



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

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THE SPIRITUAL MAN.

What is the Best Definition of Soul.

As Spiritualists make a special business of discovering and discussing spiritual phenomena, it behooves them to give critical attention to their lines of procedure, making sure of a right start and of pursuing the best methods.

It has been more or less the habit of philosophy in the ages to chip the spiritual man up into blocks and, as if spread out on a table, to say this block is mind, that, soul; here is conscience, there consciousness; over on that corner is love, on this opposite corner is hatred, and so on throughout the category. No habit has been more conducive to confusion in the study and discussion of spiritual phenomena, and there is no habit should the Spiritualist be more careful not to fall into. This line of procedure gives no better idea of the whole or well-rounded spiritual man than a being from some other planet would have of the physical man if we chipped him up and laid him out on a table in the same disjointed fashion.

To adopt a more successful method, and at the same time mark them themselves from these publications and slanders, it strikes us that Spiritualists should speak of the "Spiritual Man" as the unit or whole, of which conscience, consciousness, soul and the like are but the attributes, characteristics or modes of activity. This Spiritual man is co-extensive with the brain and nerve system, and the brain and nerve system is co-extensive with the whole body, therefore the Spiritual man has the same form and proportions as the physical man, whether it be in the flesh or out of it.

Again, it has been the habit of religion time out of mind to take one or more of the attributes of the Spiritual man and speak of it as the whole shootin' match; not figuratively, which might be excused, but as an actual fact, which is preposterous. This is especially true of that attribute or mode of activity of the spiritual man which is termed the "Soul," and religion seems to think if they can manage to get this particular characteristic into heaven it does not matter how far behind the balance of the spiritual man is left. But we are at a loss when we attempt to conceive of how an attribute without a substance in which to inhere, a predicate without the thing of which it is predicated, would manage to get on in heaven or in any other country. It would have the appearance of something the bottom had dropped out of, or that had fell through itself. The only chance for the church to escape ridicule at this point is to insist that they use the term soul figuratively, making the predicate stand for the Spiritual man of which it is predicated.

And the only reason for this is that the characteristic of the Spiritual man called soul is the most valuable characteristic, the one to which first attention will be directed by the heavenly host on his arrival, and the one which more than any other will determine his standing in that country and with that people. Then, what is the soul?

The best definition of soul we have ever heard, and perhaps the best possible definition, is that given by the vulgar or unlearned when they say of a man, grasping, wholly selfish and unfeeling man that he has no "soul," and of the opposite character that he has a large or great soul. No matter whether a man is rich or poor, in his society or low, wise or otherwise, renowned or obscure, at the top or at the bottom in any other way, if he has a "soul" we love him and at least are not afraid to associate with him; while the opposite character has our contempt even when self-interest constrains us to conceal our disgust. If that is the "judgment" here, assuredly it will be the judgment in heaven where the secrets of the heart are made known, and where the different characteristics of the spiritual man stand out as clearly as the physical nose in this life. And in "Heaven," where perhaps there is a more "enlightened" judgment, and where "public sentiment" will make itself unmistakably felt, the man without a soul will have the alternative of either calling on the mountains to hide him from view or of departing into an "other" place where there is weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth. His wealth, his position, his learning, his life will then and there avail him nothing, but he stands or falls, is saved or lost, according as he has or has not a soul, as the unlearned define that characteristic of the spiritual man.

If you prefer, it can be said that it is God in each location, who pronounces judgment, God as the individual. But in heaven it will be pre-eminently the "judgment," for the man without a soul will know without saying what the others think of him and will then have a correct judgment of himself.

Then what must we do to be saved? Simply cultivate a soul, give the spiritual man that characteristic which lives up to the brotherhood of man, whether it acknowledges the Fatherhood of God or not. But we are inclined to believe it is God, the Numenon, the Infinite Being, the "Father" of all finite beings who has furnished us both the seed and soil for the growth of a soul. The individual is necessarily more or less selfish; selfish as to himself, his family and country; but if you push that sort of thing too far you are lost world without end—the "Savior," revival meetings, church attendance, contribution of shillings, and the observance of the Sabbath to the contrary notwithstanding.

Too frequently getting religion by the church route makes good church members rather than good citizens. It were better to have a soul outside the church than to be without one in it. We once had occasion to say of a neighbor who had "got" religion, that it was fortunate he had not got two religions and that absolutely there would be no living with him if he had got three. Having made sure of his soul in the orthodox way, he seemed to turn himself loose in every other way.

Well, we started out to give Spiritual-

WANTED! WANTED!!!

Orthodox Christianity in China.

To the Editor:—In an editorial in the Chicago Daily Journal, the writer recounts the details of the execution of Baron Von Ketteler's murderer, and in seeking to show the futility of such savagery, he protests in the name of Christianity against the inhuman acts perpetrated upon the people of the poor old empire. He says: "A little Christianity is sadly needed among the Europeans in China."

When one has been bitten by a venomous reptile, one does not seek a second infliction to cure the first, but an antidote is administered.

The majority of Europeans in China are Christians, and most of the soldiers of the allied armies have been taught its precepts, and any adherent of the faith would be promptly and grossly insulted were we to insinuate that he was not a good Christian.

The bloodthirsty Emperor William would immediately imprison for treason anyone in his domain who dared to hint that he was not a devoted follower of Christ. Is it his brand of Christianity, so sadly needed by Europeans in China? Is it the brand of the Duchess Vladimir, who demands that "not a Chinaman be left alive while there is a Russian to kill him?" or is it the kind preached by Bishop Cronin, who says: "It is worth any cost in money or bloodshed if we can only make the millions of Chinese good Christians?" or shall we select as our standard-bearer the pious prince Ferdinand II, whose armies devastated central Europe and sacrificed 12,000,000 lives? He said: "Better a desert than a country peopled with heathens."

Another good leader is Pope Sixtus IX., who established the Holy Inquisition, and whose victims of robbery, torture and murder are innumerable.

Or perhaps it would be more advantageous to follow the expeditious methods of Charles IX. and his mother, who sang hymns of praise and thanksgiving to their God while the bodies of the 10,000 betrayed and murdered victims of Saint Bartholomew's Eve, were still unburied.

No, Mr. Editor, what is needed in China and elsewhere is not more Christianity, but more Humanity; more of the practical application of the Golden Rule taught by the old sage, Confucius. Since the establishment of Christianity the murderer and political reprobate, Constantine, we have been coerced by church and state, by priest and military, and have signally failed to bring about a humane adjustment of affairs. With the report of the Peace Conference still fresh in our minds, we also note that Russian subjects of the Christian Czar, who dare to breathe the name of Liberty, are transported to live in the frozen wastes of Siberia, and the soldiers of this ruler have just massacred 5,000 defenseless Chinese in one day.

The female peasantry of Europe in performing some of the laborious tasks for royalty are threatened and jeered by idle soldiers. Only a little while ago the prostitutes of certain cities were required to partake of the eucharist before being allowed to enter the city.

Does such a record justify the assertion that we need more Christianity? Tolstoy says: "I am convinced that the original causes of all the world's disorders from which we suffer is the erroneous religious conceptions which we receive from our education." Then let us stop teaching that the vilest sinner are saved by faith in Jesus Christ, but let us teach our responsibility to our fellow-man and that justice and humanity will bring its own reward.

HARRIET M. CLOSZ, Webster City, Iowa.

lets a little fatherly advice, but got switched off until doubtless the Editor is already out of all sorts of patience and thinks we should wind up by advising that all contributors write short articles. (My Lord, two young ladies have just departed, who wanted a long contribution toward buying lights for the church. Why not look on high?) Whether the contribution be long or short, we think the writer should use terms in the sense which long usage has sanctioned. The standard dictionary knows that the word "soul" has three hundred years of philosophical and religious discussion has attached to certain terms certain meanings and we are old fogey enough to believe that should settle the matter. Yet certain correspondents do not hesitate to bob up at any time and evolve from their own individual think apparatus quite a different meaning for those terms. It is wonderful. Some seem to confound conscience with consciousness and or confuse feel to be altogether confounded before half done. Others will have it that we have an objective mind, which is a contradiction in the nature of things. Philosophy, however, has always contended that knowledge is of two kinds: objective and subjective knowledge of the Ego, or I, and of the Non Ego, or external world. One known in consciousness the other in the perceptive way. And the fact that a man must study his own physical nature in the perceptive way, and cannot do it in the conscious way, has always been the clearest possible proof to me that the Ego or spiritual man is quite apart from the physical man.

Afton, Tenn. F. J. RIPLEY.

A great man quotes bravely, and will not draw on his invention when his memory serves him with a word as good.—Emerson.

The link of the scholar is more sacred than the blood of the martyr.—Maimonides.

SPIRITUAL GROWTH.

Thoughts on the Ultimate of Man's Unfoldment

What imagination so vivid, or vision so keen, as to comprehend the ultimate of man's spiritual growth and unfoldment. No pen can describe the possibilities that inhere in a human organism. In man inhere all the potentialities of the universe. His physical contains the essentials in the realm of matter, and in his ego is wrapped up the germs that have their home in the spiritual world. So that to know ourselves covers a field so vast and limitless that an eternity is too short to grasp the ultimate. And yet, the divine forces in his being are ever impelling him onward and upward toward the true goal of his natural inheritance.

And yet, how few are conscious of the workings of the soul. Silently, yet surely it guides man toward the haven of eternal harmony with universal tendencies.

In our present undeveloped condition we may not be able to see, or comprehend the activities of the ego, yet it is ceaseless in its endeavor to lead humanity along the path where the highest freedom is only attainable.

Nature is intent on revealing the highest and best in every department of her domain. What seem disastrous in the physical world are necessary to a higher growth and better conditions for what comes after. A volcano is a terrific force in nature; its ashes and lava are destructive to whatever lies in its track; yet it teaches a wise lesson. A tornado destroys everything within its reach, yet it leaves a clearer and purer atmosphere in its wake. Upheavals in nature imply that things are not fully settled; it is an attempt to adjust things to their normal condition.

