



SCIENCE, MORALITY, SUPPLEMENT TO THE BIBLE OF BYRON EXALTED THE FUTURE.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1901.

RELIGION RUN MAD. ORGANIZATION. IS THERE DANGER A SINCERE DESIRE TOLSTOI EXCOMMUNICATED.

A Woman Becomes a Raving Maniac. Combine in One Large and Strong Society. Of Making Organization too Large for the Spirit? That She May Live Forever.

PHYSICIAN AFTER AN EXAMINATION FEARS THAT HER CASE IS HOPELESS. SAYS HE LOVES TRUTH MORE THAN CHRISTIANITY AND THE CHURCH—DENIES HOLY TRINITY, SACRAMENT AND VICARIOUS ATONEMENT—BELIEVES IN THE DOCTRINES OF CHRIST AS MAN, BUT NOT GOD.

Evangelist Seth Rees, one of the most fervid exhorters of the Ferson faction of the Holiness church, was in the midst of a sermon. He had just declared that the everlasting fire of remorse, or a worse fate, awaited sinners when they reached the next world.

A woman suddenly leaped to her feet, shouted "Glory to God," and other similar phrases in a loud voice. Little attention was paid to her, for such scenes are not uncommon at holiness meetings, but when she began pulling large sections of her plentiful tresses, and throwing them on the heads of the persons seated about her, the services were interrupted.

Evangelist Rees descended from the pulpit and tried to calm her, but soon saw that she was insane. She danced and sang and raved by turns, and the efforts of three men were necessary to restrain her from tearing out more of her hair. The police were notified by telephone and an ambulance removed her.

At the police station, Dr. D. G. Moore, city physician, examined the woman and concluded that she was in a serious condition. She would talk of nothing but religion. She said she had attended the First Swedish Methodist church, Orleans and Oak streets, of which Rev. A. J. Fogren is pastor, but never did she know real religion until she went to the holiness meeting. The police matron watched her during the night, bandaging her hair so that she could not get at it with her hands. Miss Erickson is a domestic residing at 227 Chestnut street. The young woman's employers are the Dasso family. She is 27 years old.

"When, after an eloquent sermon upon 'Christ, the Healer,' Rev. Seth C. Rees called upon those who were burdened with physical ills to come forward and lay down their crosses, fifty persons—some lame and sorely stricken—advanced to the altar and knelt in humble devotion. Each supplicant was anointed by Mr. Rees, who, while the afflicted groined or shouted their prayers, invoked divine clemency on behalf of the prostrate sufferers.

Presently an elderly man who for years had been afflicted with deafness, arose with a shout of joy and declared that his hearing had been restored. 'Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,' came an anthem of peacemakers from all parts of the hall. Then a woman with a palsied arm tore the badge from the member and thrust it in the air in testimony of the efficacy of Mr. Rees' prayers. After many years she had been cured. Half a dozen others jumped up at intervals and bore testimony of recovery.

On the following day, wild scenes, hardly surpassed by the religious revels of semi-barbarous nations, marked the closing hours of the holiness convention at the First Methodist church.

The meeting, which it was announced would last until Friday, perhaps longer, by midnight had devolved into a spectacle calculated to put to shame even the old-fashioned out-of-door revival.

Men and women, intoxicated with religion wept, danced, sang and, clasped in each other's arms cried aloud for the glory of God and their own salvation. At 2 o'clock three persons lay stretched stiff and senseless upon the floor in a state of ecstasy which threatened to become catalepsy, if it had not already reached the trance stage.

At the altar an aged woman, her white hair loosened and streaming over her shoulders in a snowy cataract, capered in a fantastic fandango with an agility that belied her seventy years or more, while half a dozen of the more temperately inclined worshippers vainly tried to curb her inspired antics.

A little blind girl, whose right hand had been destroyed by typhoid fever, was a center around which a dozen persons knelt praying loudly for the restoration of the child's lost sense and weeping copiously.

While the frenzy was at its highest a man leaped into a chair and exhorted the congregation to moderate its display of feeling.

"God will not forgive us," he cried, waving his hands and stamping upon the chair to show how calm he himself was. "If we show ourselves to be fanatics. Glory to God. Hallelujah to his holy name!"

Added to the confusion was the din made by soldiers of the Salvation army who had arrived at 11 o'clock and who, at first silent spectators of the panorama of salvation, later on took up the refrain of praise and accentuated it by beating upon their drums, jangling their tambourines and clashing their cymbals.

Finally the most extraordinary scene of the evening took place when the sanctified sinners, headed by Rev. W. T. Walker, marched around and around the surrounding church like enthusiasts at a political convention shrieking discordant praises and acting like persons under the spell of the lord of misrule.

It is needless to remark that if one-half so wild performances had been enacted at a Spiritualist meeting, the religious press of the world would echo and re-echo with caustic comment on the disgraceful, low, wild and crazy exhibition of Spiritualistic diabolism. It does indeed make a great difference whose ox is gored—whether it be a Spiritualistic ox or an Evangelical Christian ox.

It may not be doubted that some were healed of their maladies under the influence of strong suggestion and faith, reinforced by intense mental excitement. Such cures are not uncommon. Spiritual healers do as much, without the aid of the excitement, by the laying on of hands. But these "Holiness" fanatics will regard cures as miracles. Spiritualists recognize the healing as the result of natural laws set in operation.

One may live as a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate; but he must die as a man.—Daniel Webster.

RELIGION RUN MAD.

A Woman Becomes a Raving Maniac.

PHYSICIAN AFTER AN EXAMINATION FEARS THAT HER CASE IS HOPELESS.

Marie Erickson was crazed by religious ecstasy during a recent holiness revival meeting, says the Chicago Chronicle. Physicians say her case is almost hopeless. She was removed from the Metropolitan Methodist church, of which Rev. Duke M. Farson is pastor, by officers of the West Chicago avenue police station, raving and tearing her hair.

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ORGANIZATION.

Combine in One Large and Strong Society.

Once sure we (viz., every individual Spiritualist) have got the right spirit, the unselfish, self-denying spirit of the Christ, let us go on and organize. If we are selfish, seeking our own glory or greedy after gain and worldly possessions, we can never join with others for a common purpose. For we must remember that to do so implies self-sacrifice, the giving up of something that is dear to us, and which we have to renounce if we become members of a larger organization. I shall illustrate this by an example. I have right here in our great city of Chicago several hundred small circles of Spiritualists, scattered all over our large territory. Hardly any one of them is strong enough to form what is commonly understood with a congregation or a church. They are all of them more or less weak, some of them dying, some have already vanished, and I have often wondered how a lecturer to one of these shadowy, skeleton-like, bloodless little congregations or nebulae specks on our spiritual firmament would get along in this harsh world of matter, were he to exist physically upon the salary paid by this microscopical congregation. Such a remark might seem to many coarse, it might even appear cynical and out of place, but we must never forget that we live and exist on a physical plane, and that our physical wants, if not supplied properly and from the right source, at last, as society is now organized, will stifle and suffocate our higher, spiritual aims.

I mean by this that a person who is at the head of a Spiritualist society as its leader should not be forced by circumstances to labor with his or her hands or do brain work for his living. For in our sphere more than in that of any other religious body, the leader, lecturer, teacher or minister needs to be free from material cares in order to devote himself to the exercises which develop his spiritual gifts and make him attain to that inner growth and maturity, which can be attained only by contemplation, prayer, and in retreat, seclusion and silence.

After this little criticism of existing conditions, that certainly hardly could be worse than they are at present, I will say this: Let all our scattered societies join into one great congregation embracing here in Chicago the whole city, and the same in other cities and towns. Let all the individual lecturers, who now speak in small halls to a crowd of from 3 to 4 up to 25 or 50 souls, give up their charges and tell their members to join one great organization, strong enough to engage an able teacher and to build a church.

But there is no such great, all-embracing organization in existence. Well, then let us form one. Let the State Spiritualist Association of Illinois call to a meeting all the leaders of the societies that at present exist in our city, talk the matter over with them, and thus find out how many of them would be willing to help the plan along.

Many no doubt would refuse to cooperate in an enterprise that would embrace death to his or her little society. But there would certainly be found a few who would be willing to sacrifice their own feelings and interests in order to further a cause that is dear to all of us. A selfish man or woman would never do it, but every one who had the right and true spirit of unselfish love and self-sacrificing devotion to our sacred cause, would be glad to bring this little sacrifice to the altar of Spiritualism, where once the whole human race shall worship. HOMO SAPIENS.

THE ECHO OF A SONG.

I hear the echo of a song in youth I sung.

As the evening shadows play in golden threads among

The slow dissolving forms of day, and living memories start

In mirrored forms of beauty to warm anew my heart.

I seem once more a boy again, my hair now silvery gray

Outwits youth's auburn hue, and life seems fair as May,

When gladness filled my heart, and Reflected strange mysteries in my dreamy eyes.

I turn once more to youth's far-spreading plan

When my eager manly strength was equal man with man,

And all my heart unsatisfied strove earnestly to be

A leader proud and rich, from every care set free.

Again I seem to see the lofty towers of Time,

What my vain ambition craved to reach and claim as mine,

As there in youth my simple life and joys began,

But little dreamed of my own soul's diviner plan.

But now, alas! the echo of that old song's sweet refrain

Is borne back to me through shades of Wrong and Pain,

While naught but Love is living for now I see and wait

To gain at last my soul's more true exalted state.

BISHOP A. BEALS.

Summerland, Cal.

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IS THERE DANGER

Of Making Organization too Large for the Spirit?

In a recent number of The Progressive Thinker I was much interested in reading a very able and instructive address by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, at a Union mass-meeting, held a Chicago, March 28, 1901.

Her subject was "Spiritualism a Perishing Light." After discussing very interestingly, at some length, the various lights that have pervaded the world, since human history has been written, and especially since the advent of Modern Spiritualism, she proceeds to point out and suggest what seems necessary for the promulgation and well-being of Spiritualism at the present time.

Among the many interesting and important subjects to which she referred I want very respectfully to call attention to the following:

"We believe in organization. But do not believe in organization first, and then filling it with the spirit afterwards. 'The spirit must first be to create, and push the organization forward. Now do not let us have an organization too large for the spirit. Let us have the body in subjection to the soul.'"

I have great respect for Sister Richmond and her guides, but I cannot appreciate the apprehension she expresses, for fear of having "too large an organization."

To be sure there may be possibly, an organization too large, or with so much power, mental and social, as to control the minds and consciences of weak individuals, which may be illustrated by the influence of the Roman Catholic church over their converts. But at this age, and intelligence of the people, it is hardly reasonable to suppose that such ignorance and superstition can be engrained into any organization. Certainly none under the influence and partial direction of Spiritualism.

Hence my position, that organization is first, and thorough, and upon that, our spirit friends may feel assured that we have a permanent formation, and are prepared to maintain our position, and to advance along the line of spiritual unfoldment which was impossible for those who attempt to build without a foundation or without organization.

If I comprehend the power of the spirit, there is no danger of any spiritual organization being too large for it. And I believe all true Spiritualists realize the necessity of "keeping the body in subjection to the soul."

But independent of the advantages, and the demands of the spirit, I submit, as a simple material proposition, is there any objection to a system of organization, whereby all Spiritualists and those that would become such, are brought under the care and supervision of an organized society? Long experience has shown this to be a necessity, in all successful organizations, whether social, political or religious.

I can conceive of no reason why Spiritualism should be an exception, but on the contrary, every reason why it should be thoroughly organized. Allow me to suggest a few important reasons that may occur to your mind.

While Spiritualists do not admit of a creed, there are frequently coming up little points of differences in opinion, which ultimately in disharmony and discord. It must be admitted that there are some individuals in every community, better educated, better qualified to judge between individuals, and upon mooted questions than others. There will always appear in an organization, of an organized society, the questions of importance that may be settled without disharmony, thus avoiding disruption and final separation, which often results in a new ism, or an attempt to organize a new society. This has resulted largely in diminishing our membership, and the influence of Spiritualism, among other religious denominations.

Another reason I would suggest is, while organization we have no rule, no means by which we can raise a revenue. Hence we have no churches, temples or chapels, or comparatively none. We have no schools or colleges by which those who desire to teach Spiritualism, and are qualified to become teachers, can be fitted for that position.

How can we retain our membership, or expand it, when we have none of these advantages to offer, while there are so many societies on every hand ready to extend them? If the sentiments taught, do not exactly suit the advantages of a fine, well-furnished church, a good choir of trained singers, with organ accompaniment, and polite ushers to show all to upholstered seats, the inducement must indeed be attractive to induce any but zealous Spiritualists, to climb two or three flights of stairs, and sit upon a hard wood seat, every Sunday during the services, whatever may be its character.

Persons that have children to educate, whether Spiritualists or not, very naturally seek the more attractive places, and hence generally drift into the Catholic or Protestant Sunday schools, as there are but few spiritual societies that can offer the attractions found in the other denominations.

Besides, the social question enters very largely into church organizations and becomes an important factor in all families desiring to maintain social relations in the community in which they reside, and often times has more influence in deciding membership than does the tenets of the church.

If these are facts, and can be thoroughly overcome by organization, the question naturally arises, how can organization be brought about, and made effectual?

As there are many in our ranks who have not faith in organization, and even some who are opposed to it, it is evident that it can only be accomplished by the most persistent and determined effort on the part of its advocates, and the leaders in the cause of Spiritualism.

The first step necessary to success will be to secure the endorsement and consent of these parties, or at least a majority of them. If they are opposed to organization, as the only practical plan

for success, the sooner all effort in that direction is abandoned the better.

If they agree that a thorough system of organization is practicable, and should be carried out, the next step will be to raise the money to put the missionaries in the field and set the ball in motion.

This is a work that cannot be done in a month or a year, and in my judgment should be under the control and direction of the trustees of the National Association. They have a fund to be used at their discretion. I can think of no more legitimate use to be made of it, than by employing good, capable missionaries and the field for missionary labor is widely extended, and most unoccupied. If the Methodist church can raise one hundred thousand dollars a year to support foreign missionaries, we ought to be able to raise fifty thousand for home consumption.

Permit me to say in passing, if Spiritualists do not make up their minds to appropriate their money much more liberally in support of their cause, in the future, than they have in the past, no organization can save them in the midst of such elaborate expenditures and liberal do nations as is seen all around them in other denominations.

The time is past when we can expect to add to our members and continue the interest once manifested in our cause, by simply announcing a "spiritual meeting, where the philosophy and the phenomena of Spiritualism are to be discussed, and the evidence of spirit re-embodied."

The question is often asked with surprise and anxiety, why are so many spiritual meetings discontinued? Why so little interest manifested in those that are kept open? and why are the audiences so small, even when the most popular speakers are announced?

We have not time to go for the answer, and I have attempted to suggest the remedy.

From Brother J. S. Loveland's scientific standpoint, "Spiritualists and those that would become such, are brought under the care and supervision of an organized society. Long experience has shown this to be a necessity, in all successful organizations, whether social, political or religious."

I can conceive of no reason why Spiritualism should be an exception, but on the contrary, every reason why it should be thoroughly organized. Allow me to suggest a few important reasons that may occur to your mind.

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How can we retain our membership, or expand it, when we have none of these advantages to offer, while there are so many societies on every hand ready to extend them? If the sentiments taught, do not exactly suit the advantages of a fine, well-furnished church, a good choir of trained singers, with organ accompaniment, and polite ushers to show all to upholstered seats, the inducement must indeed be attractive to induce any but zealous Spiritualists, to climb two or three flights of stairs, and sit upon a hard wood seat, every Sunday during the services, whatever may be its character.

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If they agree that a thorough system of organization is practicable, and should be carried out, the next step will be to raise the money to put the missionaries in the field and set the ball in motion.

This is a work that cannot be done in a month or a year, and in my judgment should be under the control and direction of the trustees of the National Association. They have a fund to be used at their discretion. I can think of no more legitimate use to be made of it, than by employing good, capable missionaries and the field for missionary labor is widely extended, and most unoccupied. If the Methodist church can raise one hundred thousand dollars a year to support foreign missionaries, we ought to be able to raise fifty thousand for home consumption.

Permit me to say in passing, if Spiritualists do not make up their minds to appropriate their money much more liberally in support of their cause, in the future, than they have in the past, no organization can save them in the midst of such elaborate expenditures and liberal do nations as is seen all around them in other denominations.

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A SINCERE DESIRE

That She May Live Forever.

I wish to live forever. The little glimpse of life I have gained through the bars of my mortal prison has so enchanted me with its quality that I wish to be possessed of it in a fuller, larger measure. The future I looked forward to at twenty seems poor and small in comparison with the vista that opens before me at sixty. But I would not care to live forever. After death I would not be the common heritage of the race. I want to be linked always with the past and the future of humanity, to come into fellowship with the wise and good of all ages. I want to be myself through all, to retain my personal identity with its little store of memories and experiences, my labors faculties and tendencies developing in all wholesome ways toward the good, the true and the beautiful.

And I want to be free. Freedom of locomotion, of association, of thought and of action. And I long with unspeakable longing to know this side of death through the unfolding of my own interior faculties, whether the life I hope for and believe in is a reality.

"Twas a long and toilsome journey From a monad to a man; And I want to hold my own, and Be an angel if I can. For 'twould be a sad condition, After having come so far Should I miss the full fruition Of my being's guiding star, And go back to manhood, And be only dust and air."

MRS. F. W. B.

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From Brother J. S. Loveland's scientific standpoint, "Spiritualists and those that would become such, are brought under the care and supervision of an organized society. Long experience has shown this to be a necessity, in all successful organizations, whether social, political or religious."

I can conceive of no reason why Spiritualism should be an exception, but on the contrary, every reason why it should be thoroughly organized. Allow me to suggest a few important reasons that may occur to your mind.

