

THE GREATEST DEBATE WITHIN A HALF-CENTURY UPON MODERN SPIRITUALISM

DISPUTANTS:

REV. MOSES HULL,

President New York State Spiritualists' Association,
Headquarters, Buffalo, N. Y.

—AND—

W. F. JAMIESON,

Secretary National Liberal League, Headquarters,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

PROPOSITION:

Resolved, That the phenomena and philosophy of Modern Spiritualism prove that departed spirits can communicate with mankind.

MR. HULL'S SECOND SPEECH.

Gentlemen Moderators, Ladies and Gentlemen:—There is nothing in the really eloquent speech of my opponent demanding such immediate attention but that it can wait until I naturally come to it. I will say to Mr. Jamieson, as the man in the parable said to his creditor, "Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all."

In my opening speech I gave you two out of many personal experiences on which for my respondent to apply his inductive methods of reasoning. Whether his reasoning is legitimate and good will appear after I shall have carried the argument begun in my former speech to its legitimate conclusion. I will now give you a few cases which antedate the work of even the Fox girls.

Dr. Kerner relates the fact of Madame Hauflfe going to Weinberg, a place in the mountains where she had never been before; nor had she ever seen or heard of any person there except Dr. Kerner. She had not been there more than one hour, when a spirit came to her and told her that he had been a wine merchant, and, I believe, gave his name. He said that his wife was about being wronged out of one thousand florins. He wanted her, the madame, to tell the bailiff where the papers were that would clear the matter up. She finally wrote the woman about the matter; they searched in vain for the papers. She described the paper, told where it was, and what was in it. They searched again and found the paper, and saved the thousand florins for the widow.

William Howitt relates this matter at length in Vol. 1, pp. 72, 73 and 74 of his History of the Supernatural. A quotation of a few lines from page 73 is all I have time to use.

"The high bailiff Heyd, drew up a statement and signed it, saying, that the man whose spirit had appeared, had conducted the business of wine merchant F—, and on his death there was a deficiency of one thousand florins, and the private book of the manager was missing. That proceedings had been taken against his widow on that account, when the whole was cleared up by the discovery of this paper through the appearance of the spirit through Mrs. Hauflfe. Mr. F—, the wine merchant, also gave a written attestation of the truth of these relations, saying that he previously had no belief in apparitions, nor in somnambules, but that his eyes and ears in this case had convinced him that there was no deception. That the affair, which had happened six years before, had ceased to be talked of; that he had not mentioned the subject of the paper to any one but the magistrate; and when it was now spoken of to him, he had difficulty in recalling the particular case."

What explanation is there of this case, except on the spiritual hypothesis? The matter of the wine merchant had been forgotten; he had been dead six years. More than that, Madame Hauflfe had never heard of him. There was no possibility of the facts being in her sub-consciousness. Everything proved true, and was attested by the bailiff.

How strange also, that this sub-consciousness, this od force, electricity or devil, should always claim to be some one who has lived before. In this case it professed to be one of whom the Madame had never heard, and one forgotten by others. The whole circumstance had even passed out of the mind of the bailiff. What is the reasonable conclusion, if not the one arrived at in Job xxxii:7, "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding?"

The following case is familiar to Mr. Jamieson. As Mr. Howitt's statement of facts has never, so far as I know, been questioned, I quote the matter as presented by him, Vol. 1, pp. 104, 105. You will find it also in

White's Life of Baron Swedenborg, and in Robert Dale Owen's "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World."

"Madame Hartville, the widow of the Dutch envoy in Stockholm, sometime after the death of her husband, received a demand from a goldsmith, Croon, for the payment for a silver service which her husband had ordered from him. The widow was confidently persuaded that her husband had been much too orderly to allow this debt to remain unpaid; but she could discover no receipt. In this trouble, and since the amount was considerable, she begged Baron Swedenborg to give her a call. After some apologies she ventured to say to him, that if he had the extraordinary gift, as all men affirmed, of conversing with departed souls, she hoped that he would have the goodness to inquire of her husband how it stood with the demand for the silver service. Swedenborg made no difficulty in meeting her wishes. Three days after this, the lady had a company of friends taking coffee with her; Baron Swedenborg entered, and in his matter of fact way informed her that he had spoken with her husband. That the debt had been discharged some months before his death, and that the receipt was in a certain cabinet which she could find in an upper room. The lady replied that this cabinet had been completely emptied, and amongst the whole of the papers this receipt could not be found. Swedenborg said that her husband had described to him, that if they drew forth a drawer on the left side, they would see a board, which, being pushed aside, they would find a concealed drawer, in which he kept his secret correspondence with Holland, and there this receipt would be found. On this representation, the lady took herself, with all the company, to the upper room. The cabinet was opened, they found the secret drawer described, of which she had hitherto known nothing, and in it the required paper, to the great amazement of all present."

One such fact as this ought to forever settle the question as to whether the spirit of this man Hartville had returned and communicated. Can any fact be more plainly proven? Will my opponent please be kind enough to inform this audience what would prove the existence and return of spirits, if this does not? If he will give us a specimen of the kind of proof needed I will try to supply him with it.

A thousand failures, or a thousand frauds, or a thousand things explainable on any other hypothesis will not explain this case away.

It is well known that in the year 1798 Baron Swedenborg, when in the city of Gottenberg, 300 miles from Stockholm, his home, described the process and work of a fire which was at that time raging in his own city. He told the very moment and place where the fire was put out.

Now, if materialism is true, if man can only see with his material eyes, then he cannot see beyond their range. No explanation of this occult phenomenon, or of these occult phenomena, can by any possibility be made, which will not carry the matter beyond the possibility of being explained on the materialistic hypothesis.

Unless Mr. Jamieson should think me inclined to neglect his effort, I will now make a few "feeble remarks" in reply to his speech.

I endorse all he says about debates in general; it seemed a little tedious to hear it over and over, as if he was the only man in the world who believed in the freedom of speech, or who had the courage of his convictions.

Mr. Jamieson occupies a peculiar position; he has nothing to sustain. His business is to attack. He finds much fault with Spiritualists in general because they manifest a reluctance about stopping their work and coming down to amuse him. His position is on a par with that of the incendiary, who finds fault with all the builders in the world because they will not stop their work of building to watch his dexterity in pulling down. It seems a little like adding insult to injury for the incendiary to demand that builders of homes for the poor should take a recess in their work to behold his expertness in building fires under what they have built. It took wisdom and skilled labor many years of hard toil to build Chicago, but the kick of a poor old crumple-horned cow could in three hours destroy all these years of labor. One incendiary can tear up more railroad track than a hundred skilled workmen can build. The Bible is right when it says, "One sinner destroyeth much good."

Perhaps if Mrs. Murphy's cow could speak or write, Chicago would have heard orations, and its papers would have been filled with "challenges" to all Chicago builders to give her an opportunity for a few more kicks. And when they failed to gratify her, they would have been faced with speeches on all Chicago, "actually standing back and cowering and trembling at what one little cow 'not five feet tall' has to say about their building cities that she can't burn down."

All this time, Mr. Jamieson informs us that Spiritualists are challenging the clergy to meet them in discussion. Now, supposing this to be true, which it is not, does that prove that Spiritualists are moral cowards as he intimates? By no means. The clergy have a following; Mr. Jamieson may be as able a debater as the average clergyman, but he is building nothing for himself nor is he harming others because the people do not pay any attention to what he says. They do not even listen to him.

As a general thing, there have not been so many people to listen to our debates in the past, as came to hear me when I had no opponent. Why should I cut my audience down for the sake of a debate? In Buffalo I speak to from two hundred to four hundred persons every Sunday night. I tried to get twenty of them to say they wanted a discussion; the one voice was, "Yes, if you can get Rev. Mr. Stauffer, Rev. Mr. Helms, or any other leading minister to debate, we will do all we can to make it a success. But we have no interest in a debate with a man who has nothing to build."

It is true that last fall I went over three thousand miles

to debate with Rev. Mr. Baer, when I would hardly have gone one hundred to meet Mr. Jamieson. Not because Mr. Jamieson is unworthy—not because he is not in every sense of the word quite as able a man as Mr. Baer, but because Mr. B. has a large following, and Mr. Jamieson has none. Mr. Baer preaches in the largest church and to the largest audience in the city where he lives. His people believe in him, and thus both he and I were furnished with an audience which neither of us could get were we delivering lectures. It does not pay to stop to debate with every individual who is traversing the country in search of a reputation. I do not want Mr. Jamieson to take this last sentence as applying to him. He has a reputation—perhaps too much of a reputation; that may be the reason why he happens to be out of a job. The world knows of his iconoclastic work in the past.

Once more, I must say, Mr. Jamieson is mistaken about Spiritualist lecturers going about the country and challenging the clergy for debate. There are not more than three or four among all our lecturers who ever debate or could be induced to do so. Please, Brother Jamieson, do not accuse our lecturers of something of which they are profoundly innocent.

Now, Mr. Jamieson, "suffer the word of exhortation," do not spend any more of our precious time in complaints about our not being willing to "face the music." Bring on your music. Prove yourself worthy by building up something worthy of defense; build some church, cult, or guild—get a following somewhere, in this big world, then it will be in order for you to issue your challenges. Until you do that you have not proved yourself worthy the attention of the world. With the exception of my brother, D. W. Hull, and myself, you will generally be answered by everybody in the language of Nehemiah, "We are doing a great work and cannot come down."

Friend Jamieson's little joke about not seeing my soul I will allow for the present to pass. There are many things he has not seen. The poor man has lost his own soul; until he finds that it will be useless for him to go in search for mine.

He next treats us to a homily on what he calls "dubious conditions." Some of this may be true. The communications and manifestations may not always be on tip for him; nor may they be as exact nor as full as might be wished. Frauds may reap a rich harvest in this field, as they do in others. Counterfeiters may, here as elsewhere, find those who will take their "green goods." Everything good I believe is counterfeited. I rejoice to know that there are no counterfeiters on Brother Jamieson's kind of Materialism. I have heard it said that copper coin is too cheap to counterfeit.

Notwithstanding the frauds and counterfeiters playing in the name of Spiritualism, all who really have a right to know acknowledge that, at least there is in the so-called phenomena, a residuum of fact which can be accounted for on no other known hypothesis than that they come from departed human spirits. In the Spiritual field we may sometimes as in other fields have to sift a great deal of chaff in order to get a little wheat; yet the wheat is there, and millions have found it. This is confessed by the best men—the most competent witnesses in every department of the thinking world—men who, to say the least, are capable of observing and examining as my respected opponent. Let me present one case in addition to what has already been presented.

I need not tell my opponent who Dr. W. F. Barrett is. I will say to those who do not know, that he is professor of experimental physics in the Royal Academy, in Dublin. This great savant says:

"It is well known to those who have made the phenomena of Spiritualism the subject of prolonged and careful inquiry, that the spirit of exact and unimpassioned research, that beneath a repellent mass of imposture and delusion there remain certain indubitable and startling facts which science can neither explain nor deny."

Here, this wise professor, takes the only sensible and tenable ground. This great man acknowledges the imposture and deception in the name of Spiritualism. "Yet," said he, "there are indubitable and startling facts which science can neither explain nor deny." If Spiritualism, claimed that there never had been any frauds practiced in its name, then Mr. Jamieson's arguments would be to the point, but under the circumstances they are as foreign to the point in debate as a dissertation would be on "skinning eels and shoeing horses."

