

# THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

VOL. 24

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SATURDAY, AUG. 17, 1901.

NO. 612

## WHY DOES THE SOUL FORSAKE PERFECTION FOR IMPERFECTION?

Delivered Through Mrs. Gora L. V. Richmond, Chicago.

"For this did Osiris sink into the shadow and pass through the great under-world: that the Shadow might be aware of the Light."

From Persia we have this: "Ormuzd out of the light and whiteness sent forth his spirit that it might conquer the shadow and make all light."

If from Chaos and Nox, the most ancient deities, the divine Jove could fashion light, then it must be that, because the greatest Deity is light, every experience must at last manifest that light. Yet as all else must be less than Deity even the brightness manifested would seem as shadow.

Because we insist in the divine thesis, which we are permitted to teach, that the soul is perfect, many who have not studied the entire proposition and do not know the conclusion nor the steps leading thereto, say: "Well, if the soul is perfect, why does it seek imperfection? Why is it not contented to be perfect? Why does it forsake perfection for imperfection?"

Once and forever let it be understood, that the soul never forsakes perfection; you are not to mistake, as we have often said, the manifestation of the soul for the soul, no more than you mistake the manifestation of the mechanic for the mechanic himself.

First, the state of being is absolute; that is the state of the soul, and forever, and ever, and ever, as soul, there is nothing less than perfection for the soul. Whatever the soul does in coming in contact with time and sense is, because of the laws of creation, subordinated to time and sense until the soul gains its complete victory.

Now the time and sense of which we speak, in no way and by no possible means can affect those pure and perfect qualities that belong to the soul. Yet, as said before, whatever the soul does must be subordinated to the conditions of doing. If the diver seeks to go beneath the waves, he does not do so by destroying the ocean, or remaining away from it, but by, in some manner, rendering himself impervious to the water. This develops ingenuity and device, yet the man himself does not change by being a diver. If a man clothed upon with the image of humanity goes into a coal mine to earn his daily bread and thereby his face and his hands become dark, you should not, therefore, judge that the man is dark. Yet so fictitious is the external estimate of things, that a king with a black heart, an empty bauble to crown his head, and royal robes, can stand for more in the human world than a man with a royal heart but a blackened face.

You mistake the shadow for the man; and because this is so, all the conditions of human life that make for victory seem, for the time being, to be shadow; the raiment which you wear, the body that forms the means of expression, the things that are done through that body toward the ultimate victory are all mistaken for the soul.

"If, however," you ask, "the soul is perfect, why does it consent to take upon itself the shadow?" For the same reason that the young man or woman, happy in a loving home, surrounded by the affection of parents, sisters and brothers and all the children of the household, although, apparently, perfectly happy, will go out into the world. For what? To do something. The state of being happy or contented is not enough; there are energies that are latent, there are powers unexpressed, there is a mind that insists upon thinking, there is an individuality that seeks expression.

"But, my son," says the mother, "you will go into temptation, you will go into the shadow. Abide in the home," her love cries. He answers: "I would rather go into temptation, and sometimes even yield unto temptation, than to remain and do nothing."

If the soul seems to leave the kingdom of light in the state of being which is absolute, and where angels and archangels perceive the perfect, the divine, it is because of this: The state of being is not the state of doing; this great joy must be expressed, this great love must be mani-

fest. Lucifer, the ancient Son of the Morning, went out from the brightness of the Infinite Good to bear the light into the shadow, and apparently yielded to that shadow. Such is the wish for expression, for manifestation, for doing, that even as the Infinite is found to seek manifestation in the universe, so must the soul manifest in time and sense.

The Pantheist mistakes these flowers as a part of God. Those who cannot properly measure the Infinite Intelligence by their perception conceive that there can be no infinite intelligence unless the universe comprises that intelligence. So they will tell you that the atom is a part of God, that the horses and birds are parts of God; mistaking the manifestations of Deity for Deity. As well might you say, that the picture is a part of the artist that painted it. Ah! it may reveal a great many of the artist's attributes; possibly his life's blood might have gone out in drops of agony while painting it, or, possibly, there might have been within his spirit such sympathy with what he was doing, that, for the time being, all his energies and all his life seemed centered there. Yet in and of itself the picture is not the artist; when finished he cares little for it, another image takes its place, he longs to do something greater and better, and still more perfect.

Ah! the clay, in the hands of the potter or in the hands of the skillful artist is molded into an image that at last is to be chiseled into marble (if it is to be carved). The artist makes out of the formless clay an image of the thought that is within, and, later on, that makes out of the dross, and shadow, and infamy of physical life the thing that is divine.

If you have ever thought what it must have been in the night, in the chaos when, as yet for this solar system and its attendant systems no Logos had been breathed upon the formless substance or night, then thrilled and pervaded by the conscious thought of the Infinite, worlds began to be and the great orbits of suns formed, then the separate worlds, each taking its appointed place by the laws that were stamped upon that chaos, you might, perhaps, think what it was to that formless chaos and night to be thrilled and pervaded by the Logos, the words of the Divine. Even so we have sometimes seen the tiny hand of a lady sculptor, a small woman, moulding into shape and form the lifeless clay beneath her touch, until it grew to lineaments that were divine, and we have thought: "What happy clay is that, that can be thrilled with the thoughts and pervaded by the creative energy of such a wonderful mind!" We have sometimes thought when we have seen any work of art or architecture, a temple like Saint Peter's in Rome, or like some of those magnificent structures which modern art is gradually learning to build: "What happy rocks and stones, and plaster, and wood these must be that help to make so perfect a structure or image of thought!"

When flowers are nursed and attended by some loving mind or heart, eyes watch them unfold and the sun is tempered so that the blossoms shall not come forth too quickly and, when at last they put forth their petals and the eyes watch the growth, do you not suppose that the flowers have an added great delight in their growth? There is something in the spirit of the watcher and the worker that imparted to the blossoming. Have you not known lives that kill flowers, as they are and kill everything else that they come in contact with? Their stage, or lack of unfoldment is death, not life. We have known people so selfish, and so narrow, and so small that everything that came within their atmosphere seemed to shrivel, wither and die away, expressive of the shadow instead of the light. Selfishness is like that: appointing, apportioning all things unto itself. It illustrates the shadow of the lack of growth, and how each heart that comes in contact with such a life is, for the time being, sacrificed; how every life that comes in contact with such an one seems, for the time being, almost blighted, and

the great withering breath of ambition, and the destroying angel of war, show what can be done under the impetus of self-seeking.

Is not night a lesson for the day? Is not the storm a lesson for the calm, and are not the tempest-tossed waves an illustration of the human heart when restless under the dominion of strife and selfishness? And is not the great lesson of peace, that which comes upon the background of war? In the great alternating ebb and flow of the infinite tides of life that the Deity manifests in the universe is there not the great lesson for what purpose human life is sought?

Ah! we have known people to say, that they had rather enter into any condition of human shadow than abide doing nothing in what would seem to be perpetual bliss. Is not this illustrated by the great struggles of human life here for power, for supremacy, for knowledge and, finally, for self-conquest? Think what a man endures who passes to the far North; sitting out his ships and calling for volunteers to go and explore for knowledge. Through great seas of storms and frozen ice to where snows are perennial, and all to discover what may lie beyond them. The Sir John Franklins who go out in search of knowledge and never return to their human homes. People say: "Why could they not stay where they were comfortable and happy, sitting down by the side of their families and enjoying life?" But they felt the great urgent necessity of doing something, of fulfilling something.

Souls pass out of the paradise of being to find expression. Not but what the soul in its absolute state is always there, but out here into the night, into the shadow of the senses, into the creation of things, into the revealing of that which is within, the soul passes for such expression; and whether expressing the shadow or the light, whether in the state of fulfillment or of experiment, whatever the degree or condition, it behooves no human life to judge what a man is, or a woman, or what their states or degrees of expression or unfoldment are by what they do.

To be enabled to judge of another, one must be in a state of perfection. Only the Infinite has reserved unto the Infinite life and love the perfectness of judgment. Because if you judge of one another you judge from a state which is liable to be just as imperfect as the one you are judging. They simply are not perfect according to your standard. But what is your standard? Another soul or an angel might find it far short of perfection. It is given, however, to human beings to illustrate their degrees of imperfection by sitting in judgment upon others in courts of misceled, human justice, under laws, which sometimes are fashioned under the highest inspiration, and are administered under the most imperfect states and lack of justice. This is why every attempt at freedom that lifts humanity higher than the level to which humanity has attained must needs fall short in its expression. The inspiration was right; the freedom was right, but the human race has not reached that state yet.

We think it is Walt Whitman who sings the great song of "arriving." It is a great thing to "arrive" whether in the night or in the day, whether in the shadow or in the light. Whatever be your state you have arrived there, and whatever is to be your state, you will arrive there sometime. The lone watcher in the night says: "Oh, will it never be morning?" and yet the turning of the hands of the clock or setting the chronometer forward will not change that great pulsation by even one second of time. The night was made for a larger purpose than that of one watcher; that one watcher must adapt him or herself to the night.

A great many people think the universe revolves around them; in fact theirs is the state of human growth, or lack of growth, that always does this. It is the capital "I" in the center and the universe moving round it; and whatever is done in the universe they think, as the baby does, that it is done either for or against them. You go into a home where the baby lives and begin to talk pleasantly to anybody, and the baby will laugh, thinking of course that it is done for its amusement, if you talk too loud or cross the baby will cry. Of course you are not thinking of the baby if you are in that state everything is done for or against you. "Fate" or "destiny," humanity or something, or somebody is always doing something to you. Now supposing you have got beyond that; you would be-

gin to do something yourself, then you are not so vulnerable, then you are not all the time subject to these things, then, having found the way to do something, you are not so occupied with yourself, you do not think that all the universe is doing something to you.

Now we know men like that in their business. Criminals have a very logical way of fighting and escaping the penalty of their crimes by saying, "Oh, all the world is against me." That depends on where the "me" is, what attitude the "I" takes toward the world? If the "I" could be lost sight of; if we could drop out the capital I, eliminate the personal pronoun from the vocabulary, would it not then be the millennium? It is the larger I within the household; "We" sounds a great deal better than "I" or "my," and "ours" sounds a great deal better, especially to the young husband and young wife, than "mine"; it is "our" house, "our" furniture, "our" pictures and what shall "we" do? And the capital I is swallowed up in the we; by and by it is merged into the larger humanity and instead of my and mine and our house and our family, my boy and my girl, it is all boys, whether wandering from my house or our house, in the darkness, or whether from another's, the light should still be shining for them. Or whether these girls go out from beneath our roof or from the roof of another, the mother's prayer and the sister's longing should be for them. All mothers have an interest in any and every woman's child.