A flower blooms and sends forth its sweet perfume because there is a principle in nature that permits it. The exquisite blush on the cheek of a peach is the result of natural forces.

Causation is the basis of all phenomena in the vast domain of nature; hence nothing can occur in the physical world without an adequate cause. Changes are so connected that there can be no break in the chain of evolution. The principles of nature are ever true as to results and yet echo the voice of eternal unity in the nature of things.

And what is true in the realm of the physical, is equally true in the realm of the spiritual. All energies are psychic, are spiritual. It is the soul that feels, the soul that hears, the soul that sees, the soul that is physical sensations; all sensations are spiritual. When the ego leaves the body at the change called death, the bodily functions are intact, but are inoperative; the propelling force having been withdrawn. The force that animates and moves the physical in man, or in nature, is a spiritual force. It is the source from whence all phenomena proceed. Withdraw this force and the body becomes a dead world; chaos would reign supreme.

But when properly utilized it becomes a mighty power for good. It generates a rhythmic order in the domain of nature, and universal harmony is the inevitable result.

So, when a great thinker and genuine reformer is born into this world, social, political and religious institutions are stirred from centre to circumference. The tide of civilization is checked, the absurd and irrational in religious thought is exposed, social evils are laid bare, treachery in every department of human activity is unmasked, a clearer light is shed along the human pathway and the entire trend of thought modified and elevated to a more normal and rational standard.

The thinker comes when there is a demand for him. He is the herald of loftier aims and higher ideals. The false conceptions that were cherished, leading men into the dismal swamps of negation and blind materialism are torn asunder, and a revelation in harmony with absolute truth is urged upon their acceptance.

This divine messenger voicing the realities of the spirit world, and in the highest degree adapted to the needs of humanity, may be, as usually is, bitterly opposed, and even crucified in one form or another, yet he vigorously maintains his ground till he is called death summons him to a higher sphere of existence. When a man is possessed of lofty ideals the stake and fagot have no terrors.

There is a cowardly inheritance; he who cherishes fear is not emancipated—he is a slave to his environment. The free man has risen above the realm of the sensuous and lives in the realm of eternal harmony and is at one with the divine energies of the universe. His whole being is radiant with a divine fulgence, and every expression in thought and deed is in accord with the demands of rectitude.

Can man ever attain to this high altitude in the ages to come? I think the consensus of the best thought of to-day is, that it is attainable, and nothing short of this can satisfy the soul's aspirations. And what the soul yearns for, and demands, it will receive.

This thought is inspiring to well-doing and right-living. Our highest and best welfare can only be secured in this way. All good is the result of living a true life. No evil can befall him who is proof against the seductive influence of temptation. Intuitively he will spurn the wrong, by whomsoever it may be suggested. The aims he holds, the methods he employs, and the objects he pursues are in line with what is vital and essential in the nature of things, and success, grand and glorious cannot but crown his efforts.

All that is inspiring in the celestial realms are at his command, and he can become a co-worker with nature's virtues. What a glorious inheritance for our common humanity. We can now but dimly perceive the soul's capabilities for growth; rising higher and still higher towards its native home, and emancipated from all that retard its progress, it ever presses onward and upward towards the infinite all, yet can never reach the ultimate in wisdom and knowledge. DAVID WILLIAMS.

THE CLOSING SEAL.

Progressive Spiritualism, or the Evolution of the Medium.

In the light of the progress made in the past ten years by Spiritualism, it seems almost incredible that a recent attempt should have been made in the capital city of the nation to enforce a practically prohibitive tax against the mediums of that locality.

Yet it is true, and were it not that the strong arm of the National Association was upheld, and the warning voice of its officials raised, the mediums would have been sadly worsted in the contest against them.

In the year 1893 a medium plying her vocation in the District of Columbia was maliciously persecuted by being dragged into a court of law, and there most unfairly treated. The writer, at the solicitation, or through the suggestion, of certain Spiritualists of the District, laid the case before the Spiritualists of the United States through the medium of the Spiritualist press, urging the formation of a national organization, and in the columns of the daily press of Washington he exposed the unfair treatment of the medium in question, and combated the prejudiced opinions of those in authority. The Spiritualists of the country—may their prayers endure for eternity—responded, and the noblest and best organization of all time was called into existence. The inspiration of the movement placed at its head a man pre-eminently fitted for the task before him, a task that demanded titanic strength of purpose, the inspired eloquence of Cleopatra, and the psychic force of an Andrew Jackson Davis.

It is true much was accomplished. The mediums of to-day are enjoying the blessings from the efforts of its founders; but, in the estimation of the writer, there remains as the fruition of their labors the placing of the closing seal, which shall endure for all time to come.

Commercialism is the element that is to-day dragging down the purity and thwarting the spirit of Spiritualism. Then let us, in the name of God and the higher spirit forces, make the spiritual paramount in our religion and in our organization. The primary intent of the exhibition of spirit force, aside from establishing communication between the mortal and immortal worlds, is the regeneration of man. There exists an intermediary between the spiritual and sensual forces of life the necessity of physical existence, and in the disorganized state of Spiritualism previous to the formation of the National Association our mediums were, and are now, compelled to rely on the receipts obtained at the door of a public hall or private dwelling for their daily bread.

In the past ten years there has grown a change of sentiment respecting spirit force. The medium is no longer looked down upon as something diabolical or inferior—the laws of the District of Columbia to the contrary, notwithstanding—but the great desideratum now is a closer coalition of the medium with the National Association, and, resultantly, with local societies; in other words, the sending forth of the medium as a missionary. Let the medium be a part of the business cause will stand established before the world as a bright and shining light—a beacon for the weary, a regenerating symbol for the transgressor, and an up lifting standard for the unfortunate. May that day be close at hand, and may the blessings of the higher spirit forces rest on all those who slippe their efforts to this end.

To carry out this project, the first and most important step to take would be the establishment of a fund. It is clearly evident that if our mediums were withdrawn from the public in a body and attached to the National Association, a fund necessary for their maintenance would be quickly obtainable, as no medium could be secured except through a local association existing under the aegis of the National or governing body or, independently, of the National Association itself. But, as a preliminary step, I suggest that a fund be raised by the issuing of certificates. I firmly believe, however, that with the mediums of the country under the control of the National Association, and its spiritual purpose made known, many wealthy people would contribute to the cause voluntarily, just as is now done in the Christian church.

I do not say it in any disparagement, but with the commercial aspect of Spiritualism destroyed, a new sentiment would be created, greatly favorable to the cause. In fact, the day is rapidly approaching when this end must be established. The hostility of sentiment is so great a consequence of the commercialism of Spiritualism that we may well be concerned for our welfare and standing in a community.

It rests with the mediums to consent to co-operate with the National Association. It is a sacred duty they owe to themselves and to their helpers, after the long years of labor in their behalf, to assist in this worthy purpose, and present new conditions to the world, and by so doing create respect for themselves and for those who have their welfare and interests at heart, as well as for the cause itself.

OSCAR W. HUMPHREY, Washington, D. C.

The art of quotation requires more delicacy in the practice than those conceive who can see nothing more in a quotation than an extract.—Isaac Disraeli.

We Germans fear God, but nothing else in the world.—Bismarck.

I am not yet so lost in the geography as to forget that words are the daughters of earth and that things are the sons of heaven.—Samuel Johnson.

For one swallow does not make spring, nor yet one fine day.—Aristotle.

Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are.—Savonarola.

FROM THE N. S. A.

Legislation Concerning Mediums in the District.

To the Editor:—It may be of interest to you and your readers to learn that the N. S. A., through the activities of its treasurer and secretary, is busy this winter in seeking to secure justice to mediums in the District of Columbia, as follows: At the present time, House Bill 13709, includes in its measures to be acted upon, Sec. 34, which reads as follows: "That clairvoyants, soothsayers, fortune tellers by whatsoever name called, shall not be allowed to practice their calling in the District, and anyone attempting the practice of such calling as aforesaid shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof in the police court shall be subject to the penalty prescribed in Section 12 of this Act."

The Section 12 referred to, provides that anyone required to pay a license tax, and shall fail to do so, will be subject to fine of not less than five dollars, or not more than fifty, or shall be liable to imprisonment at the jurisdiction of the court, till the fine is paid.

This measure is similar to the one which the N. S. A. treasurer, Mr. T. J. Mayer, last year succeeded in having eliminated from the bill for the revision of the tax laws for this District; it is up for consideration again, and we are waiting for the aid of some of the members of the House to do our best to again have it suppressed.

Another House bill—number 13,067—relating to the licensing of mediums to work for the public, is also under consideration, and the N. S. A. officers at Washington, with friends of influence, are seeking to have this bill passed, that taxation will not be a menace to the good work of our mediums here, or waiting for the aid of some of the members of the House to do our best to again have it suppressed.

If this latter bill is passed, we are sure that the Commissioners, who seem to be the only ones who can legislate the license fee of mediums in this District, so that it will not prove a burden to them. At present the circles of mediums, where admission fee is taken, are held as "exhibitions for gain," and as such, the mediums are taxed ten dollars per week for holding them. One medium in this city has been paying that exorbitant tax this season, while at the same time he is being persecuted for the matter to be properly settled. We hope to have the bill as mentioned, passed, that the Commissioners can act upon the subject, as we are assured that the license will be reduced from five hundred to twenty-five or thirty dollars a year. The question may be asked, why have any tax, why not have the law imposing upon the rights of mediums to hold circles without taxation repealed? The answer is two fold: We find that the Congress cannot get the question as that of involving the rights of individuals concerning their religion, is Congress does not deal with religious matters; therefore we must take the matter on the ground of professional work, and the law is that professional people shall be taxed for conducting their business for gain. Therefore it is conceded much better to have the tax brought down to a reasonable figure, that will not bear heavily upon any medium. It is also believed that a slight tax upon the public towards keeping traveling mountebanks, who pretend mediumship, and whose seances are really shows "for gain," away from the District. We are using our influence for the greatest good to the greatest number, for we can see that it is better to get the Commissioners and Congress on the side of what we claim to be justice, than it is to so antagonize them that no concession will be made.