While Spiritualists do not admit of a creed, there are frequently coming up little points of differences in opinion, which ultimately in disharmony and discord. It must be admitted that there are some individuals in every community, better educated, better qualified to judge between individuals, and upon mooted questions than others. There will always appear in an organization, of an organized society, the questions of importance that may be settled without disharmony, thus avoiding disruption and final separation, which often results in a new ism, or an attempt to organize a new society. This has resulted largely in diminishing our membership, and the influence of Spiritualism, among other religious denominations.

Another reason I would suggest is, while organization we have no rule, no means by which we can raise a revenue. Hence we have no churches, temples or

LIFE AND EXPERIENCE IN SPIRIT LAND

A Series of Letters from the Spirit of a Well Known Lady, Given through the Mediumship of Carlyle Petersilea.

LETTER NUMBER NINE.—Continued.

Ah! what a sight met our eyes. A kind of thin, phantom representation of all the things which the sun had kissed. This ethereal or phantom mist rose higher and higher until it rested, as the lake had done, upon the earth's atmosphere; and now we were once more within the Spirit World. We found that every flower, shrub and tree there absorbed and appropriated to itself its own—that is to say, the dying rose of earth had at first sent a thin spiritual film upward, and as the rose faded the spiritual rose grew bright and beautiful, nourished and fed by its own ambrosial nectar, and thus it was of all the trees, flowers, grasses and shrubs in the spiritual realm.

Now I discovered that all things separated, each to its own order or kingdom, just as things do on earth, for all the spiritual spheres of your earth are fed from the earth. The earth is the great reservoir or feeder of the realms which rise above and surround it. Vegetation, grass, trees and flowers yield up their lives more slowly than the animal and insect kingdom do, for the animal kingdom is higher than the vegetable or floral. The animal yields up his life, or spirit, at once, and rises rapidly upward, nor does it pause until it strikes the Spirit Land. The animal has a certain amount of intelligence and finds its place according to its attractions. That is to say, a wild animal immediately seeks a dense, spiritual forest; a domestic animal often pauses near the lovely, spiritual homes, or revels in the green meadows, or wanders beside the running streams and rivers, or gazes with its large, beautiful, dewy eyes at the lakes; the birds wing their way, as on earth, singing their sweet songs; and they love to linger near the habitations of men—or spirits, rather, the same as on earth. The insects also gravitate to their natural places.

Now as the spheres rise one above another, and as the earth is the nucleus or center, one can readily see that there is room enough for all and to spare, for the first sphere above the earth is correspondingly larger than the earth, and so they go on enlarging, and when, at last, the outermost sphere is reached, the distance from the nucleus, or earth, is quite appalling and its circumference more appalling still, and even when it is at last reached there remains the earth's orbit, or as I shall here call it, its inconceivable pathway around the sun, which is also a vast zone of spiritual life and beauty.

O, my dear earthly friends, the spiritual world is not an intangible nothingness, but real, filled with real life and the living souls and spiritual bodies of men, women and children, with its homes, its colleges, its institutions for knowledge of all kinds, and as rapidly as the errors and mistakes of earth can be purged away, peace and purity reign supreme—wisdom and love go hand in hand, and an eternity of joy and gladness awaits the soul of man.

Of course you must all see by what I have herein written, that the details of spiritual lives are as numerous as those lives, and that all differ as on earth; but within the spheres there is no propagation proper. All spiritual forms come up from the earths, for all spiritual forms must develop within matter and as they develop and throw off their coarser covering they rise into the spiritual realm.

The human is so constituted that it wants proof of any assertion that may be made. If all minds are not thus constituted the majority are, and it is well that they are. It is childish and often an indication of a weak mind to take anything on faith, or because someone has made an assertion implicitly believe it to be true. For this reason every assertion that is made I shall try to prove.

As I am writing of the spiritual life the only way in which I can prove the statements made is by appealing to reason and common sense as well as by following out problems that can lead to but one result, that of truth.

As I know that Franz Petersilea has already told you how homes, halls, and temples are erected here, I will try not to go over the same ground, otherwise you all might grow weary of these letters. A woman's view of things is often different from that of a man's. For instance, Lady — and her husband might be taking a long and delightful journey. Every scene and incident that transpired during the tour might be noticed and indelibly fixed upon the mind of the lady, while my Lord might notice but very little, his mind being engaged with other thoughts and things. At the end of the journey, my lady could tell one all about the country, its hills, dales and mountains, its splendid landscapes, the modes and customs of its people; while my Lord could tell nothing, for he had been engaged the most of the time in smoking, drinking, eating, playing cards with others like himself, and so on ad infinitum. No two minds can see the same thing alike. Each looks at it from a different point of view, and thousands do not see what another may. Two persons may visit the same place, one may tell of something very interesting and beautiful, the other will say: "Oh, that's not so at all. I was there myself, and I did not see it."

So when the spirits come back and tell you this, that and the other, do not be surprised if their stories do not agree, for each has had its own experience and each looks at things from its own standpoint.

Now if I should tell you something that the Professor had not, do not say the spirits do not agree, therefore one, or perhaps even both are falsifiers, but remember that the same thing appears different to different people. Another point I should like to make clear.

When Mr. Ingersoll controls one sensitive and then another, do not expect that both will be alike, for he can make certain things clear through one and other things through another; neither will the style be the same through each, for he is using different instruments. One man can use a saw and also a plane. The saw will do one kind of work and the plane another, yet the same man uses both; and do not expect a spirit to be precisely as he was on earth; remember he has entered a new life and that which was so important to him on earth may be entirely unimportant to him now, and that which he supposed to be true may be false. Yours truly,

MADAM

LETTER NUMBER TEN.

Now I, Madam —, want to say a word or two about spirit memory, and I really hope you will believe me. It will be much better for all if you do. I shall make an assertion, then afterwards try to prove it. The assertion is this: Spiritual beings remember with great distinctness all that ever happened to them in the earth life—they remember every thought that has ever been impressed upon the mind, every word that has ever been heard by the ears, everything which the eyes have ever seen, every person with whom they have ever come in contact, not the smallest detail that they have ever been conscious of in the earth life is forgotten; but on the contrary everything is remembered with vivid clearness.

This is my assertion. That they cannot give all this with clearness through an earthly medium is true. A man cannot see his own image in muddy water, but when this water is clear and undisturbed the image is distinctly outlined. Mediums are at fault, but it is not often that the spirits are. They nearly always do the best they can through the instruments they make use of. If that which they wish to convey through the mind of a medium is distorted according to the bent of the mind of the medium it is not the fault of the spirits. If the medium cannot give one everything that the spirit remembers well, it is not the fault of

(the spirit, or lack of memory on his part, but the waters are muddy and disturbed, consequently do not reflect the image which the spirit wishes to cast upon it. Mediums should try to become calm, clear reflectors, and even then names and dates cannot always be given. Names and dates become very unimportant to spiritual beings who have risen up out of and beyond days, weeks and months—aye, and years, too.

Persons on earth who have traveled long distances on deserts and prairies, with camels or oxen, often forget the time to that extent that they cannot tell how long they have been traveling and can only regain the time and dates on reaching their destination by asking what month or year it may be—what day of the week and the date of the month. This is often and often the case, consequently many take great care to mark each day as it passes, so that time may not slip out of the mind. Now on coming to the spirit life one enters upon an eternal journey, where there are no days, weeks or months, nor even years, for these only pertain to earth, and each earth is marked by a different time. One readily loses all sense of time and often cannot tell how long he or she has been in spirit life; and this is especially true of those who are far removed from earth.

Now when a spirit returns who has been for some time in the spirit world, and you say to him: "Father, how long have you been in spirit life?" he might truthfully say: "I do not know," for he does not, but he wants you to know that it is he, and he will try to read from your mind or the mind of some one else, how many years, months or days he has been there, consequently will tell you what you already know. Then you say, "This is not a test. The medium read it from the mind of the interlocutor." Then, again, one will say to a spirit: "Won't you give your name and tell how old you were when you passed out of the body?" Now, perhaps that person had been sick a long period of time before passing out, so weary and ill that he had not been conscious of time to any great extent, and many are entirely unconscious for days and days together before they cross the river called death, and they may have been in spirit life many more days, weeks, months or years, which do not exist for them; then how expect them to tell when they died, what they died of, and how long they have been in spirit life?

Now I hope I have been able to point out the rock on which so many spirit until they lose faith in spiritual communion. The fault is with themselves and not with the spirits. A spirit does not so readily forget the name he bore, still there are many instances when it is hard to tell even that. Few spirits in spirit life are called by the names they bore on earth. A child on earth is named or christened shortly after its birth. A spirit is named shortly after arriving here unless it greatly desires to be called by the name it bore on earth. A great many people do not like the names they were called by on earth, and when they get here choose some pretty and appropriate name that suits and pleases them. The old name has fallen away from them like the old body, and it is often distasteful and hard for them to pick it up again, and small children do not even know what their names were.

It is very hard, even on earth, for a small child to tell you what his name is, or how old he may be. Some children of even eight or ten years often find it difficult to tell, and parents and guardians are drilling them continually on the subject. Yet, of course, it is far easier for a spirit to give his name than to tell time correctly; but, suppose he has been in spirit life fifty or more years, and has not in all that time even heard the name by which he was called on earth; one may see how hard it may be to recall it; besides he has passed through so many and exalted experiences, has visited so many other planets and worlds, that the old name, if not forgotten, is often recalled with much effort. Still if a spirit remains very near to earth and en rapport with his former relatives he does not find it so difficult.

Now I hear some one say: "Why, you are proving that spirits do forget instead of the contrary, according to your first assertion." No, I am simply explaining how it is that to you of earth it appears as though they had forgotten or do forget. But as I said at first, the soul forgets nothing, yet it often takes some time to recall unimportant events, or impressions that were not assimilated by the person enough to have become a part of his being, and what might seem of the utmost importance to a questioner might to the spirit have little or no interest, might, in fact, be extremely distasteful and irritating; besides the questioner and the spirit might be antagonistic.

A highly progressed, wise and good spirit, might want to give some great universal truths to a questioner, something of importance to the world at large, and the questioner, in the narrowness of his material earthly mind, might insist on asking silly or selfish questions, and because the spirit might not in its higher and broader wisdom reply to these questions just to suit the small mind of the questioner, immediately the questioner might say that the spirit forgot, or that it was a wicked or lying spirit and so forth, ad nauseam; moreover, a spirit likes far better to impress directly the mind of some loved one than to work through a foreign instrument, one, perhaps, not to its liking. Many mediums are very distasteful to some spirits, and they do not come en rapport with them at all, although for the money which is paid them the mediums pretend that they do, and give fraudulent messages which, of course, are false, then the blame is laid to Spiritualism or to the spirits, when the fault is entirely with the mediums.

There are not nearly as many evil spirits as some suppose, and when all this is better understood we shall hear less about lying, wicked spirits, and more about goodness, virtue and truth, but—and now I expect to prove that spirits cannot and do not forget anything. Can the Infinite forget? Can a mother forget her child? The Infinite is the father and mother of the Finite. Can the Infinite forget its children? The Finite becomes the Infinite. Can the Infinite forget? An Immortal Spirit is Infinite, for Immortality constitutes Infinity. The spirit may apparently forget for a season, but the Infinite restores all that seemed to be lost. The Finite may not understand but the Infinite does.

(To be continued.)

Paul a Spiritualist.

That Paul was a Spiritualist, is brought out very clearly in Waite's History of the Christian Religion to the year 200.

On page 29, (we quote from the fifth edition, just published), the author says:

"Paul believed in the resurrection of Christ, with a spiritual body. His idea of the resurrection, like that of Clement of Rome, was that the spiritual body arose from the decay of the natural body, as a plant from the decay of the seed sown to produce it. It is manifest, that when Paul saw Jesus, he saw what appeared to be a spirit; since it was after the time when, as is alleged, Christ had ascended in the body. There is no evidence that Paul knew anything of the canonical gospels; nor is there any reason to believe he had ever seen a gospel in which Jesus denied being a spirit after the resurrection. With Paul, the resurrection and ascension were one and the same thing; and obviously meant a manifestation from the spiritual world."

Again, on page 45: "The Spiritualism of Paul and Clement was too refined for the gross conceptions of the second century which would be satisfied with nothing less than the resurrection of the very crucified body of Jesus."

Among the many books in circulation in the church about the close of the first century, books which were suppressed and were afterward called apocryphal, was one called "The Revelation of Paul." It related of great length the wonderful things revealed to Paul when he went up to the third heaven, and was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words. (II Cor. xii:4.)

It is much to be regretted that this work was permitted to perish. It is not unlikely that the account was obtained from Paul himself.

IMPORTANT MATTER FROM OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES

LIGHT, LONDON, ENGLAND.

WONDERFUL SEANCE IN BERLIN.

We have the pleasure of publishing the following narrative, by the Princess Kaudern, of a remarkable seance at which a large number of persons, including a large number of Swedish, has been kindly translated for us into English, by a friend resident in Stockholm:

Before I begin to describe the strange phenomena which I witnessed on February 10, I wish to point out that they occurred in a clearly lighted room in the presence of thirty-three people. I have a copy of the roll with the names signed, and I am willing to show it, as well as the objects which were materialized in my sight. Before the seance began I carefully scrutinized the room, which was illuminated by a large ceiling lamp and two smaller lamps. The medium, an aged thin woman in black, seated herself close by me. I did not lose sight of her hands for a moment. She never put them in her lap, but kept them outstretched on the table visible to all, or raised them into the air to create the flowers and fruits which were formed in empty space before me. I have never seen anything more astounding than this phenomenon, occurring as it did in clear light. During three hours such masses of fresh, dewy, charmingly fragrant flowers were materialized before our eyes that we all carried home with us large bunches of them. For my part I received one large red tulip, one lily of the valley, two magnolias, one snowdrop, a handful of fresh grass, and a large cluster of scented myrtle which the medium picked as from an invisible wreath round my head.

Not less than seven large oranges, as well as a lot of minnows, white narcissus, hyacinths, daffodils, stocks, etc., were formed before the eyes of all. The materialization of a bulb which took place a few inches from my face was particularly interesting. I noticed that a sort of sparkling, snow-white substance (similar to that which our Christmas trees are decorated with) was formed in the air, and the medium, holding the bulb in her hand, until it looked like a flashing bulb, which revolved by means of some centrifugal force till it was fully formed.

After this followed a beautiful trance message; the medium remarked that though the scientists are able to analyze matter in their crucibles and retorts, they are entirely incapable of producing the smallest new seed possessing the germ of life. Before our eyes there had now been a manifestation of divine Omnipotence; a flower's seed, which the medium held in her hand, was suddenly transformed into a matter. The mysterious force which, from the dust of the earth and the drops of rain, can gather means of development in fragrance and beauty, was hidden in this bulb. Every grass that grows on earth, had its origin in the spiritual world. Then the eternal prototypes take form, the reflections of their carnal senses perceive. Scientists are able to weigh the elements and to analyze the matter with which the spirit-dweller is clad, but they cannot inspire the scattered atoms with new life. This divine power they do not possess.

Not only flowers and fruits were produced at this seance, but also other small objects, among them a shamrock of metal, which became materialized in my own outstretched hand. It was a gift to me from my deceased child. The medium held her hand about ten centimetres above mine, and I saw a sparkling dust, shining like phosphorus, rain down into my hand and become condensed into this little thing, which I still possess.

This medium is also used for producing that rare phenomenon known as "direct writing." An example of this is also found in the Bible, where we are told that at the feast of King Belshazzar a spirit hand wrote upon the wall the words: "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin."

Whilst the medium was in trance she asked for a sheet of paper and no one could procure it quickly, the person sitting next to Countess M. tore out a leaf from her notebook. It was examined and found to be perfectly blank. After having scrutinized it I put the paper in front of me on the table and placed my hand over it. The medium put her hand on top of mine. After a short silence we heard a faint scratching on the table, and on examining we found two written lines precipitated on the under side of the paper. Several persons received such written messages from deceased relatives, the handwriting of whom were recognized.

As I suppose that there are many people in Sweden who would like to ensure themselves personally of the truth of my account, I asked the medium at the end of the seance whether she would be willing to visit our country. After some hesitation she consented, and I hope that the same interesting phenomena which I have witnessed in Berlin may be repeated in Stockholm.

THE TWO WORLDS, MANCHESTER, ENG.

CONGREGATIONALISM AND SPIRITUALISM.

A correspondent publishes some interesting experiences in replying to Dr. Andrew Wilson. He says:

So long ago as about 1856 I observed what may be called automatic movement of matter. Its highest form is automatic writing. I saw certain matter in motion without any apparent cause. I saw a boy's hand write without any action of his or of any knowledge of what he was writing. (That young man was now a well-accredited Wesleyan minister, and would doubtless confirm both these statements.) Reason, not superstition told me that there was an intelligence behind these phenomena, of which I and he (the boy) witnessed a multitude. So I asked the intelligence, "What is the cause of the movement?" The answer came promptly by the same kind of movement, "Deceased spirits," by means of magnetism, Professor Barclay, reasoning on the same principles as Dr. Wilson said it was, "unconscious cerebration of the brain." I saw, reason and spiritual science in the first, but have not yet discovered either reason or natural science in the other. Some of the most eminent scientists, not superstitious any more than Dr. Wilson, have investigated these branches of the subject, and have satisfied themselves of the reality of both, and other spirit phenomena. As my own tells me, and as the following words of the Deceased, the College of Fine Forces, and author of other important volumes on Health, Social Science, Religion, etc., Price, cloth, 7d. For sale at this office.