To find these manifestations in the house of clay, to discover that the god-image is stamped upon the dust, to know that after the encounter and the seeming defeat the great victory is ours, to learn of the life of Buddha and the life of Jesus, the Christ life, that "I have overcome the world," and that they, nevertheless, could see the shadows in human life, could understand the conditions of the selfish and the hypocrites, and could take compassion on the outcast and the downtrodden, all this is sufficient reason for the soul to take on human expression.

Those a priori angels that have not touched human life, that in the great cycles may not have come in contact with the dust upon this planet or another, that do not know what it is to struggle; why! you would have compassion on them perhaps, if it were not that all angels pass through some similar states arriving at similar victories and understand what it is to do as well as to be. World upon world, system after system are your places of doing; cycle upon cycle, eon after eon these are your states of being. The great alternating tides, sweeping in and through human existence whenever and wherever the soul willeth, bring it in contact with matter to do. The great cycles or eons of rest, of what the Buddhists call "Nirvana," of what the Christians have perverted into a material "kingdom of heaven," the state of the soul, that forever, and ever, and ever is like unto God, that forsakes never its perfection, that is not shadowed by time and sense in its state of being, that consents to "take" a blackened hand, a blackened face, soiled garments, the external garb of misery, want and crime that the great soul-victory may be won, and that upon the dust this, the highest and noblest image of God, may be stamped.

Because these flowers will wither, does the Infinite regret that He thought a flower? Because external things fade do you regret the thoughts that have produced them and made them beautiful and lovely? Because the outward forms perish, do you regret the stamp of life that was there, that made the human form the pulsing thing of life that you loved, that you clung to while the breath was there that imaged forth the divine. Oh, those eyes that looked into yours with loving kindness; that syllabled your name with fondness, that form that you perceived always with a thrill of joy, do you regret that it was there? Then never, never does the soul, in its supreme and highest estate, regret the stamp that is made upon the dust, or that which is wrought out of chaos and night and the eternal shadow to image the divine. And greatest of all, if those who, like unto Lucifer, in the great state of being had not known self and how to conquer self, how would the eternal brightness gleam so fair? For Festus, in the wonderful poem of James Philip Bailey, makes even Lucifer to become an angel of light upon the great background of his shadow.

So out of this self, out of this darkness, out of this seeking, lo! blossoms all white as the lilies of God shall prove why the soul manifests in the shadow.

## PHENOMENA.

### A Night with Farmer Riley.

To the Editor:—Believing your readers, at least the portion of them who have never had the good fortune to meet Mr. Riley at his home, and enjoy its hospitality, would be interested in an account of a visit paid him, I proceed.

Farmer Riley well deserves being placed at the head of the list of a small army of instruments chosen by the spirit world to proclaim to the denizens of earth the "glad tidings of great joy" that "though a man die he shall live again," and also bears the proud distinction of never having given reason to cause the least suspicion of fraud to attach itself to his name. He bears in his face the stamp of honesty, and it is impossible to go in his home and meet him and the quiet, unassuming little woman who is his wife and the mother of his children, and extend the welcome greeting alike to the believer of our philosophy, the investigator or the skeptic. All are welcome to come, to see, to form their own conclusions after witnessing and weighing the evidence. Thousands of people have embraced this opportunity of having a home visit, and the noble little woman who stands by his side have done a grand and glorious work for humanity, he as the willing instrument in spirit hands to exemplify the truth, she as his co-laborer giving the best part of her life to the cause.

A drive of forty miles, much of it through Michigan sands and the scorching rays of a July sun, failed to wither the ardor of our party felt at the prospect of a visit to "Riley." At 5 p. m. we reached the farm home, a travel-stained, but enthusiastic, little woman with comb and brush, refreshment for the physical, soon gave us an appetite for the spiritual feast awaiting us.

For the first half or three-quarters of an hour we sat in the dark circle which is very satisfying, when as on this occasion we knew there is no attempt or suspicion of fraud. The thrill one experiences when he feels the touch of the spirit hand, and receives answers to questions through spirit powers, can never be described. A lady sitting with us, who a short time before had given her only little grandchild a contribution to the spirit realm, had the satisfaction of having her name read as being that it be placed upon her lap where she saw the beautiful light and felt the little form as it nestled on her arm.

At the request of one of the circle a guitar was played by a spirit friend present. Combs were taken from the writer's hair and placed upon the head of her husband. These things to some may appear trivial, but from these small things great truths are exemplified. The tiny raps at Hydesville placed before the world the open page upon which was written "There is no death." His name is trivial, nothing is small when it carries with it the weight of a mighty truth.

At the materializing séance where he has always been at his best the manifestations were in a like manner wonderful. Many messages were written on slates previously placed in the room used as a cabinet and brought to the entrance by the materialized spirit form and handed to the sitters for whom they were intended. A music box weighing eighteen pounds was set playing and brought to the entrance of the cabinet and handed to a gentleman seated in the circle, who recognized plainly in the materialized form carrying the box, the face and figure of a musical friend of former years, even to the slightest eyes, the friend for forty years previous to his passing to spirit life being totally blind. Almost without exception the form manifesting dematerialized within plain view of the sitters, however not before many of them had given tangible proof of their presence by grasping the hand of welcome extended them by some one in the circle.

There might go on giving proofs of our philosophy as demonstrated by its phenomena, but we feel that this article is sufficiently long to serve the purpose for which it was written, viz., "That the rock upon which our structure is founded is its phenomena, the tangible proof of a glorious truth from which we may deduce the science of right living, the religion of right doing, the foundation for our hope in immortality. Let us as Spiritualists send out to Mr. Riley, as well as others of our honest psychics, our very best thoughts for this upbuilding of character, and thank the spirit world for demonstrating through these organisms, that "there is no death; what seems so is transition."

MARY I. BARTON.

Man, alone among God's works, can enter into and approve of God's purpose in the world and can intelligently fulfill it. Matter, however wonderfully and fearfully wrought, is but the platform and material in which spirit, intelligence, and will may fulfill themselves and find development.

Get these quantities and see if we Spiritualists have not been playing Rip Van Winkle while the churches have been advancing towards us with such gigantic strides that they are already inside our picket lines.

Would it not be well to attend Sunday-school and hear what the church really teaches, in order to be able to study what we need, rather than keep trying to convince a people of errors, which the teachers have seen the folly of following, and have abandoned to old fogies, of whom it has been said:

"He who is convinced against his will is of the same opinion still."

CYNTHIA BULLOCK.

A word spoken in season, at the right moment is the matters of ages.—Carlyle.

Whit loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice.—Sheridan.

The passions, like heavy bodies down steep hills, once in motion, move themselves and know no ground but the bottom.—Fuller.

## MODERN BIBLE CLASS.

### Should We Study the Bible for the Churches, or for Our Own Benefit?

A. J. Weaver in a recent issue of The Progressive Thinker, says: "As long as the Bible is universally defended as the 'word of God' and made the infallible basis of religious belief and life, so long will instruction on the Bible be of immense benefit to our workers, to teach them how to overthrow this error and make the Bible, as the work of man, a Spiritualist book. As long as Christianity is defended as a divine revelation from God, because of its great age, and because it spread over Europe and America in spite of the attacks made upon it by its opponents, so long will logic need to be studied that the workers for truth may be qualified to demolish this as well as many other popular fallacies."

Before I had finished reading this article, a friend said, "Come, go to prayer meeting with me; the prayers won't hurt you and I know you will enjoy the Teachers' Bible class, which has its first meeting to-night." The invitation was from a member of the M. E. church.

There were about twenty present. Judge of my astonishment to find middle-aged men formed the majority, and were the active members. It might have been called as a meeting following Paul's instructions, where the women learned of their husbands at home. After the prayer meeting, the minister in introducing the study of the Bible, spoke of how few people have ever read the book through, and how the majority of those who do read it, close their intellectual eyes, look at a page, then quote it all wrong. In order to impress the fact of a negligent reading upon his hearers, he asked, "Who tempted Eve?" One answered, "The Devil"; another, "Satan"; the minister still waited answers, when some one remarked, "I think it was the serpent."

The last answer was pronounced correct.

But, said one, "What is the difference?"

"The difference is, you have speculated, and think the Devil, Satan, and the serpent are synonymous, while the Bible does not say so. I believe in everybody thinking. We can not live the life God would have us live, if some one else does our thinking for us; but we should learn to distinguish between what we read and what we think."

The first chapters of Genesis were read and re-read; to me it seemed, we dwelt upon it longer than was necessary. We were all grown people, and certainly had grasped every idea contained in the chapter before the second was read. Then the reverend gentleman asked if any one was in any way troubled by these two accounts which some people declared did not agree. On being answered in the affirmative; he allowed several moments for comments by the students. Those who could explain away all difficulties tried to assist those in trouble, by making a connected story of the two chapters, but the minister asked questions, and the attempts were a failure.

Then he said, "Well, you have a great stretch of imagination than I have, for I cannot reconcile the two stories, and would never make the attempt. The two versions can not be made to agree, only when you are telling them to a person below the average intellectually, or a very small child."

"In the first place you must understand that God did not write the Bible, neither did he inspire the writing of it. I know many of you do not want to believe this statement, but, oh! the satisfaction it will be to you when you accept the fact, that this is a man-written book, and a very faulty one, but it was the very best man was capable of giving or receiving when it was written."

The story of the Garden of Eden was read, and the minister said, "Man never held communication with God. 'God said' meant just as much as it means now to say 'the Devil told me.' We never ask any one who says the Devil said this and so, to describe his Satanic Majesty, for we know they meant they received a thought which upon consideration was not good for them to act upon, and not knowing from whence it came, they say: 'The Devil said it.'"

"In the story of the Garden of Eden we were taught that man was created ignorant, but capable of acquiring an education. The tree of knowledge was already planted, and man ate from it; his first step in education was to cover his nakedness. Then knowledge came so fast, no attempt was made to follow its course. The tree of eternal life was also planted, but man failed to reach that, and in the Jews' way of expressing themselves, he was 'turned out of the garden' where it grew."

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"In the flood, the thought, that sin is punishable even unto death, also that the best are liable to sin. Did not Noah make wine and get drunk, almost before the flood had subsided?"

"The story of Cain and Abel taught us religious controversies had always existed; a murder because one's sacrifice was accepted, the other rejected. Again, even the murderer is protected if he repents and will go and sin no more."

One minister said science proves man was created ages before the creation of Adam and Eve, according to the Bible account.

An objector asked with withering sarcasm, "If an old fossil of a professor should put on his glasses and poke here, and pull out there, then declare 'there is no God,' would you believe him in preference to the Bible? For my part I prefer to believe scientists are

wrong and the Bible is the voice of God."