MARY T. LONGLEY, Washington, D. C. Sec'y. N. S. A.

OUR BEST.

We were put here on this blessed earth. Not merely space to fill, But we were meant for something. To make of ourselves all we will. We may often fall short of our wishes. To carry out the plan, But there will be comfort in thinking "We did the best we can."

While some may rise to the highest mount, Of merited success and fame, We look on in happy pride, And long to cheer their honored name. Yet he who sought and failed, Could we his struggles scan— Might find, though he lost the goal, "He did the best he can."

We meet a tottering drunkard, And turn in loathing and fear, Yet some time, some where, if we only knew, His pathway was bright and clear. A single misstep may have caused A break in his life's great plan. We may look on and censure, "Though he did the best he can."

The shores of life are covered With human wrecks to-day, Each one telling its heart's story, Of trying to win in the fray; How disaster upon disaster Swept them at every hand— They went down before it, "Each doing the best they can."

Every heart knoweth its sorrow, We may hide from the world if we will, But in the hours of silence The old ache is there still. Could we know each other's heart throbs All over this broad land, We might use more charity, knowing "Each does the best he can."

—Virginia Curtiss Smith.

The hand that follows intellect can achieve.—Michael Angelo.

It is better to be unborn, than untaught, for ignorance is the root of misfortune.—Plato.

SUCCESS-FAILURE.

As Viewed by the Editor of the New York Herald.

While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen.—II. Corinthians, iv:18.

It is very necessary to define failure and success before you attribute the one or the other to yourself. It is barely possible that a man who has utterly failed may regard his life as a success, or that one may think he has succeeded when, in point of fact, he has failed.

The experiences through which we pass on the way from cradle to heaven are simply so many opportunities. If we use them and make the best and most of them we achieve our highest mission, while if they slip by us unimproved we lack the growth, the development which they were intended to produce. Life in its earthly aspect, if looked upon from the vantage ground of religion, is the school in which the soul learns to use its own powers, discovers its destiny stretching far beyond the narrow limits of the present and prepares itself for its real career, which begins after the waking from the sleep of death.

It is a duty to search for happiness wherever it may be found, and it is a positive crime to fret and worry because you are not in the environment which you think would be more fitting to your capacity. Happiness, however, is simply incidental to an honest purpose, an unflinching faith, the consequence of harmony between your will and God's commands, while the real end of living is the formation of a healthy, large, wholesome and generous character, to which every change of circumstances may be made to contribute. The man who has a well-rounded and well-balanced character, who is kindly in his attitude, optimistic in his outlook, will get all the good out of life which Omnipotence has put into it, and so be as happy as human nature permits, but the happiness is a side issue, and the character which makes it possible is the main point. Seek first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you. It is the kingdom which rises to supreme importance, and "all these things" are the logical result of it. To search for happiness without first searching for righteousness reminds one of the traveler who sees the mirage of an oasis in the desert and thinks to lie on its green grass and drink at its fountain, when in fact he will die of thirst before he gets there.

Your life is not a failure because you are doomed to hard work and constant struggle with adversity. Hard work is the normal necessity of spiritual growth. The man who can afford to be indolent may excite your envy, but he ought not to be your ideal. Toil is divine. "My father worketh hitherto, and I work." He who goes to his daily task with cheerfulness makes his life a prayer, and a blessing to the world. If one lives for himself alone he fails. If, on the contrary, he lives in the narrowest possible circle, but is helpful, warm-hearted, kindly, the magnetism of his character fills the very air which his neighbors breathe and a subtle influence goes forth from his straitened circumstances which is as grateful as the perfume of flowers. He is like sunshine in a dark corner, he is like the echo of music in a wild waste, he is God's minister without the robes of office. There is nothing grander than filling a small place in a large way, nothing nobler than to live your little life with a generous heart and a helping hand.

Your life is not a failure because there is sorrow and trouble in it. The right is needed as well as the day and the storm as well as the clear blue sky. Many a man has lost a dear one and found heaven and peace. Sorrows rattle the chain that binds us to earth and set the soul free. It is a strange fact that eyes when filled with tears will see more than eyes that brim with laughter. With good fortune only our wings take a downward dip, but with bereavement we learn to soar. The grave grows eloquent of immortality and the muffled heart dreams of reunion. God's hand is heavy, but His love is never dim.

Instead, therefore, of finding fault with Providence, put yourself into harmony with Providence. You may not change your circumstances, but you can change your attitude toward them. Do your duty wherever you are placed; make your years a temple in which your soul worships and finds peace and contentment. Life will be brighter when your heart is lighter, and the burden will be more easily borne when you and Christ bear it together.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

Chiefly, the mold of a man's fortune is in his own hands.—Bacon.

Example is a dangerous lure; where the way got through the gnat sticks fast.—La Fontaine.

O beloved Pan, and all ye other gods of this place, grant me to become beautiful in the inner man.—Socrates.

The time is ripe for confining the operation of the human mind hereafter to the simple content of observed facts.—Fluke.

One solitary philosopher may be great, virtuous and happy in the midst of poverty but not a whole nation.—Isaiah Berlin.

The story of the miraculous conception, the ascent of Christ into heaven, the temptation, the opening of his grave by an angel, etc., was taken bodily from the religion of the Buddhists.—B. W. Howe.

Religion must always be something emotional, and the culture of emotion is not carried on advantageously in ordinary school-teaching. The system that is best for securing the intellectual element is not best for securing the emotional element.—Bain.

A NEW RITUAL.

As Illustrated at Detroit, Mich.

SPIRITUALISTS DIFFER IN METHODS AND PRACTICES AS MUCH AS THE CHURCHES DO.

Spiritualists differ; they believe differently; they act differently. Each one is a law and a prophet unto himself, as illustrated in the following from the Detroit Tribune:

Last evening was the occasion of the first use of the new spiritual ritual that has been prepared by Dr. C. W. Burrows for the weekly meetings that are held in the little hall adjoining his office, 132 Michigan avenue. Dr. Burrows also appeared for the first time wearing the robes of his office as minister of the congregation. He was vested in black, with a silver cord worn gracefully as a belt and thrown loosely over the shoulder. The ritual was printed on substantial cardboard; one side bearing a collection of songs to be used by the congregation, while on the reverse side was the ritual which was followed last night.

There are three selections for responsive reading in the ritual, and one of these used last night started as follows: Minister—"I am one with infinite life." People—"I am life."

It then went on in order as follows: "I am filled with God." "I am one with God." "I am filled with the love of God." "I am love." "All is good; there is no evil." "I am love and love is infinite." "Love is law." "Love is my law; I am law." "What love prompts I do." "All my thoughts are prompted by love."

"Love feeds, clothes and shelters me." "Love will ever care for me." "Love thus casts out fear." "In love I am fearless." "In love I speak and act without limit."

After the reading Dr. Burrows delivered a brief sermon on "I am filled with God." He declared that it is stupid for the secularists to pay big salaries to ministers to tell the people things that they have been born and bred to. He said that the practices of the Christian religion have divorced God from man. "It has made a divinity of God," he asserted, "and a humanity of man, a condition that does not exist. Some of the people say the spirits we see are devils. Well, we have a devilish good time with them, then. I tell you that the doctrine of religion have no existence except in the driving minds of the people."

Thus it is that Spiritualists differ—differ widely on things earthly and on things divine. One wants a ritual, another abhors it, the differentiations increasing in proportion to the augmentation of numbers to our ranks. No two societies are in exactly the same channel, hence there will be great diversity of thought in our ranks, one denying what another says, and building up a cult of his own. But this matters but little if each one stands upon a solid foundation of morality, virtue, honesty and purity of thought. A ritual even denying all that the good Dr. Burrows presents in his, would do no harm if actuated by an exalted morality and honesty of purpose. To me, however, all rituals are a complete waste of words and time—useless in all respects. In the onward march of evolution the saint and the thief stand equal chance, and both must of necessity reap equal advantage. ORITIC.

Detroit, Mich.

Medical Freedom.

Therapeutics covers a vast field for research, and in our judgment there should be freedom of thought and unrestricted inquiry into the many systems of cure which are now extant, medical autocracies to the contrary notwithstanding. "The people and the broad-minded physicians of any school whatsoever are not the parties who are asking their legislators to pass iniquitous medical laws. Any system that would try to debbar others is narrow and bigoted in the extreme. We would not object to a law that did not give a monopoly of practice to the toxic drug doctors, but would allow each practitioner of his respective system to stand on his own merits, let the actual results and the people determine who are and who are not safe physicians. A knowledge of the therapeutic value of the fine forces of nature, sunlight, electricity, magnetism, nerve force, mental force, psychic force, etc., opens up an unlimited field for study and investigation. It has been demonstrated in thousands of instances where patients were healed after the skill of the best drug doctor had completely failed. An understanding of the basic principles of things would enable the medical physician to treat more on scientific principles and would make him less prejudiced toward his professional rival. Dr. Titus Counselor of the Court at Dresden has remarked that "Three-fourths of mankind are killed by medicines and prescriptions." The intelligent public are learning through Rastallian and other valuable sources how to heal themselves of most diseases, and do not favor the iron-clad, double-lined medical laws proposed by the Vanderbilt County Medical Society, and feel that they have a right to ask their representatives of the legislature (by petition or otherwise) to vote against any and all bills, which if put into law would be inimical to their sacred and constitutional rights. Look out for many more petitions similar to the one sent to the Hon. Walter A. Legeman, as they are circulating all over Hoosierdom like snow-flakes. How will Mr. Legeman vote? He introduced a petition opposing any further medical legislation and also introduced the medical bill now pending at Indianapolis.

J. W. RUMINER, D. M., M. D.

To see what is right and not to do it is want of courage.—Confucius.

THE NEMESIS OF CHAUTAUQUA LAKE: OR CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BY HON. A. B. RICHMOND.

Author of "Leaves from the Diary of an Old Lawyer," "Court and Prison," "A Calm View from a Lawyer's Standpoint," "A Hawk in an Eagle's Nest," "Intemperance and Crime," and "A Review of the Seybert Commissioners."