Nor do we claim that communications are as minute and perfect as communications generally are in this world. We should all remember that we are at the bottom of an ocean of atmosphere; and that though we may not always be able to speak to our friends on the top side of life, face to face as we might wish, yet, when conditions are favorable, by the use of a code of signals, we may be able to receive enough from them so that we can know that death has not stricken them out of existence. It is true that while the world was growing from worse than Jamiesonian ignorance of the causes of certain phenomena upward toward Spiritualism, it witnessed many strange phenomena, which before its power to reason inductively had developed it characterized as gnomes, fairies, witches, devils and satyrs. I am far from denying that the phenomena occurred; I only think the hypotheses of those who witnessed them were reached, as are those of my friend, without taking in all the facts.

It is not safe to reject the fact that the world has witnessed strange phenomena because it has not been able to give the true philosophy of the causes which produced them.

Marine deposits have been found by travelers on the tops of very high mountains. Such bishops as Horne and Watson, and such commentators as Clarke and Henry have said these marine shells afford abundant proof of the Noachian deluge. That hypothesis is now universally rejected, but that rejection does not deny the fact that these fossils were found as claimed.

I gave you the testimony of Dr. Johnson. Of that testimony, Mr. Jamieson, true to his idiosyncrasies, makes light; but facts seldom "down" even before the fun of one who finds it more easy to create a laugh than to get down to downright argument.

Mr. Jamieson wants facts; when they are presented, he meets them with odium scientificum, or rather odium materialisticum, which he pours all over such great men as Dr. Samuel Johnson, a man who stood head and shoulders above any or all of his traducers. He claims that he wants a "this year's fact." Very well; this year is young yet, but it is not altogether barren of facts. Only last Saturday night, in the city of Buffalo, the impression came to me that Mr. Jamieson would demand facts of today, as though they were better than those of a year old, so at our celebration of the fifty-third anniversary of the Hydeville manifestations I invited one of our modest little home mediums to occupy the rostrum for a few moments. It was Mrs. C. Lewis Chase. She occupied in all less than fifteen minutes. In that time she gave no less than eight out-and-out, clear-cut, square-toed tests. I made notes of a few of them; here they are. She said to a lady—a stranger, "Lady, Cornelia comes to you, and brings Martin and the babe. She says it looks dark for your father." He has brain trouble. Cornelia asks me to tell you that you can keep your father with you for some time yet by careful attention. Keep him as quiet as possible. Even where he is surely in the wrong do not cross him; you can control him if you do not let him know it. You must urge Walter to be more independent. He lacks the stamina one who fills his position needs." The lady recognized every part of the test.

She then called a lady to her—one whom I knew well, and gave her tests concerning her children. These tests I knew to be true.

Another spirit came and said, "I want Helen. She sits near the rear of the Temple on the right hand side of the aisle; the sixth row from the rear. My name is Susan." A lady arose and said, "I am Helen, and I know who Susan is; she was a dear friend of mine, but not a relative." "No," said the spirit, "but I want to send a message to James; he is rather too independent." "Yes," said the lady, "James is Susan's brother. He occupies a position where he has to deal with a great many unreasonable people; sometimes he does not have the patience with them he should."

The medium then said, "There is a man whose name is Wright, and he says he was right. He wants to speak to his son, James Wright. He says, 'Jimmie, do right, and you will come out all right.' He says, 'You don't live here. You belong in the east—in Vermont. All your possessions are there.' The man acknowledged that the play upon the word Wright meant. He had never seen nor heard of the medium before. I select these as the first three out of about a dozen communications, all given in less than fifteen minutes. We had two other of our home mediums there—Mrs. Coats and Mrs. Alcheson. Each of them gave tests as definite as those described. I took notes of what they gave, to use, if need be in this discussion, but by mistake I left the notes at home.

Such things seldom, if ever occurred before the days of Modern Spiritualism. Now I ask, is it as reasonable to suppose that a trick, sub-consciousness, electricity, or some other outlandish thing should come in thousands of instances, and give the names of your friends, and tell so often just what your friends might be expected to tell, as that it should be just what it professes to be? Did these intelligences ever in the world come and claim to be sub-consciousness? Did this influence ever call itself electricity? Is there anything in the universe except stony-headed and stony-hearted Materialism that could imagine such a thing? Surely, the one who is determined not to admit the true explanation, but grasps at subterfuges, as drowning people do at straws, is in a thorny path.

"Martin Luther," says Brother Jamieson, "honestly believed in a personal Satan, hook, hoof, horns and all. How easily Mr. Hull by such argument could establish the existence of his Satanic Majesty."

Now is not that profound! Such passages as this contain the proof that Brother Jamieson is not yet entitled to occupy a chair in Logic in any of our great universities. Luther had come out against many of the dogmas of the Romish church. Millions of monks had passed from that church to the other side of life. Millions of them had not yet outgrown their old theology. Now, what would be more natural or likely to happen, if spirits can return, as I have already proved, than for these old Catholics to come back? They would perhaps, have been fighting Luther had they remained in the form.

Luther believed in two almost Almighty powers—one of them helping him in his warfare upon Catholicism; the other using all its force against him. Now what would be more natural, than for him, when he saw certain phenomena, which were working against him, to accuse the devil of being their author? What more natural, when he saw one of those departed monks than to think he had actually caught sight of his Satanic Majesty? and, when he hurled the bottle of ink at him, what is there more natural than to think he was assailing his adversary, the devil, with the only weapon he had at hand?

Luther's experience can be brought forward as proof that he witnessed certain phenomena; they may have been materializations. His limited knowledge in spiritual matters led him to think he had actually been in company with the devil.

We, observing the matter from the high altitude of Spiritualism interpret all these things as proofs that the so-called dead are not dead. Both the good and the bad—the wise and the ignorant can return. Something came to Luther; that is one of the proofs to us that Dr. Johnson was correct. The dead can return and are seen. To be continued.

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IMPORTANT MATTER FROM OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES

LIGHT, LONDON, ENGLAND.

ETHER AND MATTER.

In a Note in Light of October 12, commenting upon the significant utterances of Lord Kelvin, with regard to the change in the opinions of scientific men that had taken place within the last fifty years, a doubt is expressed whether we ought to call the hypothetical ether "matter" or "spirit." It is made: "It does not behave like it." It, in fact, behaves a good deal more like a "disembodied spirit."

With all deference I confess I am puzzled how a "disembodied spirit" behaves, nor have I ever come across anyone who could tell. In fact, I challenge anyone to say that he or she has ever seen, heard, or even thought of a disembodied spirit.

Please do not think that I am quibbling with words or attempting to deny that "spirits" exist on other planes than the physical, for I have seen, heard and touched them; but "disembodied spirits" never!

great occult and spiritual schools of thought:

1. Spirit is different from matter.
2. Spirit can only be manifested through matter. "No one has seen the Father," said Jesus Christ.
3. The term "matter" refers to the underlying "substance," "stuff," or "thing," the various motions of which constitute Nature, or the manifested universe.

4. Every thing or being that is manifested to the senses, and even to the finest clairvoyant sight, must be formed out of "matter," however fine. To speak of a "disembodied spirit" is tantamount to speaking of "The Absolute," which, we have it on the highest authority, no one has ever seen.

5. What is meant by a "disembodied spirit," of course, is a being clothed in a form too fine for the physical sight to see. The so-called "spirit" has always a material form or body, but not a physical form or body.

6. There is nothing at all inherently impossible in the idea of an individual dwelling in this fine body condensing more matter round his form and thus temporarily bringing it to the level of the physical plane. Materialization is constantly going on in nature. Water is nothing but a process of materialization.

7. Electricity, magnetism, nerve force, chemical action are modes of motion of "matter," the hypothetical ether, which every day becomes less of an hypothesis, and more of a necessary postulate, no one has ever seen.

8. The terms "a spirit," "a disembodied spirit," etc., serve no purpose whatever, but that of confusing the mind, for they are based upon misconception; whereas by mapping out, or dividing, "matter" into varying planes or degrees of fineness and grossness, on which an individual spirit acts, the hopeless confusion which seems to exist in so-called "spiritualistic" and "materialistic" circles will be avoided, and the way paved for a more or less complete understanding of important questions with which human evolution is intimately connected.

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FRAU ROTHE'S DIRECT WRITING. In the October number of "Spiritistische Rundschau" there is—as usual—paper by Professor Sellin dealing with the Rothe case. It is headed, "Einwandfrei"—free from reproach, or, as we should usually say, "above suspicion." The only portion of it requiring notice occurs near the end, and contains an account of an unpremeditated manifestation of direct writing, which, according to Professor Sellin, belongs to the category of those phenomena which he calls "einwandfrei." Whether this instance is quite happily selected, readers can judge for themselves. Here is a translation of the Professor's narrative:

"I now come to another phase of the Rothe mediumship, that of direct writing. For this, happily, the term is involved in interesting and drawing again is not required; all that is wanted is open eyes. A wonderful criticster of one of my short accounts of the first writing I obtained in Chemnitz, published in "Psychische Studien," tries to make out that suspicion even there was not absent. I think the gentleman was named Kallbe, and I can only say, in reference to the above, that he must for the time being have forgotten how to read, when my narrative was before him."

"At Zurich the occurrence was somewhat different. It took place at a vegetarian restaurant, at which we had just paid our bill. Frau Rothe had risen to make preparations for leaving, when at that moment the fixed expression on her features showed that she had entered the trance condition. A sheet of paper appeared in her hands; from where she produced it, I cannot say. I only know that I took it from her and found it blank, and that Herr Jentsch told me, in answer to my inquiry, that it was one of the sheets he used at the hotel. Frau Rothe then pushed the sheet about, under the tablecloth and laid her hands upon it, the fingers of the right hand laying almost as if she were writing. When this ceased, Frau Rothe passed me the sheet, which was covered on the first and last pages with the well-known handwriting of the supposed Paul, beginning with the words, 'The middle page was blank. The writing was as follows:—'

Here follows a poem of twenty-two lines, commencing thus. Of course the translation does not give the rhymes:

"In life I am fully compensated, And share with thee both toll and rest. While still I dwell in mind and years, Thou stoost at thy mother's grave, etc."

Written Thursday, 18. 8. midday, half past one in Zurich.

Professor Sellin adds: "I think the whole proceeding, like a dozen other similar cases of direct writing, may be considered by all persons possessed of sound judgment as 'einwandfrei.'"

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I am a strong advocate of peace, for when I gazed upon the pale faces of my comrades in '01 and '02, the spirit of war departed forever, and I can see no grander field where the human soul can work than in the education and uplifting of humanity.

FRANK L. HILDRETH, Worcester, Mass.

INCONSISTENCY.

Palliative Reflections Concerning Oszlogosz' Crime.

Even a Spiritualist of forty years' standing will get disgusted at the shallow brains of mankind sometimes. The other morning I entered a car to ride down town about 7:30, and was greeted by the conductor with, "Well, Mr. H., I suppose the miserable fool who shot President McKinley is being put out of the way about this time; don't you think it is all right?"

"No, sir; I think it about as poor a use of a car as can be put to."

"Are you an anarchist?" he asked. "No, sir, but I have some common sense left, and have made a practice of studying such cases about three hours a day, to see if there was not something hidden beneath the surface, that we made no note of, urging men to commit such deeds."

"But you forget God's command," spoke up a woman at my side. "What command?" "Why, the Bible says, 'An eye for an eye, and a life for a life.'"