"Brother D., you will have to confess before we are through that many of your chapters in this book, that many of its teachings are very far removed from God, as we understand him. The reason we cling to this Bible is because it contains truths which have been handed down for so many generations, showing the progress of man in religion from the earliest recollections, to the time of Jesus."

"The conflict between science and the Bible is at an end. Science will not say 'there is no God,' but we would prepare ourselves to accept facts as rapidly as possible, for science never proclaims a fact until she is prepared to prove it beyond dispute."

What is wrong now, has always been wrong. When we read we must think, would I approve of that if it was in the daily paper? If it is wrong to-day, it was wrong in Bible times, and God did not command wrong. The Jews were very emotional and very religious, but semi-savage, and they believed God commanded them to do things which the most ignorant would condemn to-day. In a few more thousand years men will read of our doings and say those people believed they were following God's commands."

"We are progressing both intellectually and morally; but physical man will never reach God's standard. To understand God is to make ourselves his equal, and he no longer God, but a human being."

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"Don't for an instant think I would do away with the Bible; I love it. There is to-day a student who has devoted pretty nearly half a century to the study of the Bible; he has studied it logically, and thoroughly, and probably has done more than any other three persons who ever tried to tear the book to pieces, and make people see for themselves what it really is. I heard this gentleman say: 'Every time I open this Bible I get some good thought from it. I would have everybody read it; but do not consider it handed down from God to man; it is not of divine origin, and I am prepared to prove my statement by the book itself.'"

"I believe with that man, that the Bible contains kernels of God's truth, but, oh, so much error, that it requires constant study to separate the wheat from the chaff, and find just what the story is intended to convey."

I wondered if the reverend minister had been to hear "Our Moses."

I wish all progressive thinkers would attend such a Bible class and see how the modern Bible class truths, but through the story. I wondered if the minister was ahead of his church or if the M. E. was ahead of other churches in Bible study, but before another sun had set, a member of the Baptist church informed me that their church was commencing the study of the Bible. I obtained a quarterly, and will copy a little from it. The very first thing is "Slide Lights on the Lesson."

"If any one is in search of accurate information regarding the age of the earth, or its relation to the sun, moon, and stars, or regarding the order in which plants and animals have appeared upon it, he is referred to recent text books in astronomy, geology, and paleontology. No one for a moment dreams of referring a serious student of these subjects to the Bible as a source of information. What, then, are the truths taught us in these chapters?"

The first is that there has been a creation, that things now existing have not just grown of themselves, but have been called into being by a presiding intelligence, and an originating will; that man was the chief work of God, for whose sake all else was brought into being....

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"What is wrong now, has always been wrong. When we read we must think, would I approve of that if it was in the daily paper? If it is wrong to-day, it was wrong in Bible times, and God did not command wrong. The Jews were very emotional and very religious, but semi-savage, and they believed God commanded them to do things which the most ignorant would condemn to-day. In a few more thousand years men will read of our doings and say those people believed they were following God's commands."



# THE BETRAYED.

So you're the chaplain! You needn't say what you've come for; I can guess; You've come to talk about Jesus' love, and repentance and rest and forgiveness. You've come to say that my sin is great, yet greater the mercy of Heaven will mete, If I, like Magdalen, bend my head, and pour my tears at your Savior's feet. Your promise is fair, but I've little faith; I relied on promises once before; They brought me to this—this prison cell, with its iron-barred window, its grated door! Yet he too was fair who promised me, with his tender mouth and his Christ-like eyes; And his voice was as sweet as the summer wind that sighs through the arbors of Paradise; And he seemed to me all that was good and pure, and noble and strong, and true and brave! I had given the pulse of my heart for him, and deemed it a precious boon to crave.

You say that Jesus so loved the world that he died to redeem it from its sin; It isn't redeemed, or no one would be so fair without and so black within. I trusted his promise, I gave my life—the truth of my love is known on high; If there is a God who knows all things—his promise was false, his LOVE was a lie!

It was over soon, oh! soon the dream—and me, he had called "his life," "his light." He drove me away with a sneering word, and you Christians said that "It served me right." I was proud, Mr. Chaplain, even then; I set my face in the teeth of fate, And resolved to live honestly, come what might, and sink beneath neither scorn nor hate; Yes, and I prayed that the Christ above would help me to bear the bitter cross, And put something here, where my heart had been, to fill up the aching void of loss.

It is easy for you to say what I should do, but none of you ever dream how hard Is the way that you Christians make for us with your "Sin no more," "Trust in the Lord." When for days and days you are turned from work with cold politeness, or open sneer, You get so you don't trust a far-off God, whose creatures are cold, and they so near, You hold your virtuous lives aloof, and refuse us your human help and hand, And set us apart as accursed things, marked with a burning, Cain-like brand.

But I didn't bend, though many days I was weary and hungry, and worn and weak, And for many a starless night I watched, thro' tears that coursed down my pallid cheek, They are all dry now! They say I'm hard, because I never weep or moan! You can't draw blood when the heart's bled out; you can't find tears or sound in a stone! And I don't know why I should be mild and meek; no one has been very mild to me. You say that Jesus would be—perhaps! but Heaven's a long way off, you see.

That will do; I know what you're going to say: "I can have it right here in this narrow cell." The SOUL is slow to accept Christ's heav'n when his followers chain the body in hell, Not but I'm just as well off here—better, perhaps, than I was outside— The world was a prison-house to me, where I dwelt, defying and defied.

I don't know but I'd think more of what you say if they'd given us both a common lot; If justice to me had been justice to him, and covered our names with an equal blot; But they took him into the social court, and pitied, and said he'd been "led astray," In a month the stain on his name had passed, as a cloud that crosses the face of day!

He joined the church, and he's preaching now, just as you are, the love of God, And the duty of sinners to kneel and pray, and humbly to kiss the chastening rod. If they dealt with me as they dealt by him, maybe I'd credit your Christian love; If they'd dealt with him as they dealt by me, I'd have more faith in Just Above.

I don't know, but sometimes I used to think that she who was told there was no room In the inn at Bethlehem, might look down with softened eyes through the starless gloom; Christ wasn't a woman—he couldn't know the pain and endurance of it; but she, The mother who bore him, she might know, and Mary in Heaven might pity me. Still, that was useless; it didn't bring a single mouthful for me to eat,

Nor work to get it, nor sheltering from the dreary wind and the howling street, Heavenly pity won't pass as coin, and earthly shame brings a higher pay. Sometimes I was tempted to give it up, and go, like others, the easier way; But I didn't, no, sir, I kept my oath, though my baby lay in my arms and cried, And at last, to spare it—I poisoned it! and kissed its murdered lips when it died.

I'd never seen him since it was born (he'd said that it wasn't his, you know); But I took its body and laid it down at the steps of his door, in the pallid glow Of the winter mornings, and when he came, with a love-tune hummed on those lips of lies,

It lay at his feet, with its pinched white face staring up at him with its dead blue eyes; I hadn't closed them; they were like his, and so was the mouth and the curled gold hair, And every feature so like his own—for I am dark, sir, and he is fair— 'Twas a moment of triumph that showed me yet there was a passion I could feel, When I saw him bend o'er its meagre form, and starting backward, cry out and reel! If there is a time when all souls shall meet the reward of the deeds that are done in the clay, When accused and accuser stand face to face, he will cry out so in the Judgment Day!

The rest? Oh, nothing. They hunted me, and with virtuous lawyers' virtuous tears To a virtuous jury convicted me; and I'm sentenced to stay here for twenty years. Do I repent? Yes, I do; but wait till I tell you of what I repent, and why; I repent that I ever believed a man could be anything but a living lie! I repent because every noble thought, or hope, or ambition, or earthly trust, Is as dead as dungeon-bleached bones in me—as dead as my child in its murdered dust!

Do I repent that I killed the babe? Am I repentant for that, you ask? I'll answer the truth as I feel it, sir; and leave to others the pious mask. Am I repentant because I saved its starving body from famine's teeth? Because I hastened what time would do, to spare it pain and relieve its death?

Am I repentant because I held it were better a grave should have no name Than a living being, whose only care must come from a mother weighed with shame? Am I repentant because I thought it were better the tiny form lay hid From the heartless stings of a brutal world, unknown, unnamed, 'neath a coffin lid?

Am I repentant for the last act, the last on earth in my power to save From the long-drawn misery of life, in the early death and the painless grave? I'm GLAD that I did it! Start if you will! I'll repeat it over; I say I AM GLAD! No, I'm neither a fiend nor a maniac—don't look as if I were going mad!

Did I not love it? Yes, I loved with a strength that you, sir, can never feel; It's only a strong love can kill to save, though itself be torn where time cannot heal.

You see my hands—they are red with its blood! Yet I would have cut them bit by bit, And fed them and smiled to see it eat, if that would have saved and nourished it! "Beg!" I did beg,—"pray!" I did pray! God was as stony and hard as Earth, And Christ was as deaf as the stars that watched, or the night that darkened above his birth?

And I—I feel stony now, too, like them, deaf to sorrow and mute to grief. Am I heartless? Yes;—it is—all—out—OUT! Torn! Gone! All gone! Like my dead belief.

Do I not fear for the judgment hour? So unrepentant, so hard and cold? Wait! It is little I trust in that; but if ever the scroled sky should be uprolled

And the lives of men should be read and known, and their acts judged by their very worth, And the Christ you speak of shall come again and the thunders of Justice shake the earth, You will hear the cry: "Who murdered here? Come forth to be judged, false heart and eyes, That pulsed with accursed strength of lust, and loaded faith with venomous lies!"

Come forth to the judgment, haughty dames, who scathed the mother with your scorn, And answer here to the poisoned child, WHO decreed its murder ere it was born? Come forth to the judgment, ye who heaped the gold of earth in your treasured hoard, And answer "guilty" to those who stood all naked and starving, beneath your board.

Depart, accursed! I know ye not! Ye heeded not the command of Heaven: "Unto the least of these ye give, it is even unto the Master given."

Judgment! Ah, sir, to see that day, I'd willingly pass through a hundred hells! I'd believe, then, the Justice that hears each voice buried alive in these prison cells!

But no—it's not that; that will never be! I trusted too long, and he answered not. There is no avenging God on high!—we live, we struggle and—we ROT.

Yet does Justice come! And, O, Future Years! surely ye'll reap, and in weary pain, When ye garner the sheaves that are sown to-day, when the clouds now gathering fall in rain!

The time will come, aye! the time WILL come, when the child ye conceived in lust and shame, Quicken'd, will mow you like stalks of grass, with a sickle born of steel and flame.