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

In the early part of October Judge Hall and Nellie were married. They had taken those solemn vows that mean so much or so little in the history of mankind, that result in infinite happiness or infinite misery. It was said by some unsophisticated observer of human life that "marriages are made in Heaven," but to an old lawyer who has been engaged in nearly one hundred divorce cases, the connubial tie looks like a very frail and sublimity affair. Emerson in his "Representative Men" propounds the following interrogatory:

"Is not marriage an open question when it is alleged from the beginning of the world that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in?" I leave my readers to answer this from their experiences. And while Dean Swift said, "The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages." I do not fully agree with him. There may be some truth in his remark, but my experience as an old lawyer leads me to believe that there are twenty imprudent, worthless and drunken husbands to one reprehensible or guilty wife.

A few days after their marriage the Judge and his beautiful wife started on their journey East, and after undergoing the usual fatigues and vicissitudes of travel through a sparsely settled country, in a week's time they arrived at Mayville at the head of Chautauqua Lake. From there to the home of Jonas Birch the road was familiar to Judge Hall.

"There is the house, Nellie," said the Judge, one beautiful morning in October, "and there is the good Dolly herself, attending to her domestic duties of assisting Jonas in doing the chores. Nellie, you must captivate her as you do all with whom you come in contact."

As the Judge and his wife rode up to the gate and stopped, Dolly, after smoothing her hair, with true female instinct, and hastily adjusting her apron and dress as well as the circumstances would permit, came forward to meet them, and after answering the greeting of the Judge with an old-style courtesy, she invited them to "light down" and come in and rest.

"Mrs. Birch," said Judge Hall, "have you forgotten me?" She looked at him a moment, when a smile of recognition illumined her pleasant countenance, and she exclaimed:

"Bless my soul! if it ain't the gentleman who helped Munson kill the Injun, and who my Jonas helped to break out of jail at Mayville. Oh! but Jonas will be glad to see you. Billy," she said to a young lad who was looking in open-eyed astonishment at the strange lady and gentleman, "run and tell your daddy to come home right off. There is some one here he will be glad to see." The boy disappeared in a nearby field, while the Judge and Nellie entered the house of Dolly. "I say of Dolly—for it was particularly her kingdom, and no one dared to dispute her decrees within its hospitable walls."

Jonas came in and greeted the Judge, who introduced him to his wife. It was evident that Jonas was as well pleased as his wife at the visit of his old acquaintance of the jail and canoe.

"Your horse is all right, Judge, only a little older than when you left him here. The constables from the Inlet watched my stables for two weeks after you had gone, as clus as a cat watches a rat hole." Here the two men left the house and went to the stable to look at the Judge's horse, when Jonas continued his narration:

"General Baird came here the next day after you had put out their lights on the lake, and he cross-questioned Dolly and I about you. Now Judge, Dolly is a good Christian woman if there ever was one. She is a full-blown Methodist, but, Judge, you oughter heard her stretch the truth 'till she almost broke it. She told the General that she heard you say you was going East to get goods to trade with the Injuns, and she looked so honest that the General believed her and give up follerin you down the river. If they had overtook you there would have bin bloody work, for Bill Munson is a terror I tell you, and fears nothing but the Lord he worships, and who, he thinks, commands him to spend the balance of his life in killing the red skins. I do wonder where Bill and old Joe Smiley is now? They jined the army of old 'Mad Anthony,' and I haven't heard from them since."

"Jonas," said the Judge, "I'll tell you all about them to-morrow. I saw them both in the last battle with the Indians on the Maumee. Now I wish to hire you for all day to-morrow. I desire to take my wife down to the bluff on the lake shore at Munson's clearing. I wish to show her the place where Wa-na-tau was killed, but don't say a word about it until we get there."

"You can't hire me, Judge; but I will be glad to go with you and pilot you through the woods. We'll start early, Judge, as it may take the best part of the day to go, and back."

That night when the Judge and his wife retired to the "spare room" that was the particular pride and care of Dolly, Nellie turned to her husband, with a serious face and said:

"Dear Frank, what did Mrs. Birch mean when she said you were the person who helped some one to kill an Indian, and whom her Jonas helped to break out of jail? I cannot get it out of my mind. What did she mean, Frank?"

"Nellie, you did not know that I was a 'jail bird,' once accused of a crime, and that I made my escape with the assistance of Jonas Birch and another man who released me from prison. Did I never tell you the story, darling?"

"Oh, Frank! Frank! don't torture me, I beg of you. I do not believe that you ever were guilty of a crime; but I love you so dearly, so devotedly, that her words almost caused my heart to cease its beating. What is it, my dear husband, that you are keeping secret from me?"

"It's nothing, Nellie, but what you will surely approve of when I tell you the story as I will to-morrow. You know I once told you that I had a case of circumstantial evidence that I was investigating; so, darling, rest easy until to-morrow and you shall know all. I wish to take you down to the lake shore and will show you the most magnificent lake and land view you ever beheld, one that I am confident will interest you more than anything that has ever happened in your innocent life; so, Nellie, dear, rest easy, and lose no sleep because of the idle words of good Dolly Birch."

Nellie was forced to be content, yet her loving heart did not beat so calmly as did her husband's by her side. She had a vague presentiment that something unusual was to happen the next day, and some of her early fearful dreams disturbed her wonted repose.

The next morning Judge Hall and Nellie on horseback, accompanied by Jonas Birch on foot, started towards Munson's clearing. They reached the open field where Wa-na-tau was shot, before noon. It was a beautiful morning, and the lake gleamed before them like a mirror of glass. When they reached the open clearing where the cabin of Munson had stood, Judge Hall watched intently and expectantly the features of his wife. As the broad expanse of lake and forest met her eye she paused, looked bewildered for a moment, pressed her hand to her forehead, looked again with a keen, thoughtful

expression, then she exclaimed in excited tones:

"My dreams! My dreams! My horrible dreams! They come back to me like vivid realities." Then trembling like an aspen, she continued:

"Oh, Frank! Frank! what does this mean? Have I ever been here before, or have I seen this place in my dreams? This high cliff and broad expanse of water and yonder beach of sand with this wide circle of forest. I never saw a lake before! and yet this spot seems to be familiar to me. Can it possibly be a dream? No, no, it is no dream, it is a reality. I have been here before. Yes! yes! I remember it all! Here was the home of my childhood. It comes as clear to my memory now as a landscape would from under a passing cloud of morning mist."

"Yonder where you see that pile of half-decayed brands stood our house—my early home. I remember it in flames; I can see the band of cruel savages that surrounded it. I can almost hear their fearful war cry. Here they murdered my father, mother, grandmother and my dear little brother Harry. Yonder where you see that pile of half-burned logs overgrown with weeds, stood our barn. And there, Frank, by that big rock, my brother and I used to play. Yes, there I saw him murdered by a savage warrior. I remember, I ran into yonder clump of bushes where a giant Indian caught me and led me into captivity, that Father and Mother Neville told me was all a dream."

"But it was no dream. It is as real as this lake and landscape. Dear Frank, on the other side of that big rock, is a cavity, and I remember that the Spring before our home was burned two little birds built a nest there and laid five little white eggs in it. Yes, and now I remember that after the dear little birds that were hatched there, had left their nest, my brother and I went down to the lake shore yonder at the end of the cliff, where you see that beach of sand, and Harry found five little white stones shaped like bird's eggs, and we put them in the vacant nest." Then springing from her horse she ran behind the stone, followed by her husband. "There it is now, Frank! There is the hole in the rock where the nest was. It is now partly filled with sand, and a bunch of grass has taken root there; pull out the grass and see what is there."

Judge Hall hastily did as she requested, and putting his hand into the hole withdrew it with five white pebbles, and the fragments of a bird's nest made of bristles and hair which had resisted decay.

"Here they are, Nellie," he said in exultant tones; "I have found my circumstantial evidence which no court or jury could disbelieve. None but yourself and the 'Infinite mind' could have known of these five white pebbles and that decayed bird's nest being in the crevice of that rock. The testimony of ten thousand witnesses could not be more conclusive. I have long suspected this—come and sit down on this rock, darling, and I will tell you all."

Nellie seized the five pebbles with an eager grasp, and pressing them to her lips burst into a flood of tears, while the eyes of brave and honest Jonas Birch were overflowing with the evidence of his sympathy and astonishment.

Nellie and her husband seated themselves on the rock, while Jonas stood by an eager listener; he would have retired out of hearing, but Judge Hall requested him to stay.

"Dear Nellie," said the Judge, "it is as I have long suspected, and I only waited the present moment, with its surroundings, for the denouement to come. I knew your father well, so did Jonas Birch. I traveled with him as my guide to Pittsburgh. He was a noble man, well educated and a true Christian. He died in my arms on the last battle-field on the banks of the Maumee river. After the murder of his family by the Indians, his mind at times became 'warped and wrong'; he was not always himself, but he devoted his whole life to his insatiable revenge. He followed the murderous band that had destroyed his home; they all or nearly all fell by his hand. Yonder where you see that apple tree covered with moss and lichen, Wa-na-tau, the Indian who murdered your brother, fell, shot by your father from yonder woods."

"Here he related to me his tale of woe and suffering, then he disappeared in the forest. I threw the body of the Indian over the cliff yonder into the lake; just then Jonas Birch and another man came up with the surveyor, General Baird, and arrested me for the killing of the Indian in time of peace. I was taken to Mayville and put in a log jail, when your father and Jonas, my friend here, came at night and released me. Your father took me down Lake Chautauqua in a canoe, and, as I said, guided me to Pittsburgh, from whence my guardian spirit-directed me to General John Neville's where I met you, my darling, and consummated the happiness of my life. The double-barreled rifle you saw in my room was your father's; he named it 'Nemesis' after the avenging Goddess of mythology. Such in brief, my dear wife, is the story I promised to tell you and explain the remark of Mrs. Birch. In the future I will go more into the details. Nellie, your father was a noble man, but unfortunate circumstances somewhat unsettled his mind, and he is not to be blamed for his undying hatred of the Indians and his killing many in time of peace."