"Madam," does not your record speak of a so-called Jesus, who said, 'A new commandment give unto you, That ye love one another? Pray, who is your best and wisest authority? Moses or Jesus? Silence in the car.'

form and allowed him to be used for such a purpose? Why are not all who come to our shores required to present a "certificate of character" from the ruler of the province where they resided in Europe, ere being received here? Who asked his mother if there were any prenatal conditions surrounding her child that would lead him to do such an act? Were the centuries of oppression on the part of tyrants a factor, like a slumbering volcano that burst forth when the right conditions were brought to bear?

By removing the body of this misled man we have not crushed nor removed anything. The multitude do not seem to consider that, when we seek for sympathy within our grasp while in prison, but that now his spirit is set free to inflict untold injury upon mankind. Question the multitude and they will admit that each body has a soul to guide it, but they have seen to drive a stake for the limit, and have no thought beyond that point.

Would I condone these murderous acts? Certainly not; but I would condemn the dangerous individuals and ere sending their souls to spirit life, where no one wants them, would seek for every means that patience, or wealth, could command, to educate and uplift these legacies of a tyrannical government; for we shall have them upon this earth while klags and emperors are allowed to have unlimited sway over their fellow-men.

I am a strong advocate of peace, for when I gazed upon the pale faces of my comrades in '01 and '02, the spirit of war departed forever, and I can see no grander field where the human soul can work than in the education and uplifting of humanity.

FRANK L. HILDRETH, Worcester, Mass.



WOMAN'S TRANCE PHENOMENA

PUZZLE SCIENTISTS.

Recent declarations of Mrs. Leonora E. Piper, the trance medium, of her disbelief in the spirit authorship of the messages she has given to the world through the Society for Psychical Research has renewed a controversy that had its origin years ago, when she first attracted the attention of scientists. There is one thing, however, on which they all seemed to be agreed, and that is that she is not in all that she does, she having successfully submitted herself to every condition they imposed to discover trickery or deceit. Volumes have been published about her in the proceedings of the society of which she is called to be a member and for which she is under contract to sit exclusively for a fee, it is said, of \$20 a sitting.

The investigation of cases which has been carried on continuously and persistently since Professor William James of Harvard university, fourteen years ago, began seriously to study the influences that possessed her, has been thorough and judicial, and there has been no attempt to prejudice the public or to advocate any pet theory. In fact, there have been attempts made to disprove her by members of the society who did not find the tests they made satisfactory.

It has been found and so reported, for instance, that the intellectual attainments of "Phinuit," Mrs. Piper's control, were noticeably limited to her knowledge. Although he professes to be a French physician who died about 1800, he has shown a lamentable ignorance of his own language. Concerning his inability to speak French, "Phinuit's" original explanation to Dr. Richard Hodgson, secretary for America of the society, was that he had lived in Metz the latter part of his life; there were many English there, so that he was compelled to speak English and had forgotten his French.

SPIRIT USES MUCH BLANG.

Dr. Hodgson replied that this explanation was very surprising, and a much more plausible one would be that he was obliged to use the brain of the medium, and would therefore manifest more familiarity with French than he possessed. This suggestion appeared to "Phinuit" also more plausible, since a few days later he offered it himself to another sitter as an explanation of his inability to sustain a conversation in French. No attempt has apparently been made to test "Phinuit's" explanation where he acquired his extensive vocabulary of distinctly American oaths and slang of the New England variety which he uses freely and with great familiarity. Of course, this is quite alien to the manners of Mrs. Piper. He has been questioned about his life on this earth, but not one of his statements admits of verification.

Notwithstanding his claims of high rank as a physician, "Phinuit's" medical knowledge does not extend beyond what Mrs. Piper may have read in "Domestic Medicine." He always gives the common or vulgar names of the medicines he describes and never their botanical ones. Similar limitations have been shown in his references to history, literature and science. "Imperator," Mrs. Piper's latest and present control, has also shown a shocking ignorance of some of the most common literary things. He tells the scientific men who are seekers after biological knowledge that the "interior," the "spirit," comes in "in the bird and the monkey," not in the horse or the dog; for "the brain of each is of a lower quality and has practically no mind." He says, "interiors," but no other animal has except man. He is equally shaky when he discusses chemistry and physics, as when he says that "the ethereal or spiritual body is composed of air, light and a large amount of hydrogen."

MEDIUM FILLED WITH ETHER.

And again, "The body of the medium becomes filled with ether, and it is until it is so distended that it cannot contain any more." Then there is an "ether body" which "is a subtle and exquisite matter known to us as vacuum, not on the same plane as hydrogen." To relieve the confusion into which the minds of the scientists who were seeking light were thrown, the medium explains that "vacuum is like an empty room," "Receptor," another control, but on an equally high plane of intelligence, is authority for the statement that "the spiritual ether is not composed of oxygen and hydrogen. It is composed of the finer tissues termed luminiferous ether."

"Receptor," a third control, plunges recklessly into historical and literary matters and flounders around in this style when professing to be Ulysses, speaking of Achilles: "He was the murderer who slew Hector. His intentions were not evil; it was an insane impulse." After having relieved Achilles of his burden, Ulysses gave way to the spirit of George Eliot, who described a meeting she had with Lord Byron, who said oracularly: "You have questioned my reality. Question it no more. I am Shakespeare." That will probably account for there having been no communication received from the man who on earth posed as Shakespeare. Dr. Hodgson gives many experiences he has had with Mrs. Piper, and shows that there is no continuity of memory between Mrs. Piper and her controls. "On one occasion," he says, "not long before a sitting Mrs. Piper was startled by a very near clap of thunder and 'Phinuit,' on being afterward questioned, appeared to have no knowledge of the circumstances, and apparently tried to guess at what had occurred. Similarly on questioning 'Phinuit' at one of my early sittings concerning the life of Mrs. Piper, he professed ignorance on the subject, but said that he would find out things about her. At another sitting he said that he had been enjoined by Mrs. Piper's relatives not to talk about her and her family (members of which at that time occasionally resorted to 'Phinuit' for information and advice). Soon afterward, however, 'Phinuit' told me of his connection with Mrs. Piper, which I think that Mrs. Piper herself would never have mentioned to me, but it is uncertain whether he possessed this knowledge by virtue of Mrs. Piper possessing it, or whether he acquired it by whatever supernatural means he uses in his ordinary sittings or simply by conversations with Mrs. Piper's relatives."

TEST FOR MRS. PIPER.

Professor James has given the following account of a test to which ten years ago Mrs. Piper was subjected. "Mrs. Piper was seated before the latter of which would have been a good test of actual spirit return. This sister,

Miss H. W., wrote upon her deathbed a letter, sealed it and gave it to Mrs. B. After her death no one knew what words it contained. Mrs. B., not then knowing Mrs. Piper, entrusted to me the sealed letter and asked me to give to Mrs. Piper some article of the deceased sister's personal apparel to help her to get at its contents. This commission I performed. Mrs. P. gave correctly the full name which even I did not know—of the deceased sister. Finally, after a delay and ceremony which occupied several weeks on 'Phinuit's' part, dictated what purported to be a copy of the letter. This I compared with the original—of which Mrs. B. permitted me to read the seal—but the two letters had nothing in common nor was any of the numerous domestic facts alluded to in the medium's letter acknowledged by Mrs. Blodgett to be correct. Mrs. Piper was equally unsuccessful in two later attempts which she made to reproduce the contents of this document, although both times the revelation purported to come direct from its deceased writer."

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST DECEPTION.

The precautions taken by the scientific men investigating Mrs. Piper to prevent collusion and deception have been many and apparently conclusive. In England, especially, she was subjected to a surveillance that would seem to make it impossible for her to practice fraud, and there has thus far been no suggestion of any quarter that fraud has been practiced.

The methods of imposture which suggested themselves to the inquirers as preliminary possibilities to be guarded against were inquiry by paid agents, inquiry by correspondence, catelism of servants or children, research in family papers, study of photographs, dates of arrival and departure, albums, use of dictionaries and biographies, prowling about the house at night with skeleton keys and bribing servants to name the sister. Mrs. Piper arrived in Liverpool, England, on Nov. 10, 1889. She was twice in Cambridge, twice in London and twice in Liverpool, at dates arranged for her by the society under whose auspices she went abroad. When in London she stayed at lodgings selected by the society; when in Liverpool, in Professor Lodge's house, and when in Cambridge, at the house of Mr. Myers or Professor Slidgwick. No one of her hosts or their wives carried any suspicion, or, as Mr. Myers said, "I took great pains to avoid giving information in talk, and a more complete security is to be found in the fact that we were ourselves ignorant of many of the facts given as to our friends' relations, etc."

On the whole, I believe that all observers, both in America and England, who have seen enough of Mrs. Piper in both states to be able to form a judgment upon her, agree in affirming that many of the facts given could not have been learned by a skilled detective; that to learn of them, although possible, would have needed an expenditure of money as well as of time which it seems impossible to suppose that Mrs. Piper could have met, and that her conduct has never given any ground whatever for supposing her capable of fraud or trickery. Few persons have been so long and so carefully observed, and she has left on all observers the impression of thorough uprightness, candor and honesty."

On the other hand, there are equally high authorities who while not denying Mrs. Piper's good faith, regard the whole thing as the cheapest kind of charlatanism. Professor Macallister thought the "whole performance an imposture and a poor one." Professor Pierce says: "'Phinuit' seemed to me to be constantly groping after indications from me to correct and direct his intelligence, and in some cases he seemed to be so directed. The sitting is a struggle for knowledge to which the sitters are entitled. That is what I call 'Phinuit,' a preposterous scoundrel." Professor Charles Elliot Norton thought Mrs. Piper's condition "analogous to those of an ill person dreaming a suggested dream, in which trains of dreams to which the dreamer has been accustomed are modified by the special light of the moment." Dr. W. Mitchell, a thorough and qualified observer as a physician and a man of the world, says that had he not heard Professor James' statements he would have come to the conclusion "that the whole thing was a fraud and a very stupid one."

MRS. PIPER AS A MEDIUM.

The problem of psychic research is so intimately connected with the name of Mrs. Piper that a word regarding the phenomena of her mediumship may contribute to the elucidation of the phenomena produced through her organism. She becomes entranced; a little table is drawn up to her left side, with cushions, and on which she is supported. In this perfectly unconscious state her right hand is stretched out where a table with writing pad and pencils is placed, and her own hand writes the messages. The theory is that her hand is used as the instrument by the unseen person present, and this theory is one supported by so authoritative a number of testimony that no attempt to repudiate it will be made here. The records of the Society for Psychical Research offer such overwhelming evidence from representative names all over the world that he who runs may read. Those who have experimented with Mrs. Piper's mediumship are not the makers—not makers of any psychological phenomena. Her organism is apparently a species of telephonic transmitter and the communication resolves itself into a conversation of mingled speaking and writing—oral on the part of the sitters; written through the hand of Mrs. Piper on the part of those in the unseen.—Chicago Chronicle.

"Encyclopedia of Biblical Spiritualism; or a Concordance of the Principal Passages of the Old and New Testament Scriptures which prove or imply Spiritualism; together with a brief history of the origin of many of the important books of the Bible." By Moses Hull. The well-known talented and scholarly author has here embodied the results of his many years' study of the Bible in its relations to spiritualism. As its title denotes, it is a veritable encyclopedia of information on the subject. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

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WALK DAY AND NIGHT.

Strange Happenings Near Glenside, Pa.

Strange, indeed, are the happenings in a house, quite a few miles from Glenside Station. The house of Charles S. Stout, so the tale goes, has been visited by an evil spirit, and as a result the family is much wrought up over the affair.