Aye! tremble, shrink in your drunken den, coward, traitor and Child of Lie! The unerring avenger stands close to you, and the dread hour of purgation's night!

Aye! wring your hands, for the air is black! thickly the cloud-troops whirl and swarm! See! yonder, on the horizon's verge, play the lightning shafts of the coming storm.

VOILAIREINE DE CLEYRE.

# IMPORTANT MATTER FROM OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES

## THE TWO WORLDS, MANCHESTER, ENG.

### THE LATE QUEEN'S THOUGHTS AND BELIEFS ON DEATH AND THE FUTURE LIFE—FROM HER OWN DIARY.

I do not fear death, O Father of Life, for death is not an eternal sleep. It is the transition towards a new existence, a moment of great glory and transformation; an ascension towards the light. Nevertheless, we cannot regard as unpardonable the tears which we shed upon the coffin of a beloved being. O, source of all love. Thine eye penetrates the inmost recesses of our being. Thou seest the bleeding heart of the mother standing by the coffin of her child, who carried his life to the fairer world of hopes. Thou knowest the agonizing grief of a father who, by the death of a cherished son or a beloved daughter, has been deprived of the entire happiness of his life. May thy spirit, the beneficent consoler, penetrate our souls, and by its strength inspire our poor human hearts! Alas! we are only mortal. We are created to die, and it is at such times we have need of the supplication of the angels addressed to thee.

#### ANGELIC BEINGS.

As the planet which we inhabit, and the other planets, with their satellites, effect their revolution around the sun, which, in its turn, accompanied by all its planets and their satellites, and probably a great number of other suns, which we call fixed stars, circulate in space around a sun infinitely greater, inaccessible to our vision; and as this best luminary, with its cavalcade of suns, planets and moons, gravitates around a center more resplendent still, during periods of time which human science is incapable of calculating; so there must be a being, more exalted than the Divinity, myriads of beings more elevated in rank than men, and with a superhuman nature approaching more nearly to the divine essence than the miserable mortal. In our ordinary language we call these beings angels; but we know neither the secret of their superior nature, nor the number of their degrees, which intervene between the least perfect angel, who is consequently nearest to the most perfect men, and the most glorious of those beings who enjoy an ineffable beatitude in feeling themselves so near to God.

#### THE SOUL AFTER DEATH.

The spirit of him who dies does not see death, because his real life still endures. He knows nothing of death. He does not perceive his relatives who are weeping around him, because his extinct senses no longer communicate to his mind the impressions of the external world. But when his new condition begins, which his spirit is separated from the dust, the flesh, the blood, the nerves, he sees in his independent state. Then all the points of comparison fall away. Power continues its activity, with the sentiment that it exists, and God shows us the new way in which we have to walk. The present and the past are only one to the purified soul, because it had not seen death. There remains, as before, a faculty of self-consciousness which enters into new relations. It returns towards the Father. Its lot is, as we understand the word, glorification.

#### MOTIVES FOR CONSOLATION.

We live, but our beloved ones who are dead are living also. We bewail their loss upon this globe, which revolves in infinite space, but they are likewise inhabitants, as we ourselves are, of the world of God. We are here, but they are, perchance, in a world which is infinitely more beautiful. We are fettered by the bonds of matter, while they probably enjoy far greater freedom and felicity. Now, what is it to die? It is generally said that it is to pass into eternity. But here we are already in eternity. It is a transition from terrestrial relations, which are ended, into a better and more glorious world. It is to pass into a condition we cannot comprehend. It is to quit our old abode in order to enter into the new house of God, the Father of all men, and to go from our cradle to repose in his bosom. How different, then, should death appear to us! It is no longer the cessation of existence, but its more perfect continuation. The beloved beings I sorrow over have not ceased to live, for they are living with me at this very moment. They inhabit the great paternal house of God. They are still to me what I am to them. We are not separated, for, like myself, they live in eternity. I am always in their thoughts, as they are in mine, and perhaps at this very instant, in which I am sorrowing over their loss, they are rejoicing in our prospective reunion.

#### THE GAIN BY DEATH.

Death is a victory for him who knows how to live in this life. For who would dare to affirm that the life of this world is full of roses without thorns? It is true that, in exchange, I lose certain pleasures; but at the same time I shall be lifted above many fears and many sorrows. Henceforth, I shall shed no more tears, for it is a sweet and happy lot—that of enfranchised souls. This present existence, is it so full of unmixed happiness that we should wish to see it eternally prolonged? Why do we hear old people so frequently sighing for repose, for death, for deliverance, and a freedom from sorrow? Is it not that great loss can there be at bottom, in parting with our earthly existence when there are so few people in it who find enough of happiness in it during the whole of its duration to cause them to desire its continuation? Is it not rather a victory for those souls who can resign themselves with confidence to their passage into a better world? After all, what is the dread of death but that of a puerile and timid imagination? The same God, who, my soul, who despoils thee of one garment will give thee another in exchange for it.

#### OUR FUTURE DESTINY.

Whatever may be our future lot, we are independent of it; if we are what we ought to be. The beings who are dear to us die, but death does not make us unhappy, provided we do not forget that they are, like ourselves, members of the spiritual world; that, as spirits, they cannot be lost to us; and that we ought not to remain attached to the perishable dust, and shut up in a tomb, as if it were immortal. The death of the body being necessary, according to the laws which govern what is of the earth, our grief is the necessary consequence of our great attachment to that which is appertains to the earth. Such is destiny. But all things pre-determined by God are beneficial. They fortify our faculties; they lead the soul by the sweetest of ways to the knowledge of its true nature, and by its terrible insistence to detach itself from that which is terrestrial and perishable, in order to lift it up to that knowledge and love which are imperishable; and to abandon brutal interests, favor of that spiritual principle which constitutes our true dignity. Wars, battles, famine, misery, disease, pillage,

theft, fires, all these fall under the rules of destiny. But what do we see in every such accident? Nothing but the destruction of that which is perishable. We must distinguish between these and what is imperishable and eternal in order to appreciate that inner happiness of which nothing should deprive us. The more the human soul is virtuous and master of itself, the more invulnerable it becomes and the more independent of its destiny. God is elevated above death, because he is sovereignly holy. The holier our inner being, the nearer do we approach to God; and the closer we come to him, the higher do we raise ourselves above the power of destiny.

#### TO THE PRINCE IN HEAVEN.

I shall continue to love you to the day upon which my heart shall cease to beat, and you—O, no! you cannot have forgotten me; for God is love, and I must still live in your memory, and in your condition of blessedness you will stretch out your arms to me. You, who inhabit a better world and behold the grandeur of God in all his sublime majesty, you, for whom no angel is greater than that which I am able to cherish for you. Alas! mine is mingled with tears, whereas yours knows nothing but a joy ineffable. I lift my eyes, with a feeling of sadness, up to heaven, seeking for the abode of your soul, while you regard with a benignant smile the planet upon which I remain, alone in the dust, and where I secretly pronounce your beloved name with a sigh.

#### LIGHT, LONDON, ENGLAND.

#### MATERIALIZATION OF BLOOD.

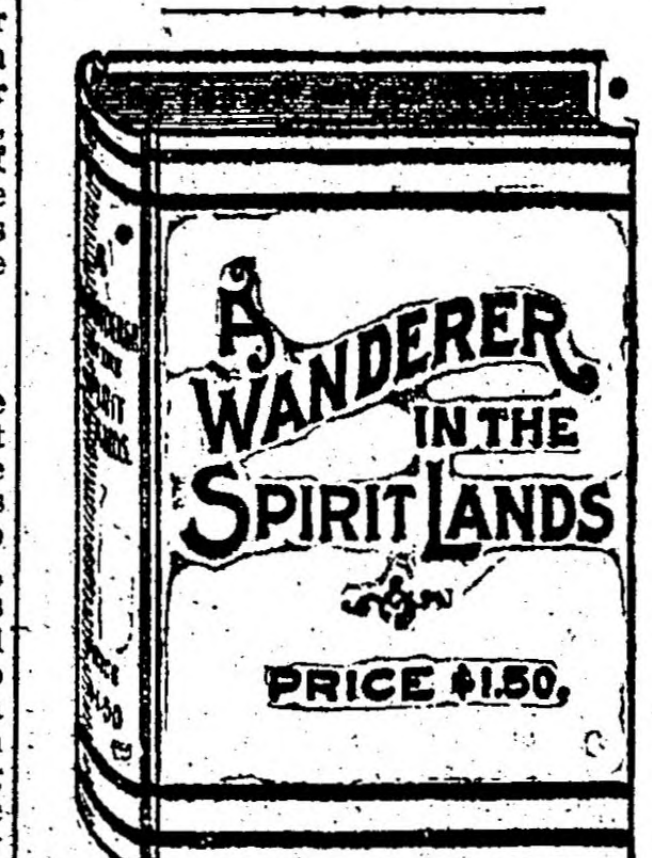
Have the readers of Light any knowledge of such a phenomenon as that which I am about to relate occurring in other haunted houses? Biblical narrative tells us of the plague of blood in Egypt; and in R. L. Stevenson's "South Sea-Island" page 194, he mentions among the local superstitions that status of blood on the walls of a house are supposed to follow the visitation of a spirit, who, after cannibal fashion, waits to devour the souls of the dying.

I was once told from the other side, that of all fluids blood is the easiest to materialize, there is plenty of it ready made in the veins of every medium. How this may be, and whether in the following instances I was the medium from which it was derived, I cannot say. My first experience was as follows, and occurred about fifteen years ago in the house where I now reside.

I had been occupied at my writing table one afternoon in full daylight, alone, except for the company of a cat and kitten, sleeping together in the armchair. I went out of the room for a short time, leaving the sheets of paper at which I was working spread out on the flat top of the table. I closed, but did not lock the door; the windows were also shut. I afterwards ascertained the whereabouts and occupations of the other members of the family, and can say positively that nobody in the flesh entered the room during my absence. When I returned the furniture was undisturbed, the cat and kitten were asleep as I left them, but a perfect rain of blood had descended upon the writing-table. The white papers showed thick spots, fully the size of a shilling, evidently dropped from a height, as each spot was surrounded by a fringe of splashed blood. The inkstand, tray, and other small articles which have their place on the table, were similarly stained; indeed, I doubt if a square inch of the leather top had escaped, except where covered by the open papers. The table is of the ordinary knee-hole pattern, with a star of drawers to right and left, and the fronts of these drawers and their handles were daubed over with the blood, here as if smeared, but over the top dropped in a rain. I called a confidential servant, and between us we made an exhaustive search, discovering absolutely no explanation of the mystery; also that nowhere else in the room was there the slightest spot or stain. The Indian carpet had a white ground, and the chintz covers were pale in color, and would not have shown any such mark. My servant brought water and a cloth, and washed the table for me; but I preserved some of the stained paper, which was afterwards submitted for analysis. The stains were pronounced to be human blood!

