correspond. The only point of difference now is, that the spirit of man has the power of ascending out of its hell, whenever it is disposed to cast off its errors and walk hand in hand with good, or God, which is one and the same thing."

"Then you admit that there is no God?"

"No, I don't admit anything of the kind. No one can cast God out and be either good or happy."

"O, Robert, Robert! You don't mean to tell us there is a personal God?"

"Yes, I do; for God is within every person who ever lived or ever will live and a person is a personality, is he not? Consequently, there is a personal God and each person possesses him, or her, or it, and God possesses the person and they are one and the same."

"O, Robert, and how about the Devil, the master of hell?"

"I tell you, my friends, there is a great big Devil with hoofs and horns and a forked tail and all that, and he is the master of hell as sure as you live, and he is a person, too, tempting every person who lives or ever will live, and his ways are dark, and he goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour—he is personal for every person can make a devil of himself if he does not take heed to his steps and listen to the voice of good or God."

"Now, I hope I have proved that there is a God, a Devil and a hell, and they are all personal, within a person."

"I hear that some of the orthodox ministers say that I am in hell. Well, now, brothers, I don't deny it, and I hope my hell will burn so fiercely and quick that every error will be burned up in the shortest possible time. Don't want to stay in it, my brothers, and I am going to find the way to get out as sure as we live. Give us your hand, my brother, and if you are in a more heavenly place, be generous enough to help me up there by your side. Don't make a Devil of yourself and hold the pitchfork with which to pitch me in again. Let God, or good brotherly love reign instead. But, to return to the Devil. We will commence at his feet. His hoofs are harder than adamant and he treads the poor helpless people into the mire and dirt with them while he filches and robs them of his heart's content. But I forgot to tell you, the Devil's hoofs are made of gold. He calls them his capital—stock in trade—and a thousand other names, simply to deceive himself. He, nor his colleagues, does not like to think that they are, after all, but the cloven hoofs belonging to the Devil. Each and every man who tramples upon and robs his brother, whatever method he may employ, is a personal Devil, and his golden hoofs are hard and relentless."

"Now, the Devil has horns as well as hoofs and, of course, his horns are for the purpose of fighting, goring and killing; but, in order to deceive himself and others, he calls them galling guns, smokeless powder, torpedo-boats, bombarding shells, and other names too numerous to mention. The Devil's head is exceedingly large and strong, else he would not be able to sport such wonderful horns wherewith to gore men to death—let out their entrails, crush and mangle them, break their bones, leave their wives, widows and their children fatherless, crying for bread. He is a vicious, cruel old Devil, older than mankind, for he originally belonged to beasts; but in those days he was more innocent than at present; then, he only used his horns in self-defense; but now he is a raging, rampant Devil, seeking whom he may devour; he even strides to remote regions and pushes with his horns and tramples with his hoofs, until he leaves thousands of innocent people in bloody, burned and mangled heaps; slain to satisfy his thirst for blood and his ambition to conquer and hold for gain; and every man who helps to encourage and sustain this bloody beast, either by his influence, pen, voice or vote, is the personal devil before mentioned, and he is the master and maker of a burning and most frightful hell that will sooner or later swallow him within its depths. You see the hell that I tell you of is worse and hotter even than Moody's, hotter even than the one to which my reverend brothers consigned me. But, thanks to God—or the good within me—I have, thus far, been able to escape that hell. Brothers, be very careful that you do not get into it; but, in case you are so unfortunate, I shall certainly lend you a helping hand, if possible, and aid in lifting you out."

"The one of old said truly of this great beast, the Devil, that fire and smoke issued from his nostrils—but I must not forget the Devil's forked tail. Yes; he has a tail, and it is forked. His long tail is simply a serpent with a forked tongue, and he is the very old serpent himself, believe me, and his special occupation is to deceive and beguile women. He has a smooth tongue—he makes fair promises—he is a great help to the devil, aiding him to encompass the downfall of innocent young girls—for hell and the Devil batten on these. Now, every man who has encompassed the downfall of an innocent girl or woman is the Devil personally, and the smoke of his torment will ascend up—if not forever—for a goodly stretch of time, be sure of that."

(To be continued.)

WILL YOU REMEMBER ME?

While fleeting years are rolling on, the shadows come and go,
Some friends proved false whom we have known, and it was ever so.