"My dear husband," said Nellie, who had listened with breathless attention to the narration, "I do not blame my father for what he did, nor would I have censured him if he had obliterated the whole race of savages from off the face of the earth. If I were a man under similar circumstances, I would have done as he did."

"Nellie," said the Judge, "I always thought you were a 'chip from the old block,' or more properly speaking, 'a rose from the parent stem.' As I told you, your father died in my arms; I buried him by the side of his tried and trusted friend, old Joe Smiley, in a soldier's grave under a beautiful oak, on the battle-field where he fell. I placed a large boulder at the head of their grave, and sometime in the future, my dear wife, we will make a pilgrimage to the spot and see that a proper monument is erected there. A few moments before he died he imagined or thought he saw the spirit forms of his mother, your mother and little Harry hovering over him, and he wondered why he did not see you. He said you must be in the angel world, and wondered that you did not come to him with them. His last words were: 'Yes, darlings, I am coming to you,' and his lips were silent forever."

"My darling husband," said Nellie amid her tears, "don't you believe that he saw their spirits? You say he 'imagined or thought' he did. But what made him think so unless he actually saw them? Poor, dear father believed I, too, was dead; then why did he not think he saw me, if it was only imagination? It must have been because I was not there, and grandmother and mother and brother were. Frank, I know you are more learned and wiser than I, but tell me, is it impossible for the spirits of our friends to return to us sometimes, or is the future world so far off that they cannot come? Surely, if all human affections survive death, is it not probable that our loving Father above, who is in himself the very personification of infinite love—if his omnipotent power could reach so far—would and does permit our loved ones to return to us in times of our greatest suffering and need? You know, Frank, that the Apostle said: 'There is a natural body and a spiritual body, and why may not our spiritual body come from, as well as go to, our Heavenly home, if our Lord will permit it? Surely He returned to His dis-

ciples after His death. Then it cannot be impossible for spirits to return, and don't you believe that they can and do?' My dear Frank, if I were to die I could not be happy in Heaven one day if I knew I could not sometimes return to you on this earth to comfort you."

"Poor, dear Nellie," said the Judge, but he looked more like a child than a Judge, as he answered with tearful emotions, "you are as near an angel now as you ever can be. You have made me cry like a child, darling, at the logic and conclusion of your argument and —"

"No, no, Frank, do not say that you cried like a child, but rather, that you wept like a man. There is a great difference in the emotions of childhood and maturity. The one may be childish, the other the evidence of true manhood. Don't you think so, darling? Frank, do you think that our Divine Master, who said to his disciples, 'Love one another as I have loved you,' would in the future world separate two souls who loved each other in this world, just because one of them had broken one of God's commandments, that the other had kept? I don't believe it. Will father and mother be separated in the spirit land because he in the frenzy of his great grief and love broke the commandment that says, 'Thou shalt not kill?' Dear Frank, how has the world kept all of God's commandments?"

"Why, Nellie, darling," said Frank, his eyes yet wet with the tears he could not restrain, "you are a theologian as well as a lawyer; you argue your cause with admirable ability; but —"

"Oh, my dear husband," said Nellie without waiting to hear the result of the disjunctive conjunction, "do not jest on so solemn an occasion, and in this place, but hear me. If you and I were to die to-day and in the spirit world we were to be separated, I would not take eternal life as a gift. Heaven would not be Heaven if you were not with me."

"Dear wife," said Frank, "we are commanded not to worship idols in this world; but if you do not stop I shall break that injunction into comminuted fragments," and regardless of the presence of honest Jonas, who had alternately smiled and blubbered at the scene, he clasped her in his arms while the unrestrained flood of an overflowing heart poured forth in thankfulness to the giver of all good for the prize he held in his loving embrace.

"Judge," said Jonas, in hesitating tones, "we had better be starin' for him purty soon. You know it is a long, rough road, and I am afraid Dolly will be uneasy if we don't get there by sun-down."

"You are right, Jonas," said the Judge, "we were forgetting the passage of time in this, the most eventful day of my life, and I forgot that you had a sympathizing and affectionate wife, as well as myself."

The Judge and his wife mounted their horses and in sadness turned from the spot and entered the road. Nellie paused a moment and looked with tearful eyes on the scene of her childhood for the last time; then with her husband passed in a thoughtful mood along the trail or path they had that morning followed on their way to Munson's clearing.

What a change does the events of a few fleeting hours often make in the fears, hopes, aspirations and loves of the travelers on life's wearisome highway. But yesterday we did not know the existence of a person who from today will exercise a governing influence over our lives. We did not know of a past event that will henceforth mold and control our future destiny for weal or woe. How slight may be the object or incident whose effect will be felt not only while we live, but through all the generations of the future."

"The pebble in the streamlet, scant
It's changed the course of many a river,
A dew-drop on a baby plant
Has warped the giant oak forever."

Our party of excursionists reach the hospitable home of Jonas Birch just as the sunlight had faded into twilight. They were met by Dolly, who welcomed their return with genuine pleasure. After they had partaken of a supper, that their hunger and Dolly's skill made most enjoyable, and after Jonas had done his chores, and all were seated around a clean hearth and a bright fire, which the cool Autumn evening rendered very acceptable, Judge Hall proceeded to relate to the astonished Dolly the events of the day and all the incidents we have related to our readers. It was near midnight when the story was completed, and much of it was as new to Jonas and Nellie as it was to Dolly, who, with dilated fearful eyes, listened with absorbing interest to every detail. When it was finished, the impulsive Dolly went to Nellie and throwing her arms around her neck, kissed her fervently, then going into the "spare room," she returned with a large family Bible, and placing it in Nellie's lap, asked her to read the CXLVIII Psalm, which Nellie did with feeling and fervor. Then she and Frank joined their educated voices in singing an old, time-honored hymn. This completed the magnetic effect on Dolly, who said:

"Judge, I do feel as if I must pray to God for His goodness. Let us kneel in humble gratitude to Him who guards us all in the time of danger, and who has said that even a sparrow does not fall without His knowing it. All knelt and Dolly uttered a prayer, which for simple unadorned eloquence and fervor would put to shame many a studied orison delivered from the sacred desk, or read from a gilded prayer-book not for the Divine ear alone, but for the approving criticism of a congregation."

Then all retired for the night; Jonas and Dolly "with wonder full and strange astonishment" at what they had heard, and Frank and Nellie in heartfelt thankfulness at the events of the day.

In the morning while all were seated at the breakfast table, Judge Hall said: "Jonas, I wish you and Dolly would go with my wife and I to Mayville; I wish to transact some business that may require your presence."

Jonas and Dolly looked surprised, but readily consented. "You know, Jonas," said the Judge, "that it is a clearly established fact that my wife is the only heir-at-law of William Munson; and of course she is now the sole owner of all the land here formerly owned by her father. Nellie and I have talked the matter over and she wishes to present this tract of land to your wife, Dolly, to repay her for her kindness to us both, and more particularly to pay her for the saucer of fresh butter she sent down to the retreat of her father the morning after you and he had broken the law by releasing a suspected murderer from the jail at Mayville. And we will go there to-day and execute a deed to the land; and Jonas, if you will accompany me by taking your wife with us, I will give you my horse that you have cared for so faithfully during my absence."

"Judge Hall," said Jonas, who could hardly speak for his emotions, "I don't want nothing to pay me for what I have done; but if you wish to give Dolly a farm I'll be goll darned if I ain't willin', fer she deserves all she can get in this world."

"Jonas! Jonas!" said Dolly in a reproving tone, "don't swear, or the land will come to no good to me."

"I beg pardon, Judge," said Jonas in a repentant tone, "but a fellow can't always govern his tongue when he's excited—now, can he?"

"No, no, Jonas," replied the smiling Judge, "we learn that in our courts, where even the lawyers in the excitement of debate do not always control their tongues as they should."

"I don't wonder at that, Judge," said Jonas; "I tended a court once as a witness, and I only wondered that the lawyers controlled their fists—I couldn't do a one; for when the court was out and I met the lawyer that cross-questioned me I had hard work to keep my fists in my pockets."

"For shame, Jonas," said Dolly; "ain't you ashamed to talk that way to a Judge?"

"No, Dolly," replied Jonas, "I ain't ashamed to tell the truth at all times, even if I had to tell a constable that the man he was a huntin' arter had gone East to buy goods to trade with the Indians, when I knew that him and Bill Munson was goin' down the river to Pittsburgh."

This shot told with tremendous effect. Dolly colored to the roots of her hair, while the Judge and his wife laughed heartily at her discomfiture.

"Mrs. Hall," said Dolly gravely, "don't you ever love and pet your husband too much, or you will make him as provokin' as Jonas there."

"I'll be careful, Dolly; I'll take warning by your experience. Remember, Frank, the lesson Mrs. Birch has taught me."

Here Jonas and Judge Hall went out to the stable to see that the horses were made ready for their excursion to Mayville, and from there East, as the Judge and his wife proposed to continue their journey immediately on the execution of the Deed to Dolly.

"Judge," said Jonas, as soon as they were out of hearing of the inmates of the house, "what shall I do with Munson's things down at his cabin? He made me promise that if he was killed in a fight with the Injuns, I would take all them scalps and bury them by that stone on the cliff where his little boy was tomahawked, and I am bound to do it; but what about the rest of his things?"

"They are all yours except his Bible and books; take care of them Jonas until sometime in the future I can send for them."

Two hours afterward found Frank and Nellie and Jonas and Dolly at the office of a magistrate in Mayville. The deed was executed and a bill of sale for all the personal effects of Munson delivered to Jonas. Judge Hall and his wife parted with their humble but true friends with unfeigned regret and even tears, by Dolly and Nellie.

Without any incidents worthy of record, Judge Hall and his wife reached Washington in November, and settled down in their permanent home. The Judge was soon appointed to an important office in the administration of the government, which he filled with honor for a number of years, while his beautiful wife reigned as star of the first magnitude in the society of the Capitol.