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these was, in many cases, within a few feet, and in others more distant. I saw my friend, the late John Curwen, and conversed with him for some time face to face; also his wife and a little boy. I saw them come to me, the wife hanging on her husband's arm, and the boy's hand in that of Mr. Curwen. I have seen my first wife, the mother of our ten children, within a few feet, and quite as plainly as in life. This for three hours at a time. We conversed together and I saw and heard her hold converse with others. I did not see our children, but I often heard their prattle and song. And I taught them to sing by Tonic Sol Fa. I could go on for pages. I saw three angels at mid-day, when in a bedroom, they came into my room as on a ladder, looked me in the face, and then returned as they came. One of them was a female. If angels have wings, I never saw them, and I don't believe they have, as we understand wings. The fact of the visit of these three angels was vouched for by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, an unwilling witness at the time, but not so now. I have been permitted to hold direct converse with a great number of human spirits from the other world, who called themselves Zerubabel, antedated 1800, a Commodore, a gentleman, to Mr. Adam and other moderns. This kind of experience has covered from November, 1891, to June last, intervals excepted as now.

LIBERAL CATHOLICISM.

How far the Roman Church has been, and can be, affected by the liberalizing of thought, rapidly taking place will be amply shown by the following excerpt from a joint pastoral letter issued quite recently by Cardinal Vaughan and the English Roman Catholic bishops:

An obligation rests, says the pastoral, upon every one to think as the church thinks in matters of faith and doctrine, in order to think aright, and, therefore, to yield a firm assent to whatever she presents for acceptance. To think as the church thinks, to be of one mind with her, to obey her voice is not a matter of duty in the sense which the subject matter is one of divine revelation or connected therewith. It is an obligation also whenever the subject matter of the church's teaching falls within the range of her authority, and that range comprises all that is necessary for the feeding, teaching, and governing the flock. The clergy must remember that unless converts believe that they have found in the Catholic Church the Divine Teacher, they must not be admitted into the fold. No matter how many of the Articles of the Catholic faith they may assent to. It is a mistaken belief that the way to combat the Catholic religion to non-Catholics is to pare down the supernatural doctrines of faith, and to hold out a hope and a prospect that the dogmas objected to may by degrees be explained away or brought into conformity with the objector's opinions. Indiscriminate reading is perhaps the most insidious form under which the poison of ritualism and unbelief is injected into the soul. Men and women take up books and magazines that lie about, and, as it were, casually turn to the cleverly written and highly spiced articles against their faith, which they find therein. Their minds have had no instruction of philosophical or theological training, they possess no antidote to the poisonous draught, but they read on without excuse or necessity, allured by fashion, curiosity, or a desire to taste a forbidden fruit. A common result eventually produced by indulgence of this sort is either distrust of the church, doubt of revelation, and of the existence of God himself, ending in secret or open disbelief, or the general loosening of the spiritual ties and bonds that hold the religious structure of life together. Hence loss of the instincts of faith and a liberal Catholicism in which sentimentalism has secured a permanent lodgment. To read without necessity matter calculated to sap faith is a sin against religion and the First Commandment.

Exposure to liberty of thought and action if the Roman Church ever again obtains ascendancy.

HARBINGER OF LIGHT, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

A GHOST PHOTOGRAPHED.

Commandant Tegrat, of Tours, relates in the Echo du Merveilleux, of Paris, how the Photographic Society of the former city, to the number of ninety-eight persons, set out on an excursion to photograph some of the beautiful chateaux and ruins which abound in Touraine. A dilapidated convent, a short distance from Montreux, was taken, and when the plate was developed, it disclosed a spectral figure, where the three operators saw nothing but ruins. The photograph was submitted to about two hundred persons, and at a meeting of the Photographic Society, on the 22d of June, Commandant Tegrat, adds, that the figure is half clothed, and presents such an appearance as no photographic subterfuge could imitate.

SPIRITUAL INTERPOSITION.

A Russian Journal, *Autour du Monde*, mentions on the authority of a trustworthy person, who has spent some time in Siberia, by train, on a visit to some relations, the following remarkable incident, of which he was an eye-witness: On the way the train was proceeding at full speed, when it abruptly stopped, much to the alarm of the passengers, who alleged to find that the engine was wrong. When they reached the engine, the driver proved to be white and trembling with fear. All he could articulate was, "The monk! the monk! the monk!" As soon as the engine-driver was sufficiently collected to do so, he told them that he had seen a monk standing on the line, with his hand raised as if to stop the train. Steam was turned off, and the brake applied; but when this had been done, and the train brought to a standstill, the warning figure had disappeared. Of course the passengers regarded the apparition as an optical delusion. Nevertheless some of them walked on ahead to see if the phantom was anywhere visible; and about forty yards from the spot on which the engine stood, the rails were found to have been torn up, and a frightful catastrophe must have occurred but for the interposition of the spirit. In all probability the engine-driver was clairvoyant.

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ADELAIDE NELSON WAS POISONED IN PARIS.

MR MARSH'S VERY REMARKABLE STATEMENT, BASED ON WHAT HE BELIEVES TO HAVE BEEN AUTHENTIC ADVICES FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD, RECEIVED THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. CLARISSE A. HUYLER—MR. MARSH SAYS ADELAIDE NELSON DIED FROM POISON.

The Herald's recent exclusive story that the secret of Luther R. Marsh's conversion to Mme. Diss Debar's Spiritualism was to communicate with the dead Adelaide Nelson, whom he loved and adored, so deeply impressed the distinguished lawyer that he sent a letter of thanks to the Sunday Herald.

By special invitation I have just visited Mr. Marsh at Maudslayi, N. Y., and received the astounding information that Miss Nelson was poisoned by a jealous admirer, who intended the poison for his rival. In a fit of remorse over Miss Nelson's death the man committed suicide.

This extraordinary statement is solemnly made by a lawyer, for half a century was one of the ablest experts on legal evidence representing the New York bar. Mr. Marsh's claim that he has received this information direct from Miss Nelson through a medium shows the seriousness of his belief. On the truth of it he is ready to stake his lifelong reputation for good sense and honor.

It is a new and interesting fact, given here for the first time, that Mr. Marsh's relations with Mme. Diss Debar began with her giving him a spirit picture of Miss Nelson.

That little portrait, which appears in the Herald herewith, was the first of the famous Diss Debar spirit pictures, which attracted worldwide attention to Mr. Marsh's espousal of Spiritualism—to his gallery of so-called "spook paintings."

That first picture of the beautiful Adelaide, declared to have been painted by a spirit brush in unseen hands in the twinkling of an eye, was but a faint embryonic suggestion of her—but in the larger and more clearly defined pictures subsequently "materialized" by the spirit force, acting through the cooperation of Mr. Marsh with Mme. Diss Debar.

It was explained to the distinguished lawyer that the spirit current streaming down from the shining truth and the skies was much more powerful when received through the agency of two persons than through Mme. Diss Debar alone. She and Mr. Marsh completed the spiritual battery of communication.

All this explains the potent influence the dead actress continued to have over the wealthy Mr. Marsh, and out of his reverence for her, his spiritual hunger to talk with her, and his knowledge of her presence in his room, grew the many manifestations, among which are those describing how he was accidentally poisoned by a jealous admirer.

And this statement is not considered beyond reason by those of Mr. Marsh's faith. The tremendous story of Hamlet's interview with his dead father is but fiction, to invest it with truth, and the influence has filled the earth—has pervaded all literature and all languages.

If fiction can be made to appear so much like reality, why, it is asked, should one doubt what Mr. Marsh and his friends know to be absolutely true?

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The remains were soon reclaimed by faithful friends, carried to England, and duly interred in Brompton Cemetery, London, where they now repose under a cross-crowned monument, bearing this epitaph: "Gifted and Beautiful—Resting."

Thousands have visited her tomb, but none has held her memory more sacred than her distinguished admirer, Luther R. Marsh. After her death, in 1880, he embraced Spiritualism in the hope of communing with her through the trance mediums.

He says she came to him many times; sent him consoling messages from heaven; visited him in spirit, her presence filling his soul with peace and rest.

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Although but a tender wife, drudging through the long dreful hours of a Yorkshire factory day, the child's father, a healthy and sweet nature, her love of children and home, made her a favorite and placed her above her companions at the looms.

In every way she was different from her surroundings. She was naturally religious and thoughtful and an incessant reader. At the age of four she could read perfectly and recite well. At ten she knew her mother's play books by heart and could recite Shakespeare by the hour. His wondrous tragedies were in her dreams. But her love for the dramatic was not natural—she was taught.

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She went back to the factory as in a dream. From that hour she was changed. She grew reserved and melancholy. She redoubled her study of books, soon left the factory, and, being fond of children, took a position as nurse. Later, she visited her aunt, her mother's sister, in Leeds; thence went to London, and found herself alone, without money or friends, in that roaring Babylon.

She valiantly walked the streets in search of employment. Late in the afternoon she sat down, exhausted, in Hyde Park, and slept that night under the trees. Early next morning she awoke to find her mother's hand on her forehead, and she knew her mother's presence in his room, grew the many manifestations, among which are those describing how he was accidentally poisoned by a jealous admirer.

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If fiction can be made to appear so much like reality, why, it is asked, should one doubt what Mr. Marsh and his friends know to be absolutely true?

EVENTS LEADING TO MR. MARSH'S DISCOVERY OF MISS NELSON'S POISONING.

It may be remembered that the distinguished actress died suddenly in Paris after drinking a glass of feed milk in a little restaurant, on returning much fatigued from a long drive through the Bois de Boulogne. She was strangely deserted by certain ones of those near to her, and in accordance with the strict French law her body was carried to the morgue to be legally identified and disposed of in compliance with the city regulations.

The remains were soon reclaimed by faithful friends, carried to England, and duly interred in Brompton Cemetery, London, where they now repose under a cross-crowned monument, bearing this epitaph: "Gifted and Beautiful—Resting."

Thousands have visited her tomb, but none has held her memory more sacred than her distinguished admirer, Luther R. Marsh. After her death, in 1880, he embraced Spiritualism in the hope of communing with her through the trance mediums.

He says she came to him many times; sent him consoling messages from heaven; visited him in spirit, her presence filling his soul with peace and rest.

The apothecary of the medium when the newly discovered medium, Mme. Diss Debar, produced the first spirit painting of Miss Nelson, and gave it to him fresh from Raphael's celestial brush.

At last he was in hand-to-hand touch with the woman of his dreams. Her lovely shade conversed with him and gave him pictures of her dear face. Like America's greatest poet, he saw

A rare and radiant maiden, Whom the angels all adore.

Such was Mr. Marsh's interest in the dead genius, when magazines and books began the controversy over her nativity, whether she was of English or Spanish birth.

MYSTERY OF THE EARLY LIFE OF MR. MARSH'S SPIRIT BRIDE.

It may be of interest to explain that five years after Miss Nelson's death, Laura C. Holloway, in search of the true story of her life, went to England and visited the scenes of her childhood in Yorkshire, where the Rev. Robert Collyer, a native of that county, says she was born.

According to this lady's account Miss Nelson was neither the daughter of a nobleman, a "maid of Saragossa," nor a gypsy, but was of English parents, both of the English stage, playing chiefly in the provinces.

As a child Adelaide was known in Yorkshire as Lizzie Ann Browne. Her mother, retiring from the stage and marrying, became Mrs. Bland and reared a family of twelve children. They were very poor, and after a little schooling the children were put to work in one of the great factories in

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SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1902.
The Secret of the Great.
Wrote Margaret Fuller Ossoli: "Man can never come up to his ideal standard. It is the nature of the immortal spirit to rise that standard higher and higher, as it goes from strength to strength, still upward and onward. Accordingly, the wisest and greatest men are ever the most modest." She might have added: They shun publicity, preferring silence and obscurity to the plaudits of the populace or the loud trumpet of fame, whose honors are usually ephemeral.
Uneasy Demagogues.
It is said churchmen are now agitating for a half-holiday on Saturday, to enable laboring people to rest up, and get ready for Sunday service. Do the simpletons imagine they can regain their lost glory by bribery? That half day belongs to the laborer. The preacher has about the same interest in that half day as the fabled devil had in all the kingdoms of the earth which he is reputed to have offered for homage to a Judean carpenter.
Instead of more holidays or holy days, it would be better for the good of humanity that some of these we now have are abridged. "An idle brain is the devil's workshop," So says the old maxim, and truthfully.
Legendary Romance.
A Child's Study Congress was lately held in Chicago. The object seemed to be to discuss and determine what should be taught children during the formative stage of their being. One lady did not like Sunday-School stories for them. She claimed religion is for grown-up people.
Mrs. MacLachlan claimed religion itself should be eliminated as far as possible from childhood teaching. The Bible should be treated as human history for the purpose of stimulating future interest.
The organization is evidently in orthodox hands, but the actors in it seem persons of practical common sense. Instead of treating the Bible, however, as human history, would it not be better to class it as legendary romance, closely bordering on mythology, much of it incapable of interpretation on any other hypothesis?
A Much Mooted Question.
"Have animals souls?" Inquired Rev. Percy S. Grant, at the Church of the Ascension, in New York, a few evenings ago during his sermon. The divine is orthodox, but he did not hesitate to answer the question in the affirmative, and gave his reasons for his belief. He said both reason and logic prove they have souls. He affirmed that the intellects we now possess will be more fully developed in the immortal state, and that the principle applies to the lower animals as well as to man. He said John Wesley and many other great thinkers believed the lower animals had souls.
If all life is an emanation of the Divine, as is generally taught, then it would seem when once begun it will never end. The idea harmonizes with the vision of clairvoyants, who frequently describe the happy souls as companions of man in spirit life.
It has been maintained by some that even vegetable life is immortal, and is ever in verdure in fields Elysian.
The Foundation Is Hell.
"An honest confession is good for the soul," says an antiquated proverb. Then the soul of Rev. R. A. Lapsley, of Greenville, W. Va., ought to be at ease. In an article over the pulpit's signature, in the Presbyterian Quarterly, he said: "The doctrine of the eternal punishment of the finally impenitent is so related to the whole fabric of Christianity that the entire Christian system stands or falls with it. The doom of him who dies in his sins is not simply the background of the gospel; it is the very canvas on which the gospel is set forth. Take away this truth, and the gospel itself is gone."
Here is the frank admission that Christianity is founded on hell, a position ever maintained in these editorial columns. If there is no hell, there was no need of a Redeemer to save souls from its awful burnings; if there was no Redeemer, there was no Jesus to teach the way to escape those tortures; no death on the cross; no bodily resurrection. Then the whole story of the Bible is a fabric of lies, and the whole built on that fictitious narrative is a fraud.
The conclusion of the whole matter is: Either preach hell or abandon Christianity; for in substance, and almost in the language of the divine—"hell gone and Christianity is gone."

Rival Influences.
The successful mesmerist, in the exhibition of his wonderful power over those he subjects to his will, astonishes beholders with the abject condition to which they are reduced. They laugh and cry, pray and curse at his bidding. No position is too gross for them to occupy. A species of insanity seems in possession of the subject, and no moral or social restraint, outside of the operator, has any influence over him for the time being. Such subjects may be sick, languish and perhaps would die if the process was prolonged; whilst the enfeebled are made strong, and the sick are absolutely restored to health, giving the impression to those ignorant of the physiological law governing the case that all diseases are mental, and all departures from the right are the production of evil influences.
With these facts in mind, which may be demonstrated at any time by attendance on a mesmerist's exhibition, let us throw aside for the time our religious prejudices and attend a revival meeting. As many readers will be unable to attend in person, we beg consent to publish the Inter Ocean's report of a week or so ago. The holiness revival was in progress at the First Methodist Church, and it was the noonday session. Said a policeman, according to the Inter Ocean, at the door of the lecture room: "These people must have left their minds outside when they came in here. They may be saving their souls, all right, but if appearances count for anything, they are losing their wits as fast as God will let them."
The Inter Ocean continues:
Delivering himself of this commentary on the situation, the philosopher in buttons backed up more firmly against the door post and assumed an expression of dreamy superiority.
The scene in the lecture room was truly a wild one. Outside the p. of the stock exchange, probably no four walls in the city witnessed such an exhibition of passionate feeling, such utter abandon, as was enacted there under the fiery eloquence of Farson and his associates. Women cast their arms around the necks of their brothers and jumped up and down in ecstasy.
Cries of "Jesus has come! Jesus has come!" formed a shrill obligato to the heavy, bottomless bass of Seth Rees, shouting:
"You are on the high road to hell; only the Almighty can save you. Take hold of his hand, brothers; take hold of it now."
The noise and the uproar in the little room could be heard a block away.
On the platform were "Andie" Dof, bow, the former pugilist; "Holy Jack" Hatfield of Indiana, John Norberry of Connecticut, Seth Rees and Duke Farson. Around the altar rail were men, women and children of all conditions and stations in life, and in one corner, near the rail, were a negro and a Chinaman, kneeling side by side. Ever and anon someone would start the chorus: "I surrender. I surrender. All my blessed Savior! I surrender all to thee."
This would be sung and re-sung until the voices grew hoarse and women in the audience began to weep hysterically.
"Jesus says, 'Leap for joy when the great light comes.' Obey him, brothers. Leap!"
The voice was a woman's, trembling and shrill. On the last word it rose to a scream.
In the midst of the leaping a long stovetop, which ran the length of the room overhead, came crashing down. Fortunately the hands of the excited brothers and sisters were elevated in the air, high above their heads, the pipe was caught and lowered to the floor, and no one was injured.
"God is watching us," said Farson, taking instant advantage of the incident. "God is watching his own. The devil can't harm us with Jesus here."
Of course this was not mesmerism, but it was a display of the power of the Holy Ghost, and as such, with bowed head, we withdrew and marvel that the two influences resemble each other so closely in the outcome.