Humanity to man has passed, true friendship seems at sea,
And when my time is done on earth, will they remember me?

Old friendship's dear, I hold it near, and while I sleep I dream
I see them then who once were true, in poverty they seem—

Alas, I wonder if they think, wonder if it can be,
If they forget the days gone by—if they remember me?

But fleeting time keeps rolling on, new friends we make in time,
We give the false a passing thought, the new friend seems sublime.

But I can nevermore forget the friends who used to be,
Who have proved false and scorn me now, and have forgotten me.

They now forget that I once lived, they turn their back in scorn;
I have to seek a truer friend with no deceit or thorn.

To pierce my sore and tired heart that once was pure and free—
I shall be happy with such friend that will remember me.

Natl. Military Home, Milwaukee, Wis. J. W. BOYD.

Hysteries of the New York World.

What is the matter with the New York World? Since Camille Flammarion flatly disputed the story of his recitation, which you copied from the World last summer, I had lost track of that wise (?) sheet, and its flounders about Spiritualism. But I note, in the last Progressive Thinker, that Prof. Hyslop has stirred the wind in its colicky bowels, and evoked a groan. The World would, apparently, impeach Prof. Hyslop's mental qualifications, in his college classes, because he has found some truth, outside of Columbia, that is not congenial to its theology. Is the World so wicked that it fears to face the unseen? Is the logical capacity of Columbia University to be measured by the colicky hysteries of the New York World? Evidently this is another case of bigotry run mad, and seeking to disparage the established scholarship, and discredit the sanity of Prof. Hyslop, because he has the honesty and courage to tell the truth about a subject on which the World dictator is manifestly incompetent to reason.

To place all psychic phenomena on a par with lunacy, as represented in asylums, is either a manifestation of intellectual stupidity, or moral debauchery. Let us call on Dr. Talmage to pray for the New York World.

Paw Paw, Mich. LYMAN C. HOWE.

The name of friendship is sacred; what you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you.—Longfellow.

SPIRITUALITY.

By the Minister of the Temple of Progress.

Corresponding with every other function in nature, spirituality is made up of an infinite number of degrees, each degree being superior to its predecessor in perfection of manifestation and intensity of action.

Spirituality does not signify a long face, nor sickly sentimentality, nor ultra-credulous veneration, nor Sunday morning pew worship, nor superstitious prayerfulness, nor any other expression of weak-mindedness.

Spirituality is a distinct function, or rather a combination of functions in human nature; though it is very sad to note in the great majority of men and women it is especially conspicuous for its absence.

It is frequently thought to be synonymous with benevolence, kindness, sympathy and brotherly love.

True, a spiritual person always has these precious virtues; and still he may be richly endowed with these and yet not spiritual.

Spirituality signifies the power to employ every human faculty according to its true nature, and in its full capacity. To be true to self. A very extensive function, indeed.

In order to employ every human faculty according to its true nature, the individual must necessarily have an immense storehouse of practical wisdom concerning the human entity.

We have written large libraries upon the physical body, supposing it to be the most important principle in the human being, holding all the essential functions in human nature in its grasp.

We now know we are sadly mistaken; because a comprehensive study of the whole man reveals the indisputable fact that the physical body is but a small part of man, and most probably the least important part.

Realizing how negligent we have been in the study of man's higher nature, we should now proceed with undaunted perseverance, after having procured at our command all the necessary data with which to establish its truths.

Thousands are overanxious to witness the marvelous phenomena issuing through the higher principles in many, yet how few have made any substantial effort to study these higher principles and place their functions upon a sound scientific basis.

Physiology is a noble science. But where does psychology stand?

Let us make psychology as perfect a science as physiology, and we shall know something about ourselves.

To arrive at this precious goal, every function, faculty, power or force in man must be studied through purely scientific methods; and every careful investigator of man's higher nature must inevitably come to the conclusion that valuable at hand sufficient facts to establish psychology as one of the greatest sciences to-day. In fact it must be the highest and the greatest science in the scientific outlook of dealing with it does with the higher nature of man.

Man can never become spiritual until psychology becomes a science.

Every individual who has sufficiently studied one or more of the soul powers so as to grasp their meaning and relationship to human nature as a whole, can to a limited degree become spiritual, because spirituality, like every other function, is developed by use.

From our research we must inevitably conclude that the greater one's knowledge of self, the greater one's capacity to attain spirituality.