On Thursday of last week a brand new umbrella was found on the lawn near the house. Stout, who is a bachelor, strange about that, but it had hardly been taken inside the building, when, according to the family, several mysterious things happened. A picture which had been hanging on the bathroom door was found suspended on the wall in the room of Stout's twelve-year-old daughter, Florence. When Florence was alone in the kitchen there was a sound as if some one was rapping upon the window. Stout, who is a bachelor, strange about that, but it had hardly been taken inside the building, when, according to the family, several mysterious things happened. A picture which had been hanging on the bathroom door was found suspended on the wall in the room of Stout's twelve-year-old daughter, Florence. When Florence was alone in the kitchen there was a sound as if some one was rapping upon the window. 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TAKE NOTICE!

A three months' subscription to The Progressive Thinker will be sent out for 25 cents, only about 2 cents per week. Anyone who has the least interest of the cause at heart can pay that amount. You can send in a club of seven new names and \$1, and the paper will be sent to them for three months as a starter. Be careful and not include in this list anyone who has been a subscriber.

Be Large.

Spiritualism goes marching on and on. Every truth given by its enemies only arouses greater activity in the ranks; inspires the leaders with new courage; calls the attention of some hitherto obscure thinker to its philosophy, and great good is derived from the intended injury. If this is true why does it not work both ways and aid the church to continue calling public attention to it. The dog that is getting chewed up is the one that gets the world's sympathy. Let us care not for the thrills; let us parry not with a wounded foe, there are many able ones for us to win the good will of by showing that we have the highest aim and broadest love and kindness even for those that, understanding not, hate us and libel us before the world. There is an eternal something when the unjust shall be made the just; the broad and supreme goodness shall shine to the universal whole regardless of petty personalities that seem to nag and prod the very soul at times. Be large and the world will know you are large; be kind and the world will return your kindness.

Ingersoll and Spiritualism.

Ingersoll tore down the walls of the narrow heaven of the past, the far away imaginary throne and set the hypnotized world to thinking, but left them without much hope for a future existence. Spiritualism holds out to those rendered homeless and hopeless the hand of the spirit; the love of the companion, the little babe, the mother and father, and says "You shall see them again." The parting words have not been forgotten by them any more than by the mortals left behind. It says "They have only gone to prepare a place for you," and tells you to prepare the way; that you begin over there just where you leave off here. In a great measure it lifts the veil or curtain that hangs between the two worlds and invites intercommunication between mortals and those they called dead. No wonder those who have long been blinded by the old teachings are ecstatic in their demonstrations of appreciation when the veil is pulled aside for the first time and they are shown the light of truth, the door of the future world, the reality of life everlasting. It is not to be wondered at. The wonder is that mortals could be so unbalanced by the change, by the unbalanced, and the beautiful certainty established in place of the old uncertainty. Ingersoll has done a good work, and left the finishing to Spiritualism.

Better Tell the Truth.

Rev. C. A. Blanchard, president of Wheaton College, is reported to have said a few Sundays ago in his sermon, that the pulpit is enslaved to Mammon; that the minister is the tool of Wealth, and is obliged to preach to suit the whims and caprice of the rich men who pay their salary. "The pulpit does not express its honest convictions," he said. "Crooking the pregnant hinges of the knee, it meekly bows to the coterie of wealthy men who foot the bills. I have hesitated to say things I know should be said, and I know a majority of you have had the same experience." That is a confession in a high place, but it is said in an honest one is good for the soul. In doctrinal matters if the preachers would declare their honest convictions, just as they express them confidentially in private conversation, and there is scarcely a creed in Christendom which would not go by the board in no time. The pulpit fears the pews, and the pews are reluctant to break with the pulpit, so each plays a false game to the ruin of each. It won't always be so. Trust our word for that.

"Longley's Beautiful Songs." Vol. 2.

Sweet songs and music for home and social meetings. For sale at this office, Price 15 cents.

More Relics of Buddha.

Now news comes from the Orient telling of the unearthing in Nepal, a country of northern Hindustan, occupying the southern slope of the Himalayas, of a tope containing relics of Gautama, the Wise, usually known as Buddha. This tope was 85 feet in diameter at the base, and like all others of its kind, was circular and arched, forming a dome-like structure. This was built of concentric layers of huge burned bricks more than a foot in length and breadth. Such a length of time had passed since its construction no one knew its age. It was entirely covered with debris, forming a large mound. After digging through eighteen feet of solid brickwork, a large slab was exposed, which proved to be the top of a coffer, box shaped, of sandstone beautifully carved, within which were found five vases. All were of soapstone save one which was carved out of rock crystal, in which, says the account, was a marvelous collection of gold stars, pearls, beryls, topazes and other jewels.

As Buddha was cremated at his death, about 400 years before our era, it is probable one of these vases contained the ashes of the great teacher. Smaller topes have been opened, in which were vases and relics. One 30 feet in diameter, built of rough stones without mortar, probably erected during the reign of Asoka, 250 years before our era, was opened in 1822. A relic-box was found therein of white sandstone about 10 inches square. In this were four small earthenware vessels of burnt human bones. Another tope was opened in 1851, by Major Cunningham, in which relics of missionaries sent out by Asoka to doctrinize the East, were found. Eighty thousand of these missionaries were sent to all countries then known, and some of their sacred books were preserved in these wonderful monuments, one of which, and probably the oldest, is just discovered as narrated.

Rhys Davids, LL.D., who wrote the article entitled Buddhism in the Encyclopedia Britannica, Vol. 4, p. 438, and who is unquestioned authority on Buddhism, having written and published an elaborate work on the subject, in 1875, says of Lamalism, the Thibetan branch of Buddhism: "Its shaven priests, its bells and rosaries, its images and holy water, its popes and bishops, its abbots and monks of many grades, its processions and feast-days, its confessional and purgatory, and its worship of the double Virgin, so strongly resemble Romanism, that the first Catholic missionaries thought it must be an imitation by the devil of the religion of Christ."

It is too bad that we have no relic of the accredited founder of Christianity save two old shirts, by way of distinction called coat of arms, which is admitted by Catholics to be a fraud, his swaddling clothes, and a wrist-bone of his grandmother. The wars of the Crusades, with the sacrifice of six millions of lives, it is claimed, were waged to rescue the holy sepulchre from the Saracens; but, sad to relate, the Lord, taking the Gospels for authority, never rested in it but a part of two nights. Had it been found by the Crusaders it would have been a splendid relic.

One Case in Thousands.

"Mother, if I were you I wouldn't read that book," said a college student to his maternal ancestor the other day. The parents were rather liberal in thought, but had refrained from trying to indoctrinate their son in their own faith, and he had absorbed the bigotry of the dominant religion while at school. The book was one of Mr. Tenney's, advertised in these columns, entitled "The Earth Not Created." The young man was applying in a valid way that spirit of Catholicism which prohibits the faithful from reading certain prohibited books, because their tendency is to make heretics. The authorized English version of the Bible is one of those prohibited books.

Instead of teaching people to read, and exercise reason with good common sense in regard to what they read, rejecting the false and accepting the true, the policy of the church has been and is, to taboo knowledge, and keep churchmen in leading strings, slaves to old-time opinions, whose origin began in barbarism.

It was but little more than fifty years ago when Spiritualism began its inroads on the old faith. Its members, frequently expelled from the church for enlarging their faith, once free from its restraint, began to read and think for themselves. A generation later that bold, fearless, and eloquent work, His Good Humor, well-turned periods, fund of anecdote, terrible invective and hits at orthodoxy, very frequently copied by the secular press, set the world to thinking. The "Index Prohibitorius" lost its efficacy, and people whose lives had been governed by the idea, "Mother, I wouldn't read that book," had commenced reading anything that shows up the fallacy of prevailing creeds.

The young man referred to will complete his collegiate education, all the time restrained by preceptors and classmates, and will not dare think outside of established lines. Susceptible to external impressions he may become psychologized and led away into the church; but as the years advance, and he mingles more and more with the world the influence wears off. Perchance he will take up some book which exposes the fallacy of his school-day teaching. He begins for the first time to reason on the subject. He learns how to read and how to think, and how to use his own eyes and ears, and how to use the words of others as proselyting agents; then, like millions of other advanced thinkers, he will break away from the church, mortified that he had not the manliness to investigate for himself, and chagrined that he was so thoughtless as to try and prevent his well-informed mother from reading that book. He will then, like millions of other advanced thinkers, he will break away from the church, mortified that he had not the manliness to investigate for himself, and chagrined that he was so thoughtless as to try and prevent his well-informed mother from reading that book.

"Gleanings from the Rostrum." By A. B. French. Cloth, \$1. For sale at this office.

A Plea for the Disgruntled.

A fine plea for greater toleration of thought is entered by Forest S. Green in the Chicago Record-Herald. His views are worthy the judicial consideration of Spiritualists, as well as others, when he says:

As I read the varied contributions to your "Battle Ground of Modern Thought," I am reminded that Marcus Aurelius said something to the effect that "it is all a matter of opinion." The mind with a new idea must not only bring abundant proofs, but must also club its way through a double line of bigots—the church bigots (in whatever country), whose interpretation of scripture may be disturbed by the new thought, and the "scientific" bigots, who never discover anything new themselves, who must always have a precedent, and all of whose beliefs and education are from 10 to 100 years old.

The fact is that we must answer "I don't know" to many questions. This is true of the commonest things in life as well as of religious and economic subjects, and the quicker we all recognize it the better. It becomes a duty to us to have unchangeable opinions. We should hold our minds open for the reception of new evidence on all subjects, and change our opinions when it seems necessary, even though it "hurts." This is the way to make progress. Some people eagerly welcome new ideas in architecture, transportation, etc., but show built up a phylloxy of a suggested change of mind on religion or philosophy.

I have heard many generally sensible persons say: "What was good enough for my mother is good enough for me." When I was a boy I thought my mother's church had the choicest kind of "salvation." I was often puzzled about the others, but consoled myself with the idea that their members might sneeze through somehow. Twenty or thirty years ago one might have listened to fifty-two different preachers during the year and learned that there were as many different brands of "salvation," none genuine without "our" trade mark. On the other hand, one would suppose from the fierce criticism of churches that all the bigots are in the churches. Why, thousands and thousands of bigots and hypocrites, too—are not church members at all.

As for myself, I long ago drifted away from "orthodox" moorings, because, for one thing, the many varieties of "orthodoxy" bewildered me; I concluded to follow what seemed to me to be truth, no matter where it should lead. It finally seemed to me that religion, as so many people are foolishly and clearly explained by Annie Besant, offered me an avenue for progress, and I followed that. Now, one must not be an "orthodox" reincarnationist, because orthodoxy means mental ossification. This year—and for several years—it has offered me what I think is the best of two worlds, an I God. But if I find another and better-looking goddess, which I will admit now seems improbable, I shall look into it. While the Vedanta philosophy is the only consistent and consistent theory I ever found, I don't want to be a person who don't accept it. There can be many reasons for their nonacceptance of it. I shall allow them much more time in this matter than I took for me.

So, brethren, let us not "roast" each other so hard for not believing in our guesses on many subjects. Let us not be so "dead" about our own beliefs. This applies to Theosophists as well as to others. Let us examine the other fellow's argument—if we can find time after earning a living and keeping the trusts going. It is sometimes tiresome to watch the reformers tearing down the pile of history and hear their frantic shouts: "We are the whole thing; we can fix it if you give us a chance." Republicans, Democrats, Populists, Anarchists, Socialists, Theosophists, Catholics, Protestants, Mohammedans, Buddhists—all are talking and gestulating (and nearly all the talkers have some axe to grind).