Another Rev. Jasper.
It was supposed with the death of the Rev. John Jasper the last of the fat earth tribe had passed away, but he is only fairly entombed when a new candidate for fame, Bible in hand, steps to the front. This time it is David W. Scott, of England, in a book of 288 pages, entitled: "Terra Firma: The Earth not a Planet, proved from Scripture, Reason and Fact." His main reliance in support of his theory is the Bible, and he ought to know whether the earth is round, and is whirling through space with nothing to support it, or is flat, resting on pillars as the good prophets allege. The author is very severe on Sir Isaac Newton, who brought such great learning and natural ability to his aid explaining the law governing rolling worlds. He says Newton's theory is unworthy of belief, and then: "I do not know of a sadder perversion of a splendid mind than the case of Sir Isaac Newton." Quoting the author again:
"He [Newton] spent a long life in teaching a false system of astronomy, unsupported by any fact in nature, and in direct contradiction to the plain statements of the Bible—that priceless mine, not only of true religion, but of all sound philosophy."
The first prompting is to say these words, the Rev. Jasper and the author of this book, are superlatively ignorant of philosophy and the well established sciences, but a moment's reflection and we find the clergy and the whole Christian world are with them; for they, over and over again, assert the Bible is inerrant; that its every statement came from the hand of God; that men may err, but God cannot.
Had They a Common Origin?
Prof. W. M. Petrie, the well known Egyptologist, has found conclusive evidence that the Egyptian system of religion had its origin in astrology, and was in existence during the first dynasty, full 4,000 years before the alleged birth of Jesus. He found inscriptions on the monuments which confirmed him in that opinion.
In a lengthy chapter published in an early number of *The Progressive Thinker*, from the pen of Dr. G. W. Brown, headed "What Did Christianity Borrow from Egypt?" a parallel was run between the two systems; and it was shown they agreed in every essential particular.
Roman Paganism had its birth some six hundred years before our era, and it too, seems to have been founded upon, and harmonized with, the Egyptian system. Is it a fair-fetched conclusion that the Egyptian, Roman and Christian systems had a common origin?

Rev. J. & White Makes Some Fine Points.
It does not seem to have occurred to those who have learnedly been discussing the matter of proper preaching to consult the four gospels for some intimation of what Jesus thought about the matter. A clergyman said recently in a Chicago paper: "It is brazen disobedience to divine orders to teach or preach anything except what Jesus commanded."
If the appeal is to Jesus in matters of belief why not in matters of practice, even in the matter of sermon subjects? Much stress has been and is still laid upon what Jesus taught, very little upon what Jesus did. Surely the persistent practice of a great teacher ought to be as eloquent as his preaching in regard to his wishes.
The best part of the preaching of Jesus was action, not speech. He went about healing the sick, helping the poor, soothing the storm-tossed, putting courage into the disheartened. He spoke encouragingly to the woman of sin and healed her of her defilement by His super-erogation.
Tell me, you who are so anxious about gospel preaching, how many ministers and lay Christians are so anxious about gospel practice. How many of us preachers dare preach the gospel by practicing it? But Jesus did not shrink. "He who is without sin let him cast the first stone," he said, "go and sin no more." Where is the Chicago minister who will leave his snug study, his books and sermon-making to thread the dunes and saloons of Chicago, that there might be joy in heaven over one sinner saved? There are few, if any. Show me the popular preacher who does. Yet Jesus feared no defilement and no life so, but his love searched it out. Not that the modern preacher personally shrinks from such unclean tasks, but because the average congregation of good Christians, men and women, would not tolerate a month a preacher who practiced the gospel as Jesus practiced it.
If one would find the best exemplification of gospel practice let him seek out the Salvation Army girl who goes from saloon to saloon, from dive to dive seeking to save the fallen women to virtue. The Salvation Army preacher who gathers his audience from the streets, and to the amusement or disgust of the respectable devout, or who companions with thieves and drunkards in his enthusiasm for soul saving is nearer the gospel practice of Jesus than we snug and eminently proper preachers who smite sin mightily from the safe retreat of a well paid pulpit and with kid gloves.
For downright gospel practice as Jesus practiced it, go to the Salvation Army barracks.
Much of our so-called Christianity is rather dilute with its plink tats and brave playing at reform, compared with the stalwart, rugged, self-sacrificing gospel of the Nazarene whom we all profess to follow.
But Jesus preached sermons as well as acted sermons. What did He preach about? First of all, he preached the gospel, a gospel for this world. Not much about theology, not much about the future. He broke every canon of respectable preaching of these days. He took no text. He wore no robe. He preached from a boat or on the hill side or in a synagogue when respectable conservatism would permit Him the luxury of a roof over his head.
Not a church on our city boulevards would have tolerated Him probably. The second commandment which He makes equal to the first is to love men. When in the parable the sheep are divided from the goats, the righteous go one way because they had fed the hungry, given drink to the thirsty, visited those who were sick and in prison. Nothing about what they believed, all about what they had done in the way of social service. Jesus preached a this world gospel. Finally, His words were twisted until His simplest teachings about social service here and now and its reward in a regenerated life here in this world were made to refer to another world. Jesus was the first real social Democrat.

Gloom of the Agnostic.
When I feel most reverential and worshipful, said Saladin in the Agnostic Journal, I prefer, like those fervid Camerons who refused to worship in any temple made with hands, but in that greater temple the constituent parts of which are the fern and the heath and the sky. The worshipful sentiment is elemental, and pertains to man as an essential rudiment of his being. Independently of musical technique, dictation, culture, and artificiality. It is spontaneous as the mother's love for her babe, and, in high-strung natures, as ineradicable. And, as the mother's love is as intense and unselfish in the poor, unlettered peasant girl toward her "child of shame," as it is in the cultured and refined princess toward the royal babe she has borne to a scepter, even so the religious sentiment is as genuine and inherent in the peasant at his plow as in the scholar in his library. This religious sentiment flows, in the former instance, through a non-academic, and in the latter, through an academic medium, but from the same Platonic spring. That spring is the irrepressible consciousness that we are HERE, but without one rationalistic glimmer as to WHEN, HOW, WHY, and the philosopher alike can only guess, and aspire, and hope, and despair. The awful veil remains unlifted; and, before it, we prostrate ourselves in the darkness, and cry unto gods that answer not, and vainly appeal to a "revelation" that requires another revelation to reveal it.
Matter Is Eternal.
The idea of a creative deity is gradually being abandoned. Nearly all truly scientific minds are now convinced that matter has existed from all eternity. It is indestructible, and the indestructible cannot be created. It is the crowning glory of our century to have demonstrated the indestructibility and the eternal persistence of force—Col. Ingersoll.

A CALL TO MEDIUMS. ITINERANT SPEAKERS.
Organization for Good and Helpful Purposes.
In response to my appeals to mediums in former numbers of *The Progressive Thinker*, a good number have answered. From the North and South, from the East and West they have come, and all agree that a "Mediums Co-operative Organization" is needed. Not all express the same views or give the same reason for having such an association, but all reasons given are sensible and worthy of attention, and all see a need of organization, and a closer bond of sympathy. I have before me a private letter from one of our most prominent mediums who has been laboring faithfully in the cause for twenty-five years, and whose opinion surely demands respect. She says: "They who live in plenty scarcely know how many of their mediums are living in constant fear, not knowing how to keep the wolf from the door. I know something about their lives, having put myself in possession of facts—coming into close sympathy with them. Some of our finest mediums have been driven through destitution and neglect into physical and mental states, that the very angels weep because of their condition. Now all these subjects we should practically and with the broadest charity consider for the good of all our mediums. They need schools and houses that only organization can give."
While we believe it possible to so develop the spiritual nature as to rise superior to the desires of the flesh, we know the flesh has needs which must be supplied, and a person suffering physically cannot always be held responsible for his mental condition.
There is an old saying, "Remove the temptation and you will remove the sin." One who has never gone to bed cold, hungry and naked, cannot realize how mightily the flesh will assert itself under such conditions. While mediums remain human they will be subject to human needs, weaknesses and temptations. No one can believe more strongly than myself in denouncing evil in every form wherever found, but to denounce the sinner another. Who knows what powerful temptations assail the fallen one by night and day, until the first false step was taken? One little deception will make room for a greater one. Justice and humanity demand that mercy be shown the sinner sometimes.
As long as the pure and honest medium is allowed to suffer from neglect and destitution in sickness and trouble, while the mean and unscrupulous one can receive the most startling demonstrations are not called in question, so long there will be a great temptation placed before the honorable but needy. It seems sometimes as though Spiritualists unthinkingly placed a premium upon dishonesty. A large class, it would seem, seek a medium, not to learn the truth nor to gain some soul-inspiring message, but to get the spirit realm, and to get some selfish enterprise. They have a fixed idea as to what they want and if they receive something different, even though they know it to be the truth, they will be offended and seek a less conscientious medium. There is probably not an honest medium among us who has not had such an experience at some time, and yet when a medium yields to temptation the whole blame is laid upon him or her.
Another thing should be remembered: One who is sensitive enough to commune with the invisible world is necessarily very sensitive to influences of the visible world. One who is capable of experiencing great joy and exaltation of spirit is also capable of great suffering and depression.
Our Spiritualist teachers an "exalted morality," teaches that we must react exactly what we sow, without any possibility of escape, and yet there are genuine mediums whose private lives will not bear investigation. Something is wrong somewhere.
To this end that existing wrongs may be righted; that we may know each other better, know whom we have among us, know each other's needs, and act in unison, we feel they are of one great family where each can make his or her needs known without the humiliation of a public confession of destitution; where each can feel that some one knows and cares and sympathizes with all his troubles, sorrows and perplexities.
O my friends, let us be charitable, just, long-suffering, tender and helpful one to another. Let us rise above all petty jealousy and contention, and put selfishness and self-interest aside, and let us stand together in one common cause. Let us each seek for the highest, purest, noblest and best attainments and "do all for all," and soon we may create such an atmosphere of harmony, purity, strength and nobility of spirit that evil in every form will shrink away from us, and truth and right shall triumph. In union there is strength. Let us have it. Come.
BETH, W. H. L. LEWIS.

Changing Their Creed.
The United Brethren in Christ, says the Chicago Post, have decided to read into the apostle's creed the word "hades" in place of "hell." Just what change in the religious belief of the good brethren this signifies is hard to say. Hell is a vigorous Anglo-Saxon word associated in our minds with the various ideas of a future state developed by the Christian religion. Hades, it means anything, has a pagan significance only, and its substitution in the English translation of the creed is about as consistent as would be the substitution of Zeus for God.
A Truthlet.
Somebody had an eye to truth when he wrote:
"Priests preach a world of future pain and bliss,
To cheat the weak and rob the poor in this."

A Voice Raised in Their Behalf.
To the Editor:—Occasionally we have noticed in your columns as well as in other Spiritual papers, a desire expressed for settled speakers and regular meetings in the place of the irregular and spasmodic efforts which have been put forth in the past by itinerant workers.
Sometimes we have noticed that the efforts of itinerant workers have been lightly spoken of, or in other words this manner of carrying the news of a continued existence has been condemned by some of the writers and speakers as a method which we have no further use for in this country, that itinerant workers are back numbers, that itinerant work has been outgrown, etc.
While we desire to encourage by every means in our power the laudable efforts of some of our leaders for settled speakers and regular meetings, we also desire to give our humble opinion as to the necessity for itinerancy.
From our individual experience and observation during the past few years, being almost continuously in the field as an itinerant worker, and partially employed for several years before in the same manner, we beg leave to differ from the opinions of some writers upon this subject.
If ever there was a time in the history of modern Spiritualism when good, honest, faithful, sincere workers for truth were needed in the field, it is now at this juncture; and if ever there was a time when the souls of such workers would have to stand a severe test, a trial of their enduring powers, they have to stand that trial now. Not the bitter hostility of orthodox as formerly existed is causing this severe test of loyalty. But the icy and freezing difference of the Spiritualists as a class; the cold, half-hearted manner in which workers are met when they enter a town or neighborhood to herald the glad tidings of great joy and give comfort to the sorrowing, is enough to break the heart of a stone man or woman.
In hundreds of towns and country districts it is still the itinerant worker who gives the people an opportunity once in many years perhaps to learn something of the cause which they have at heart and which is costing them every day a sacrifice of comfort to maintain. Many meetings are also being kept up in our cities almost continuously by mediums and speakers who, one following on the heels of another, are keeping the cause before the people as well as limited returns will allow.
When the Spiritualists attend these meetings and drop a mite in the collection plate or pay a ten-cent fee at the door, how many ask the medium offering if the receipts will cover the expense of the meeting? How many care whether the medium has money to get a breakfast on Monday morning after working hard on Sunday to minister to the public good? How many ever enquire if the medium has enough to pay the landlord a high rent for the privilege of living in a dingy room while doing their work almost gratuitously except an occasional dollar for sittings.
In the case of speakers like myself who do not give sittings, this dollar of course is not in evidence and the difficulty of meeting expenses is still further enhanced.
The lack of enthusiasm which causes a corresponding lack of organization and public work, creates a demand for itinerancy as the only way in which an interest in spiritual things is occasionally revived. Were it not for the itinerant workers the cause in thousands of places would never gain a hearing.
In former years a few good enthusiastic workers with means would occasionally invite a speaker to come to their homes and they would be so kind that a fair compensation was forthcoming for a series of lectures. As time went on these came to the conclusion that Spiritualists were becoming more numerous and that all should contribute to the maintenance of the work. But the lack of organization prevents active work, each one looks to some other person to make a move, and nobody makes it. In a great many cases, when there was only one person interested in a village or town that person had to employ a speaker or go without. Now where there are a dozen to a thousand families interested more or less, itinerant speakers and mediums have to shoulder the entire responsibility of carrying on meetings or let the community do without them.
What is the reason that Spiritualists do not care to organize? So far as we are able to discern, the reasons are either that they are too poor, too selfish or too stingy. When an individual is very poor he sees his inability to help even when his heart is thoroughly in the work. If he is very selfish he doesn't like to submit to the rule of a majority, which is necessary for the wellbeing of an organization, he consequently objects to being ruled, and practically amounts to rule or rule, if on the other hand he has plenty of this world's goods, but is too stingy to spend anything in the interest of an organization, he just simply keeps out because he doesn't want to spend his money, but would rather save it and take it to the spirit world with him if he could. It is something to take an active interest in propaganda work, so he keeps himself in seclusion and lets the poor itinerant worker hold the fort alone.
ITINERANT.

As We Suspected.
The "gift of money" advertised to be made at the close of a sermon, the object to draw a crowd, by a Jersey Shore, Pa., preacher, proved to be one cent placed in an envelope with a pious motto. Deceptive practices are presumed to be justifiable when employed in aid of the church.
A False Designation.
All who reject Jesus as God, are classed by bigoted orthodox with Atheists. Correctly, no one is an Atheist who believes in the reign of Infinite Law, by whatever name it may be designated.

Very Much Delighted.
To the Editor:—Please allow us to acknowledge the receipt of *The Progressive Thinker*, Vols. 1 and 2, Encyclopedia of Death and Life in the Spirit World, and *A Wanderer in the Spirit Lands*. These three most valuable and beautiful books and *The Thinker* were welcomed with great joy by us, and it is with great pride that we add them to our Spiritual Library. We had Vol. 3, Encyclopedia of Death presented to us by a friend, so you see we have all three volumes. We are yours fraternally,
F. PRATT and
LYDIA E. WILMARTH,
1025 W. Thoman st., Springfield, Mo.

A SERMON, And Its Moral and Spiritual Application.
There is room for some reflections, afforded by the recent translation of Mrs. Lyman J. Gage, and the funeral discourse by Rev. Dr. Harris. As reported by the Chicago Record-Herald, Dr. Harris' remarks were peculiarly eloquent and touching. If they had been permeated with the influence of the knowledge given by Spiritualism, it would have added vastly to their consolatory force. He said in part:
"But ours is the joy of death, and the victory, not less than the sorrow. God is equal to our emergency. Our beloved dead go from us, but not from Him. Earth sheds its white souls as the sea their white mists. We cannot prove. Gone the noble company of statesmen, the heroes, the merchants! Gone our beautiful mothers! Gone our bravest and best!"
"It is not given to logic to prove that they live again, save that which our eyes have seen, that which our ears heard; that which our hands have handled do we affirm to our beloved dead, but that which the lower senses cannot attain, what the higher affections and aspirations achieve."
"Why should we ask the dead to return to us to give us proof? The acorn dies that the oak may live, but dying does the acorn whisper? Would that some acorn might return to me and give me physical proof that the death of the seed means the new life of the growing tree. No seed ever returned to the seed. No Edmund Burke ever returned to the babe for the encouragement of his child. The child may grow up to the scholar's level; no scholar ever returned to the germ condition of childhood. Nor do we ask that the uniformity of nature's laws should be broken. We dwell in the world where no large, deep truths can be taught and no great deeds can be done. The fruit of the tree is not against the testimony of the senses. It is not unreason, but rather reason at its best. Newton's eyes saw the apple fall. By imagination he leaped from the falling apple to the falling moon; but faith is the wings of the spirit, the grip of the invisible law, and discovered the principle of gravity. One day, walking on the shores of Spain, Columbus saw a strange bit of driftwood, with an unfamiliar stone wedged in the crevice. His reason leaped from the western current to the great unknown sea, from the grain of sand to the undiscovered continent, and from the strange tree to the coast of which it was a part. Projecting reason therefore he discovered the new world."
"The soul is a voyager seeking the undiscovered realm. Reason and the senses mark out the course of the voyage. The faith that guided Columbus and Newton guides us. We do down into the ship and sail away. Unseen we live. Because we believe in the eternal reasonableness of our universe we believe that the dead do live again. God hath filled our hearts with love for our beloved ones. Does He ally our pain by asking death to lay its icy slab upon the pulsing heart?"
"In this great faith this beautiful woman lived, and in this great faith she died. Her beautiful ever character. How radiant her career! From her beginning she was a child of rare good fortune. God's loving providence showed gifts upon her. She was a modest woman. Praise would be far from her wish, but affection bathed its rights. We joyfully confess that her works do praise her. Her crowning characteristic was her simplicity. What openness and frankness of speech; what sincerity and moral earnestness; what a friend in time of need; what loyalty; what sympathy in self-sacrifice; how unspooled by her hosts of friends. From the beginning to the end her career was a happiness maker and a joy producer. The words of the wise man express our deepest thought: "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and the tongue is the law of kindness—strength, honor and beauty were her clothing." Therefore, despite our tears, hope survives. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Yes, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