Therefore the knowledge of man's entire nature is what we desire, especially their use and abuse. Concerning the use and abuse of the functions of the physical body, most people are fairly well informed. But such a knowledge is of no use, unless it is the realm of the objective mind, and still more so in the higher principles.

We know that whenever a function is abused, force is wasted and the individual is retarded in his progress.

As everybody wishes to reach out into better conditions of life, and all are daily striving in that direction, it becomes a subject of paramount importance to know how to use our faculties that no energy is wasted that no efforts are directed in barren channels.

"This true, we will always make mistakes, but there lives not a soul who could not decrease his mistakes considerably from time to time, providing he took the proper methods of procedure towards that end."

The functions of the objective mind are daily abused by the multitudes, and sadly so. Concerning the abuse of the higher faculties, we cannot speak now. Upon the objective plane the greatest mistake of man is to permit the passions and emotions to rule him. It is a sin for any person to permit any of his functions to control him.

A spiritual person will never become angry; cannot hate a living creature, nor hold malice towards a single soul. And these are the things that the higher faculties have built up, and yet waste a vast amount of mental energy.

Thoughts are things. Every thought sent out will, inevitably return to its creator.

A good thought will return with good things; a bad thought will return with bad things. Therefore a person who would arise in the scale of perfection, must religiously guard his thoughts and never permit anger, hatred or malice to dwell in his mind for a single moment.

A spiritual person will never take offence at anything. There are but two things which a person can take offence at—a truth and a lie. If you become offended because someone tells you a truth about yourself, you have as much as said that you hate the truth. No one can hate the higher and better realms of life unless he loves truth, and loves it above all other things.

If you become offended at a lie, you are a slave to falsehood, which is still worse than hating the truth. Both conditions show that you are in the mire and had better take immediate steps to get out. You must get out sometime, why not to-day?

A spiritual person never worries, never frets, never gets out of humor, never dwells in the cloud of gloom and despair. These things simply waste the power which alone can bring success. Stay cheerful and conserve the mental energy until your next opportunity to strike. It is far better to possess at least some power than to be empty handed. Most people never succeed because they waste their clients of success by brooding over their failures. Remember this.

The reason we have so few spiritual giants is because people destroy as fast as they build up the foundations for a higher expression of life. This is done daily through abusing the objective mind by permitting all kinds of passions and emotions to rule it.

Spirituality in its broadest sense means mastery over self; which can be accomplished only by a thorough knowledge of all our own actions; a knowledge of how to use them; and how to sway full power over them.

We must begin at the beginning. If we cannot master the passions and emotions of our lower nature, how can

we ever expect to master the forces of our higher nature.

We cannot build the second story until the basis of the first one is laid. He who would reach the lofty heights of spiritual freedom, divine wisdom and heavenly joy must be master over himself. To attain this he must begin by conquering the lower self.

I do not mean that a single function or faculty in man shall be suspended or destroyed. Every faculty shall be employed in its full capacity. We have too many lapses of power, and we are developed in one direction and in one only. Every faculty should be cultivated, but its use should be under the absolute control of one's higher nature.

There is no excuse for anyone ever becoming angry, nor holding malice, nor worrying, nor submitting to gloom and despair. We can rise above these petty things. Why are we slaves to them? By nature we are their masters, then let us be natural and assume our rights. As long as you permit your lower nature to control you, your higher nature will lie dormant.

Gain mastery over the lower self and you ascend in the scale. By extensive culture and perseverance in this direction, you shall eventually rule over all the functions of your being. Then, and not till then, can you be true to self. And he who is true to self cannot be false to anyone. Then can you be truly spiritual—a master mind.

To such a person, life is an endless day of celestial ecstasy; the book of wisdom lies open before him; and the key to divine power is in his hand.

This is the great goal for which every soul is eternally yearning. Spirituality is the path to this coveted goal. To enter this path, first become master over the lower self.

Concerning the methods employed in this great achievement, we shall speak later.

DR. C. D. LARSON.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

NORTH DAKOTA.

A New Society Organized at Grand Forks.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kates visited this city, by request and held meetings March 3 and 4.