CHAPTER XI.

"All the world's a stage,

And all men and women merely players;

They have their exits and their entrances;

And one man in his time plays many parts."

Shakespeare's "As You Like It."

"That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,

And then is heard no more."

Shakespeare's "Macbeth."

The pen of the novelist, like the "wishing cap of Fortunatus," can annihilate time and space. It also possesses her inexhaustible purse of gold, with which wealth and its attendants, fame and happiness, can be most generously bestowed on the favored few of the "dramatis personae" of its creation. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has truly said that "The pen is mightier than the sword." Alike the weapon of history, philosophy, science, religion and art, it guides and controls the destinies of nations as well as individuals. Under its sway how silent is the march of the army of thought. It is not accompanied by the panoply of war. It needs not the armor of ancient knightliness to protect it from assault. "It's tread is as noiseless as an infant's breath; its force is like that of the warrior panopied in steel."

Ten years have passed since the incidents narrated in our last chapter. Judge Hall and Nellie have but recently returned from a tour of the Eastern continent, where the Judge held an important position in a foreign mission. They were now seated in the sitting-room of their palatial residence in Washington City. The mature beauty of Nellie is even more striking than that of her young maidenhood. The Judge was occupied with his evening paper, while Nellie sat in silent reverie. Her thoughts wandered back to her childhood; and in the phantasmagoria of memory she saw her early home on the shore of Do-sho-wah Te-car-ne-o-di [Do-sho-wah Te-car-ne-o-di: Lake Erie; Seneca]. Even the soft flow of the Indian dialect had come back to her reviving recollection, as she had heard it from the lips of her father. As time had elapsed, one after another of the incidents of her early life became more and more vivid. She distinctly saw in memory her burning home; she heard the Indian war-whoop and the shrieks of her mother and grandmother amid the flames. She saw her little brother struck down by the tomahawk of Wa-na-tau, and the stalwart form of her father as with his axe he fought with desperation the murderous savages that surrounded him. She saw all the horrors of that awful night as clearly as if they were passing before her on the shifting scenes of a painted panorama. Tears dimmed her beautiful eyes as she pressed a bracelet, on her wrist, to her quivering lips. The jewel was of unique construction, the work of a Florentine artist. It appeared to be formed of five white pebbles, beautifully polished and set in a filigree of gold, alternating with rubies and emeralds. It had frequently attracted the attention of the fashionable ladies of Washington society, who wondered at its curious form, and the unknown jewels that composed its settings.

While Nellie and her husband sat in that silent, happy communion with each other, so common to a decade of connubial felicity, they were interrupted by a servant who placed the evening mail on the table before them. Nellie picked up the letters one by one to distribute them between herself and her husband, who was so busily engaged with his paper that he seemed indifferent to the letters from constituents, that Nellie placed in a formidable pile before him. She found only one directed to herself. The superscription was somewhat rude and the postmark was Mayville, N. Y. Nellie looked at the rude missive for a moment in surprise; then a smile of glad expectancy illumined her features, and breaking the seal, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Frank, here is a letter to me from dear Dolly Birch."

"Read it to me, Nellie," said the Judge, immediately losing all interest in the speech of a noted member of Congress he had been reading. "Read it to me, dear; we have not heard from our old friends since we returned from Europe, and I am anxious to hear from them."

(Concluded next week.)

Armour and the Recreant Minister.

There was some good in the late Philip D. Armour if the following story told about him by the Chicago Inter Ocean is true: One day several years ago a Chicago minister of the Chabad sect called on him and applied for help for a poor woman in his parish whom he had found in poverty and destitution in the most trying hour of childbirth. He was supplied with a sum ample for immediate needs and requested to see that the poor creature received necessary comforts with the least possible delay. Mr. Armour's ability to shunt his thoughts quickly was one of his traits. This matter was speedily forgotten. Imagine his surprise when Chadband returned the next day and said: "I have brought your money back, Mr. Armour."

"What does that mean?"

"My dear brother," said Chadband, "I am sorry to say that when I applied to you yesterday my information as to this case for Christian charity had been received only by hearsay. I have since investigated personally and discovered that the poor woman in childbirth is unmarried and living in sin. She has not sought salvation that is freely offered without money and without price. I could not therefore conscientiously give her the money. To satisfy my conscience I must therefore return it."

Mr. Armour's indignation was aroused. He dismissed Chadband curtly. Then he sent a special messenger to relieve the unfortunate woman and make her unhappy lot as easy as circumstances would permit. "Above all," he said, in recalling this case, "a minister of the gospel of Christ should have been the first to show mercy to this fallen one, and if she was in sin and the slough of despond, he should have been the first to reach forth a hand to lift her out and start her on the right road."

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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 the brevity. Proofs have to be omitted, and the answers are given as they are, without the usual editorial corrections, which of all things is to be deprecated. Correspondents often weary with waiting for the appearance of their questions and write letters of inquiry. The supply of matter is always several weeks ahead of the space given, and hence there is unavoidable delay. Every one has to wait his time and place, and all are treated with equal favor.

NOTICE.—No attention will be given anonymous letters. Full name and address must be given, or the letters will not be read. If the request be made, the name will not be published. The correspondence of this department has become excessively large, especially letters of inquiry requesting private answers, and while I freely give whatever information I am able, the ordinary courtesy of correspondents is expected.
HUDSON TUTTLE.

H. C. Kloppenberg: Q. What pope first invented or introduced the canonization of saints, and in what year?

A. It cannot be said that any pope invented this honor. Among all ancient nations, from remotest times the gratitude of the people has been expressed by the apotheosis of its benefactors. The great chieftains, the prophets, the seers, as seen through the mists of years, have been deified. The church could not fully conform to this pagan custom by elevating its martyrs to the rank of Gods, but it was most desirable to retain the form and endow them with superior rank. During the early ages of Christianity, the canonization of those worthy of being recognized as saints was in the hands of the bishops. This power was gradually assumed by the popes, so very slowly that it is difficult to determine when it became their prerogative, although the date recorded is 1179. In fact, both popes and bishops are now mutually interested.

According to the present usage, the ceremony of canonization closely conforms to the ancient Egyptian judgment of the dead, the pope and bishops forming a court similar to the judges who formed that awful tribunal.

In the first place the person whom it is proposed to promote to sainthood, must have performed at least two well attested miracles, and must have been more by his influence as a saint. The pope being appealed to, calls a secret consistory, before which the name of the candidate is argued by counsel for and against. An Advocate Diabolus, or Advocate of the Devil, brings forward every argument possible to diminish his character as a saint, declaring his miracles spurious and fraudulent, and finding technical flaws in the procedure. On the other hand, an Advocate Dei, pleads the cause for God, and the expectant saint. At a fourth meeting a vote of the prelates is taken and the majority determine the cause. When this is finally sanctioned by the pope and at an appointed day the imposing ceremony of canonization is performed. It is a pitiable and amusing fact that the one sole distinction on which the claim of sainthood depends, the performance of miracles, is impossible. The interminable list of saints are thus exceptions to the rule who have by their religious zeal become monomaniacs; they were renowned for their self-inflicted tortures; their filthy habits; their disregard of all the amenities of social life. There is not a sage, seer, philosopher, scientist, inventor, poet, or man of thought, on the saintly calendar.

P. L. S. Q. Why do you object to Spiritualists opening their meetings with prayer so as to conform to the customs of all religious sects?

A. We presume that prayer is always offered in Spiritualistic meetings "to conform to the customs of other religious sects." I visit a few have to bear the burden and a hollow sham. The spiritual speaker wants to have his service like that of other "pastors," and many of his clients want eminent respectability, and hence the forms and ceremonies.

Prayer has been the earnest desire, but when offered from the platform it is something more; it is an appeal to a Being supposed to hear and to be affected thereby. If this Being does not hear, and is unaffected, prayer is useless. If it hears and is affected, it is a personality. Spiritualists do not believe in a personal God, and hence such appeals are mockery. The most of Spiritualists to make prayers or invocations are as pitiable as ludicrous. They conceal unconsciously their want of sincerity and inability of thought, by rounded sentences of high sounding words. Theodore Parker is reported to have inspired the following prayer, and it is here given as an illustration:

"Oh, thou in whose greatness the eternal years revolve, thou spirit of the years and of our souls, thou great Father and Mother of all being, we would hear thee the praises of thy children, and laying upon the altar of the new-born year, our hopes, our fears, our prayers, our praises, and all the aspirations of our being, we would ask thee to bless them; and knowing that thy love is great, that thy charity is boundless as thy life, we feel sure that thou wilt hear, and hearing, that thou wilt answer."

This sounds grandly, but is utterly meaningless. How can the "eternal years" revolve "greatness"? How is God the spirit of "our souls"? If God is impersonal, how are we "sure" of his "hearing" and "answering" us?

That the spirit of Parker should pray, is not improbable. He may not have outgrown his religious prejudices. While in earth-life he constantly talked of church-members who had not outgrown their infant clothes, but he observed the church forms, and seemed to be bound with the bandages of infancy. He did not believe God to be a personal being, or that he could be swayed in the least by intercession, supplication, or anything man can say or do. How absurd, then, for him to stand up in his pulpit and bid us stand up in our believing on Sunday and recite grandiloquent nonsense to an impersonal nothing! His prayers as a spirit are like those he made in his church, no better or worse. If prayer can do anything, it is to react on the person who prays. What prayer does for the senseless form we know to be useless?

It is said in reply that although God does not hear, prayer reacts on the sup-

pliant. In other words he is benefited by acting a falsehood! The truth never gained by falsehood: if God is impersonal, does not hearing or not change in the act of perpetrating a falsehood? error making a dead faith appear by its graces to be living?