Letter from Geo. F. Perkins.
I desire to acquaint our many friends who are readers of *The Progressive Thinker* of our whereabouts and condition. Since the fatal 14th of April, I have been in such a whirl of worry and excitement that if I have neglected any of our kind friends it was the lack of time, strength and mental composure on my part.
We are at present in this little town, as the result of a correspondence with Dr. W. J. Guild, who expressed confidence in the entire recovery of Mrs. P. If she could come to this beautiful locality, where house rent would not be an object, nothing but our personal living expenses would have to be borne by us, and as the farm work was becoming so exceedingly rushing at good Brother Leidligh's, in Villa Ridge, I concluded that this move was the most prudent. In view of the fact that, as I see it, my wife recovers, it must be through being quiet and out of the hospitals and state institutions.
Many total strangers to us have sent us remittances, which, with the purse made up by the Chicago friends through *The Progressive Thinker's* efforts (for all of which I am truly grateful), has enabled us to travel from Chicago to Villa Ridge, thence to this place, where we hope the high altitude and pure air, with the retirement will restore the health of Mrs. Perkins, at less expense than elsewhere.
Now, if there are any to whom I have sent a personal letter of thanks for their kindness and donations, I sincerely trust they will read these lines and consider themselves thanked a thousand times.
And if there are any other friends who feel that they can assist us financially, that have not yet set out, they may be able to minister to the wants and thus bring health and comfort to her who has been working so faithfully for twenty years to give comfort and solace as well as health to the army of seekers for her services. I shall consider it as coming from the grand and generous souls who appreciate the gratitude of mediums and their cheerful knowledge but to a dim and

Belvidere Seminary, Belvidere, New Jersey.
Villa Rest is a quiet summer resort for a limited number of adults and children who need rest and freedom from the excitement of fashionable life. It is pleasantly situated on an eminence overlooking a valley justly noted for its beautiful scenery and healthy climate. It is built in the Italian villa style, is attractive in appearance and homelike in its appointments, comprising a spacious parlor, large airy sleeping rooms and a gymnasium, with the usual apparatus for indoor exercise in stormy weather. Broad piazzas extend around three sides of the building. The grounds are ample and well shaded. The drainage and water excellent.
Belvidere, as its name indicates, is a beautiful inland town, in Northern New Jersey, 700 feet above the sea, and surrounded on all sides by forest-covered hills, at the base of which flow the Peconic and Delaware rivers, along whose banks are many places of special interest to artists and all lovers of the picturesque in nature.
Its streets are well shaded and lighted with electricity. In its near vicinity are well cultivated farms, from which a fresh supply of milk, eggs, butter, fresh fruits and vegetables can be had daily. It is only twelve miles from Easton, Pa., and ten miles from Delaware Water Gap, Pa., and is reached from New York and Philadelphia by the Pennsylvania and Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroads, with six trains running daily each way. Its walks and drives are exceptionally fine, presenting an ever pleasing variety of river and mountain scenery. Here is just the place for the weary to find repose and the recreation that invigorates without fatigue.
Terms:—From \$5 to \$8 per week for adults; children over ten years of age, \$4.50 to \$5. For further particulars address A. C. BUSH, Belvidere, Warren Co., New Jersey.

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Westfield, Mass.

100

An Unappreciated Scottish Genius.

By Andrew W. Cross,

Westfield, Mass.

Every inch of "the land of brown heath and shaggy wood" is irradiated with the glamour of romanticism; a legacy bought with a precious price, for almost every bell of heather that blooms upon the mountain's brow has been purpled with the lifeblood of her sons; the very air of Scotland's steep hills is fraught with the aroma of folk-lore.

O Scotia! land of misty and mystic beauty and rugged stern grandeur, 'twas meet that from thy fertile matrix should come forth many of the most cherished names that resound through the vast pantheon of the world's literature.

"The Wizard of the North" has long since ceased to wave his wand, at whose magic beck arose wondrous worlds of delicious chivalry; "Ranin Robin" has lain in the "dim dumb town that lies so cold and low" long enough for the hooting mob of yesterday to build mighty monuments to his memory; the sage of Ecclefechan, Thomas Carlyle, has ceased to wield the pen whose sledge-hammer vehemence proved mightier than the sword. Yet the well-worn boards of Scotland's literary proscenium are not deserted; rather they are crowded with a motley crew of candidates for Caledonia's laurels. Once in a while a modest, unassuming "Sentimental Tommy," by popular acclamation, fills worthily the principle role; but much of the time mongrel "Kailyarders" strut their petty hour upon the stage to the exclusion of more worthy and less assertive competitors.

In the forefront of these latter the next generation will undoubtedly enshrine the name of William Stewart Ross, known to many interested readers as "Saladin."

It is impossible to place this iconoclastic knight templar of the pen in any "school" of letters. He displays some of the impatient energy and trenchant force of Carlyle; there glows ever and anon in iridescent hues from his pages hints of the chivalric imagination of Scott; Burns lives again in some of the grim humor and caustic sarcasm from Saladin's pen; and in some of his poems there gleam reminiscences of the dreamy fervor of Shelley. In truth this "unappreciated genius" sounds the whole gamut of the emotions, as with feverish wonder the reader is hurried breathlessly over pages that burn with the livid glare of hell; illumined by flashes of rhetorical beauty, studded with gems of pathos, and saturated with the passionate poetic fervor of this child of the mountain mist.

"When Saladin gets into his attitudes of style," says the Manchester (Eng.) Guardian, "we can only borrow the words of an awestruck French critic and say 'Mon Dieu, quelle langue!'"

When we state that his most characteristic work, "God and His Book," exhibiting his marvelous versatility and fathomless fertility, is perhaps the most trenchant attack that has ever been published on the infallibility of the Bible, his comparative obscurity has been partially explained. When it is added that he edits The Agnostic Journal (London), no further explanation is necessary.

In "God and His Book" he explains his position with reference to the Bible. After ridiculing with ruthless freedom many of its grotesque incongruities he proceeds: "I am no bigot for or against his Book, being neither Protestant nor Papist; and I simply wish to give the Ghost fair play as an author. I have said little about the merits of his work; but that is not because they, such as they are, have escaped my recognition. From my earliest boyhood I have been steeped in the writings of this writer. As a child, I had heard of the Waters of Babel in Babylon; before I had heard of the Water of Dee in my own Galloway. For long, Jordan was a more familiar word than Clyde; and I knew of Carmel and Olivet years before I had heard of Cairngorm and Ben Nevis. I could tell all about Adoption, Sanctification, and Redemption before I knew the genitive from the dative, before I had heard of the equator or could tell how many roads there were in an acre. I was suckled upon 'the milk of the word'; I was dandled on the knee of the Virgin Mary; and the linen that enshrouded the corpse of Jesus was my swaddling clothes. Before I had as yet learned to read I could recite from memory some dozen of the 'psalms of David.' In my native moorlands the echo of the voices of the Covenanters had hardly as yet died away. Tradition fondly nursed the martyrs' memory; I beheld their graves in the grey cairns, and the burn wimpling over the pebbles murmured their dirge. The plaided shepherd on the hillside spake of them, and so did the miry-footed plowman on the furrowed field.

"A remnant of Covenanting times, the phraseology of the Bible entered into the parlance of ordinary life, always solemnly, never irreverently. This custom sank deep into my childhood's speech, and subsequently into my literary style. I have read many, many books now besides the Bible; but its English and its forms of expression are even yet the bed-rock upon which the edifice of my diction stands. Those who know me know that I am neither irreverent nor ungrateful. The book that inspired my earliest awe does not lightly provoke my most recent scoff. A book to which I owe so much—from which, at my mother's knee, I learned how to read—does not find me an ungrateful recipient of its blessings and benefits. I know its antique nook of familiar quaintness; I know its glimpses into the simple heart of the olden world; I know its curious tales and fascinating incidents; I know how the comet of its history trails its tail through a chaos of legendary mist; I know the magnificent fervor of its devotional passages; I know the artless simplicity of its prose; I know the lurid thunder-light of its poetry; I know its piping times of peace by the Jordan or the Kedron; I know its fury of fire and sword, the army of the Lord of Hosts, the rush of the chariot, the thrust of the spear; the buckler, the javelin, and garments rolled in blood.

"It is not the Bible and the pretensions it makes for itself that I assail; it is the Bible and the pretensions in regard to it put forth by Protestant Christianity. Taken for what it really is—a collection of more or less connected tracts belonging to times more or less remote, and reflecting as it does the deed and motive of ages and races that are no more—it is a deeply interesting antiquarian study. But here its use and its merit end.

"I have no reverence for the Bible and its God as the Bible and its God. It and he were the natural evolutionary product and index of a remote and half-barbarous time. The Bible as the Bible and Jehovah as Jehovah I cannot treat with disrespect. It would be quite as legitimate to heap ridicule upon the fact that I had to creep before I had learned to walk. The Bible and Jehovah are interesting relics of the cradle upon which the baby-world leant before it had strength to stand. I have no quarrel with those quaint old relics, per se; but when I find that the world would still lean upon them after all these long and weary centuries, in the interests of the human race I do my best to dash the relics to splinters. It is not the Book and the God, in themselves, that provoke my enmity; it is the pretensions put forward on their behalf by an interested priesthood. These pretensions must excite in every man who is a patriot and a friend of his race feelings of repugnance and aversion."

Though absolutely unsparring in his invective against the church and the priest, his writings are permeated with a profound spirit of reverence for the really sacred. The God who prompts Saladin's homage, however, is no vulgar burlesque conceived in the anthropomorphic matrix, no sanguinary quibbler over candlesticks and vestments and holy gospels. Saladin is equally repelled by the materialists who endeavor to measure the Infinite with a footrule; and ostentatiously burn incense at the shrine of the Atomic God.

"The potential molecules pave the road to damnation; the as yet undeveloped psychism is the finger-post that points down the dim and mystical vista that leads to salvation. We shall ultimately get nearer to Truth on the modest assumption that we know not, than on the arrogant assumption that we know. We shall get wiser when

we pay more attention to the oracle of what we feel, and less attention to the monitor of what we think. In America the barbaric faith of the Mayflower is dying. The God of the past is in his coffin; the God of the future is in his cradle. God is manifested to godlike men, and to them alone."

"If out of my poor purse I give a shilling to the needy, it is more than prayer; if I work hard to secure the elevation of the Living, I may exonerate myself from speculation as to the raising of the Dead. I cannot penetrate the black curtain that falls behind the footlights of mortal life and hides the arcana of Being. But I feel I am in the guardian hands of Eternal Love, and that my head reclines safely on the bosom of a God such as the glory of Dream never drew and the splendor of Vision never limned."

GOD.

"Tread reverent where earth's heroes trod,
Erase the lines that cancel God;
The word is writ with mountain scars
Piled with the glory of the stars,
And with the sempiternal rays
The hills of earth are all ablaze;
And struggle up the rainbow's rim
To kiss the handless hand of Him
Who fired that deathless altar coal,
The yearnings of the human soul.

"O give an ample time and season
To thoughts that overlap all reason:
Have faith, for there is gelt and treasure
Our poor bushels cannot measure;
And all the paths thought ever trod
Meet in the awful focus, God.

"And worship when His glory streams
Adown the chariot track of dreams,
And mark the reeking of His breath
Upon the mirror-disc of Death,
And hope the hope sublimely brave
That over-vaults the yawning grave,
Else will the vats of life's red wine
Degenerate to slush for swine,
Repulsed be Nature's flank and van,
And stately man no more be man.

"Go teach the earthquake moral law
And mete the Andes with a straw.
Go stand you on some heaven-kissed hill
Where your rapt being roams at will,
Leans wild o'er the horizon's bars
To claim its kindred with the stars,
And voiceless anthem chants in tune
To the still psalm of the moon,
While hieroglyphs of flags and shrouds
Are written in the tome of clouds:
And see the wreaths Arcturus flings,
And hear the hymn Orion sings,
And hear the great drum of the Sea
Roll out the Has Been and To Be;
And hear the red lips of the Sun
Preach from the text, The World Is One;
And, mode of the mysterious Whole,
Follow thine own unfettered soul;
Know every path that e'er was trod
Leads devious to the heart of God."

"Saladin displays some of the subtle beauty of Shelley." His poem entitled "Above" will amply sustain the contention.

ABOVE.

"Clouds of the Summer eve
Veiling the mountain's brow,
What are ye, say,
In this dying day,
Read the spell of the awful NOW?"

"As ye tint the fringe of the lady-fern,
And silver the stream in the glen,
What are ye, say,
In this dying day,
Break the spell of the awful THEN?"

"Say, ere ye melt in the mystic past,
And depart to return no more,
What know ye, say,
Of the must and the may
On the FUTURE'S wildered shore?"

"For likest thou art to me, O cloud,
On the mountain's dim grey head,
Like a king's red robe and a maid's white shroud
In the wealth of thy glory spread—
There lingers on thy pale lips, O cloud,
The doom of the quick and the dead.

"And thy fringes melt into viewless space,
O'er the hill and the heaven rolled,
And divinely gleams thy dim, pale face
From thy tresses of glorious gold.
Tiptoe on the earth ye kiss the sky,
And the sky blushes red with delight,
And she closes the lids of her languid eye
On the white heaving bosom of night—
The holy lids of her languishing eye
On the vestal bosom of night.

"Child of the mist and the amethyst,
Born of the glory and gloom,
By the star-rays wooed, by the moonbeams kist,
Symbol of cradle and tomb;
Blest by the love of the violet eyes
And the mild moon's crescent horn,
And the ripening grape with the ruddy dyes,
And the wind o'er the yellowing corn:
Fraught with the means of the resinous pine
And the fumes of the brackish wave,
Yelapst by the tender arms of the vine,
And warned by the yews of the grave,
Ye've absorbed of all that is subtle on earth,
On the wings of the wind ye have trod;
Ye rise from the gloom of the realm of your birth
To flame on the altar of God—
From the glamor and gloom of earth and of birth
To the splendor of heaven and God;
And aloft ye fly, on your awful way,
Through the kingdom of thunder and hail,
As the daughter of God were married to-day
And you were her bridal veil—
You fly through the vault of heaven to-day
Like the sweep of her bridal veil,
And ye carry my soul o'er that moonlit hill,
And I leave it with heaven and you;
And I lay me down 'neath the Igdrasil,
Alone with the night and the dew—
My corpse 'neath the ash-tree Igdrasil,
My soul in heaven with you.

"For likest thou art to me, O cloud,
In thy calm, yet deep, unrest;
With thy fringes ruddy and purple and proud,
And the thunder chained in thy breast;
And the blue caught from the sweet, quiet sky,
And the green from the rural sod,
And the glistening tear in thy dreamy eye,
And thy plume in the halls of God.

Misty and mystic dreams of heaven,
Ye speak to my inmost sense,
Of all for which I have yearned and striven
With hope, and with love intense;
My heart is with you in your welkin flight,
Where your cirrus locks are enl'd
By the rising moonbeams' fingers light

On the uppermost rim of the world—
Where the moon's fingers curl your tresses bright
On the uppermost rim of the world.

"Clouds of the summer eve
Veiling the mountain's brow,
What are ye, say,
In this dying day,
Read the spell of the awful NOW?"

"As ye tint the fringe of the lady-fern,
And silver the stream in the glen,
What are ye, say,
In this dying day,
Break the spell of the awful THEN?"

"Say, ere ye blend with the solemn past,
And go to return no more—
What know ye, say,
Of the must and the may
On the FUTURE'S wildered shore?"

Many a devout mother has perused with pleasure that popular poem, "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world," recking not that its author is one of the leaders of modern infidelity, who but seldom gets credit for its composition. This crusader charging recklessly against the bastions of established dogma has long since vindicated his right to no obscure niche in the temple of Scotland's poetry. His poem on "Robert Burns" secured the prize offered in connection with the Dumfries Burns statue movement.

ROBERT BURNS.

"All hail, O Nithsdale's furrowed field,
A Marathon art thou;
The fire of God in his great heart,
Of Genius on his brow,
Thy patriot bard strode o'er thy sward,
His triumph ear the plow!
The laverock in the early dawn,
The merle at evening grey,
Sang peans as the plowman trod
His more than laureled way,
And the red ridge of Scottish soil
Behind him grandly lay,
Printed with the daisy's crimson tip,
The 'rough burr-thistle's' head,
And rough print of the plowman's shoe—
Shoe of the deathless dead.

"Tis o'er, the rig is dark with night,
The 'lingering star' on high,
And Song-land's gained another wreath
Of flowers that never die.

"In Nithsdale, as a dreamy boy,
In wild ecstatic turns,
I've grasped the plow to follow, rapt,
Thy shade, O Robert Burns!
As 'pretty howes have varit and riskit'
I've seen thee standing nigh,
Mid visions of the Throne of Song
Too grand for mortal eye:
The hills around turned into verse,
An anthem vast and dim,
The 'fragrant birch' an idyl grew,
The 'stibble field' a hymn!

"O sword, rust o'er thy mighty dead,
Pent in their funeral urns,
Plow, by Elisha sanctified
And glorified by Burns,
Thine is no roll of tears and groans,
The dying and the dead,
Thou wrotest on the wintry field,
The prophecy of Bread—
I'll drive my share o'er vanquished Want,
My coulter's edge uprears
The banners of the yellow corn,
The ry's unnumbered spears,
God speed thy 'horns'—no altar horns
So sacred are to me,
The Prophet and the Muse of Fire
Their mantle bore to thee!

"Yet, would a tyrant weld our chains?
Then, Victory or the Grave—
The trumpet blast of 'Scots wha hae'
Will make the coward brave!
Then Onward, Valour, 'red-wad-shod,'—
Glory to him who dies!
Be his eternal infamy,
The 'traitor-knave' who flies!