Desiring to reach such persons as would most likely appreciate the intellectual and spiritual feast, these active workers would spread before us, we intended the auditors to be by invitation, and so it was the first night. But we held the meeting in a popular place (Hall's Academy) and the press reports "got into it," as we were informed by one of them, hence, the next day we had a public notice and thus the remaining meetings were more eagerly attended. The interest manifested far surpassed the most sanguine expectation. We could count only a few Spiritualists but we soon found we did not know our own friends. The lectures were profound and logical, giving us much needed information. The spirit control and descriptions given by Mrs. Kates were par excellence. She is invariably clear, concise and correct. She brought consolation and conviction to many, both in public and private.

At the close of the Sunday evening meeting a call was made for those interested to remain and discuss the feasibility of organizing a local society. Quite a number remained and a motion to organize made at once, was carried.

The name of the society, "The Minnesota Association of Spiritualists of North Dakota," is to identify the first Spiritualist society organized in our state. We trust it is the promise of many more. We selected the following officers: A. W. Dennis, president; F. E. Tiffany, vice-president; Miss M. E. Blodgett, secretary; O. Young, treasurer.

We were loth to part so soon with Mr. and Mrs. Kates, but hope to have their early return.

Letter from Nellie S. Baade.

To the Editor:—While perusing your valuable paper of recent date, I thought of all the Spiritual publications none could surpass our dearly beloved Progressive Thinker, its columns being replete with the best thoughts of many of our most advanced thinkers; and then the "General Survey," from which we hear weekly from the dear friends from all parts of the country; and the Question Department conducted by Hudson Tuttle is also of great interest to inquirers after spiritual truth. Long may he live to disseminate the grand truths of Spiritualism, is the prayer of his many friends and admirers. Then from foreign exchanges we learn much to our advantage of what is transpiring in other lands and among other people. In fact, we can scarcely enumerate all of the good things it contains from week to week, and then, last but not least, is the grand premiums given the yearly subscribers for such a small amount that it is a great mystery to us how you can possibly do so, and have anything left for your time and labor. Really, this is one of the things that pass upon our understanding; but we hope that you and your committee may ever extend your efforts, and in the meantime Spiritualists will awake and realize that it is each one's duty and privilege to support you in every good word and work.

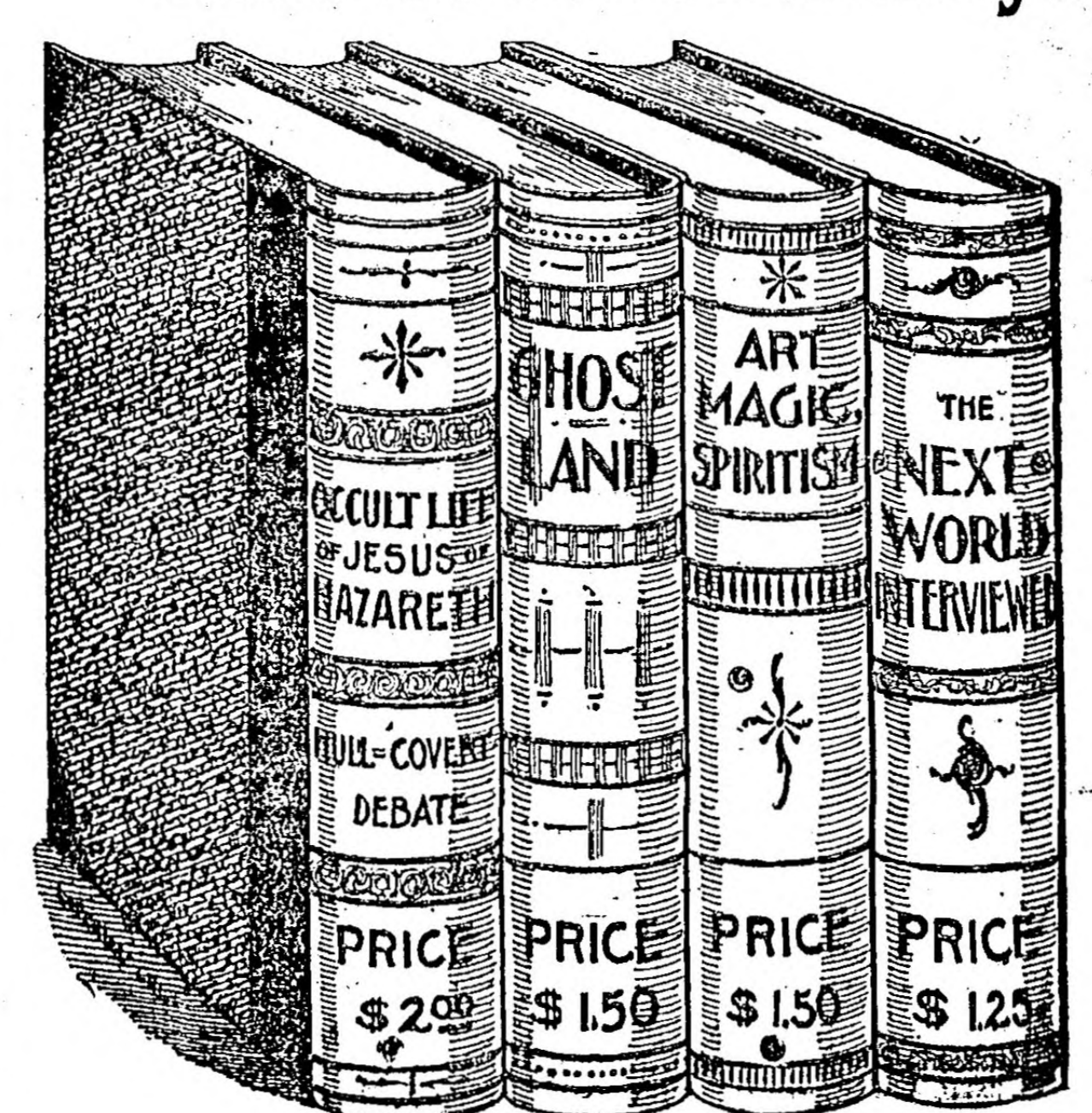
The Philosophical Society of this city is still to the front, and occasionally surprises us in various ways. One of the most interesting things we enjoy is when we are invited out to spend an evening with a few friends, and then find it is a grand reception, such as we found awaiting us at the home of Mrs. Godley, 210 Porter street, where a large company met and with social converse, sweetest music, and games and refreshments, gave us words of encouragement and good cheer. Brother Scholes, the blind poet, was present and gave a beautiful recitation, and made us feel that, Blessed is the tie that binds our hearts in greater love.