Is it any wonder that folks get bewildered? When honest men and women with leisure and education differ about "truth," what are we to do who have to work most of the time for a bare living? Brethren, let us be tolerant. It will take us all a long time to show one another the "reason why."

Without special reference to Theosophy or any other specific cult or belief, there is an open field for application of these principles, wherein they may be exercised and cultivated to excellent advantage. One issue that may be taken as a corollary to the tenor of his views, is this: The status of the critics, the dissatisfied, the much-decried "disgruntled," if you please—as necessary factors in the initiation and advancement of reforms, whether in modes of belief, or along lines moral, political, social or religious.

In each and all these fields it is the disgruntled, the dissatisfied, the critics, who stir up the minds of the people to think, and who work the thinking till it culminates in action, in change, in progress, in reform.

It is the disgruntled who become dissatisfied with medieval theological statements and creeds, and like Theodore Parker, Minot J. Savage and others, break loose from the thralldom of venerated dogmas and stand forth in the strength of free, unshackled thought.

The disgruntled are the ones who probe old errors, and puncture new fallacies and fads of folly's begetting. The disgruntled prod the laggards onward, point the finger of just scorn at the despisers of innocence and the treasurers against justice and right, and fear not to flay the betrayers of the people and the people's Cause, whether clothed in judicial ermine, in priestly and clerical robes, or senatorial togas. They prune the excrecences that deface the fair fame of society, and but for the disgruntled, creeds and beliefs would never change, from generation to generation, world without end. Political, religious, and social ideas would become a dead, stagnant, moveless ocean, covered with the scum of miasmic desuetude.

George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, Abraham Lincoln, were among the disgruntled. Of their day and time, and they helped the world onward because they were disgruntled and desired better things.

The world's reformers, of all time,

were and are classified among the disgruntled.

Yes, the disgruntled are the inciters of improvement, the pioneers of progress. But for them, the world would relapse into indifference, become lapsed, non-progressive, and sink into a state of petrified, if not putrefied conservatism, without thought or desire of advancement.

But for the disgruntled, the whole human race would become fixed in a condition of arrested development. The disgruntled are the leaders—they are the men, and the women, who urgently put their shoulders to the wheels of progression, and lift and push mankind onward toward their best ideals of truth and life.

The disgruntled are not satisfied with what is; they want something better—and still better—ever better! Even were they occupying what to others might seem a heaven, they would still reach out for something better, something desirable of additional good, above and beyond their present attainments.

This unsatisfied mental condition, conjoined with moral and humanitarian impulse, is the motor of human progress toward all high and noble deeds of enlightenment and spiritual growth. With these thoughts in mind, let us view kindly and appreciatively the disgruntled—even the disgruntled Spiritualist writer and critic—for the world has need of such; they are veritable factors of progress, and as such we should kindly regard them. They alone will save the N. S. A. from actual death and place it in its proper relations to the great mass of Spiritualists.

The Drivelings of a Mossback.

The advanced thought in the Christian pulpit was shown in these columns last week, by extracts from a sermon in a Congregational pulpit, by Rev. Snyder. But it must not be supposed the Jaspers are all dead. If any one has grown too hopeful, we commend to his consideration extracts from an address delivered by Rev. W. R. Newell, of Chicago, to a Detroit audience, on the 13th ult. The Free Press of that city says of the sermon:

"It was one of the old-fashioned discourses which seemed to bring the lurid flames of Milton's hell curling up around the unregenerate; and a creepy feeling to run up and down the spine of many."

Rev. Newell said:

"I am, convinced, after going about among Christians here and in England, that the majority of them are deluded and are trusting in something besides the blood of Christ. If you ask them whether they are saved they say 'Yes, I am a church member.' They are trusting in themselves, as the Jews trusted, because they thought themselves the chosen people of God, and that their city was destined to be the city of God, and that they were the people of the other day. She said: 'Yes, I think I am a Christian. I am doing the best I can.' The answer showed she was lost. She was trusting in her own works. When a sinner thinks he can make up for sin by good works, he is trying to bribe God. There are people in the room to-night who have never given the subject of salvation fifteen minutes of consecutive thought. In a few minutes their life may be snuffed out, and their life will just begin—in heaven or—in hell. 'It is an awful thing to say, but I have not a particle of doubt that some of those before me who are professing Christians, will spend eternity in hell. Christ had twelve disciples, and one of them is in Hades in the center of the earth to-night, waiting the judgment day. The Bible says in the last days mockers shall come. Did you never hear mockers stand in the pulpits and tell of the glorious opening of the twentieth century. They evolve beautifully; but I wish to say that there has never been an age since Noah's flood, when there has been so much high-minded sin as there is now. I am willing to meet that statement when I stand before Christ. 'Statistics show crime is increasing with fearful rapidity. Each year there are between fifteen and sixteen hundred murders in the United States. Each murder, God says, defiles the land, and the murder can only be expiated through the death of the murderer. In this State of Michigan the people have cast off the law of God.' The speaker, says the Free Press, also scored those who deny the existence of a literal hell, and used the destruction of Sodom to prove his point. The center of the earth, he thinks, is stored with material with which to consume the world and its inhabitants. The first nineteen chapters of Revelation portray the times just ahead of us. 'Christ might come to-night,' said Newell. 'In that day gross darkness shall cover the earth. It will be the reign of the beast—the anti-Christ, who is to be a real giant. The Christian Scientists are getting ready to worship the devil. Already two temples have been erected in Paris where the devil is conspicuously worshipped. I do not doubt he is worshipped in every large city in America. I know he is in Chicago. The Spiritualists also are preparing the way for him.'"

We apprehend Rev. Newell did not inquire into the religious faith of the great criminals of the country. Had he done so he would have found almost the last man of them held to the orthodox faith, and generally are members of the church. They believe in the atoning blood of Jesus, and if not shot down while engaged in crime, they are sure of being forgiven, and will gain heaven and an eternal reward for believing. Spiritualists do not figure in our criminal courts. Their gravest offenses are misdemeanors only, trivial acts as treating the sick without license, doing good on Sunday, or may be, serving as mediums between mortals and immortals. The great crimes are left for the Christian clergy and their dupes to monopolize.

INSTRUCTIVE.

The Progressive Thinker never lags behind the times in instructive literature, and rest assured it will be at the front with an unusually instructive quality of brain food for the Fall and Winter Campaign. One Dollar a year; thirteen weeks, 25 cents; (2 cents a week) will place you on the list. Begin now.

To the Spiritualists of Illinois. There was never a cause so good that it would survive neglect. Before the Indian Summer days are past your State Association finds itself confronted by numerous calls for work, which are steadily increasing. At the threshold of winter we wish to say to you that the extent and effectiveness of our campaign rests with you and not with us. Consider the territory we are responsible for—over one hundred populous counties reaching from the Wisconsin border to Cairo and from the Indiana line to the Mississippi river. Members of our executive board can carry only a small part of the burden themselves. They are willing, alert and doing what they can without financial reward but from faith in the foundation principles of Spiritualism. We ought to have four, or six, missionaries at work in the state, not only Sundays, but every week day, all winter long. This means expense. Are there 300 or 500 Spiritualists in Illinois who will take out honorary memberships in the State Association at one dollar each? How many will give a sum amounting to less than two cents a week for fifty-two weeks to aid in spreading our gospel? Where are the able ones who are willing to send in donations of still larger sums? We need men and women to travel regular circuits along our great railroad arteries to the west, the north and the south, who shall pay regular visits to every old society, strengthen the weak, establish the new and preach the gospel of glad tidings at every opportunity.

They must be men and women who can make grammatical use of the English language, will be enterprising and tactful and absolutely untainted by deliberate trickery in their mediumship. One of the greatest curses to the cause in the interior points of Illinois is the

visit from self-styled "Madames," "Professors," "Doctors" and "Reverends," who change their names and companions with every new locality, but flee everywhere. Brethren, stop snoring—arouse from lethargy—send in your contributions—find some work to do yourself that no one else will do. All at once—NOW.

GEO. B. WARNE, Pres't.

ELLA M. JOHNSON, Sec'y.

A Wise Proposition.

If the failure of the British arms in South Africa comes from the nation's remissness in prayer, as the Archbishop of York lately alleged, then why not adopt the Truth Seeker's proposition; let both armies retire from the field, and let the chaplains advance to the firing line, then pop away with their most stalwart words at God. When done let him render his verdict. The plan will be as much superior to human arbitration as an orthodox God is superior to finite man.

Strenuous Effort to Save a Soul.

The following is from the Chicago Journal:

"At a religious revival of negroes in Mississippi one negro killed another because the latter would not go to the mourner's bench. The murderer was what is called an 'exhorter' at the revival. While the excitement was at high pitch he used strenuous efforts to bring the unrepentant to the mourner's bench. He begged and implored one negro to go up and he saved, but the man remained obstinate, whereupon the exhorter slew him with an ax."



IN IGNORANCE.

Those Who Take No Spiritualist Paper Away Behind the Times.

To the Editor:—With a prospect of doing a little good by trying to spread the light, I herewith enclose \$1.00 from my own pocket, hoping that possibly some of the persons whose names I send may become permanent subscribers.

Your premium book, "Wanderer in the Spirit Lands," has been read and re-read, and is now loaned out doing missionary work. It is surely a wonder, both in actual cost and quality, as The Progressive Thinker and the book cost only \$1.25, giving so much for so little in actual cost to the reader. It does seem a great pity that so many Spiritualists continue to keep themselves so much in ignorance of our beautiful philosophy by taking no Spiritualistic paper whatever, but wait! wait! wait! until they get ready for the bier, after which, having woke up in the Spiritual World, find out for the first time in their true life that their enslavement to material affairs [to the exclusion of all else] was only a millstone about their necks.

Long may The Progressive Thinker wave.

Colfax, Iowa.

W. H. KISER.

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The Commandments Analyzed, price 25 cents. Big Bible Stories, cloth, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

CHANGE INEVITABLE.

It Must Come by Evolution or Revolution.

"Weighed in the balance here dust is vile and vulgar clay."

Long before I saw and heard Ingersoll or read any of his lectures, I had heard of him in such a way as to give the impression that he was a very bad man. And this because I had heard him not denounced by orthodox people, but because I had heard him denounced with injudicious praise by those who, ignorant of his real character and the object of his efforts, supposed him to be the champion of all that is vulgar, ignoble, unnamable, hopeless in the human character. I saw the man, I heard him speak, and never was a false impression more suddenly and utterly removed.

If I had been as ignorant of McKinley's record and life it would be hard to overcome a prejudice against him aroused by the indignant and injudicious praise of editors, orators and churchmen, as well as the offensive show of lamentation, inasmuch as it is loud, by the mammoth worshippers who in the violent death of the President only see a blow aimed at their idol, the golden calf; and who are as unappreciative of what was tender, true and noble in his character, as they are deaf to the necessities and blind to the virtues of Lazarus at the gates.

For centuries our race has gone into the remotest corners of the earth, paying their path with swords, whiskey bottles, calico and beads, to tell the heathen that the gods they worshipped were not gods at all, little they recked

of the feeling of desolation that swept the simple but sincere worshiper when he found that his god and the god of his fathers was really invisible to protect his votaries or avenge insult and defiance to himself and his altars. Yet as sure as the pious missionary of our race gave that bitter cup to the weaker savage, so surely must he either in this life or another drink it himself and know this, neither are his gods really gods at all—that his own ideals are faulty—that his own conception of the Divine is untrue—that the feet of his heroes are of clay.