"Dumfries, thy cold hands hold his urn,
Thou guard'st his iron sleep,
O shrine that draws the universe
To worship and to weep!
What tribute grand of brass or stone
Can thy poor hands bestow?
What bronze or marble worthy him
Who lies so cold and low?
Of the brave man whose fight is fought,
Whose weapon's sheathed, whose banner's furled,
Though still his fire and force of soul
Throb in the veins of half the world:
Australia loves him, India too,
As though he had but died yestreen;
Columbia knows the Banks o' Doon,
And Africa sings of Bonnie Jean!

"Hast seen athwart the midnight stars
A cloud's shadow fling?
Hast seen the stain from the cage's bars
Upon the eagle's wing?
Impeach I will not; but, Dumfries,
I cannot do him wrong,
Thy street-mire stained the singing-robe
Of the great King of Song:
Look sorrowing back on the grey hairs
Too early o'er his brow,
And, grateful, what he lacked in bread
Give him in gaily lands now:
Humble am I, whig, ask you:
This penitence: e done,
But, O city of St. Michael,
Remember I'm thy son;
I love thee though I'm far away,
Though you've forgotten me
My dreams of home and fatherland
Are centered all in thee;
I ask for nothing for myself,
I tread thy streets no more,
Honor thyself by honoring him
I and the world adore;
Joy in thy solemn heritage,
Breaking Oblivion's wave,
O grandest gift of the world,
For you have Burns' grave!"

It has been necessary in order to let the reader have a glimpse of Saladin's literary style to use frequent quotations, but it need scarcely be added, such brief snatches torn from their setting cannot invoke a just estimate of Saladin's literary ability. For example, the whole essay on "The Paths of Glory," depicting with horrible realism the terrible atrocity of war, must be read in order to feel the awful significance of its closing period. As the result of war—

"The earth is only one vast revolving charnel, from the rocks of its foundation up to the alluvial of its battlements. The sea is a cemetery, and the land a necropolis. The billows roll over tombs, and the grass waves over the dead. The sea-shell is tinted from the wrong heart of

agony. Our roses are crimsoned with blood, and our lilies are whitened with bones. The wide sky is only the vault that holds the star-lamps that burn in a sepulchre. Our little lives are the troubled marsh-lights that gleam, and glide, and shimmer, and vanish among the graves from which they are exhaled. Time shall yet sound the reveille, and we shall awake from the night of this ghastly dream; awake on the hills of eternity to read the deep riddle of existence in the splendor of the noonday of God."

There are some phrases of idyllic beauty in the following rhetorical mosaic:

"It is not because I take a lower view than you do of the past, the present, and the future, that I reject the poor imbecile juggling of your priestcraft. I take a much higher view than you do, and therefore I reject your purile flamenicals, which have done much to make ignorance chronic and imposture a profession. From behind the stillness of death and the cold of the grave I hear the dash and plunge of the ocean of the Eternal. Its depths are far down in the caverns of Dis, the crests of its billows are blinding the stars, and its roll and its swing are shaking the worlds. My soul shivers upon the shore waiting for the gale that plies to the archipelago of the unknown, and for my voyage ye offer me a toy ship made out of a Bible leaf! In the presence of such solemnities, away with your mockery. Whether death raises the curtain on everlasting day or lets it fall on endless night, I know not; neither do you. Leave me alone.

"Your soul-saving is a business, and a quack one. There is the One Soul and no other. Degrade it not by pretending to 'save' it with your creedal dogmas and pulpit platitudes. Realize its might, divinity, and majesty in the exercise of lofty thought, in the performance of heroic deed. Adumbrate its oneness with the universe by holding commune with the roaring sea, with the gloomy mountain, the growling wood, the moonbeams silencing fields of autumnal gold, and the white clouds flying over the black heaven thick-studded with the burning stars."

This strenuous soul beating furiously against the confining bars of the knowable, like many another restive captive, falls back on the gospel of brother-helping, that eternal gospel which is inexhaustibly wrought into the very tissues of the universe, and which will live beyond the wreck of religions and the crush of Gods.

"Help the weak, who cannot fight so strongly as you can in the fierce and unceasing battle of life. Bind up the wounds of those who, beaten down in the conflict, have, weak and bleeding, crawled to the rear to die. Turn not away from the cry of even those who have been their own worst, or only, enemy. To err is human, to forgive divine. And, after all, he whose own blood reddens his blade is a special object of compassion. Cast the bread of thy love on the waters of his sin. Has strong drink or some insidious Circe wiled him to ruin? Pity, but do not upbraid. Think on what he has forfeited, reflect on what he has lost; what holy hymns under the glorious sun, what religious musings under the solemn moon, what a deprecation in the dignity and grandeur of life, what a flagging of the energies that aspire to its sacred heights, what a shortening of the plummet line with which you have tried to sound its awful depths; and consider what he has lost in the wealth of that holy tenderness which concentrates in wife and child and home. He has lost so much, help him to what little you can. For, a few short years of evil past, and you lie down together with him in the dust, and all the toiling and the sinning, and the wealth and the poverty are over. The grass waves as greenly over him as over you; and on it the morning and evening dew, the tears of God, glisten as brightly. The sky is as blue over his grave as over yours; the stars look as mournfully, the sun shines as grandly, the cricket chirps as cheerily, and the sweet-briar and the rose fling their fragrance as freely over the sod that covers his breast as over the turf that lies upon yours. In the sight of the awful equality of the long Forever, are we to insist upon our unbrotherly inequality in the momentary Now? Cast thy bread upon the waters of want and life, for in an hour, your poor, erring brother and yourself shall reach the eternal commune of Non-want and Death."

"I often prout about, Lord, when all the world is asleep, under the sky afire with stars or murky with winter rain. I found, one night, a poor, hungry, and threadbare clerk from the country, sleeping on one of the stone seats on Blackfriars Bridge, partially protected from the sleet and snow by a copy of the Daily Telegraph, which, in the morning, he had bought with his last copper in the hope that he might find therein advertisement of some situation to which he might possibly be appointed. His last sixpence he had sent in stamps to his aged and indigent mother in Devonshire; and as he thought of her—the snow on her humble thatch roof, her larder empty, and her hear heavy with sorrow—the tears gathered in his boyish eyes; and as he fell asleep dreaming of his mother, the winds of the night almost froze into icicles the tears upon his eyelids.

"Away in that Devonshire cot the aged mother was praying for her son, so he told me; and, Jehovah, I trouble you not with prayers; but I looked up through the drizzling snow to the blurred stars and moon, and wondered whether you, high over the moon and stars, were listening to that mother's prayer. I never so much wished before that you should exist and listen to prayer and answer it, so that you might give that simple-minded Devonshire lad a seat on a three-legged stool, with a desk before him—not much for a Deity to do—and thereby make joyous his heavy heart and that of the aged and widowed mother, who, from her lonely cot, amid the hunger and the snow, prayed to you, Lord, not for herself, but for her son. As I heard the church yard cough and he heaved the hollow chest covered over by the Telegraph and the snow, and thought of the anxious and pious old mother far away, I repeated the words of thy son, but in bitterest irony, 'Blessed be ye poor!'"

"As you know, Lord, I frequently stroll in the mid-night fields round London. There I was, only last night, while the grass, whitened with hoar-frost, crackled beneath my feet and the stars shone down fiercely from the black sky. Frequently out in these cold fields have I found specimens of the waifs of London asleep. What a sleep! Lord, in the frosty grass, in the eerie silence, and in the blink of the chilly moon! More than once, when I have come across these poor mortals, availing myself of my knowledge of the neighborhood, I have gone and brought a small armful of hay to spread for a coverlet, O Father, over your sleeping children. I have never watched them when they awoke in the morning, and found themselves comparatively warm under a coverlet of mysterious hay. Seeing no one near, perhaps they thanked you for your care of them; but you know full well you took no care of them; you left them there to sleep a sleep that would engender maladies which would induce the sleep that knows no waking."

"Once, O thou who wast born of Mary, I found a woman sleeping out in a suburban field in a raw night, when the trees loomed like ghosts, and mist rose drearily from the grass. I thought of my mother, Lord, and my heart throbbled convulsively and my lip quivered. Do you ever think of your dear mother, the woman Mary of Palestine? The greatcoat I wore was an old one I could spare. I spread it softly over somebody's daughter without wakening her, and quietly walked away. I do not mention this to you, Jehovah, because I wish you to reward me for doing it; the act was, to me, its own exceeding great reward. When the woman awoke in the morning it is quite likely she gave you, not me, the credit of having sent her the garment; but it is quite likely that, when thanking Jehovah, she may have put her hand into the pocket and pulled out a letter or two addressed to 'Saladin, the Infidel.'"

The works of this author extend through about a dozen volumes each containing gleams of genius eminently

worthy of perusal. The reader will doubtless find much that does not suit his palate, for "uniformity of ignorance is commonplace, uniformity of thought, where knowledge is, is impossible." His name is familiar to a select circle of British and other readers. As that of one of the most forceful and picturesque writers of contemporary literature it deserves a wider publicity; and time will surely give it. Though fighting under the Agnostic standard, "Saladin" is a veritable free lance and does not scruple to publish his faith in Immortality, a faith clearly evinced in the following quotation with which this inadequate appreciation is reluctantly closed:

"In spite of the shadows and the visions, I rest my fate upon a dream which is not all a dream. I am a soldier far from home. The helm is on my head and the spear in my hand. I feel that I have left somewhere where time is eternal or where time is unknown. Drilled by an unseen baton, I fight under an invisible banner—now with gladiators in the arena, now with snakes in the fen; and the voice of the leader that commands me is a voice inaudible to mortal ear. Somewhere in the realm I have left there is a home with a snow-white doorstep, and over the door the red and white roses link and twine and breathe the fragrance of love. On that doorstep and under these roses stands my young wife, with my babe in her arms. Down the valley rolls the thunder of the drum, up the hill rises the bugle's silver clang: 'Gird on your sword and away!' I obey the summons and depart. I kiss my wife, my babe cries, frightened by the jangling of my spurs. Down the lane I ride, hedged round by the spears, overshadowed by the banners. There is a turn in the lane; I wheel round and kiss my hand in a long adieu. My wife's eyes are following me, tearful and loving. I wave my plumed helmet to her in farewell; and, in response, she holds aloft in her hands her babe and mine. The turn in the lane is made—and all is lost.

"But I will return. Brief on this earth are the bivouacs, the march and the battle. Something stronger than Death and strong as God has told me I will return. When the solemn fir strikes his roots into my grave and the rank hemlock through the decayed coffin-boards has absorbed my blood, I shall have returned to that home where my babe was held aloft among the roses, and where my wife sobbed 'Farewell!' I fear not misery nor dread extinction. One inquiry at least has been answered. The tears of the mourning gleam in the rainbow of Hope. The perfume of unwept lilies streams forever through the gate of the grave."

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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 sacrificed to brevity. For this reason, the style becomes thereby as terse, which of all things is to be deprecated. Correspondents often weary with waiting for the appearance of their questions and write letters of inquiry. The supply of matter is always several weeks ahead of the space given, and hence there is unavoidable delay. Every one has to wait his time and place, and all are treated with equal favor.

NOTICE.—No attention will be given anonymous letters. Full name and address must be given, or the letters will not be read. If the request is to 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.

R. J. Ward: Q. Why do not church members who believe in immortality as a part of their creed accept Spiritualism as its demonstration? Why are they so bitterly opposed to it?

A. Spiritualism is Christian in as much as it accepts that belief in spirit presence and power, on which all religions are based, and which gives them vitality. With this common foundation the likeness ceases and it takes a divergent path. Were I a church-member I cannot see how I should be able to avoid being a Spiritualist. I should believe in clairvoyance, because St. John the revelator is an example of its exhibition. I should believe in healing by laying on of hands, because this was promised to those who believed. I should believe in the transference of the human soul to place, because it is said of Ezekiel that he was taken up and transported a long distance and sat down in the midst of the seventy ancients of the house of Israel. I should believe in writing by a spirit hand—alone visible, because of the writing on the walls of the banquet hall of Babylon. I should believe in the power of spirits to raise ponderable bodies, for they rolled away the great stone from the door of the sepulchre. I should believe in speaking in foreign tongues, because this was the sign on the day of Pentecost. I should believe in materialization because Moses and Elias were materialized on the mount, and Jesus repeatedly to his disciples after his death. I should accept the guardianship of spirits, because taught by the Bible. I should accept as fact that they could communicate with me, because of the readiness and truthfulness with which Samuel appeared and communicated.

The communications may appear trivial, and the earthiness of the materialized spirit ridiculous, but the most "earthly" performance is recorded in the Bible, of the two angels who appeared to Abraham. They sat down to a supper of roast veal and hot short-cake to which they did ample justice! But the church member is a church member because of heredity and training at home and Sunday-school. He believes because he does not think, for he has had others to think for him. Should he think he would be appalled at the consequences. He is brave enough to attack a thief. There he talks with the departed Deacon Smith, and Jim Jones, a desperado shot in a drunken brawl. Both claim to be in the same place—Jim Jones out of hell! Why that is enough to condemn any belief! Get back into the church, as a chicken rushes from a hawk to its mother's wing.

Hence I presume that if I had been reared to manhood in the church, I should have remained a church member and found full and sufficient reasons for so doing.

D. W. Nations: Q. It has been said that the ancient Hebrew language was written without vowels. Is it true that there were really no characters used to answer the purpose of vowels? Was the Old Testament so written?

A. The Hebrew language was that of the Phoenicians and Carthaginians with dialectic modifications, and is closely related to the Arabic, and Aramaean.

The Old Testament is all that remains of the literature of that language, which ceased to be spoken after the exile and was understood only by the few who gave it great and careful study. Not even all of the Old Testament descended from that early time, but portions, as the books of Daniel, were written by those who had perfected themselves so well in the unused language that they were able to use it in composition.

Hebrew by the early writers was the most sacred of languages, the Lingua Dei, language of God, such as he spoke in the Garden of Eden to Adam and Eve. It was hence supposed that all nations spoke it before the confusion at Babel, a pretty myth to explain the divergence. In this ancient language, there was no division into words, or texts. It was a rule that the line must be filled and a word must not be divided at the end of a line. Hence the scribe had to fill in with letters having no connection with the beginning of the next word, which was written in full at the beginning of the next line.

The designation "Hebrew language" is not mentioned in the Old Testament. The language is called by Isaiah the "language of Canaan," or "Lingua Syria." The Hebrew language, while a living tongue was written without vowels. Only the consonants were written. Of course there were vowels, for the consonants cannot be spoken in words without. After a time, these early writings became to be regarded as so sacred that it was looked upon as impious to mar them by the insertion of vowel points. The vowels consisted of points placed above or below the consonants, and later were inserted for the better understanding of the text by those less learned. But this insertion was, according to the views of the copyist, and often arbitrary. It does not require statement that a language thus written would be ambiguous, and after it had ceased to be spoken would be difficult to understand.

The Arabic language is written after the same plan, the consonants being

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made, and the vowels indicated by points after the manner of shorthand. In fact, the skeletons of the words are given as they are by that method. This does not make easy reading, as any one will aver who attempts to read shorthand without the vowel signs. But the reading of Oriental languages is not an easy task. The Arabians learn to read and write their own language with painful slowness, and their most learned men do not care to read a new manuscript without careful preparation.

As an illustration, rude perhaps, yet making clear the main point, the following well-known lines are written after the Hebrew method, transposed so as to read from right to left, the vowels being supplied by the reader:

There is no death! The stars go down To rise upon some fairer shore; And bright in heaven's jeweled crown They shine for evermore.

NWDGSRSTTDSNRT
RSRRFMSNPSRT
NWRCDLWJNSNVTGRBDN
RMRVFNSTY

If the reader had not the full writing and knowledge of the context, he would find the reading perplexing. How much more difficult were there no explanation and the language itself dead and hence unreadable! Yet the churches hold and have since their existence, that man's immortal welfare, no less than the saving of his soul from the fires of hell, depends on his understanding a book written nobody knows when, or by whom, in a way that makes correct interpretation impossible.

What a strange God, and with what peculiar ideas, to write a book for the edification of mankind in morals for all time, in the most barren and obscure dialect in the world. As he did not appear to have learned the necessity of the use of vowel signs, to human reason it would have been better had he waited a few ages until man had invented them, and produced a language more worthy of being the vehicle of divine inspiration.

G. M. Paul: Q. (1) Would spirits, through different mediums, present different characteristics?

(2) Was Mrs. Eddy, the Christian Scientist, ever a Spiritualist and medium?

A. (1) The medium always more or less colors the manifestation with his or her personality. This is according to well-known laws of spirit, and sustained by countless facts.

(2) Mrs. Eddy was a medium and Spiritualist before she became a Christian Scientist.

PITTSBURG NOTES.

Good Words of Officers and Workers.

The readers of The Progressive Thinker have not seen for a long time any notice of the Spiritualistic movement in the wide awake, active and thriving city of Pittsburgh, Pa. Whether this silence is due to the fact that Mr. C. L. Stevens, president, and Mr. J. H. Knight, secretary of the First Spiritual Church of that city, being active business men are too busily engrossed in their respective vocations to write up the statements and doings of the society they represent, or whether an innate modesty which evades publicity in the realm of well-doing is the cause, the writer of this article is not prepared to say. But feeling that sister societies would like to hear of the success attained, of the men and women and methods employed in the promotion of this success, and in the unity of effort in extending the knowledge that a true Spiritualism affords, I venture these few lines.