NELLIE S. BAADÉ.

Detroit, Mich.

"Mind and Body": Suggestions and Hypnotism Applied in Medicine and Education. By A. C. Halphille. President Chicago Society of Anthropology. For sale at this office. Price \$1.

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THE SPIRITUALISTIC FIELD—ITS WORKERS, DOINGS, ETC., THE WORLD OVER.

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our actions. All interested persons
should write me at once.

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BY GODFREY HIGGINS, ESQ.

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A DREAM

Given in Answer to Prayer.

I retired to rest feeling unusually depressed in spirit, and prayed as I never prayed before, that my angel friends would come to my relief (if only in a dream)—especially my own dear mother, who passed on several years since.

Well, she came, and this is the way I saw her: I stood in a strange place, somewhere I have never seen, conversing with a company of young people who were strangers to me, and all at once I cast my eyes upward, just off a little distance in front of where we were standing, and there she was, gracefully gliding along from east to west, neither turning to the right or left—neither walking, but rather floating in the air. She was many feet above us, and I saw her break away from the company, running nearer to the place, and called out in a loud voice, saying, "That is my mother! It is my own mother!"

Upon that she stopped, right in mid-air, and there remained quite a little time, that I might look at her, as I thought—and I did look, with longing eyes and hungry heart, and wanted so much to be nearer that I might talk with her.

She had on a robe of gold color, and some sort of a white shining head-dress, such as I had never seen.

After a little she gradually settled down right before me, and I stood face to face with her, knowing that she had crossed the dark divide called death, and had solved the great mystery of life beyond the goal.

She reached out her arms to embrace her, but she motioned me back, intimating that I must not touch her. "Well," I said, "mother, I am so glad to see you!"

I do not know what became of the young people, nor whether they had seen her, for they disappeared and I saw them no more.

All at once we were in a house, I know not where, nor how we got there, but were sitting side by side, conversing, and I asked her, "Mother, are you truly happy?"

She answered in the affirmative, I then asked, "Is it really as much brighter and more beautiful over there as we hear and read about?" "Yes," she said, "it is." Again I questioned: "Mother, do the spirits immortal live in isolated homes, or dwell together in a united one?"