History and archeological research make known that a thousand civilizations which in many points compare favorably with our own flourished long ago. In the days of their vigor, but more in the early days of their decline, great men whose greatness rested upon the stability of their institutions social, religious, financial, no doubt labored to convince the multitude that their system was eternal. In the day of Roman triumph the great Roman sang: "When the Coliseum falls Rome shall fall. And when Rome falls, the world."

This has been the boast and threat of every preceding civilization, as it is of ours to-day. Rome and the Coliseum fell long ago, as did the institutions of other great systems. Just as surely is our doomed unless our institutions prove flexible enough to sustain purer, simpler, better ideals to cherish and defend a more brotherly relation, more just financial conditions.

Taken comprehensively our civilization is higher than any with which history deals, but it, like the good young man of scripture, lacks at least "one thing." So change is inevitable for us, as it was for our fathers and their precursors. We have our choice—evolution or revolution.

There is not the land from Dan to Beersheba a priest-time-server enough in praying "thy kingdom come," to mean that the kingdom of God as they are now on earth; there is not in any Christian church from Rome to Zion a worshiper who is dull and unspiritual enough to conceive and hope for a heavenly life in any world where customs and institutions such as ours are permanent, good though they may be compared with those of preceding civilizations; and the sad thing about all this pompous, aggressive, vindictive and somewhat insincere glorification of McKinley is that he is made the savior of a nation, represented in conventional catalogues as the typical defender of things as they are to be permanent—the advocate and friend and champion of Dives in the case of Lazarus versus Dives.

War may be inevitable between nations partially civilized. Brutal punishment and even death sentences may be at least apologized for in present conditions, but to a man of peace who loves to contemplate the time when there shall be no more war and swords shall be made into plowshares, the greatest sign of progress was noticed in the sudden and sweeping reaction of the American nation from the warlike spirit that convulsed the people for nine days and nights under Admiral Dewey, the spasmodic and dying effort to revive the old about, "Saul has slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands." (But even in that unenlightened age David thought himself unworthy to build the temple because he had been a man of blood.)

You may look for a reaction from the present excitement which gives the unconscious an opportunity to pervert the truth and confound anarchy with social reform. Principles will not die if Czolgosz kills McKinley, nor will they die if Czolgosz is slain. But if the departed president is cognizant of things on earth to-day he would acknowledge with humiliation and sorrow the cry of his nation for revenge against one or a few men. And if, as some Catholics think, his soul be in a purgatorial state, nothing that could be done on this side would lead to release it as an abandonment of the idea that his character stands for the perpetuation without reform of the ideals and principles embodied in existing institutions. Surrounded by influences that corrupt or at least repress any but the strongest character, his life is luminous, but "Sparta bath many as noble souls as he."

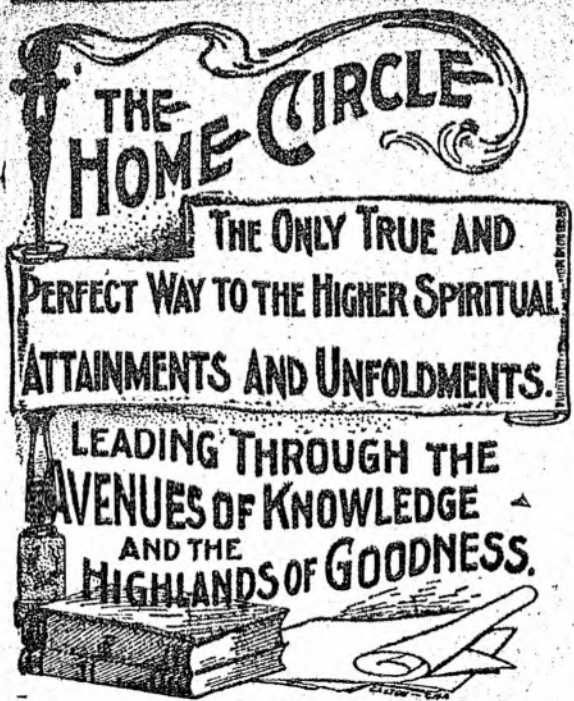
The most common expression heard among the illiterate here was, "Czolgosz should be skinned alive." "Don't let wounded president," in dying he said, "I'm God's way, his will be done." Point out the concurrence in "God's way and will" in the cry for revenge that went up from the millions at his death.

J. T. MACDONALD.

Seattle, Wash.

"Invisible Helpers." By C. W. Lead-

better, the noted Theosophist lecturer and writer. Very interesting. Price 65 cents. For sale at this office.



Every morning and evening through some of the most fashionable of the West End streets of St. Louis, Mo., as stated in the Republic, past stately houses, where the rich live in ease and affluence, forgetful of the struggles and sorrows of the "other" and greater half, a woman, clothed as a beggar, yet with the unmistakable stamp of refinement in every feature, wends her way.

There is nothing remarkable in this fact alone, yet behind this woman's beggarly attire and sad, sweet face lies a strange story of a woman's faith betrayed, love scorned, revenge and then remorse.

Years ago in Ireland two lovers pledged their troth with love as true and faith as deep as the sea which soon was to roll between them.

Mary Shiels was as rosy and blithe as a lass as one would meet in a day's journey and Michael Galligan was as strong, warm-hearted an Irishman as one would wish to grasp by the hand. It was the old, old story; the youth to seek fortune in the land of promise, to prove worthy of the bright-eyed girl by his side and then they would go to housekeeping in a little cot all their own.

Mary's parents were above the Irish peasant. She had received a good education in a Dublin convent. Her father was a merchant in a small way in Dublin. Galligan was a horny-handed son of the soil. Mary had been his teacher, and although he could read and write, he had made more progress with her heart than she had with his head. Mary's parents opposed the match, and so the parting, with tears and sobs and vows.

Years passed. The lovers corresponded, but the success which Michael predicted would soon follow his advent in the new country, still delayed, and Mary waited and hoped. Then one day her father died. Her mother had gone several years before. She wrote to Michael, telling him of her trouble, and of her desire to come to him. She waited many weary weeks for an answer, but none came. Then, fearing her lover was ill, perhaps dead, but never doubting him, she disposed of her effects and, with what little money she had, came to America.

On the way over she made the acquaintance of a fellow countryman just returning to America from a visit to the old country. From him she learned her erstwhile lover's address. Michael had left New York and gone to St. Louis. That explained why he had not written. He had not received her last letter, and the day she arrived in New York found her leaving for the great West in search of her lover.

Fate was not so kind to her in St. Louis. Many days were passed in the weary search in a strange city, and then, one day she found him. It had been better, perhaps, had she not. With a heart full of love, trust and hope, she came to his door one day and was greeted by—his wife. Mary's whilom lover was the father of a large family.

There was a scene, angry words were exchanged, and poor Mary sobbed as if her heart would break. She left the house, vowing revenge on all its inmates, and cursing the lover who had proved so false.

What to do in a strange city? The problem of a livelihood confronted her and must be solved. She obtained, after awhile, a position as cook and housemaid, and later on became a seamstress. Fortune at last seemed to smile on her. She was quick, neat and tasteful, and after ten years of labor had saved a little competency of \$1,800.

But she never forgot. Michael's wife was taken ill, and, after a long sickness, died. Ill luck dogged his footsteps. His children fell ill one after another; he could find no work, and yet they all must live, somehow, somehow. Many a time Mary Shiels passed his door, hugging to her heart the knowledge of her own snug little bank account, and knowing also that many times Michael and his children were in need of food. Then one day Michael's little girl died, and there was no money to pay for the little coffin, and Michael came to Mary for help. But there was no help for him there; her heart was hardened, and the little girl was buried by the city.

Another year passed. The cloud seemed never to lift from Michael, and one day there was a brief chronicle in the city papers of a suicide, "despondent and out of work." It was Michael Galligan.

And Mary Shiels? The money she had toiled so hard to save, the money that meant her revenge, the money whose flaunting had been her pride before Michael's eager eyes, the money that had been deposited in the little savings bank, was lost when so many institutions went under in the panic of '93.

For a long time Mary Shiels' life was despaired of. When she recovered all her pride and bitterness had melted. She sought out Michael's remaining child, all that was left of the ill-fated, once happy family, took it with her and started out once more bravely to make her way.

A few months after a relative in the old country died, leaving her several thousand dollars, enough to keep her, with her few wants, all her life; but she still toils on, caring for Michael's child, and devoting the income from her little fortune to the care of others less fortunate than herself. Every evening she makes a pilgrimage to a church, her basket on her arm, going from there to carry comfort and material help to those who need it, and every morning she can be seen wending her way on the same errand, a familiar and blessed messenger of peace and comfort to many a weary soul.

The above incidents illustrate the beauty, grandeur and goodness that will finally come uppermost in every living soul. Suffering oftentimes brings repentance, softens the asperities of life, makes people charitable, induces them to look within and then up towards the angel world, and finally, to become humanitarians. Just so long as any man, woman or child is calling for assistance in the struggle of life, just so long will humanitarianism find an ample field for its labor. Every one who can, should follow the example of Mary Shiels, and assist some one whose burdens are too great to be borne alone. The higher spiritual attainments can be only because a part of one's nature when the seeker after the same travels along the Highways of Goodness and the Planes of Knowledge, ever willing and anxious to assist some one in the struggle of life, who is less fortunate than self.

J. R. F.



Godless and Devilless Club.

The Godless and Devilless Club has been fully organized, and at the present time is doing a most excellent work. It has no God to quarrel over; no Devil to fear; no hell of fire and brimstone, and no baptismal fonts. The object of the Club is to perfectly purify the whole world from the deleterious and dangerous effects of the multitudinous religious cults and sects that now infest the earth plane. This country is not only grievously suffering from the presence of the various religious sects that have taken deep root in our soil, but the Godly cults from India, Persia and Egypt have agents here to disseminate their "truths" and attract adherents. These different religions all conflict with each other, the tendency being to formulate a religious hash that is neither palatable nor healthy; and which renders confusion more confused. The cross-hiring is awful to contemplate. They do not as a rule cross swords with each other; they do not use fire-arms in their various hot encounters; they do not apply dynamite to the opposing ranks, nor do they use cannon in attempts to batter each other out of existence. They do, however, send forth bitter opposing thoughts, one against the other.

Our sect is right; yours is wrong. Our sect is nearer God than yours, hence your salvation is not assured. We worship God right; you do it wrong. Our God is a person sitting on a throne, and all other Gods are non-entities—have no existence only in the fertile imaginations of their devotees.

Thus the conflict goes on in multifarious ways until a stifling gloom and atmosphere have settled over the world, and certain progressive minds are striving for relief therefrom, and have formed the Godless and Devilless Club with which they propose finally to redeem the world from the poisonous effects of priestcraft.

This Club is as far ahead of the various religious sects and cults as the teachings of Mammamion on Astronomy are superior to the prattling of a parrot, or the quack of a duck, or the braying of an ass. Catholicism, when placed beside it, dwindles into a sapient dwarf, and Islamism into insignificance.

The Godless and Devilless Club leads in all that is grand, beautiful, holy and sublime. It has no God to love, no Devil to hate, hence it can love humanity supremely and hate wrong-doing in all of its various departments without concentrating the same on an imaginary being.

The great advantage that will be derived from the existence and energetic action of the Godless and Devilless Club will certainly prove an inestimable boon to the world, and millions will rise up eventually and bless it.