Perhaps it is well for the great host of preachers, a part of whose stock in trade is a fervent prayer, as it is for the African rain-maker to shake his calabash at the clouds and cry for rain, but Spiritualism has no use for verbose laudation of an infinite unknowable. If anyone feels it a duty to pray, or is happier after offering up praise, by all means they should be granted the right and privilege. "Oh," respond many Spiritualists, "I do not care for the prayer, but there are so many just out of the church, who want the old forms which draw them in, that we consent, with the reservation of its foolishness." In other words truth must appear in public in the mask of falsehood, to be respected! Oh, for a manly teacher, who would stand up for the right under all circumstances, nor consent to trim and deceive, even for truth's sake.

Mrs. E. R. Q. How can I advance in mediumistic and spiritual development?

A. "Mediumship," which has just been published, gives answers to this and similar questions, more complete and fully than possible in this department.

A. S. Lakeport, Cal.: Q. Will the suicide forget his taking his own life, as he ascends in spirit life? Will it affect him?

A. The mind never forgets, and whether the deed affects the spirit disastrously depends on the causes which led to its commission. The spirit is not held responsible for mental aberration, but if suicide is committed to escape the consequences of crime or crime, or the burdens which fall in the course of life, to be borne with manly courage, it will be deeply affected and that, too, until it grows out of its imperfections.

S. J. McCord: Q. What education is required to enter a medical college? Is there any medical college or hospital where the student can pay his way by labor?

A. The standard of preliminary education requisite to enter medical colleges has been gradually raised, until now little short of a collegiate course meets the demands of the best colleges. There are none where the student can support himself.

S. C. R. Columbus, O.: Abraham Lincoln never belonged to any church. He was a Spiritualist is proven to a demonstration in the book written by Nettie C. Maynard, "Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?"

IN THE WEST.

Notes from Kansas and Missouri.

To the Editor:—It has been some little time since I have given any report of my work in your valuable columns. I will endeavor to interest your readers in a short account of my travels. A few weeks ago I had the pleasure of attending a seance at the home of Brother Pratt, at Spring Hill, Kansas. W. W. Pratt was the medium and I thoroughly enjoyed the occasion. A number of forms came for persons who were present, and I believe all received some evidence of the continuity of life. I did not have the pleasure of attending the Aber Intellectual Circle which has been holding regular sessions for the purpose of publishing another book. This book I am told, will greatly exceed in interest the one previously published under the title of "Rending the Veil," and which has received a great many complimentary notices. Mr. Pratt is entitled to the gratitude of all earnest seekers after truth for the pains he has taken in bringing out these books.

Believe Mr. and Mrs. Aber to be genuine mediums and I hope their work may continue for many years. My next visit was to Liberal, Mo., where I found the hall had been closed for many months. The interest in Liberal is sadly lagging and meetings have been abandoned both by Spiritualists and Liberalists. A few years ago, both parties held lively and interesting meetings every Sunday. I found very little encouragement toward building up the work there.

From Liberal I went to Monett, Mo., where I gave several lectures and found a few active workers. Here I met the same difficulty as in nearly every place I visit. A few have to bear the burden and they feel it is too much to have meetings very often. While in Monett, I received valuable assistance in my meetings from Mrs. Julia Alford, who is visiting her parents at Verona, near there. Mrs. Alford's mediumship consists of clairvoyant descriptions, diagnosis and readings. She is also a powerful healer and gives musical readings which are interesting and reliable.

I next visited Springfield, where I was entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Allen. I gave lectures for the South Side Society, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, the regular speakers, assisting me, by giving readings and music. This society is doing good work in Springfield and should be rewarded by a packed hall every Sunday evening. They are now occupying the Grand Army Hall on St. Louis street.

Other meetings are being held in this city, by C. W. Stewart, who is speaking principally of Socialism and Liberal thought, in the Woodmen Hall, to very fair audiences; and one by Mrs. Folsom, on Commercial street. I hear this is also very well attended.

I have also visited Joplin, where I hoped to find a field for a more extended period. I gave two lectures on Sunday afternoons in the court house and two short talks at Mrs. Field's meetings on Hill street. Mrs. Field is building up an interest on the East Side by dint of hard work and persistent effort. Her home is crowded every Sunday and one evening during the week, principally by those who know but little of our philosophy. Joplin ought to have a large and flourishing society, with a building of its own, but internal dissensions are keeping back the city of progress.

I am now stopping for a short time at 1115 N. Campbell street, Springfield, Mo., and I am open for engagements for camps, societies or individuals. Anyone in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Indian Territory, or any nearby state desiring a series of lectures on the philosophy of Spiritualism and kindred subjects, would do well to write me at once.

WILLIAM E. BONNEY.

"The Priest, the Woman and the Confessional." This book, by the well known Father Chiquy, reveals the degradation of the priest, the results of the Roman confessional, as proved by the sad experience of many wrecked lives. Price, by mail, \$1. For sale at this office.

"Origin of Life, or Where Man Comes From." By C. W. Stewart. A very valuable work, by the Dean of the College of Fine Forces, and author of other important volumes on Health, Social Science, Religion, etc. Price, cloth, 75 cents. For sale at this office.

By Michael Faraday. Price 10 cents. For sale at this office.

SPIRITUALITY,

And Its General Development.

To the Editor:—What do we mean by the word spirituality? I often hear of this word used to shake the material. This excites in me a feeling, not alone of curiosity, but one of deep earnestness as well, because I like the idea; it is soothing; and being very worldly I should be glad to emulate the example of one truly spiritual; especially if this spirituality might in any way, add to my little sphere of usefulness, or to my happiness, either here or hereafter.

Confronting us all is what we call the "bread and butter problem." It is necessary to settle this question before we can advance spiritually, and since "No question is ever settled until it is settled right," let us examine it; it may be that the solution of the people's problem, the way of our spiritual unfoldment.

Want, misery and crime, not only continue to exist among us, but are becoming daily more and more aggravated; conversely, usurers revel in wanton profligacy, wasteful and ruinous indulgence of vice, and by hoarding the fruits of the people's product, the destruction of which would give them no pleasure. This question has become imperative, and should interest, not alone the worldly man, but more especially the spiritual man, because he must put himself in harmony with the universe, or his spirituality is but a cheap imitation of the living God.

Well, suppose we are interested and deplore the dreadful state of society into which our ignorance has brought us, what are we going to do about it? First we should understand ourselves and our relation to our fellow-man and get in the fullest accord with nature, the consequences of crime or crime, or the burdens which fall in the course of life, to be borne with manly courage, it will be deeply affected and that, too, until it grows out of its imperfections.

After we have succeeded in mastering our own selfishness, and are willing to account for our actions, we have equal right with ourselves, to the boundless resources of nature, to concede to him the full product of his labor, and to encourage necessary nationalization of energy, for the benefit of all.

It is our duty to the world, to our condition for spiritual growth; and the sooner we disabuse our minds of the idea that we are growing in spirituality because we are becoming more devout and pious, the better it will be for our soul's future. **GEO. E. CHAMBERLAIN.**

Chicago, Ill.

SUGGESTIVE.

A Word to All Mediums.

I recently received a letter from a friend, urging me to join the Sunshine Society. As I read her letter an idea struck me: Why not form a society of mediums? Surely such an association might be the means of accomplishing great good. There are social, political and religious evils, and we are called upon to unite in some sort of brotherhood, why not a fraternity of mediums? There is strength in united effort, and power in concentration. Let us have it. Perhaps the oldest mediums and those constantly before the public may not feel the need of any such association, but from their large experience they might be of great help to those of less experience. There are many hundreds of mediums scattered over this broad land who live in seclusion. Many of these have had a rich experience in spiritual things, and if they could come into contact with each other, great good might result. I suggest that a sort of mutual benefit society of mediums be established for the exchange of ideas, truths received, lessons learned, etc., that the members of the great family of sensitives come together in bonds of sympathy and friendship.

It is time that Spiritualists were thoroughly awake to the cause of humanity, right and truth, and their medium ought to be found in the foremost ranks of progression. There is no higher or nobler calling than the medium's, and the priceless gift of mediumship should be developed and strengthened and elevated to the utmost of the good of the individual and humanity at large. Who will come forward with timely and definite suggestions? Who will respond? Let all who have the good of others at heart, and who wish to do all the good they can, all who have received a message that would benefit another, all who have the love of those departed, all from whose souls the darkness of doubt has been vanquished by the light of knowledge, all who know the thrilling power of inspiration, come forward and make themselves known and let others have the benefit of their experience.

Let the hand of fellowship be extended to friends from the frozen North to the sunny South, from the snow-clad hills of New England to sunny California. From valley, plain and mountain, from cottage and farm mansion, come forth and bring your treasure with you, that some other lives may be the sunnier, purer and nobler. Let us put all our selfishness and egotism aside and be friends and brethren united in one common cause—the glorious cause of truth, that the world may be the better for our lives and calling. Let us stop quarrelling (or over intelligence) and attend diligently to the cultivation of our own intelligence. Let the veil be made out and then let each individual answer to his name.

Who comes to the tally?
MRS. I. L. LEWIS.
Bethel, Vermont.

BOOK REVIEW.

"Invisible Helpers" is the expressive title of a little book by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, two of whose lectures have recently been published in The Progressive Thinker, and with whose style and tone of thought our readers are not wholly unacquainted. The reader will find the subject treated very interestingly, as viewed from the standpoint of Theosophy. The author brings many incidents of striking spiritualistic experiences, some of which seem fairly miraculous.

The book is for sale at the office of The Progressive Thinker. Price 55 cts.

"The Spiritual Significance, or Death as an Event in Life," by Lilian Whiting. One of Miss Whiting's most suggestive, interesting and inspiring books. It is laden with rich, thoughtful spirituality. For sale at this office. Price \$1.

"Human Culture and the Social Upbuilding." By E. D. Babbitt, M. D., LL.D., a most excellent and valuable work, by the Dean of the College of Fine Forces, and author of other important volumes on Health, Social Science, Religion, etc. Price, cloth, 75 cents. For sale at this office.

By Michael Faraday. Price 10 cents. For sale at this office.

DAYBREAK.

"The World Rolls Into the Light."

"Four by the clock and yet not day; But the great world rolls, and wheels With its cities on high, its ships at sea, Into the dawn that is to be. Only the lamp in the anchored bark Sends its glimmer across the dark, And the heavy breathing of the sea Is the only sound that comes to me."