She replied: "Some live in isolated homes, but more in associated ones." Then all at an instant I sat there alone, not knowing how or where she went.

I immediately woke up and burst out crying, not for grief, but joy, feeling sure that the angel presence of my mother had been with me—and the depression of mind was entirely taken away—and on the return trip when we reached just for once I have seen her as she now appears in the happy home "over there."

Many times have I seen her in my dreams as she was here, aged, sick and suffering, but never but once as I saw her that night.

She impressed me at times with her loving presence, and has several times moved my hand to write sweet, parental words of counsel, which seems very real, yet not as much so as though I could see and talk with her, as I did in my dream.

JULIA H. JOHNSON.

A Railway Engineer's Experience.
To the Editor:—In the year 1885, I was on the Kansas City, Springfield & Memphis Railway as a locomotive engineer, running from Rich Hill, Mo., to Keith & Potosi, Mo., called No. 6. We were on a night run. I saw a man, as I thought, in the material body, walking on the track ahead, but when he did not get into the car for doing all I could to stop the train, but on we dashed right into the man. Just as we struck him, or nearly so, he vanished before the engine. The fireman also saw him. Well, I kept a very sharp lookout for an accident, as I have had many of these warnings, and knew what they meant. We did not have the accident that trip, but the impression came to run slow over a certain piece of track, which I did, and avoided an accident, but on the return trip when we reached this place, I did not run over 8 miles per hour. When I thought we were beyond the dangerous part of the track, I reached for the throttle with my left hand, but my hand was pulled back again. Again I reached for the throttle, but my hand was pulled back. I reached the third time, but this time I very plainly felt my left wrist within the grip of a powerful hand, and could not reach the throttle. Within three seconds the train stopped suddenly with a jar. We went back to see what was the cause of sudden stop, and the third car from the locomotive was with out wheels under the forward end. The wheels had jumped the track and fell in a cattle guard, and the back wheels came against the wrecked wheels, and stopped the train. As we were not running fast, it did not ditch the train. I have often thought that if I had reached the throttle to increase the speed of the train, I would have been in spiritual land long ago. A. L. DRUMM.

Leavenworth, Kans.

"After Her Death. The Story of a Summer." By Lillian Whiting. No mind that loves spiritual thought can fail to be loved and delighted with this book. Beautiful spiritual thought combining advanced ideas on the finer and ethereal phases of Spiritualism, leading the mind onward into the purer atmosphere of exalted spiritual truth. A book for the higher life. For sale at this office. Price, cloth, \$1.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

[Obituaries to the extent of ten lines only will be inserted free.]

Passed to higher life, Feb. 23, Mrs. Sarah Williams, wife of Wm. Williams, living four miles northeast of Vicksburg, Mich. She was 79 years of age. Seven children and a sister, beside the husband of her youth survive her to rejoice in her ripe old age and her happy and peaceful departure. For 28 years she had richly enjoyed the knowledge of spirit communion. Funeral services were conducted by Mrs. Lucy J. Williams, of Paw Paw, Mich., March 3.

LUOY J. WILLIAMS.

Passed to spirit life, at his home in Delavan, Ill., at the age of 70 years, 8 months and 24 days, Dr. N. L. Hurty, who is sadly missed in the family and in our little band of Spiritualists in this city. He was a staunch and true Spiritualist, ever ready to stand for the truth on any occasion. He passed out peacefully and quietly on Thursday morning, February 23, at 9:30 a. m., to the better land.

J. T. HURTY.

On the evening of February 7, Ansel Durant Edwards, with a smile on his countenance, passed from this to a higher life. Miss E. Anna Hinman conducted services with an eloquent and impressive discourse, followed by a few eulogistic remarks from the writer. At the request of the departed body was cremated at Buffalo, N. Y.

Cleveland, O. THOS A. BLACK.

Mrs. Margaret Miller, of Alliance, O., passed to spirit life from the home of her daughter, Feb. 23, 1906. The deceased was 89 years of age. She was a member of the Independent Church of Alliance, and had been a Spiritualist for 25 years. She longed to go to meet her husband and little son who had gone on before her. Agreeable to her request the funeral services were conducted by E. W. Sprague, Mrs. Flora Russell furnishing the music. A noble soul has gone to its reward.