Just think of the extreme absurdity of two chaplains in opposing armies praying for victory against each other. For instance, name the God of the Boers, Jimmy God, and the God of the English, Benny God, in order to distinguish them from each other. Then take the God of the Mohammedan and call it Allah God, and that of the Chinese, Josh God, and you have the two so named that you can distinguish them, and at the same time make the scheme appear supremely ridiculous.

The world has been almost ruined with too much God and too much Devil and too little common sense. To believe in the existence of a God is certainly a waste of intrinsic energy, while to believe in the existence of the Devil is decidedly foolish.

The world can not be fully redeemed until the love bestowed upon imaginary Gods is concentrated on suffering humanity—those suffering from hunger, destitution and sickness. A beautiful incident occurred at the last meeting of the Godless and Devilless Club. An old man, tottering on the verge of the grave, had been furnished a home by one of the members, and subsequently elected an honorary member of the club. Last Thursday evening he came to the club as usual, leaning on his staff. He had seen happy days; he had had many years of prosperity; he had a loving wife and children, but all had succumbed to the yellow fever scourge, and he was left alone—disconsolate. Soon reverses came, and he was left penniless, and after years of unfortunate struggle, he drifted to the embraces of the Godless and Devilless Club in Chicago, signing his name as Geo. B. Hastings.

Mr. Hastings, now old, decrepit, and careworn, was gradually nearing the last depot—the grave, yet he was extremely cheerful, notwithstanding the trying ordeal through which he had passed. His heart was extremely sympathetic, and his soul buoyant with those sublime emotions that rendered the Garden of his Soul an attractive place for the angels of heaven to reflect on sublimity scenes. He had prayed in the South, at his own home in Memphis, Tenn., for the recovery of his dear wife and children. His petition to the Ruler of the Universe was solemnly pathetic; every word he uttered went forth with tear-stains upon it, and as they ascended heavenward, they seemed to have impressed upon them the groans and anguish of an agonized soul, and if a God had heard them and even if he possessed a heart of stone, they would have caused a sympathetic chord in his nature to vibrate tenderly. He prayed and prayed for his wife and two children, yet his prayers only met a mocking response. It was summer time. The atmosphere was the fount into which flowers, vines and shrubbery poured their own distilled perfumes to gladden the senses and homes of mortals, yet connected therewith were the germs of yellow fever, cold, devilish, malignant, hateful, affording a strange contrast with the summer's tropical beauties, and gradually destroying the precious lives of his dear wife and children. Alas! his prayer was futile—the yellow fever germs preyed upon their victims until the deadly work was accomplished.

He gazed upon his dead wife and children, his sadness too deep for utterance, and he then resolved on a new deal. The fruits of his prayer were before him. The pestilential breath of yellow fever germs—"God's germs" he said they were—"like demon's" had devastated and rendered desolate the home circle. His voice had ceased to be tremulous with those divine emotions of affection that had sent a hallowed baptismal influence on those he loved, and his eyes were as a desert—no tears there. His features seemed no longer vibrant with love, but were aglow with something akin to maniacal firmness. There a storm-cloud, betokened a change in his mind—some seemed to be a war of thoughts in his mind—some towards God; others turning from him because the yellow fever germs were the objects of his creation, and as he sadly thought and thought, and philosophized, he looked upon God—he could not help doing so—as responsible for the death of his wife and children. "Yes," he said, "God killed them; God murdered them." Rising from his seat, he continued: "I have walked with God, if one all my life, and here is the ruin of a once happy home! There is my darling wife! There on the cot are my two idolized children. They are full of God's yellow fever germs, still eating their bodies. Beautiful works of

Man's Aural Self.

By Charles Dawbarn, of California.

CHAPTER ELEVEN.

Human Immortality.

The writer has been spending his customary hour sitting in the evening silence in the quietude of his own chamber. Throughout his physical form all is harmony. Not an echo reaches brain from any organ demanding attention. The outer world is making no sign, and he realizes that vibrations from his inner center are proclaiming that his manhood far outreaches mortal form. At such an hour, and amid such conditions, Ego pulsates thoughts from his inner life that seek interpretation from Homo as they fall gently on his mortal brain. The training of his childhood never taught him their meaning; so this voice from the silence must find slow interpretation from repeated experiences and mutual contact.

Nothing consciously moves upon the surface, yet intelligence is in activity, pulsating from center to center, and flashing from the inner life. Much of it is, alas! but echo from an unlearned speech; yet ever and upon the rhythm is translatable into thought of earth life. Thus the writer realizes that, for the hour, he is in contact with his inner self, and realizing his own immortality. Not the immortality of mortal form, as vainly sought by beguiled children of earth, but the immortality of Ego, whose destruction would mean that Cosmos was dissolving into nothingness. So there is energy, infinitely tremulous, impressing itself at this hour upon mortal center. That silence in mortal form should permit a voice from the inner center is a revelation of deep import to humanity. It tells a tale, and asserts a truth that man has been long seeking in other channels. Homo has never believed that his passing form was the whole of him. But ignorant of his own inner center, its voice occasionally breaking upon a sensitive ear, has been called God, or at least has been attributed to divine inspiration. He has been told that he must accept human immortality because God has said so in divine revelation. And upon his faith has upgrown a complex system of theology, wielded by priestcraft, which has shaped society to its ends.

Skepticism at last undermined much of the old faith, and threatened a retreat to a mere belief in the sensuous life of mortal manhood, and a denial of a future. Ere the battle was won there appeared the cloudy and confused returns of spirit Homo, called Modern Spiritualism, with just enough of light to demonstrate that Homo was still alive; but with that ray of light came a dark mixture of contradictions, limitations, and self-deceptions that for the most part destroyed its value to humanity.

Man lived; but where and how? Answers to the right; answers to the left; answers from above; answers from below; amidst terrible confusion and contradiction by one spirit of the most solemn teachings of another.

Science demands the repetition of phenomena in another laboratory, and with different instruments. Applying this universal rule we call upon the returning spirit to tell his tale through another instrument, and to a different audience. The result is, too often, a general contradiction of his previous teachings. The celebrated guides of the late Stationer Moses, after satisfactory identification through the renowned Mrs. Piper, are preaching entirely new doctrines from old texts. Once again the existence of the inner manhood pertaining to every mortal Homo must be the key to the mystery. Let us learn the lesson.

Homo the mortal represents but one center of every rounded manhood. Ego may be the presiding intelligence in Homo's brain, but away yonder, out in the aura, is a grander center, where Ego reigns with powers hitherto unknown to mortal man. Still Ego is but a single unit, whose powers must blend with those of other units ere creative energy can be developed. But Egos come, and Egos go. They gather their experience and depart, as the physiologist has long proved to the student of mortal form. That means that Homo is only a blended nature of units. All his experiences are national, or we may say personal, but never individual. His memories are all civic; and his actions are for weal or woe to the united body, and not to the individual citizen. As a nation Homo holds other nations to responsibility. He cannot do otherwise, for the Ego unit eludes him every time. It is London warring against Paris; or Berlin with New York. As centers they rise and fall; as individuals their units simply scatter. Such is mortal manhood. That of the aura must be precisely the same, but amidst very different conditions. For the aura is but a continued blending of the units that were in mortal form, each with its own independent energy, substance and intelligence. The units will come and go, precisely as with lesser Ego. It is an aural Homo, whose presiding Ego of to-day may be seeking experiences elsewhere in Cosmos to-morrow.

It is hard to realize that the only affections and experiences men can realize, at least in earth life, are those of form. It is form that we love, and with whom we hold our dearest associations. The memories of form are necessarily civic or national, and never those of Ego, whose stay was probably, at most, but a few months or years. Therefore it does not follow that, because Homo has an aural existence, the same Ego shall be director at each center at the same time. That aural manifestation of intelligence and energy is as much a complete personality as that contained in the mortal form. Its intelligence and energy working together in substance evolve mind. Whether it has a brain, or, like form in lower and

higher life, knows without reason, we may not discover in earth life. But when we proceed to make closer comparison we observe that mortal form, with all its energies, disintegrates. It dissolves; disappears. As a nationality it is gone. A question then demands prompt answer. Who has its records which we call its memories?

We have discovered that Nature does not keep cumbersome folios in form that sooner or later will be deserted by fleeing units. Every sensation is itself a record of intelligence, acting upon substance by energy, which produces certain vibrations. That is the record—the only record. Repeat the vibration and you have the memory, apparently through eternity. If the nationality were limited to mortal form that would practically be the philosophy of its entire experiences. But aura must now be taken into account. Aura is receiving impressions from mortal mind at every instant. We see a stranger to whom we have never been introduced. We have never even taken him by the hand, yet his aura, coming in contact with ours, tells the tale of his form life to our form life. Brain contacts with brain through aura. We like and dislike, trust and distrust, without any personal visible contact. We all know that some mortal forms are so sensitive that their personality can reach out into facts, and even names, supposed to be hidden in the most sacred privacy of human life. We certainly need no greater proof that mortal brain is expressing Homo's daily experience out into aura, at least so far as aura can repeat and record its vibrations.

It has never occurred to science to ask the whither of the outpassing unit. That it leaves the mortal form of Homo is the tale of physiology. But where does it go? We see now that it travels inward into the invisible aura. It is real as ever, but vibrating amid conditions impossible to normal sense. And each of the arriving units will bring his own experience, and not that of his fellows. Repeat the vibrations and yonder unit may tell you of heart life. Another and another can echo experiences of various organs within the mortal form. Others, infused with greater intelligence, are bearers of despatches from mortal brain center inward. They have recorded much of national experience as well as that of their own, because such was the province of brain. At the inner center units blend once again into a brain, or its equivalent, capable of directing the energies and intelligence of the aural form.

Aura thus represents the mortal man and something more. Its present individual experiences with other aural forms are necessarily as real as those of Homo mortal with his brother man.

Now we want to mark a distinction in order that we may comprehend a difference. Ego unit is an individual, immortal and eternal in his own right. When unit blends with unit we call the resulting form a personality. This personality is a very different conception from that of individuality, which, we contend, is an attribute of the unit, and not of the form. We know that mortal form is a personality that cannot last longer than its units work harmoniously together. Exactly the same law must apply to aura. It is form, although it is not in shape of mortal Homo. It is composed of units that have experienced mortal life, and are now passing inward to work under supervision of Ego's grander center. Somewhat of mortal memories are thus carried to and recorded in the inner life, but they are of little moment, like the records of childhood to the developed man. That aura exists after mortal form disappears has gained scientific recognition, under the name of spirit return. Homo in his mortal form disappears. In his own aura he remains as a demonstrated fact. One center disappears, the other remains. The further outreaching of Homo into new and yet more interior centers we leave for future examination. But we find ourselves asking what has become of the experiences of Homo the mortal after he has lost his form? How far is it possible for aural Homo as a nationality to make connection with nationalities still in mortal life?

We here perceive that any such intercourse will still be that of one nation with another, even though one shall be intangible to its fellow. The advanced thinker has been accustomed to realize in the light of spirit experiences that Spirit George Washington and mortal Queen Victoria might possibly make connection. But his thought has been of the immortal President and the mortal Queen as two eternal Egos living amidst different and still physical conditions. When he once realizes that Ego of to-day, in any form, may have gone to-morrow, he has a different problem facing him.

Suppose England were suddenly submerged and to disappear as a factor in mortal life. Could the United States still find means to exchange the old greetings, and recall the old memories, without awakening to life any of the old statesmen who had played the part of citizens deeply interested in their country's welfare? Herein we have a phase of spirit return exactly parallel to that of Homo spirit striving to open communication with Homo mortal. We must force ourselves to realize that spirit return is always a greeting from one nationality to another, and never from Ego to Ego. Ego will be mouthpiece in either case for a passing hour, but his tale of unit life and experience remains forever untold. It is the experiences of form he is seeking, and therefore the experiences of form are all he brings, whether it be that of the mortal or that of the spirit. It will thus be seen that our present task demands a closer analysis of aura than we have yet attempted.