In the quiet of his Sanitarium home, early on that September morning, while waiting for the sunrise of the new day, Longfellow wrote those lines.

"The new day" came for him March 15, 1882. When in his last poem, he speaks of the new spiritual day into which the world is rolling.

"O Bells of San Blas, in vain Ye call back the Past again! The Past is dead to your prayer: Out of the shadows of night The world rolls into Light; It is daybreak everywhere."

The Spiritualists of this age may be said to have done the deed which the darkness and error; they are tired of all mystical, theological performances, of those rites and forms which are held by their devotees as possessing a mysterious efficacy: a charm to placate an angry Deity. Since "time immemorial" the priesthood have sought to control the minds through fear and fraud. They have fostered a scheme of thought by which the priest is a person set apart, hedged about by laws and customs; he is to be held in peculiar reverence, dressed in "Theological Milinery," not to be judged by ordinary standards.

By the teachings of priestcraft the laws of society are considered at variance with the spiritual world. Humanity is to be "redeemed," not developed. The "nature of man" is to be supplanted by "grace" not to be quickened into spirituality. This sort of thing jars on the modern man or woman. The inclination is to loathe a class of men who would borrow heaven's livery in which to serve the earth, and who would have the "communion agents" between heaven and earth—between God and his own creations. A class which quite undervalues the dignity and the sweetness of human life.

It is our duty to the world, to our condition for spiritual growth; and the sooner we disabuse our minds of the idea that we are growing in spirituality because we are becoming more devout and pious, the better it will be for our soul's future. **GEO. E. CHAMBERLAIN.**

Chicago, Ill.

Emerson somewhere observes that if we once leave direct acquaintance with God and content ourselves with a second-hand relation, as through St. Paul's mediation, or George Fox's, or Swedenborg's, we thereby lose all power.

We fetch our life and being from the full, deep current of the Eternal life; this is entirely adequate. We too must hold "original relations" with deity. Emerson saw the vital worth of such books as "Pithecus's Lives" and "Morals," and "Theosophy" and "Theosophy" in the "handiness of some of the Christian legends, which we do not find in such books, yet there is a magnificent directness in these lives. You feel that there were men who depended directly on the Real God—the life and soul in Nature."

You may wipe out or forget all the things that have been said, all the Strassers or the Rupperts, and it does not matter. This quality of directness, of immediate vital relation, conscious relation with the source of your living breath, is of great value. It emboldens. It brings peace and power and strength. Let us act directly, and from the inspiration of our own souls. It is one of the most common of errors to suppose that Jesus or Siddhartha intended to give a system. They wished rather to show us a method, to convey a spiritual impulse, to quicken ethical motive.

In the mind of Jesus, so clear was God's truth, so constant his converse with the angel spirit, that the Hellenistic system, any cut-and-dried doctrine, was an offence to him. He told the Jews in their synagogue that their belief about Moses was mere tradition, and untruthful tradition too. He told them the facts.

One helpful step of approach to him is the recognition that he taught no theology—no system of dogma. He well knew that, theology is a "sooth-sayer" which yearly slays its millions of souls. Betraying them to death and darkness. He taught man to look up to the Eternal Light, not to the words of men. What we owe him more perhaps than to any other inspired teacher, is the ideal of what man should be. He placed the goal high. Perfection is within reach. The absolute Right is attainable.

These theological institutions fail to apprehend life and mind aright. They not prize and appreciate the power and substance of the inner life and light—the divine center in the human breast.

This life is conscious of its own energy. It is active, while also the recipient of knowledge and light from above and within. This inner life echoes or responds to the truth, and its overruling instrument responds, tone for tone. Centre to centre—love for love.

Jesus was a spiritual radical, and hated all these formal theological pretences. He came of a truth-loving ancestry. There were eight generations between David and Jesus. Out of this line, four generations ago, their lives to the truth. They declared that God is the Soul, the Light, the core and power in nature, the well-spring of Being, and they would not bow to kites the ground before some prelate's feet, nor wink at the deities of priestcraft and idolatry.

The One God of all Limitlessness, the attraction that holds the cosmos, was the only God that they acknowledged. These martyrs for the truth preceded Jesus, who was Jesus' father, and who gave up his life, being buried alive in a cave and dying of starvation there, for declaring one God.

With such an ancestry, if any wonder that Jesus was wholly determined to declare God as He is—the Light, the Inner Life, the Identity of all being! To tell that God controls all by his own law which controls the inner life and the breath.

It rests largely upon the fidelity of modern Spiritualists, whether humanity shall have the truth, or shall still be fed on the husks of old error and tradition. Let God not be robbed of his glory. As the "world rolls into the light" shall we not do our part to bring the truth home to every human heart? "It is daybreak everywhere!" God is my Light-of-life, my breath, my all, and in Him will I put my trust. As Emerson said in his "Tersons," "There is a distinction between teachers sacred or literary, between poets like Herbert, and poets like Pope, between philosophers like Spinoza, Kant, and Coleridge, and philosophers like Locke, Hume, Mackintosh, and Stewart—between men of the world and men of letters, between the mystic and here and there a fervent mystic, prophesying, half insane under the influence of his thoughtless, that one class speaks from within or from experience, as parties and possessors of

the fact; and the other class, from without, as spectators merely, or, at the best, as acquainted with the fact on the evidence of third persons. It is of no use to preach to me from without. I can do that too easily myself. Jesus speaks always from within, and in a degree that transcends all others. In that is the miracle. I believe beforehand, that it ought so to be. All men are acquainted with the fact of the appearance of such a teacher. But if a man do not speak from within the veil, where the word is one with that it tells of, let him lovelily confess it!"
Boston, Mass. J. P. COOKE.

SACRED LORE.

Facts Concerning Christos, Christus, Christ.

"Truth is mighty and will prevail," says the optimist. On the contrary, I affirm, Error is mighty and prevaileth long. "Christos" is never found on ancient Greek monuments, but "christos," good, benignant, is inscribed on many an ancient tomb. Nor is "christus" ever found; it is not a Latin word, but a monkish transfer of the Greek "christos" whose Latin equivalent is "anctus," or "delibutus," meaning anointed.

The language spoken in Palestine in the first century of our era was Aramaic or Syriac. I have an English translation of the so-called ancient Syriac version of the New Testament, made by the Rev. James Murdock, D. D., and copyrighted in 1851. It is entitled "The New Testament, or the Book of the Holy Gospel of our Lord and our God, Jesus the Messiah." In it the Syriac word "m-shi-lah" is always rendered "Messiah." For example: "The book of the nativity of Jesus the Messiah (Matt. 1:1) 'Joseph, the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called the Messiah' (verse 16). 'Where is the birth place of the Messiah?' (2:4). 'Paul, called and sent by Jesus Messiah' (I. Cor. 1:1).

The Hebrew language, which was not spoken in Palestine, has "m-shi-lah" for the word translated "Messiah." It is proper to pronounce the ancient word "mashiah" or "messiah." The same word exists in the Arabic language, and its meaning is "healer." But assuming that the word is Hebrew and ancient Syriac is properly rendered "anointed," its equivalent in Greek is "christos."

In the Sermon on the Mount Jesus denounces public prayer and commands or enjoins praying in secret. Did he himself ever make a public prayer? The nearest approach to it is recorded in John 17, at the close of a long address to his twelve disciples at supper. In that reported prayer is a most remarkable sentence. Addressing his heavenly Father he says: "And this is life eternal, that they may know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." How preposterous for the only true God to be thus to speak of himself in a prayer to God before his twelve disciples! The passage is quoted in large gilt letters back of the pulpit in the Unitarian Church at Washington, as if to show that Jesus did not declare himself co-equal with God.

The absurdity of his calling himself the "mashiah," the "anointed," is the more manifest when we consider that the only anointing he ever received was by a woman; and there are two contradictory records of the performance: Matthew and Mark tell us that the woman poured the precious ointment on the head of Jesus, but Luke and John say that she anointed his feet only. And it is John who reports the prayer in which Jesus called himself the "anointed." In Greek he is made to say *Lessos christos*, but as he could not have spoken Greek, let us see what were the words supposed to have been uttered.

The Aramaic or ancient Syriac alphabet is substantially the same as the Hebrew. In the name translated Jesus there are three letters, namely: in the ancient Syriac, *jud, shin, olaph*; in the Hebrew, *jud, shin or sin, aleph*. The first of the three letters answers to our y or short i; the second to sh or s; the third is an indistinct sound, but generally considered equivalent to our broad a or ah. So then the Jewish name of the Son of God was perhaps *Isha, or Issa, and not Ieshu, or Ieshua, or Ioshua, or Osee, or Hosea, or various other English representations of the original name.*

So also in regard to the word translated *mashiah*, Dr. Murdock in his preface gives the Syriac letters of the same and pronounces them "mashihah." The names of the letters are *min, shin, jud, cheth, olaph*, and their sound is represented to be *m-sh-y-ch or hh*, with a final letter *olaph*, of uncertain sound, indicated by the "h" in the word. The Hebrew letters are the same, omitting the last uncertain *aleph*. "Mashiah" or "messiah" is the pronunciation usually given, but Prof. Edwin Johnson is doubtless nearer right in pronouncing the word "mashich." And in his abridgement of the story of Jesus the Messiah, he gives the earliest and most authentic account of the life of the person answering to Jesus of our Gospels. The Arabian Chronicles tell us he was begotten by Gabriel in the guise of Mariah's young cousin Yussuf, her only attendant in the Temple besides her uncle Zachariah the priest. And these Arabian Chronicles, including the Koran, tell us that *Isha* the Messiah accepted death by miraculously transforming *Isha*, the leader of the mob, into a likeness of himself, whereupon they killed their leader and hanged him upon a stake. Nevertheless *Isha* went to heaven, and after seven days appeared to his mother, who had been mourning for her son at the foot of the stake, and after that he assembled his disciples in her house and commissioned them severally to spread his gospel.

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