I will give another instance of the appearance of blood in the same house, though in this second case the quantity was small. We are from time to time disturbed by a ghostly scream, sounding from a passage-landing on the first floor. On this landing hangs a framed engraving fronted with glass. The scream sounded loudly between 8 and 4 a. m., heard by several of the household; and when we got up at the usual hour for rising, the front of the picture was found marked from top to bottom with a thick streak of blood, terminating in a little pool lodged upon the frame. The bloodstain was conspicuous; it would have been impossible to pass the picture without notice, and it was not quite dry when found.

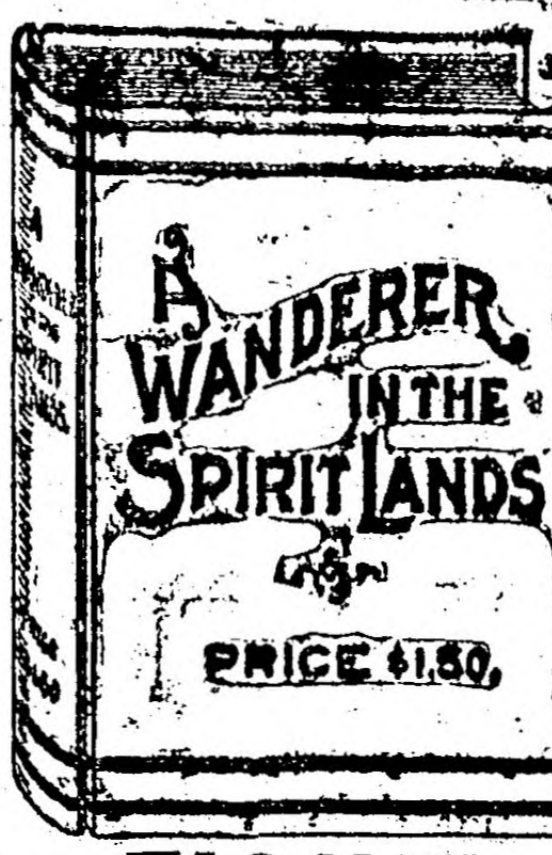
These bygone events were brought to my mind a few days ago, a letter was handed to me by my niece, the envelope being clean except for ordinary soiling in passing through the post. I turned over, looking at the address before opening, and as I held it, it was suddenly smeared on both sides with fresh wet blood. My niece was absolutely without a word of warning, and so were my niece's; I know also that when the envelope was given to me, it was defaced with no such marks.



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## ..GENERAL SURVEY..

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

**CONTRIBUTORS.**—Each contributor is alone responsible for any assertions or statements he may make. The editor allows this freedom of expression, believing that the cause of truth can best be served thereby. Many of the sentiments uttered in an article may be diametrically opposed to his belief, yet that is no reason why they should be suppressed; yet we wish it distinctly understood that our space is inadequate to publish everything that comes to hand, however much we might desire to do so. That must account for the non-appearance of YOUR article.

**WRITE PLAINLY.**—We would like to impress upon the minds of our correspondents that the *Progressive Thinker* is set up on a large type machine. It must make speed equal to about four compositors. That means rapid work, and it is essential that all copy, to insure insertion in the paper, all other requirements being favorable, should be written plainly with ink on white paper, or with a typewriter, and only on one side of the paper.

**ITEMS.**—Bear in mind that items for the General Survey will all cases be adjusted to the space we have to occupy, and in order to do that they will generally have to be abridged more or less; otherwise many items would be crowded out. Sometimes a thirty-line item is cut down to ten lines, and ten lines to two lines, as occasion may require. Every item sent to us for publication should state the full name and address of the writer. We desire to know the source of every item that appears. This rule will be strictly adhered to.

Keep copies of your poems sent to this office, for they will not be returned if we have not space to use them.

Bear in mind that all notices for this page are cut down to suit the space we have to occupy when received.

Take due notice, that all items for this page must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer. It will not do to say that Secretary or Correspondent writes so and so, without giving the full name and address of the writer. The items of those who do not comply with this request will be cast into the waste basket.

Charles Bell, of Albion, Mich., a victim of faith-cure, whose mind is believed to have been debilitated, tried to demonstrate the truth of his doctrine. His friends bantered him because of his belief, and to prove to them that the Lord would protect him, he swallowed 24 grains of morphine. He became seriously ill and vomited up the poison, thus saving his life. The success of this test encouraged him and he told his friends of the remarkable feat. To go further with his experiment, he purchased a revolver, and placing the weapon to his temple, fired. Death was instantaneous.

Frank T. Ripley, platform test medium and speaker, is now ready to accept fall and winter engagements for the coming season. Address all letters to him at Summerland Beach Spiritual Camp-meeting, Millersport, Ohio.

The Evening Journal of Corvallis, Pa., says: "A very large and appreciative audience gathered at the Armory Sunday morning to listen to Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, of Chicago, Ill. Questions of a spiritual nature were solicited from the audience, and several of general interest were received and answered in a very satisfactory manner. The subject for the discourse, selected by the audience, 'How may a knowledge of Spiritualism be obtained?' was made intensely interesting and instructive by the speaker. The meeting was a great success in every way."

J. J. Hollingsworth writes from Winchester, Va.: "Will those Spiritualists (including mediums) taking an interest in the cause of promulgating spiritual knowledge amongst the people and opening their eyes to the light, please send me their addresses so that I can correspond with them with the object of forming an association for that especial purpose."

Jack Andre, the boy hypnotist, made a blindfold drive at breakfast table today and after covering about four blocks was arrested by Marshals Baker and Lacey for fast driving. He was arraigned before Justice Sovereign, pleaded guilty and was fined \$10.—Herald, Los Angeles, Cal.

"Arise now!" Such was the command of God to Miss Belle Anderson, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio. She had been suffering for four months, bed-ridden and helpless, and obeying what she thinks a command of Almighty God, she is now entirely well. Miss Anderson is a society young lady. About four months ago she became afflicted with a disease which rendered her unable to move a muscle of her body. Attending physicians said nothing could be done for her and that she was growing worse. The girl despaired of her life and breathed a silent prayer to God for her recovery. Soon she heard the words quoted above. She thought the voice was that of God. The words were repeated and she thought that her prayer was to be answered dawned upon her. She asked for another manifestation, and a third time the voice gave the command. Without a moment's delay she rose, dressed, and is apparently as well as any one. The news of her miraculous recovery has created a sensation here. She simply heard a spirit voice.

Five years ago J. G. Clark, a mechanist of Marion, Ind., dreamed that he perfected an apparatus for the manufacture of gas from crude petroleum oil. The dream was so real that it made an impression on him and bore on his mind for some time. He experienced a second dream that pictured the machine perfectly. He related the matter to his two sons, who laughed at the story. The father was so impressed, however, that he rigged a crude temporary machine and applied the process as he saw it in the dream. His experiment was a success and the sons became interested. Models were made and tested with good results and a working model was finally made and filed in the patent office at Washington and a patent secured on the process. A practical test of the invention was made in Summitville in the presence of a number of manufacturers. The test was successful and was expected. When the machine started and the gas was generated Clark's dream was reproduced in reality as he saw it five years ago.

Geo. F. Perkins writes from California: "We arrived here July 30. We had an extremely wearisome journey; heat unbearable, and dust exasperatingly thick. But in spite of the discouraging outlook, Mrs. Perkins seems to have improved and rallied somewhat since our arrival in this beautiful climate. My office will be Oakland, Diamond P. O., Cal., for the present. Thanks to the *Progressive Thinker* for its readers for the generous donations."

J. Murphy writes: "Sunday evening, August 4, the Church of the Spirit Community, Kenwood Hall, 4308 Cottage Grove avenue, listened to one of the best lectures ever given from the platform by Dr. J. O. Hewitt. His subject was 'The Manifestations of Jesus, the Establishment of Christianity.' His lectures are very progressive and instructive. All should come and hear him. Mrs. Hair, an old time worker, was present, and being called upon she made some well-timed remarks of a pleasing nature. Messages of love and guidance were given through the mediumship of Mr. Connor and Mr. H. F. Coates, demonstrating the interest which was manifested in earth life was still retained in spirit. At the conference meeting, Dr. Hewitt, Rev. H. O. Smith, Mrs. Burland and Dr. Juliet Severance took an active part."

W. C. Mann writes from Louisville, Ky.: "As secretary of the People's Spiritual Church, Louisville, Ky., I will state that Mrs. Helen Taylor, having served the church for the months of June and July, Mrs. and Mr. Taylor were on July 14 legally ordained by the Rev. Mrs. Mary Mann. The services were beautiful and impressive. Mrs. Mann is a regularly ordained minister, holding a license from the courts of Jefferson county to solemnize marriages. Mrs. Mann is the only registered minister in the county. The church has been organized for the month of August. I would like to correspond with good speakers and test mediums for the months of September and October. Address me at 820 Eighth street."

A singular certification of a dream was the experience of Mrs. Rachel Moores, of Texarkana, Ark. In 1860, the year following the close of the sectional war, she was living with her husband, Major David Moores, on a plantation about thirty miles north of Texarkana. They had a large sum of money which the husband took out one night and buried in the woods. Mrs. Moores quite suddenly, without ever revealing to the wife the hiding place of the money, and although diligent and repeated search was made, no trace of the buried treasure was ever found. Mrs. Moores, who is now more than seventy years old, has remained a widow, living most of the time alone since her husband's death. A few weeks ago she had a vivid dream one night, in which she saw the place where her husband had hidden the money, as she dreamed, the spot where, as her dream indicated, the money was buried. In a few nights the dream was repeated, and thereafter at intervals for more than a dozen times, each dream being an identical repetition of the first. Mrs. Moores is not at all superstitious, yet this dream led her to make a serious investigation recently, when, strange as it may seem, the long-lost treasure was found, and that, too, at a place in the woods marked exactly as that so often in her dream. The money was all in twenty-dollar gold pieces, and the total amount \$2,800.

Lewis R. Hillis writes from Gloucester, Mass.: "Did a slave writing medium ever receive a communication independently from a son or daughter of the Flowering Kingdom? It seems to me that where there are so many of the Chinese scattered over America, there ought to be some one who would try to become one of the guides or controls of some of our many mediums. Is it any harder to impress the Chinese written language on slates than ordinary English? Can any one of your readers tell me if they have seen or heard tell of a slate or independent palmy writing of Chinese, which received communication in the Chinese language?"