Passed to spirit life, from Washington, D. C., Feb. 24, 1906, Mrs. Sarah Price Carr, in the 77th year of her age. Her remains were brought to Leesville, Ohio (her old home) for interment.

The deceased was the mother of ten children, four of whom passed away in early childhood, and one who had grown to womanhood and passed on about one year ago. Four loving daughters, one son, and many relations and friends are left to mourn her departure. She was an active and earnest Spiritualist, a friend of the oppressed, and a ministering spirit to the sick and poor. The services were conducted by the writer.

E. W. SPRAGUE.

Passed to spirit life, from her residence in Ellyria, O., Feb. 23, Mrs. Sara May, in the 75th year of her age. The remains were brought to her old home in Berlin Heights, and the funeral services were held in the Congregational church, on the 27th, Hudson Tuttle officiating. She was a life-long Spiritualist.

At Baldwinville, N. Y., Feb. 24, occurred the transition of Mr. Isaac Slavson, nearly 79 years of age. He was respected by all who knew him, and had for many years been an avowed Spiritualist. A daughter, being a fine psychic gave demonstrated proof of spirit return in the home circle more than fourteen years ago. It is in the time of her death that the knowledge of the teachings of Spiritualism gives, becomes most valuable, and the home circle bears its fruits of consolation, as was evidently manifested by the members of this family to the writer, who has officiated on many similar occasions, but never before was it made so impressive that it was beautiful to pass from the mortal to spirit life. The writer officiated as speaker.

MRS. MARY C. VOY-KANZLER, Syracuse, N. Y.

Passed to spirit life, from his residence in Milan, Ohio, Feb. 27, Alexander MacIntyre, in the 77th year of his age. He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and was supported during his last sickness by his earnest faith. His funeral services were held on March 1, at his residence, Hudson Tuttle officiating.

COR.

Mrs. Ann Kennedy has been for 15 years one of the most notable characters in Cleveland, Ohio. She has stood all the time, summer and winter on the busiest corner of that city, early and late, and she has never been known to leave her post. She was the owner of the Penny Press. She dressed in an imitation of the masculine garb. A leading merchant gave her an overcoat one Christmas, which still further heightened the similarity. She ate no meat or cooked food; scorned charity, and lived the life of a hermit in the city. The little profit she made was used in acts of kindness and charity. When she died recently, the charity of those who had known her was called on to give her body burial. The Press contributed, and the casket was returned to her former home in Berlin, and was received by a large assembly in the Congregational church. Hudson Tuttle had been engaged by the Cleveland management to deliver the discourse. The beginning of his speech might be applied on many occasions. He said: "She had many strange ideas, which you regard as untrue or detrimental, yet she went to a strange but scorn and ridicule, and so thoroughly lived up to these ideas, that she won the hearts of all, and her death has been more widely noticed than that of any citizen dying during many a year. If your ideal is as much as hers to hers as you think it is, what wonderful excellence you would attain were you to sustain them as undauntedly. Why do you not? It is the duty of everyone to support their highest ideal as unflinchingly as she has done, and having done this unexceptionably, what more can be asked of her? We may ask it of ourselves, with brighter light to accomplish more."

TELE.

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The South Chicago True Spiritualist Church holds meetings at Ellegman's Hall, corner of 38th street and Commercial avenue, every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m.

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MARY M. V. JENNINGS.

Everett, Mass.—Dear Doctor:—Before taking your treatments I could hardly sweep the floor without fainting, now I do all my work except washing. I know the psychic treatment has done wonders for me, and I thank you most sincerely.

MRS. J. PODMORE.

Millers, N. Y.—Dear Doctor:—I can feel the psychic treatment very distinctly. It seems like a baptism of glory, filling my being with life and strength.

Your patient, JULIA RESSGUE.

Mechanicsville, O.—My Dear Doctor:—When I commenced taking treatments of you, I was and had been in much pain and was disheartened and discouraged. It is now a little over three months and I am free from pain; have gained 15 pounds and am still gaining rapidly. My doctor had given me up as incurable. Being sure that I owe my life to your skill, I most cheerfully and heartily recommend you to all those in search of health.

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It will cost you nothing to learn your exact condition. Thousands of so-called "incurable" cases are cured by this method, so do not despair if your physician has failed. There is help for you. Write at once giving full name, age, sex and leading symptom and receive a true description of your case and literature upon this scientific treatment of disease. Each lady writing for advice will also receive "Foods for the Sick and How to Prepare Them," a booklet of inestimable value to every home, and "Woman," a valuable booklet which every woman should have.