I am generally conceded, I think, that the qualifications of a good presiding officer are many. To be able to entertain and encourage on the rostrum progressive radical thought, to feel democratic to scientific truths, and yet to possess the courtesy of conservative sympathy for those still in the folds of monotonous and ancient qualities indicating nobility of character not often harmoniously centered in one person. Brother Stevens, the president of the Pittsburgh society, possesses this equation of moral justness in a high degree. Quiet and gentlemanly in manner, kind and sympathetic, he wields the scepter of his official position so free from display, that one forgets the officer, in the recognition of the considerate leader and moderator.

But a careful and impartial survey of these environments discloses how much the presiding officer may be sustained and strengthened by a discreet and competent secretary. Now a good secretary of a spiritual society is not one who simply knows enough to keep the minutes and records of meetings held, or an account of its financial receipts and disbursements, and to keep business qualifications makes a careful survey of the society's necessities, and whose calm judgment in the engagement of speakers, musicians and mediums adds weight to the consensus of general opinion as to the ability, merit, and strength of character of those to be employed; and last though not least, the secretary should be a man of letters, who knows how to place a telling "ad" for local journals on all occasions.

Mr. John H. Knight is a man to this manner born; and in the secretaryship of the business matters of this society, it would be difficult to duplicate his official qualifications. But a good presiding officer and efficient secretary suggest another factor of official character—a cheerful treasurer to collect and disburse the society's funds—one who never feels so happy as when with money in bank he comes around to the treasury, and it is amusing to see how merry twinkle in his eye he asks, with check book in hand, "How much cash due you, will it take to make you happy to-night?"

If you ever go to Pittsburgh or Homestead to see where and how Andrew Carnegie made over a hundred million dollars in a few years, naturally enough you will want to go on a Sunday evening to the First Spiritual church of Pittsburgh. If you see a medium-sized man with a check-book sticking out of his north-west coat pocket, with a look on his face as though he were like to write a check for every one present for a thousand dollars, that man is Brother Stevens, and it is amazing to see how a speaker's face will light up when Brother S. comes around and begins to pull out that check book.

But three men are not a society, and my mind recalls the face and individuality of some old veterans whose presence were an inspiration in cloudy and clear weather. Among these were Brothers McIlroy, Hammond, Zugg, Dixon, Reynolds, of Chicago county, Pa. whose name I cannot recall at this moment; but whose voice in the congregational singing impressed me with the integrity of his Spiritualism. These venerable men whose heads are white

or nearly so with the progress of accumulating years, whose many individuality in the support of Spiritualism has met the storm of opposing thought, and whose persistent efforts have been the basis of the movement in the past, and are a bulwark and protection to it now, we can never forget.

Homestead, the home of Brother Dixon and his excellent wife, of Brother Kettstett and Mrs. Marsden, and many others, is in reality the "amen corner" of the Pittsburgh society. Brother Dixon frequently puts into the Homestead papers notices of the meetings and special lectures at his own expense; and on many occasions would interest from five to twenty people to go and hear the gospel of life beyond the grave, that can be demonstrated. That is the kind of an "amen man" that is an honor to any society.

But lest the reader begins to think that this society is one of men, allow us to say not so; for among the many ladies who stand shoulder to shoulder with the men in spreading the gospel of "glad tidings," let us mention the names of Mrs. Belle Gordon, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Pressing, Mrs. Dixon, Miss Telsman, and Mrs. Shomaker, whose constant presence and efforts in the Ladies' Aid and everywhere when action is required, are always to be counted with the many other faithful co-workers whose names I cannot now recall.

Some of these ladies fill positions on the board of trustees, and other committees of fraternal importance.

But outside of the society and among those who do not openly claim to be Spiritualists are several men and a few noble women acting upon the scriptural injunction "Not to let the right hand know what the left hand doeth," occasionally will drop five, ten and even twenty-five dollars into the hands of the executive to carry on the work of the society. My memory recalls one special instance of this character—that of our old friend, Mr. Zugg, who, although past ninety years of age, frequently comes to the hall leaning on the arm of his faithful attendant. When asked if he is a Spiritualist, he will say, "Oh, don't know; is a beautiful belief that would be renewed in the heart of a friend to our friends, but I don't know—I don't know; I hope it is true."

One Sunday last March he came and took his accustomed seat. He had been absent for several months on account of sickness and the physical weakness qualifying his advanced years. His hair as white as the fleece of a lamb, his face calm and spiritual by the conflicts and vicissitudes of time, his head resting confidently upon the shoulder of his valet, his eyes closed as in deep attention. Occasionally his countenance would light up as some strong evidence of the soul's natural immortality was introduced, a smile of pleasant anticipation as the nearness of this world of eternal life was depicted, and a seeming momentary satisfaction when the truths were set forth in the nature's eternal order of natural evolution—the sequences to the processes of the soul's gestation life on the earth plane. After the discourse he said, "Those were grand thoughts—grand, but, oh, dear, I don't know; I don't know."

The next day he sent to Brother Stevens a messenger with a letter saying that he was too ill to call personally, but would "enclose a little to help on the work." It was in the form of a check for one hundred dollars.

And so the cause moves along in harmonious grooves in Pittsburgh. Wonderful city, marvelous, and destined to be the center of the world's mechanical industries. But beyond its hills of steam, above the roar of its mighty engines molding into form the steel that binds continents, and the concrete that binds the voices of those who love who live then, and memory recalls from the canvas of time the names of those who labor to promote the knowledge that man lives beyond the grave.

W. M. LOCKWOOD.

METAMORPHOSES.

A butterfly lit on a rose
And lingered there content,
And filled his soul and tiny nose
With all its fragrant scent,
Then soared above the leafy trees,
On wings of beauty rare,
Perfuming well each gentle breeze;
Encircling all the air.

The rose looked up with loving pride,
Then bowed his head again;
Its soul was gone, it drooped and died;
Said all the world—"Amen!"
A worm crawled up the stem next day
And hung himself to die.
He said "I'll feign to pass away
And be a butterfly."

"I've crawled upon the earth so long,"
He said, "I now believe
That I can join the beautiful throng
And angel wings receive."
Twelve months have gone, another rose
Has bloomed o'er his cocoon.
He plumes his wings and dips his nose
To kiss the rose of June.

The rosebush sleeps beneath the snow;
In peace there sleeps the worm;
'Tis but a trance in which must grow
Grand evolution's germ;

A trance to rest, recuperate
And grow up from the earth
Into a new and higher state;
A trance preceding—
DR. T. WILKINS.

THE PLACE TO DIE.

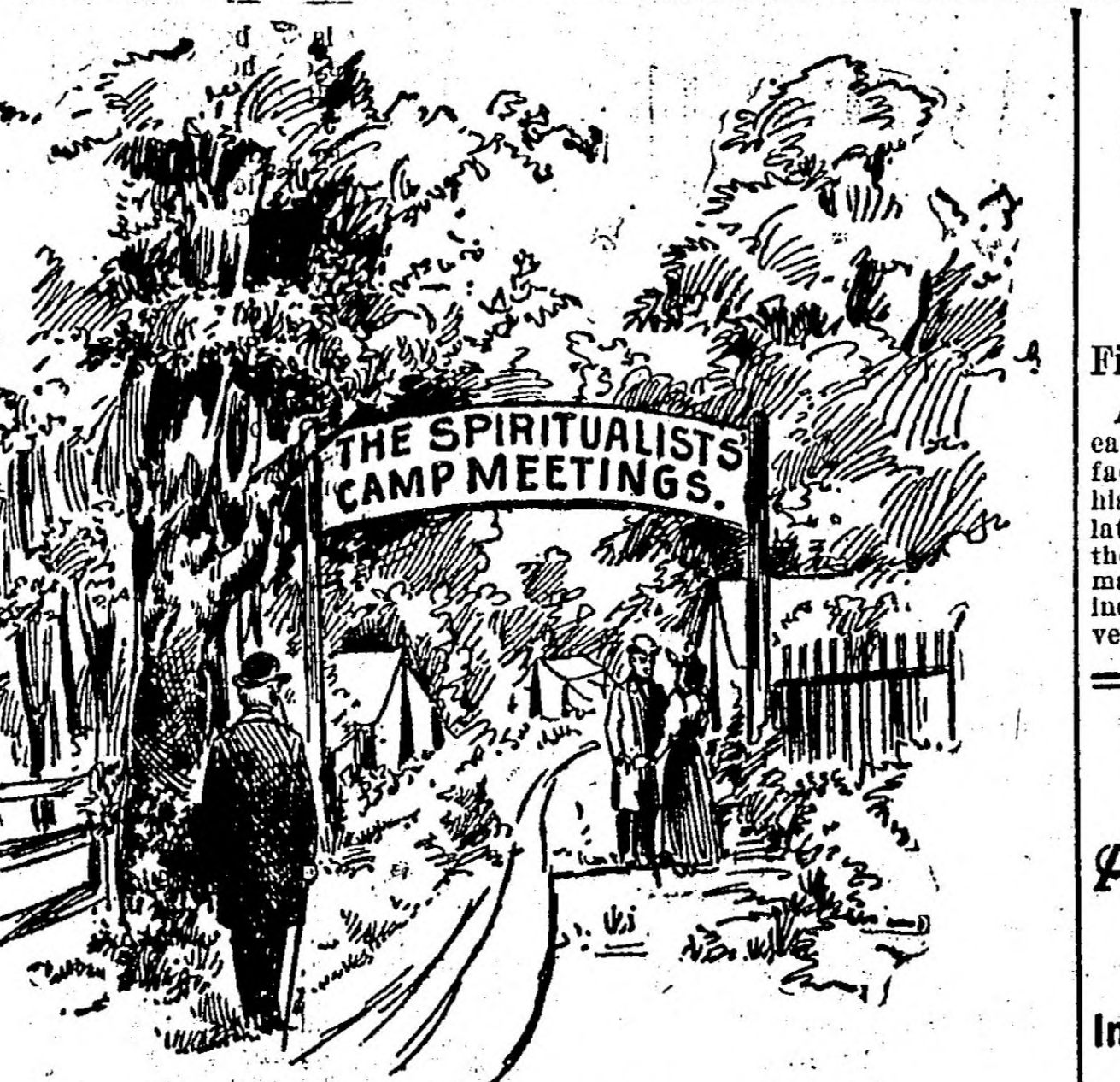
How little reck it where men die,
When once the moment's past
In which the dim and glowing eye
Has looked on earth and heaven,
Whether beneath the sculptured urn
The coffin form shall rest,
Or in its nakedness, return
Back to its mother's breast.

The soldier falls 'mid corpses piled
Upon the battle plain,
Where reinless war-steeds gallop wild
Above the gory slain;
But though his corpse be grim to see
Hoof trampled on the sod,
What reck it when the spirit free
Has soared aloft to God?

The coward's dying eyes may close
Upon his downy bed,
And softest hands his limbs compose,
Or garments o'er him spread;
But yet who shun the bloody fray
Where fall the mangled brave,
Go strip his coffin lid away,
And see him in his grave!

'Twere sweet indeed to close our eyes
With those who cheer the war,
And waited upward by their sighs,
Soar to some calmer sphere;
But whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die,
Is where he dies for man!

—Michale J. J. Barry.



Send in Your Camp-Meeting Dates, Etc.

The Camp Meetings.

Inquiries are already being made in reference to the various camp meetings. The officers of the same will subvert their own interests by sending at once a brief statement, announcing where full information can be obtained.

Chesterfield Camp, Ind.

Chesterfield camp-meeting opens July 18 and closes August 23. The management expect a great increase in the attendance, and tremendous crowds on some days, and are making arrangements to meet the demand. For programs and other information, address Flora Hardin, Secretary, Anderson, Ind.

Hastlett Park Camp, Mich.

This camp commences July 25 and ends September 1. For programs and full particulars, address I. D. Richmond, St. Johns, Mich.

Marshalltown, Ia.

The Central Iowa Spiritual Association will hold its camp at Marshalltown, Iowa, beginning June 23, and closing July 7. The Association this year has spared no pains in making this one of the grandest meetings it has ever held. The officers have secured some of the best mediums in the United States, such as Cora L. V. Richmond, Josie K. Folsom, Mrs. Buchanan and many others. The association extends a kind invitation to all honest mediums.

Oskaloosa, Ia. DANIEL DAVIS.

Kansas.

The First Society of State Spiritualists and Liberals will hold their twenty-third annual camp-meeting, commencing August 9, 1901, closing August 20. Among the mediums already engaged is Dr. Louis Schlessinger. His numerous friends will take due notice. For information write to J. D. Reeves, president, Asherville, Kans.; J. N. Blanchard, Delphos, Kans.; E. S. Bishop, secretary, Glasco, Kans.

Camp Progress, Mass.

Camp Progress Spiritual Association will open this season on Monday, June 2, at the grounds in Mowland Park, Upper Swampscott, Mass.

Cassadaga Camp.

The arcanian quiet that broods over fair Cassadaga Camp during the winter months, but with the advent of spring, being disturbed by the bustle of activity and sounds of preparation for the summer season, filling the air with the rhythmic song of busy saw and ringing hammer. A pleasing feature of the camp at present is the Moses Hull school, opened on the 14th of May, to continue until the 12th of July. This school of Mr. Hull is meeting with flattering success, besides many local attendants, there is a good percentage of students from abroad, notably California and Texas.

The coming events claiming the immediate attention of Lily Dale residents and visitors is the annual June picnic, to be held by the Association on the 7th, 8th and 9th of June. Speakers engaged for the occasion are Rev. Moses Hull and Mrs. Mattie E. Hull, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. Lyman C. Howe, of Fredonia, N. Y.; and Mr. Thomas Grayson, of St. Louis, Mo. Scott's band and orchestra of Sinclairville, N. Y., will furnish the music.

All indications are prophetic of a prosperous season. Already there are more people and more new arrivals on the grounds than at the same early date previous years. Calls for cottages and hotel accommodations, for the night and day, are many. In anticipation of the season's needs, the Association is making every effort to have the grounds and hotels in perfect readiness for the comfort and enjoyment of their summer guests and have arranged an intellectual program of unusual strength and brilliancy, of which I shall be pleased to speak more at length later on.

CARLETON E. PEATE,
Asst. Sec'y. C. L. F. A.

Sunapee Lake, N. H.

The 24th annual meeting will be held at Blodgett's Landing, Newbury, N. H., commencing Aug. 4 and closing Aug. 18, 1901. Mrs. Addie M. Stevens, president, Claremont, N. H.

Ashley Camp, Ohio.

Camp opens July 14, and closes Aug. 4, 1901. W. F. Randolph, secretary, Ashley, Ohio.

Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Ia.

The camp-meeting of the M. V. S. A. at Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa, will open July 23, concluding to and including August 25.

We are sparing no effort to make this our nineteenth annual encampment, except all preceding ones. A most excellent program has been prepared, consisting of the most talented speakers on the platform to-day, a fine quartette of singers, led by Prof. Paul Zumbach; a band of players under the direction of Prof. Welse, of Clinton, and we have also engaged the talented young dramatic reader, Miss Flora Kay, to take charge of the weekly entertainments. She will also assist at all times, at our public meetings and wherever her presence and work will please and entertain. Many mediums of various phases have signified their intention of attending, among them Mrs. Blles, the noted materializing medium, and Mrs. Wright, of Philadelphia, also Prof. Dunton of Nebraska, while the reliable mediums who have worked with us year after year will be there again to greet their friends.

For programs and full information address Mrs. Stella A. Flisk, Secretary M. V. S. A., 18 N 11th street, Keokuk, Iowa.

Zoo Park Spiritual Camp, Mo.

We are progressing rapidly with our camp. We have secured some of the best talent that is to be had. We will have our program out in a short time. P. J. Underwood, president; S. A. Haseltine, Vice-president; C. M. Folsom, corresponding secretary; Mrs. B. C. Egbert, recording secretary; J. C. Mathews, financial secretary; J. C. Mathews, treasurer. C. M. FOLSOM.

Grand Lodge, Mich.

Grand Lodge (Mich.) Spiritualist Camp-meeting will open July 28, and close August 25. Programmes will be ready in a few days. Parties desiring the same, address Geo. H. Sheets, Grand Lodge, Mich.

Briggs Park Camp, Mich.

Briggs Park Camp, Grand Rapids, Mich., P. J. Baldwin, president; Geo. Matthews, treasurer; E. E. Carpenter, chairman. This camp opens June 30, and closes July 28. For programs and information, send postal to Thos. J. Haynes, secretary, 164 Scribner street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Delphi Camp.

The Spiritualists of Delphi, Ind., will hold an eight-day camp-meeting beginning the last Saturday in July. For further information address the secretary, Brown Good, Delphi, Indiana, P. O. Box 110.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

The twenty-eighth annual convocation of the New England Spiritualists' Camp-meeting Association, will open Sunday, July 28, and continue for thirty days, including five Sundays. Circulars can be had by addressing the clerk, Friends desiring circulars or information regarding the camp, are requested to kindly enclose a stamp with their letters of inquiry. Albert P. Blinn, Clerk, 603 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Vicksburg, Mich.

The eighteenth camp-meeting will be held at Vicksburg, commencing August 2, and closing August 25. For program address Jeannette Frazer, Vicksburg, Mich.

Onset Bay Camp.

Opens July 14 and closes Sept. 1. All the ablest speakers engaged. For full program of this delightful place of resort, address the Onset Bay Camp-Meeting Co., Onset, Mass.

Island Lake, Mich.

Island Lake Camp is situated on the Pere Marquette Railroad, about half way (42 miles) between Detroit and Lansing. Camp session for 1901 begins July 18, and closes September 2. Geo. B. Warner, M. D., of Chicago, will be chairman throughout the entire session. Address Ella B. Brown, 226 Twenty-first street, Detroit, Mich.

A Sleep-Walker's Feat.