"The Des Moines (Iowa) Capital says: 'The opening exercises of the nineteenth annual camp-meeting of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualist Association were held at Mt. Pleasant Park, the Spiritualist camp grounds, Sunday, commencing at 9 o'clock. The program, which will continue daily throughout the session, which lasts until August 25, opened with a flag raising, after which W. P. Peck, of St. Louis, president of the association, delivered the annual address. A large number of Spiritualists are on the grounds at Clinton, and several thousand are expected to be present before the close of the meeting, as the association has a large membership scattered throughout the States of the Mississippi valley. The grounds are beautifully located on the high bluffs, in the western part of the city, overlooking the Mississippi River. The association owns twenty acres, half of which is being reserved for college grounds, as it is the intention of the association to erect a large college building here. The association cleared off all indebtedness last year and it is understood that some definite action on the college proposition will be taken at the annual meeting this season. The plans for the building have already been made and the association has delayed the matter until the grounds were paid for.'

Jay Chapin writes, August 2, as follows: "Lynnan Howe in this week's issue even surpasses himself, if that were possible. He, Lockwood, J. S. Loveland, Clegg Wright, Sargis and Mrs. Watson are quite able to save even a bigger and more befogged, conservative, creed-bound, religious, and bigoted world than this. What beautiful opportunities they have. Let all Spiritual Scientists see that they are kept at work as strength permits, and to be paid for that work in no miserly way."

A curious story comes from a small town in the State of Pueblo. A missionary priest named Padre Pimentel, who is staying there, stated in a sermon he preached that he was visited by a youth named Daniel Diaz, who begged him to go to his house and confess his sins, who had been dead five years, and "and who had appeared to him, begging him to call on the missionaries to assist her out of purgatory." The padre says that, despite the fears which were aroused by this strange request, he determined to go, and took for his companions Mariano Mellado and two sacristans. On reaching the house, which was a gloomy place, he was conducted to a cheerless room, where he seated himself, and immediately became aware of a floating vaporous figure, while at the same time he heard "creaking of bones." The wretched young woman made her confession, and on being absolved, disappeared suddenly. The padre states that the awful experience brought on a severe illness, but that since his recovery he has determined to make the fact known, that others may not be exposed to the same long duration in purgatory for want of absolution. The news of this occurrence has spread like wildfire, and the missionaries have been the recipients of handsome contributions since it took place.—Mexico Correspondence, *Memphis Commercial-Appal.*

Students in the City of Mexico issued a fiery manifesto against the Roman Catholic Church. They say a congress composed of educated young men of the country will soon assemble to take action on church matters. The government will be asked to confiscate all property found to be held by the clergy or their agents, the proceeds to be applied to the payment of the national debt. The students call all Mexicans to unite and smite the church and declare that they will raise the standard of revolt against the church above the sepulchre of Juarez and will continue the anti-clerical movement initiated in the most enlightened nations on the globe.

One who was there writes: "Friends of Mr. Adolph Heutemann, to the number of forty, had a most enjoyable picnic at his home, corner of Iowa street and Sixty-fourth avenue, Oak Park, August 3, to celebrate his 70th birthday. We had a most enjoyable time disposing of a beautiful dinner served in the big barn, after which young and old joined in games on the lawn. Adjoining to the house Mr. Norton entertained us with music on the mouth organ, with guitar accompaniment. He also sang several songs, assisted by Mrs. Sack and Mrs. Richardson. When we had a rare treat. Miss Aurelia Heutemann read an essay on 'Evil Spirits,' inspirational from the pen of her father. That essay alone was compensation for the trip to Oak Park, had we no other enjoyments. The greatest harmony prevailed, though many met for the first time, and after the picnic the ladies were washed, and with tables and chairs placed, and all put in as good order as possible after an invasion of an army of forty, we had a social and circle till after lamp lighting, when to the accompaniment of Mr. Norton's music, there was dancing, in which it was noticeable that the older gentlemen present, Messrs. C. O. Allen and H. L. Cleveland, joined with the younger ladies. All enjoyed themselves and our host assured us that the visit had done him good."

Wilson Duncan writes: "The mission work as proposed by Henry Brockbank suits my ideas, and if every subscriber will do what I have, and expect to do, the cause of glorious Spiritualism will be sent in splendid life and glad tidings and great joy to the darkness over the lands of the earth."

Mrs. B. W. Belcher writes from Marlboro, Mass.: "I enjoy reading *The Progressive Thinker*, and do not see how I can afford to give so much for the money. In regard to the 'decline' of Spiritualism, I think we are still growing in numbers; and are drawing into our ranks people from all classes, and as a whole we are steadily gaining. In my opinion Spiritualism has not lost at tractiveness, either in its phenomena or its philosophy. More people are studying the phenomena of Spiritualism, and Spiritualism to-day than at any other time in its history. Spiritualists have become educated, and can distinguish between the true and the false, and in time we will be able to take up a paper, feeling that we all are a part of the great Over-Soul, seeking for knowledge from this side of life as well as from the beyond, and realizing such, we can do more glorious work. I am, by sending out a good thought, one toward the other, ever keeping in mind that we must learn to live and let live. 'There is room enough for all, and work enough too, if we will only do it, and let little petty grievances go by. We have many good mediums in the field, and there is room for more. In closing, I wish to extend my thanks to you for *The Progressive Thinker*; it is a welcome visitor."

Harry J. Moore lectured last Sunday evening before the Englewood Union, his subject being "Joan of Arc as a Medium and Savior."

Wm. Schuch writes from Sterling, Kansas: "That book, 'A Wanderer in Spirit Land,' was received all right. Many thanks. It is a wonderful revelation. A person reading his experience certainly has a lesson teaching him how to live in the present, and how to make conditions in spirit life. Much as has been said on the 'decline' of Spiritualism, I would say we are only a few in number here. We had a local society, but it did not live very long; but not one of our people has gone back to the church, and formerly they were nearly all church members. Now and then we have a public lecturer here, but the people won't come out to hear him speak. The phenomena in the drawing card to pull people away from the church, and keep them away. I say this from experience, that but for the phenomena Spiritualism would not be known here. A short time since we had a trumpet medium here for about 10 days. The result of her work is that three families pulled away from orthodox, and the heads of five of six other families are on the fence. Spiritualism is not dying out. Cultures and encourage true phenomena and Spiritualism will become aggressive and progressive as never before. The lecturer is all right in his place, but it takes the phenomena every time to pull people away from orthodox. Moreover many people when they once get away from the creedal yoke of slavery, feel very reluctant to place another creed yoke on their necks, no matter what form it comes in or by whom written."

E. H. Bigelow writes from Portland, Me.: "I fully appreciate the good things of *The Progressive Thinker*, and I wonder how you are able to supply so much original matter every week at so small a price."

Mrs. Marion B. Carter writes: "August 8, in Lockport, N. Y., Miss Sara Richardson, of Lockport, and Mr. Fred C. Manchester, of San Francisco, Cal., (son of Mrs. Anna L. Gillespie) were united in marriage. Fred will be remembered to Brady, Lily Dale and other camps where he pleased so many with his music. Mr. and Mrs. Manchester will reside in San Francisco, Cal."

The National Sunlight Center Club will hold the third of its series of basket picnics to St. Joseph, Mich., on 9:30 a. m. steamer, City of Chicago, August 15. Other societies are cordially invited. Headquarters, Lake View Hotel. Sec. E. Bromwell, president; S. A. Chapman, secretary.

M. C. Carter writes from Lockport, N. Y.: "Mrs. Anna L. Gillespie, of San Francisco, Cal., gave an address here at the State Odd Fellows' Home, to a very large and interested audience. All were delighted with the lecture and also with the lady herself. Mrs. Gillespie has a host of warm friends here in her former home, and when she is announced as speaker, is sure of a big crowd. Mr. Fred Manchester sang a solo in a charming manner, and all who were present felt that the day had been a treat to the listeners."

S. A. Aykroyd writes: "I cannot do without *The Progressive Thinker*. I don't believe there is another paper on this continent that is doing so much to enlighten the bottom out of the gross superstition of our age as *The Progressive Thinker*."

bon is his handman for the amount of \$600. He was arrested here June 28, following a complaint made by the Olsego County Medical Society, claiming that in his practice of setting bones he violated the law regarding the practice of medicine. Although Dr. Sweet studied medicine in a college and hospital in New York for four years, he was not a graduate, and he carried on his medical examinations. He, like his ancestors, is widely known as a successful bone setter and the cases are numbered by the thousands where he has relieved people from suffering. His work attracted the attention of the County Medical Society through his coming to Oneonta on appointment on two occasions this summer. He advertised in the local papers that he would be in town on certain days and in two days he treated eighty persons. It was on his third visit to Oneonta that the arrest was made and about fifty persons who came to see him, were obliged to return without treatment. His examination was set down for July 10, and at that time was adjourned to to-day. The Olsego public had been greatly aroused over the matter and public sentiment is unanimously on Mr. Sweet's side. Not only those who have been relieved by Mr. Sweet, but all who are acquainted with his skill vigorously condemn the physicians who began the action. The bone setter is looked upon as a benefactor and the persecution is more directed to the medical society. His friends here include a number of physicians not members of the medical society and all hope for and expect his discharge by the grand jury."

**Maple Dell Camp.**  
D. M. King opened his psychic class this morning. The first lesson consisted of a talk on the science of life together with psychic science, which he said was based upon the science of phrenology. The class is a large one and composed of attentive listeners. History has proven that some of our grandest and most distinguished men and women have been aided and guided by unseen helpers and spirit forces. Psychology is a study requiring two conditions: first, competent teachers; second, attentive listeners, and the mind should be in a receptive condition to receive the higher inspirations. Our body is the medium for the spirit. We should develop emotions, love and wisdom. The body is changeable, a smile on the face may send a glow all over the body. We improve in looks as we improve our minds. We must learn to know where these emotions lie; in that way we will learn to know ourselves.

We must know the combination of faculties. Psychic science is the science of the soul. So long as you cannot control your emotions, so long as you depend upon someone else to make you happy, you are not a spiritualist. We must go into a higher spiritual life. If one should speak unkindly of you, govern your emotions, live above it and it will reflect back to them. Any one who aids to uplift the ignorant is a benefactor.

In lesson two, the first lesson was carefully reviewed by Dr. Andrews. Dr. King then proceeded, the subject chosen was "Mediumship."

MRS. Z. L. EISE.

**Woolley Park Camp, O.**  
Woolley Park Camp, at Ashley, Ohio, after a session of three weeks and four Sundays, closed on August 4. While the attendance was not large as in previous years, much good has been done. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague, N. S. A. missionaries, were with us much of the time. Mr. Sprague is a host in himself, and his lectures were strong, clear and point, containing much food for thought.