Address Dr. J. M. Peebles, Battle Creek, Mich.

Sunday Spiritualist Meetings in Chicago.

The Church of the Soul holds regular services every Sunday at 11 a. m., in Kimball Hall, 243 Wabash avenue, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, pastor. Sunday school in the same place every Sunday at 9:45 a. m. School of Psychophysics established in connection with the church.

The Progressive Spiritual Church, of V. Cordingley, pastor, room 409 Handel Hall, 40 Randolph street. Services at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m.

Band of Harmony, auxiliary to the Church of the Soul, meets at Room 608 Handel Hall Building, 40 Randolph St., every Tuesday and Thursday at 8 o'clock. The ladies bring refreshments; supper served at six o'clock. Evening session commences at a quarter to eight. Questions invited from the audience, and answered by the guides of the group. All are welcome.

The Christian Spiritual Society holds meetings in Hygeia Hall, 404 Ogden avenue, at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Miss Sarah Thomas conducts.

The Spiritualist church Students of Nature, will hold services every Sunday at 7:30 p. m., at Nathan's Hall, 1565 Milwaukee avenue, corner Western avenue.

Church of the Spirit Communion will hold meetings in Kenwood Hall, 408 Cottage Grove avenue, each Sunday, 3 p. m., conference and tests; 8 p. m., lecture by Dr. A. Houghton; tests by H. F. Coates and others. All are invited. Good music and seats free.

The Gross Park Spiritual Society meets at 1788 N. Hoyne avenue, every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. The Spiritualist Fraternal Society holds its Sunday service every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at their hall 326 Wells street. All are cordially invited. S. F. Egger, secretary, 470 Seminary avenue.

The First Spiritual Church of the South Side holds services every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m., at 77 Twenty-third street. Lecture and spirit messages at both services. Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley, pastor. Open doors.

The Spiritual Freedom Society holds regular meetings every Sunday at 3 p. m., in East Lodge Hall, People's Institute, corner Van Buren and Leavitt streets. All are welcome.

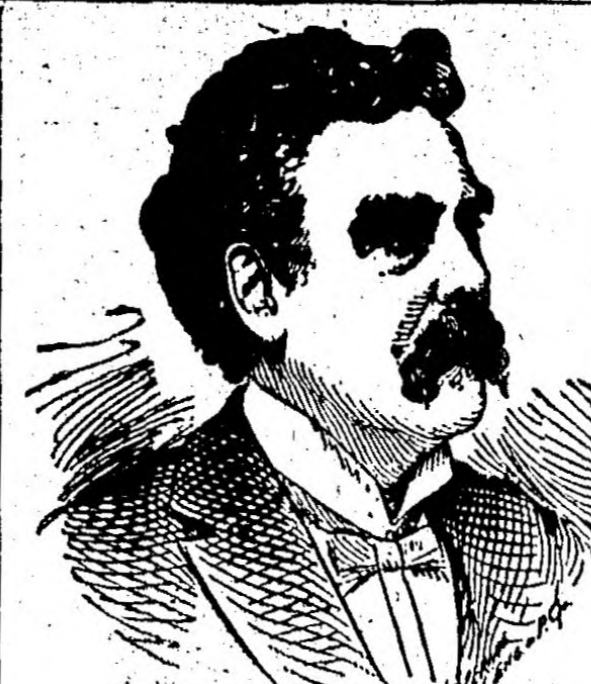
Truth Seekers meet at the Teutonia Hall, corner of 53rd and Ashland avenues, every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

The Englewood Spiritual Union Society meets every Sunday at Forbes' Hall, 420 W. 63d street. Competent leaders of spiritual thought and mediums of note in charge.

Church of the Star of Truth, Wicker Park hall, No. 601 West North avenue. Services at 7:45 p. m., conducted by Dr. and Mrs. William Lindsey.

Garden City Spiritual Alliance holds regular meetings at Mackinaw Hall, No. 294 and 296 East 43d street, every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. Spirit messages, tests in telepathy or thought transference, good music. Seats free. May Goodrich, pastor.

The Beacon Light Spiritual Church, Sunday services at 40 East Randolph street (Handel Hall), at 7:30 p. m. Conducted by Geo. F. Perkins.



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