"An interesting case of somnambulism is reported by M. Badaire, director of the Normal school at Blois, France," writes Dr. R. Osmond Mason, in the May Leslie's Home Journal. "Theophile Janicaud was a pupil at the Normal school, and in the month of July of his second year he commenced to walk in his sleep. On one occasion he got up at midnight and determined to go dancing. His brother-in-law, M. Simonet, decided to accompany him, but before starting he succeeded in inducing him to alter his plans and go and visit a relative instead. Accordingly this was done, Janicaud remaining fast asleep and undisturbed by the barking dogs or the fatigue of a long walk. Finally he was ready to return, and on the way, coming to a narrow and dangerous path close to the river, his brother-in-law cautioned him to go carefully in the darkness. Janicaud, with some scorn, declared that he could see the better of the two, and to prove it asked Simonet if he could see the match under his foot. Simonet felt under his match, and sure enough there was the match. It was a dark night, and besides Janicaud was some thirty feet ahead of him and had his nightcap drawn closely over his face."

"The Spiritual Significance, or Death as an Event in Life. By Lillian Whiting." One of Miss Whiting's most suggestive, intensely interesting spiritual books. It is laden with rich, thoughtful spiritualism. For sale at this office. Price \$1.

"Wedding Chimes." By Delpha Pearl Hughes. A tasty, beautiful and appropriate wedding souvenir. Contains marriage ceremony, marriage certificate, etc., with choice matter in poetry and prose. Specially designed for the use of the Spiritualist and Liberal ministry. Price 75 cents. For sale at this office.

"Principles of Light and Color." By E. D. Babbitt, M. D., LL. D. A truly great work of a master mind, and one whom Spiritualists should delight to honor. The result of years of deep thought and patient research into Nature's finer forces are here gathered and made amenable to the well-being of humanity. Medical men especially, and scientists, general readers and students of occult forces will find instruction of great value and interest. A large, four-pound book, strongly bound, and containing beautiful illustrative plates. For sale at this office. Price, postpaid, \$5. It is a wonderful work and you will be delighted with it.

"Astral Worship." By J. H. Hill, M. D. For sale at this office. Price, \$1.

History of the CHRISTIAN RELIGION to the Year 200,

BY CHARLES V. WAITE, A. M.

Fifth Edition—Revised, with Much Additional Matter in Appendix.

A standard and reliable history of the historical research in matters of fact earlier period of the church, giving wholly ignored by the regular church factors that are not found in the so-called histories written by churchmen. This latest edition has been carefully and thoroughly revised, and it is a reliable magazine of facts, such as the honest inquirer wants. It opens up to the investigator and student a wide field of office.

RELIGION.

As Revealed by the Material and Spiritual Universe,

Including the Wonders and Beauties of the Diviner Life.

By E. D. Babbitt, LL. D., M. D., Author of Principles of Light and Color, Human Culture and Cure, etc., and Dean of the College of Fine Forces.

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7. Deific Law and Human Intervention.
8. How Man Helps Govern the Universe.
9. Creeds and Practices of Christianity.
10. The Dangers of Infallible Standards.
11. The Christian Bible Tested.
12. Religions Tested by Their Fruits.
13. The Ethics and Religion of Nature.
14. Life under the Old Religions.
15. Life under a Spiritual Religion.
16. Death under the Old Religions.
17. Death under a Spiritual Religion.
18. The Future Life.

FINAL REMARKS—The Basic Principles of Universal Philosophy and a Universal Religion.

It is scholarly, philosophic, humanitarian and permeated with high spirituality in tone and teachings. A most excellent work on the subject—the work of a deep thinking and truth-loving mind.

SECOND EDITION, elegantly illustrated, containing 378 pp., 12mo., English muslin, stamped in black and gold; price reduced to \$1.00, or if postpaid, \$1.11; price in paper covers, 50c., or 60c. if postpaid.

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"A REMARKABLE DOCTOR BOOK"

Has Just Been Issued, Entitled

THE NATURE CURE

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A Bridge from the Old to the New; the Dawn of a New Day in Medical Practice. A Clear, Short-Cut Treatise on the Cause and Cure of Disease.

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A VALUABLE TEXT BOOK FOR ALL PEOPLE, FOR ALL TIME.

Light is turned on to medical mysteries, Latin prescriptions, dogmatic theories and dangerous experiments of expensive medical practice of the day. Every effort has been taken to make the leading points so plain that all, young and old, may easily understand. Condensed facts, short, clear-cut paragraphs are some of the attractive features.

Our definition of Medicine.—Any method or remedy that will remove or modify pain, and restore the sick to normal condition, is practical medicine. Stripped of mystery and deception, the study and practice of medicine can be carried to success in every intelligent home.

The best medical practice is the one that will cure in the shortest time with the least risk and expense. Nature Cure is a true exponent of the practice of medicine as defined, and stands squarely upon truth and demonstration.

The new and better methods of curing the sick and preventing disease, have never before been so clearly stated in plain English for the plain people. The Nature Cure teaches how Nature cures.

It does not use poisonous drugs. It does not use dangerous experiments with the surgeon's knife.

It will save money in every home. It teaches how typhoid and other fevers, pneumonia, la-grippe, diphtheria and other forms of disease considered dangerous, may be cured by short-cut methods.

As a medical book for homes, it is THE BEST, and up-to-date in every particular.

TESTIMONIALS.

S

DR. C. E. WATKINS,
THE
CHRONIST
and Psychie
Will take 30 new patients only during the month of June. Write TO. DAY or you will be too late.
C. E. WATKINS, M. D.
Ayer, Mass.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

Successes and Hindrances to Our Cause.

To the Editor:—Thinking that a report of the work and progress of Spiritualism from this section would be of interest to the readers of your valued paper, I will give you some brief notes. For several years the cause in our great state has been, as it were, at a standstill, and but little progress has been made (except in a few local places). But many have been investigating, and we hope are long to see the cause of Spiritualism rise and take the place it should, as a scientific, religious factor in our state.

We are making an effort to get the State Association in a stronger condition financially and with John W. Ring as president, expect to do something. Local differences and petty jealousies between mediums and speakers have done more harm than any other thing to our glorious cause. The only remedy we see for this is "Progression." We are making an effort to build up our cause here in Dallas, and are making some progress. After trying to revive the old society here which failed, some two months since, a number of us organized the Dallas Progressive Society, electing the following officers: W. H. Harrell, president; Mrs. W. C. Watkins, vice-president; John Stone, secretary; C. Frazier, treasurer. The society holds two meetings a week, on Sunday afternoon, lecture followed by tests; on Wednesday evening, materializing sense and other phenomenal demonstrations. We have had very fine inspirational lectures, most wonderful clairvoyant tests and spirit messages, and some grand materializations under the strictest test conditions (such as putting the medium in a wire cage and nailing it to the floor), and have been convinced of the truth of Spiritualism.

The Progressive Thinker is prized very highly for its work's sake. Its open columns and frank, open manner of discussion of all questions of interest to our cause, is indeed commendable. Your "Divine Plan" sets an example in coming years to those who would benefit and uplift humanity, and is superhuman, godlike.

Dallas, Tex. W. H. HARRELL.

Club Work in Philadelphia.

Being much interested in club work, I give below a few suggestions of how the Young People's Twentieth Century Sunflower Club of Philadelphia carry on their work in helping the cause of Spiritualism. This club is an auxiliary to the First Association of Spiritualists, and was organized by Dr. and Mrs. N. P. Ravlin, of California, the Dr. being the speaker for the association for two years.

The club is composed mostly of young people although there are several older members of the association who are interested and who give their advice to the younger members. The objects of the club are for the "mutual improvement" of its members. The president of the club is Mr. Louis Bailey, who has been connected with the young people for several years. The club meets every Monday evening and the first Monday of each month is devoted to business, while the other evenings are for socials, entertainments, receptions, dances, etc. The members of the club are also interested in studying sketches, plays, etc., having given some very successful entertainments in the form of plays during the winter. While Dr. and Mrs. Ravlin were sojourning in Philadelphia, they have given the young people some very beneficial talks which will ever keep their dear faces and loving ways in our memory.

Last Thursday evening, Mrs. M. E. Caldwell, who is also a member of the club and who is very much interested in the young people, gave a reception at her house to the members of the club and to the members of the First Association of Spiritualists. There were twenty-six members present. This is the second theatre party we have given the past season, the first being so successful, that a second was planned. The net proceeds of the entertainments held by the club are given to the First Association to aid them in their work, and this is deemed to be a very encouraging outlook for the young people.

It is to be hoped that this will be a suggestion for other societies and that the young people will be induced to take up this grand work, for the future of Spiritualism depends on the young.

A. JULIA GUNDERMANN, Secretary.

Sunapee Lake Camp, N. H.

The management of the Sunapee Lake Spiritual Camp-Meeting Association take pleasure in announcing their twenty-fourth annual meeting to be held at Blodgett's Landing, Newbury, N. H., commencing August 4 and closing August 13, 1914. Good speakers and excellent mediums are engaged for the occasion. The season promises to be one of special worth to all attending. The good harmony which has characterized these meetings for several years past is confidently assured to prevail this year.

It is well to drop the daily business and home cares for a respite in some restful retreat where the health-giving forces of nature are aided by glittings of spirit life, and enjoy the benefits there found for tired bodies, weary minds and hungry souls.

Spiritualists understand this need and as summer days send out their prophecies of leafy glade, flowering turf, feathered choirs and shimmering waters, all fanned by fragrant health-laden breezes, we find ourselves drawn toward dear old Sunapee as a most inviting spot and would urge our friends to join us there.

Have you ever visited this charming lake amid New Hampshire hills? If not, why not this year? If you have been there surely the grandeur of lake and forest, of mountain and valley, of sunshine and shade, have hung a picture in your mind, and you will be attracted, but by renewed associations may be refocused into clearer and more beautiful design.

Let all lovers of truth, who can, join with our efforts to make Sunapee Lake Camp-Meeting this the new year in the new century, one of greatest worth to the cause we so sacredly cherish.

The Sunday excursions, which have always brought crowds of people over the Boston and Maine Railroad and across the lake upon the several steamboats, will bring many to Blodgett's

Landing, where a feast of good things spiritually will be provided in the public exercises upon a platform broad enough for the demands of the 20th century.

Programs will be ready for distribution later.

Per order committee, Thomas Burpee, Sutton, N. H.; C. E. Gove, Riverdale, N. H.; C. A. Ramsdell, Lynn, Mass.

MRS. ADDIE M. STEVENS, Pres.

Claremont, N. H.

BOOK REVIEW.

The Unconscious Mind. By Alfred T. Schofield, M. D., M. R. C. S.

In view of the recent interest in the realm of what is called the "subconscious mind," this more recent contribution to the literature pertaining to the general subject will strike a responsive chord in very many investigating minds. As stated by the author the object of this work is to establish the fact of an unconscious mind in man, and to trace in brief some of its powers and the various ways in which they are exhibited; that this mind is the seat of character and of conscience, and the seat of the source of conduct, the instinct of fact, and the thousand qualities that make up what we are; the home of memory, the ultimate governor and ruler of all actions and functions of the body, and in every way a most important factor in our physical and physical life.

There are chapters treating of mind below man; the scope of mind in man; the conscious mind; the unconscious mind; the relations of the unconscious mind and the conscious; the unconscious mind and habit; the unconscious mind and its qualities—memory and sleep; the unconscious mind in the child; general principles of unconscious education; the unconscious mind and sensation; the unconscious mind and the body generally; the unconscious mind and the special senses; the unconscious mind and the muscular system; the unconscious mind and its action on the heart, lungs, skin, stomach, and in sex and reproduction; the unconscious mind and disease; the unconscious mind and therapeutics; the value of the unconscious mind, etc.

The author's scope of the author's treatment is plainly apparent, and denote the work as an eminently instructive presentation and elucidation of a matter of prime importance in the view of philosophic thinkers whose researches extend into the finer and more dimly apprehended phases of human mentality. Price \$2. For sale at the Progressive Thinker office.

Death; the Meaning and Result. By John K. Wilson. A member of the Pennsylvania Bar.

A very interesting narrative of experiences in which the spirits use independently a telegraph instrument to give their messages. "It portrays the life and characteristics of the denizens of the other world, tells of their pleasures and sorrows, of the obstacles they have to surmount, and of their likes and dislikes."

Published by The Sunflower Publishing Co., Lily Dale, N. Y. Price \$1.25.

The Scribe of a Soul. By Clara Iza Price. A dainty little book is "The Scribe of a Soul." It comprises selections from a series of writings given automatically, much of which is of a very spiritual quality.

To give but an inkling of the quality of the book: "Death is but a step to life—yes, it is life—for it is the opening of the eye to larger scenes, and quickening of the senses dulled by weight of skull or clogging brain."

"Death but a moment's claim, then search away, its mission complete, its hour done, and the soul, tested, the knowledge of freedom and ascension—of ascending inclination it has been."

"Nothing death save the dust principle and that merely changed from one form of earth usage to another."

"The soul hath both eye and ear sense of its kind, and of all that is beautiful it claimeth the divine essence and it also possesses it."

Price \$1. For sale at this office.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

[Obituaries to the extent of ten lines only will be inserted free. All in excess of ten lines will be charged at the rate of fifteen cents per line. About seven words constitute one line.]

Dr. Albert W. Edson, a clairvoyant physician and a prominent leader in the State Spiritual Society, passed to the higher life, May 6, at his home, Lansing, Mich., of heart failure. The funeral was held at the late home, Dr. Spinyer, of Reed City, officiated.

G. H. CLARK.

Lorenzo Brunson, an old pioneer of Livonia and Plymouth township passed to spirit life, at his home in Plymouth, Michigan, May 4, at the age of 68 years. He was a firm believer in Spiritualism. He leaves a widow, two children and a host of friends to mourn his loss. Rev. Lee S. McCollister, of Detroit, officiated.

MRS. ACHSAH BRUNSON.

Mrs. Wm. Longhurst of Chicago, passed from mortal form at Provident Hospital, about 2:30 a. m., May 23. After two or three years of delicate health she met with an accident in October, 1910, by which her hip was broken. Since that time she has borne with great patience sufferings from which only the skill of Death could afford relief. The funeral services were held on May 24, at which old neighbors and a goodly number of South Side Spiritualists were present. Appropriate music was rendered by Mrs. McMinn. Mrs. Emma Nickerson Warner delivered the address. Burial followed at Rose Hill cemetery. Her aged husband has been a pioneer in our cause and will have the sincere sympathy of a large circle of friends in his loneliness. Until plans for the future have matured his stopping place will be Hotel Bristol, 31st street, near Indiana avenue.

Mr. Richard Lowell passed to spirit life from Champlain, Minn., May 8, aged 72 years, after protracted suffering from cancer. His wife, Mrs. J. Lowell, is a devoted wife with known inspirational speakers of this state. They embraced our beautiful philosophy forty-five years ago. Mr. Harrington and Mrs. Tryon officiated at the funeral. A large number of old settlers and friends were present, who had little knowledge of the grand truths promulgated by the speakers.

VINCENT REEVES.

Mabel E. Gregg, a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Bishop, passed to spirit life, on May 25, having met with an accident. Her mother had sent her out to make some purchases at a store near the street, and when she returned she was run down by a street car and so badly crushed that recovery was impossible. Her sudden taking away has caused great grief to her teacher and school mates as well as her relatives, among whom she was a great favorite. She was 10 years and eight months old.

J. HOWARD BISHOP.

"Words that Burn." A Romance. By L. B. Briggs. Spiritually inspiring, uplifting and instructive. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

A TRUE HEALER



WONDERS OF
PSYCHIC SCIENCE
So-Called "Incurable" or "Hopeless" Diseases Cured.
FREE DIAGNOSIS FOR ALL

For a Half Century Dr. Peebles, the well-known authority in Europe and America on Psychic Phenomena, has been uniformly curing ALL diseases, both the Old and New Worlds. The cases called "Incurable" and pronounced to be "Beyond All Hope" by the most learned specialists are easily reached and cured by Dr. Peebles. If you are sick and discouraged write a letter about your case to this Wonderful Psychic Healer, who, during an experience of FIFTY YEARS has cured almost countless cases of Chronic Diseases. Just write the Doctor a plain, truthful letter about your case, and he will carefully and confidentially consider the same, giving you a DIAGNOSIS ABSOLUTELY FREE. He will also send you a lot of Special Literature, with his special advice, and he will encourage this Free Literature will be of invaluable help to you, as it explains the Cause—Soul Power. REMEMBER, he does not cure and heal by Hypnotism, Mesmerism or any other "ISM." Dr. Peebles employs Mild and Potent Medicines, combined with PSYCHIC POWER, thus striking the Golden Mean and avoiding Excesses and Panacea Theories. Dr. Peebles is not only a Marvelous Healer, but is known all over the world among learned and scientific bodies as an able author and lecturer on Psychic Phenomena. THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE is that of Psychic Science or the Science of the Soul and Mind. By its aid the physical body becomes an open book to the senses of the psychic physician. He penetrates the hidden past, discovering the real causes for the present conditions. Dr. Peebles is the greatest Psychic Physician Living. His diagnoses are equally as astonishing as his cures. His treatment is both psychic and medicinal, the psychic for the mental conditions and the medicinal for the physical conditions. Science at Last Triumphs over Disease. There is probably no physician living who is curing more cases of Chronic Disease than Dr. Peebles. No disease is really incurable if perfectly understood. Every effect has its cause, and if the cause is removed the effects will cease. What is your condition and its cause? It is within your power to know. If you are sick and discouraged don't delay one moment in writing this great and wonderful letter to Dr. Peebles. He can tell you exactly what is causing your disease. No matter how far away the patient lives Dr. Peebles HOME TREATMENT cures them. Distance makes no difference. Even if you don't delay one moment in writing this great and wonderful letter to Dr. Peebles. He can tell you exactly what is causing your disease. No matter how far away the patient lives Dr. Peebles HOME TREATMENT cures them. Distance makes no difference. Even if you don't delay one moment in writing this great and wonderful letter to Dr. Peebles. He can tell you exactly what is causing your disease. No matter how far away the patient lives Dr. Peebles HOME TREATMENT cures them. 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