Dr. Carr was with us for one Sunday, and he never talked better in his life than he did on that day.

Mrs. J. J. Curran, of Toledo, was present during the entire meeting.

Frank T. Ripley gave many tests, and was a decided help to the meeting.

Mrs. Zetta L. Eise, of Gallon, O., sang many songs of beauty, but left for Mantua, O., on the second week.

Mrs. Lucy Hull-Smith, of Columbus, O., had entire charge of the musical program of the season, and C. H. Fingers, of Cleveland, accompanied by Mrs. Fingers, was also present during the entire season. Mr. Fingers gave platform tests and messages.

Mrs. Balcourt, of Columbus, O., medium, was also with us.

Lem McLeod, of Ashley, O., trumpet medium, was on the ground every day, and gave one seance which was pronounced good by all present. This Mr. McLeod is the medium who met the late President Lincoln at Ford's Theatre.

Woolley Park Camp-meeting has a bright future before it if only the proper railway facilities are given it. Being near Columbus, and not too far from other large towns, it is feasible to arrange for larger crowds than ever before. The country around Ashley is rich in natural beauty, and the surrounding people that could be brought into line and will be sometime. We go to Brady Lake next Sunday, and later on to Island Lake Camp, Mich.

C. H. FIGUERS.

**Grand Ledge Camp, Mich.**  
The attendance last Sunday at camp was very fine and Mrs. Dr. Warner, of Chicago, gave two able discourses. Visitors were arriving daily, and the hospitality of the camp is being used to the utmost to provide for the many guests.

Mrs. Prior closed her engagement here Thursday, winning warm encomiums from the management and campers by her excellent lectures, convincing messages and her willingness to do all she could to promote the general welfare of the camp.

To-day is the largest week-day attendance of any of the present season. We have more mediums present than at previous sessions, owing to the fact that the association provides three seances rooms. Mrs. Rudolph, Mrs. Alice Gehring, state-writers; Mrs. Messup and Mrs. Perrie, trumpet mediums; are here, besides those heretofore mentioned.

The social feature of the camp has never been so enjoyable as this year. Monday night a surprise, followed by a dainty luncheon was planned for Mrs. Nelson. She was the recipient of many beautiful presents. Mrs. Sheets making the presentation speech, after which they adjourned to the auditorium, where the Hitts-Egbert sisters entertained with cake-walks, singing and dancing. An hour's tripping the light fantastic too closed the evening's festivities.

Mr. and Mrs. Divine were also given a surprise at hotel parlors, it being the anniversary of their marriage. They were surrounded by the campers with several useful gifts.

Mrs. Marian Carpenter will begin her work August 18. Mrs. Catherine McFarlin will also assist in the work of the week.

LAURA MATLOCK, Sec.

"Religious and Theological Works of Thomas Paine." Contains his celebrated "Age of Reason," and a number of other tracts and discourses on religious and theological subjects. Cloth binding. 420 pages. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

## A REMARKABLE VISION.

### Of Things Shortly to Be Accomplished.

Twenty-two years ago, while living in New Albany, Ind., I made a visit to Chicago, for the purpose of pursuing a course of mediumism to be carried on at meetings at Woodward Hall. I did not succeed in getting what I wanted in that line. I visited quite a number of mediums, saw the beautiful parks, the splendid city railway system, and last but not least, the grand and newly established water works. I was deeply impressed with what I saw.

On my way home, after four days' absence, in a half-doing condition, I saw before me, stretched out in a great panorama the whole Mississippi Valley, from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico. I saw a large canal crossing the peninsula of Florida, connecting the Gulf of Mexico with the Atlantic; another canal between Michigan City and Toledo, Ohio; a third canal connecting Lake Michigan at Chicago with the Mississippi river; a fourth canal connecting Lake Erie with the Ohio river. In addition I saw men at work on five underground waterways (aqueducts) running from the lakes of Michigan and Erie through the states of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, supplying every city and large town from the lakes to the Gulf with wholesome lake water.

The vision was so clear to me and the possibility of its execution so comprehensive, I did not at the time know whether it was the workings of my own mind, thinking over the possibilities that what could be done for Chicago in the line of water supply could also be done for all the cities in the Mississippi valley.

Certainly the clear vision of seeing at one sweep the vast extent of territory, its rivers, hills, obstructions, cities, towns and valleys, including the lakes, Gulf and Atlantic was something above my mental capabilities, and afterwards I believed it was given me for use.

The impression upon my mind was so vivid I could not get rid of it, so about a year after I wrote to the editor of the Chicago Times, an article for publication on what I saw in Chicago, and especially (not my vision) what I knew should be done. He kept the MS., but wrote me that my ideas were grand but they were so premature that he believed I lived one hundred years before such a thing could be carried out.

What I do myself twenty-one years after I wrote my letter to the editor is doing today as a seer. My source has become its mouth. In a few years that river will be widened and deepened to make it navigable, and by necessity St. Louis will be the first city of the many other cities which gets wholesome lake water, and in less than fifty years the vision of the aqueducts and canals will be realized. Let St. Louis demand the first aqueduct.

M. F. EVERBACH.

## A GOOD PROJECT.

### Universal Peace Propaganda

To the Editor and Readers of *The Progressive Thinker*:—In the year 1891 I commenced to sit in the silence for whatever might be given me by the invisible forces, and the first distinct inspiration I received was to write an article for publication, entitled "The World's Fair and the Brotherhood of Man," which dealt with the question of a Universal Peace Propaganda. At the suggestion of some of the leading peace advocates in this country, I had the matter printed in pamphlet form. Since that time I have written a large number of articles for spiritual and secular papers nearly all of which have been tinged with the same predominant idea: Universal Peace and Brotherhood.

My lectures have also partaken of the same nature, one especially, "The Light of the World," has been given at the request of my guides in a considerable number of places. Many times I have given these lectures in localities where I had to assume nearly all of the responsibility upon myself, renting halls, advertising lecture and paying traveling expenses. Within the past two weeks I have received instructions from the guides interested in this movement, to work in a different way and to start a propaganda which shall at least be self-supporting.

The object of this movement will be fully set forth in small pamphlets which will be published as soon as I receive a sufficient amount of encouragement from the guides interested in this movement, to work in a different way and to start a propaganda which shall at least be self-supporting.

The first leaflet is "A Spirit Message to the Voters of the U. S. Politics and Ecclesiastical." It is hoped by the guides that this message will find its way to all lands, that Spiritualists and Social Reformers will assist in sending it to those in high position. To do this it will be necessary to charge sufficient to pay expenses of printing and mailing. As soon as the message "To the Powers" is ready I will mail it to the guides for five cents each will mail the message. The pamphlet on "The World's Fair and the Brotherhood of Man" for ten cents. Each person sending out copies of the message will be a member of the "Universal Peace Promoters," an organization of visible and invisible progressive people, working for "peace on earth, good will to men."

Send in help to start this new movement.

WILLIAM E. BONNEY.

1839 S. O street, Lincoln, Neb.

## Camp Cassadaga.

July 31 was Labor Day, and one of the most stirring addresses of the season was delivered by John J. Lentz, of Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Lentz is not only one of the greatest orators of the day, but he is a man well fitted to be the champion of Americanism, and to be a representative of the people.

The subject of his address was "English Imitation Is Not American Expansion." Long and frequent applause greeted his energetic sentences, and it was evident the large audience gathered to listen, was a representative audience of Camp Cassadaga.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and Mr. Grimshaw have finished their work here for this season and each has departed for other fields of labor.

H. D. Barrett is for a few days a guest at the camp, and his assistance in his devotion to the N. S. A. organization being his plea on all occasions.

Mrs. Maggie Gaule is an energetic worker, and one of the props to the Willing Workers' Society, which has been formed here. The ladies of this society are wide awake, and thus far have been very successful in their endeavor.

## Would You Become a Man of Mark?

Would you possess the capacity that directs affairs? Would you develop the power that dominates men? Would you control their minds? In all these things success is measured by the difference between success and failure. They are to be traced to one mental characteristic—*Personal Magnetism*. It is this well-nigh indefinable quality that makes a man irresistible; that enables him to compass all his desires; that makes him successful in the pursuit of fame, fortune, happiness, and the power of Personal Magnetism attained, comes ability to make friends, inspire confidence, win affection. You can embrace opportunity, and achieve success in business, and become a great power for good in the community in which you live.

**"THE WONDERS OF PERSONAL MAGNETISM AND HYPNOTISM"** is the title of a scientific treatise which tells you precisely how to acquire this marvelous influence. It is a comprehensive work, written by the illustrious Dr. X. La Motte Sage, A.M., Ph.D., LL.D., graphically illustrated.

It is free to you for the asking. This offer is for a limited time only. Send your name and address and receive the book by return mail without expenditure. It has brought success to thousands who have sent us such testimonials as these:

Rev. J. O. Quinn, D.D., Ph.D., Pittsburg, Ill., writes: "Your treatise on 'Personal Magnetism' is far in advance of anything of the kind that I have ever seen."

Mrs. R. C. Young, No. 912 Indiana St., Lawrence, Kan., writes: "Your instructions are worth more than all the previous reading of my life. The book is simply grand."

Write at once to

**NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE,**

Dept. MK 21

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Their classes are daily becoming more popular and sought after.

Miss Lizzie Harlow, of Boston, Mass., made her first appearance on this rostrum, Saturday afternoon. The frequent applause which greeted her utterances was evidence of the appreciation of the large audience which had assembled to greet her.

Last evening was the usual Saturday evening dance. The capacious auditorium was filled. Lemonade was dispensed by the Ladies' Aid. "Willing Workers." The orchestra is one of the finest, and all together it was a select and enjoyable time.

Sunday morning Miss Harlow again spoke to a large and interested audience, followed in the afternoon by J. Clegg Wright. Mr. Wright gave a masterly address, carrying his audience with him wherever his wonderful genius and inspiration took its flight. Mr. Wright has a book in process of publication which contains some of his lectures, and it is beyond question this book will be a valuable acquisition to any library, and of inestimable value to all who are seeking the foundation of spiritual truth.

Prof. Lockwood also has another book under way, which ought to go hand in hand with Mr. Wright's, as they are going hand in hand in their work during this session at Camp Cassadaga. The value of this work can hardly be computed, and the world of thought has much to be grateful for in having two such profound minds to illustrate the underlying principles of nature as related to the evolution of man.

We are growing here at Cassadaga, and such minds as these are helping us to grow. Nature at times does her best and she did her best when she gave us a Lockwood and a Wright.

COR.

## THE ISLE OF THE LONG AGO.

Oh, a wonderful stream is the River Time,  
As it flows through the realm of Tears.  
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,  
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime  
As it blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow!  
And the summers like buds between;  
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go  
On the river's breast with the ebb and flow;

As they glide in the shadows and sheen.  
There's a magical Isle up the River Time,  
Where the softest airs are playing;  
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,  
And a voice as sweet as a vesper chime,  
And the June and the roses are staying.

And the name of this Isle is Long Ago,  
And we bury our treasures there;  
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—  
They are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!  
There are trinkets and tresses of hair,  
There are fragments of song that nobody sings,  
And a part of an infant's prayer,  
There's a harp unwept and a lute without strings,  
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,  
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore  
By the mirage is lifted in air;  
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar  
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before.

When the wind down the River is fair,  
Oh, remember for aye the blessed Isle  
All the day of our life till night,  
And when evening comes with its beautiful smile,  
And our eyes are closing in slumber awhile,  
May that "Greenwood" of soul be in sight.  
—Benj. F. Taylor.

"Social Uplifting, Including Co-operative Systems and the happiness and Ennoblement of Humanity." By E. D. Babbitt, LL. D., M. D. This comprises the last part of Human Culture and Cure. Paper cover, 15 cents. For sale at this office.

"Voltaire's Romances." Translated from the French. With numerous illustrations. These lighter works of the brilliant Frenchman, an invincible enemy of the Catholic church, are worthy of wide reading. Wit, philosophy and romance are combined, with the skill of a master mind. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

"Right Living." By Susan H. Wixon. The author shows a wise practicality in the method of teaching the principles of ethics. She illustrates her subject with many brief narratives and anecdotes, which render the book more interesting and more easily comprehended. It is especially adapted for use in Children's Lyceum. In the hands of mothers and teachers it may be made very useful. Young and old will be benefited by it. Cloth \$1. For sale at this office.

"Humanity, Its Nature, Powers and Possibilities." A concise, masterly presentation of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism. For sale at this office. Price 25 cents.

"Spiritual Fire Crackers, Bible Objections and Political Pin Points." By J. S. Harrington. A pamphlet containing 70 pages of racy reading. Price 25 cents. For sale at the office of *The Progressive Thinker*.

"Historical, Logical and Philosophical Objections to the Dogmas of Reincarnation and Re-Embodiment." By Prof. W. M. Lockwood. A keen and masterly treatise. Paper, 25 cents. For sale at this office.



## 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 would require a volume of space. The most condensed form and often clearness is perhaps sacrificed to this forced brevity. Proofs have to be omitted, and the style becomes thereby assertive, which of all things is to be deprecated. Correspondents are asked to wait with patience for the appearance of their questions and write letters of inquiry. The supply of matter is always abundant, and the editor is always ready to accept of it. Every one has to wait his time and place, and all are treated with equal favor.

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

HUDSON TUTTLE.

R. M. O., St. Louis: Q. What is the cause of the present "heated term," and do you agree with the theory of Prof. Serviss?

A. "Prof." Serviss, who has at once become a renowned astronomer, in the columns of the sensational press, has previously been quite unknown, and his explanation of the cause of the present excessive temperature shows that he has not mastered the subject except in his imagination. He says that the heat is caused by the "thinning" of the outer vaporous atmosphere of the sun, thus allowing the heat to pass through it. He also says that the "sun spots" indicate this great disturbance on the surface of the sun. This is entirely imaginary, and not a shadow of fact in its support.

It is exceedingly sensational, for if a "thinning of the vapor" raises the summer heat to the point of endurance, what would happen if by chance the vapors were all withdrawn, the furnace doors as it were, thrown wide open? Why would disappear in smoke as wisps of cotton in a flame?

Now that is a disaster which makes the flesh creep, and may be taken as the means by which the orthodox god is to wind up the final affairs of this earth! But as calm observers of the order of events, we are able to see that such national schemes, which are the products of an uncultured fancy. The unvarying order of the world is the basis of knowledge, and the source of the sublime confidence of the scientist.

If the heat came directly from the sun, and was augmented by the thinning of the vapor screen, then all parts of the earth would be equally affected. Florida would be as hot as Kansas, and the plains of Maine colder than the heated air of the corn in the valley of the Ohio.

Observation has proven that although sun spots have a decided effect on the magnetic currents of the earth, they have not on the temperature. They appear when the temperature is high, again when it is excessively low, or when it is at a desirable mean.

Superstition, knowledge, or want of knowledge given rise to crazy theories like this, and are fostered by "yellow journals," to the detriment of their readers who receive them as the dictates of science.

The waves which manifest heat when they reach the surface of the earth, are not heat waves as they pass through space, which they do not affect for it remains at a temperature lower than we can appreciate. It is when these waves strike the earth that they are transformed from waves of motion into vibrations of heat. The causes of this transforming are not well understood, but there is an increase of temperature as the conditions are perfect.

Electric vibrations are generated in the dynamo from motion, or force, which conducted along the trolley wire, are transformed by the electric current into force or motion. If conducted through the carbon of the electric lamp it is changed to light, and again through another device it is changed to heat. The vibrations from the sun in space as force, are changed by the great "transformer"—the earth, into electricity, light and heat.

The local differences of temperature on the earth's surface are to be sought not in the sun, but on the earth. There is always at the height of a mile or so, even in summer, an atmosphere below freezing, and the cooling breezes come down inclined planes of air of different density.

Varying temperatures of masses of air over various portions of the surface, keep up a constant interchange, and the rising of air into the upper atmosphere, and the cooling of air by condensation, and sliding down of the cold and denser air preserves a medium temperature.

A July sun is bearable if a thick layer of clouds shut off his rays, and if copious rain falls a great deal of heat is absorbed. On the other hand if there be a long day of clear sky, without absorbent moisture, the temperature of such conditioned region will continue to rise, and if there be added atmospheric conditions which create horizontal surface currents, instead of inclined, a "heated term" results.

The hot winds are surface currents in all cases, and the cool winds, and the terrible blizzard blasts are inclined currents. The first indication of a blizzard in the Northwest is the showing of the barometer that a vast mountain of air is drawn up, still farther Northward, as in Manitoba, and down its sides slide the terrific avalanches of frigid air. Meeting the warmer and hence moist currents, they bring out the last drop of water and hunt it along as snow.

It is a common occurrence for the temperature to drop twenty or thirty degrees by the change of the wind or the coming of storm clouds. During the late heated term it was observed that the temperature on some nights went up several degrees. What has the sun directly to do with the temperature rising in the night? Wind currents fully account for such facts—the hot blast with rising temperature, and the cold with its falling temperature. To show the utter absurdity of Prof. Serviss' speculation, it should apply to a "cold spell," as well as a "hot" one. In winter when the thermometer is at zero or below, it should be because the sun has tightly drawn his blanket around him and shut out his rays. But it is found that a lens concentrating his rays show they are the same summer or winter.

"Q. What part did Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine and Benjamin Franklin have in writing the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States?"

A. The history of the formation of these wonderful documents has been strangely garbled, and the plain facts perverted. Thomas Paine, by his own admitted admission, was the author of the "Common Sense" as much as Washington did with the sword. He gave expression to the public thought and encouraged the people to resist the oppressor. In this way he made popular the ideas which went into the declaration. But directly it does not appear from the evidence that he had any part.

It is recorded that on the 7th of June, 1776, Richard Henry Lee, a delegate to Congress from Virginia, moved that "these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states, and that a plan of confederation be prepared and sent to each of the respective colonies for their inspection and consideration."

Accordingly two committees were appointed, one to draft a Constitution, the other a Declaration. The latter committee was composed of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams and Benjamin Franklin. Roger Sherman and Robert R. Livingston. This great statement of the rights of man was drafted by Jefferson, chairman of the committee. The document in the original manuscript shows the slight modifications it received at the suggestion of other members.

The Constitution was of slow growth and represents the concrete political wisdom of the greatest statesmen the world ever saw. The articles of confederation of the colonies proved faulty, and a general revision was moved in Congress in 1787. The convention of delegates met in Philadelphia, May 14, 1787, and remained in session with closed doors, until September 17 following. The record of the debates was not made public until forty years afterward, and the curious reader will learn with what patience and profound thought every item was discussed, until it became like crystal.

George Washington was president of the convention. Thomas Jefferson, Hamilton, represented aristocratic ideas of government; Benjamin Franklin, the people, for the people. The only instance where full confidence was not given the people was in the choice of senators. This was yielded to the aristocratic idea which lingered in the minds of some of the men who had just escaped the rule of those ideas. One branch of the government should be placed beyond the direct control of the people. This is the only blot on this most wonderful instrument recorded in the history of the world.

Probably the wisdom of Franklin had more to do in its formation than any other member of the convention.

Thomas Jefferson was not a member.

### Premature Burials.

I suppose I have a communication from a fraternal brother that was buried alive, or at least so it appears to me. I am a believer in the continuance of life, and that change called death is but a natural one which is a part of the great chemical operand, continually evolving and re-evolving. I have known two cases of the kind I saw no doubt since it occurred, and from the same disease, pneumonia, the lungs fill and breath is suspended. The case I refer to, that I attended the funeral of, occurred some thirty years ago, and I made the remark to another brother and neighbor several years afterwards that I had always feared we buried Brother C. alive, and his reply was, "I have had the same thing in mind ever since."

Our cause for so believing was the same, viz., the so-called dead had peculiar fine veins on the end of the nose, showing to be very close to the surface and the blood kept a pink color, and he did not look really dead. The doctor said, or so we heard, but an hour or two before that he was getting along, and was better. I, too, was careless enough to tell my brother of the victim, children, long after, and I was sitting in a circle about a year ago with no one present that knew of this case, nor was it in mind in any conscious manner when the medium who seems to be somewhat clairvoyant and clairaudient, stated, "Here comes a man to you, Mr. D., who states he was buried alive, and that you know him." I asked if it was Brother C., and he replied, "Yes, that is he." I said, "I don't care to have my name in a circle about a year ago with no one present that knew of this case, nor was it in mind in any conscious manner when the medium who seems to be somewhat clairvoyant and clairaudient, stated, 'Here comes a man to you, Mr. D., who states he was buried alive, and that you know him.' I asked if it was Brother C., and he replied, 'Yes, that is he.' I said, 'I don't care to have my name in a circle about a year ago with no one present that knew of this case, nor was it in mind in any conscious manner when the medium who seems to be somewhat clairvoyant and clairaudient, stated, 'Here comes a man to you, Mr. D., who states he was buried alive, and that you know him.' I asked if it was Brother C., and he replied, 'Yes, that is he.' 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