(To be Continued.)

God, are they not? Lovely emanations from a divine source, are they? Worthy to be praised as illustrating the noble handiwork of Divine Providence, these yellow fever germs!" Then with the intensity of his emotions burning in his soul, everything became dark before him, and he fell to the floor unconscious.

In the excitement that followed, the Club adjourned, to meet in two weeks, the proceedings of which will be reported for The Progressive Thinker by the

HIGH SCRIBE.

A KICK, Administered by Another of the "Disgruntled."

In common with the many observing Spiritualists of our country, I watched with more than ordinary interest the proceedings of our recent meeting of the N. S. A., and while no important change can now be made, it is in order, perhaps, to pass an opinion upon the merits of the work accomplished, and the probable outcome thereof.

It was not to be expected, of course, that a "perfect attainment" would follow in any line of action. The interests at stake are so diversified and scattered, and the opinions we may form of the work accomplished will depend largely upon our point of observation, and knowledge of what actually occurred. Diversity of opinion is no sign of weakness, but rather evidence of life and strength. Personally, I was inclined to favor

the retention of the former officers, or most of them, another term, in order that present plans might be perfected by those familiar with the matter in hand.

Another year there should be a change—but even then it may be well to retain a portion of the present officials. But, however much we may differ upon these points, there is one upon which we will all agree, or if we do not now, we will in time to come, viz., that in selecting a point so far east for the next convention, a most serious mistake has been made, and unless corrected, so far as National officers can do so, the results will work a permanent injury to the N. S. A., and what is of vastly more importance, a great hindrance to the cause it represents. Why so egregious a blunder could have been made by the delegates to the recent convention is beyond my comprehension. What would our eastern friends think, or how would they feel, had the western delegates, had they happened to have held a majority of the votes cast, taken the convention to Los Angeles, Cal., San Francisco, or even Seattle, thus compelling eastern delegates to cross the entire continent in order to obtain a hearing?

Washington, D. C., was too far east, and to move to the extreme northeast, looks like a desire to narrow, rather than to broaden the scope of the N. S. A. Allow me to suggest that the Bermuda Islands are not very far from our eastern coast, and there is Halifax, Nova Scotia. Shall we all "go to Halifax" next year?

I can think of but one parallel, and that is found in our national halls of legislation, where so many of our Congressmen are to be found who have never been west of Chicago, and "govern themselves accordingly." I am in no sense prejudiced against the east. Boston was my former home, but if its character, as its name implies, and as we sincerely hope it may, it must at once recognize the fact that there are thousands of our people west of the Mississippi river. It may be true that a majority of the delegates were from New England, and that the state organizations doing the most effective work are east; and this will continue to be the case, to the end of time, as long as the present policy is in vogue.

In this portion of the vineyard we do not care to deal in proxies. We want an active, living representation and must have it. We are accustomed to long distances, and don't mind a little trip of 2,500 miles to Chicago, Milwaukee, or St. Louis; but when we insist on a trip to New England, we are of the opinion that you don't want us with you overly much. (We had rather use the funds in establishing libraries.) Now the National officers may be able, the coming year, to do something towards counteracting this evidently mistaken action; and if, another year, the convention is not called to some more central point (which I sincerely hope a very "unanimous kick" will be registered by the Spiritualists west of the Mississippi. In closing, allow me to call attention to the cogent advice to the young man, needing a change, and say to the N. S. A., "Go west, young man; go west." B. F. LITTLE, Seattle, Wash.

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THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE.

A VERY IMPORTANT WORK.

The Spiritual Significance is by Lilian Whiting, author of "The World Beautiful," "After Her Death," "Katie Field, A Record," "A Study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," Cloth, \$1.00. Miss Whiting deals the title of her new book in these lines from "Aurora Leigh":

"If a man could feel Not one, but every day, feast, fast, and working-day, The spiritual significance burn through The heart of each and every mortal being, Henceforward he would paint the globe with wings."

The aim of this book is to reveal the curiously close correspondence between the development of modern science and spiritual laws; to note that new forces, as discovered and applied in wireless telegraphy, are simply laws of an unseen realm into which humanity is rapidly advancing and thus gaining a new environment. From this evolutionary progress, as illustrated by physical science, the author of "The World Beautiful" continues the same argument presented in those volumes in a plea that the future life is the continuation and development of our present life in all its faculties and powers, and that the present may be ennobled by the constant sense of the Divine Presence, and a truer knowledge of the nature of man and his relations to God tend to a higher, nobler and increasing happiness. The book is characterized by the same essential style and qualities that have insured for "The World Beautiful" volumes an almost world-wide popularity.

OTHER BOOKS BY LILIAN WHITING. Kate Field, A Record. Price \$2. A Study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Price \$1.25. The World Beautiful. Three Series. Each \$1. From Dreamland Sent, and Older Poems. \$1. These books are for sale at this office.

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INVISIBLE HELPERS.

A Very Excellent and Comprehensive Work.

One from the Theosophical Standpoint.

This work, "Invisible Helpers," written by O. N. Lovelace, the remarkable English psychic (whose lectures have graced the columns of The Progressive Thinker), is certainly very interesting and instructive. It treats of the "Universal Belief in the Invisible Helpers," the "Angel Story," "Work Among the Dead," "What Lies Beyond." The work is neatly bound in cloth, and the price is 65 cents.

The Indianapolis (Ind.) News has the following from Anderson, Ind.: "A suit filed by the estate of the late Mrs. Amelia Colby-Luther, of Muncie, against Mrs. Lydia Marks, of Muncie, has been filed in the Madison Circuit Court, on a change of venue from the Delaware Circuit Court. The suit is to settle generally, converting several persons to the beautiful truths of Spiritualism. We have taken The Progressive Thinker for a number of years and think it a grand, good exponent of Spiritualism; as in perusing its columns, we are brought in touch with the various bright lights along the line of

J. A. Parr writes approvingly of the good work done by Harry J. Moore at Frankfort, Ind. He says: "As Mr. Moore has no Sundays open for engagements, we shall try and arrange a series of meetings to take place the last week of November. Surely such lecturing will command the attention and respect of the public. Mrs. Alice Gehring is still with us and by her work and also that of Mr. Jessup we have been able to count about five hundred Spiritualists in and about Frankfort."

Hatfield Pettibone writes: "I am located for the present at 2311 Pine street, and I am fast recovering my health, and I trust before many days to have the use of my hands. I know my friends will be glad to hear of my progress."

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

This department is under the management of

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

NOTE.—The Questions and Answers have called forth such a host of respondents, that to give all equal hearing compels the answers to be made in the most condensed form, and often brevity is perhaps sacrificed to the force of the facts. Proofs have to be omitted, and the style becomes thereby as terse, which of all things is to be deprecated. Correspondents often weary with waiting for the appearance of their questions and write letters of inquiry. The supply of matter is always abundant, and hence there is no delay, and hence there is no delay. Every one has to wait his time and place, and all are treated with equal favor.

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

HUDSON TUTTLE.

ASPHODEL BLOOMS.

I am now able to inform the subscribers to this long-delayed book of poems, that it will be ready by December 25. It will be beautifully bound, with six full-page, half-tone illustrations, and an elegant gift book for the holidays. The price is \$1 postpaid; 75 cents to subscribers. The original announcement, that to subscribers it would be sent with *Madness* and *The Law* for \$1 postpaid, holds good for all orders sent before December 1. I wish further to thank the numerous friends whose aid so generously given, has enabled me to publish the several works by the subscription plan, and yet more grateful am I for the fraternal words of cheer they have so freely given. It is impossible for me to write a personal response to all, but I assure them that it is not for want of desire to do so.

Student: "Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychic Science" has been out of print for some time, but a new edition is now prepared, and those who have been disappointed in obtaining it, can now be supplied.

M. M., Doles, Ga.: Q. How was President McKinley received in the spirit world—and his condition?

A. President McKinley became by his intense concentration of thought on the great problems of state which were presented for his solution, exceedingly sensitive to the thoughts of a circle of spirits who were distinguished for their ability in earth life, and by these he was welcomed to his new life. They well knew that the catastrophe would come, and hence were prepared. Otherwise he was received as those less distinguished, by his relatives and friends. For a time he was dazed and did not comprehend; as one in a dream, so strange, so unexpected, so filled with regrets. Yet he soon awoke to a full realization, but not to go away. Heaven to him was by his wife, and will be, perhaps until she enters into his plane of life.—[A spirit message.]

Helene Johnson: Q. Is there any Christian denomination in the United States which forbids its members becoming citizens and voting? I heard this astonishing statement made, but cannot accept it.

A. It is astonishing, yet true. The church in the Reformed Presbyterian, an offshoot of the Presbyterian, its members join it because of their exceeding delicacy of feeling toward God. They object to becoming citizens of this great Republic, because it does not recognize God in its Constitution. This Constitution is hence an immoral document and an insult to God Almighty, by not mentioning him as the source of authority, which it gives to the people. Hence to join this church, one must renounce allegiance to his country, and if he vote he will be at once expelled in disgrace. One of the leading churches of this kind is in Boston, but wherever located they are a blot on the fair page of the intelligence of the present. The preachers are ignorant, the members densely so. Men have a right in this free land to believe as they please; subscribe to any creed or to none, but it is an open question if they have a right to organize under a belief which, if put in practice, would as effectually destroy the government, as the most red anarchism could wish.

Marshall Derritt: Q. Has one person the power to arouse such evil death-dealing influences against the life and property of another? If so, how is that power produced, and why, if known, can it not be averted?

A. These questions are called out by the recent story, which has been extensively published, of Dr. Fred C. Lemberger, of Louisville, Ky. He attended a child having diphtheria, and insisted in placarding the house. The mother was offended, and gave him the "black curse." He pretended not to care for this curse, yet it evidently annoyed him. He consulted a medium, and then received specifications of what the curse would be. She told him that his horse would die, his colt would

die, his dogs would die, and by the ninth day he would be taken.

This all came true. The horse and colt, and the dogs sickened and died, and on the evening of the ninth day, while playing cards at his club, the Doctor fell dead from heart failure.

The power of suggestion fully accounts for the death of the doctor. Naturally superstitious, the vehemence with which the woman pronounced her curse, and the apparent confirmation by the death of his animals led directly to the fulfillment of the prophecy.

There can be no "spell" or "curse" that will supply an influence affect animals. If this be admitted, we at once go back to the reign of witchcraft and the black art, and are lost in delusive fog. We leave reason and science behind, and acknowledge that there are irresponsible forces which may at any time, directed by our enmities, blast and ruin. The history of all such cases shows that the "curse" was followed by active means to bring its accomplishment. Prophecy usually works its own fulfillment. Hence it is that courts of law look with suspicion on those who predict disaster, especially to enemies, holding that if fulfilled it is circumstantial evidence of guilt of the predictor.

In the case under consideration the report of the newspapers is by no means clear, and the relation between the woman who pronounced the curse and the medium is not stated. At any event the prediction of the medium was widely published and possibly suggested to the woman the means for revenge.

However, if we are to explain a mysterious occurrence we are bound by the fundamental rules of correct reasoning to first apply the causes nearest at hand, and only call in the more remote when we find these inadequate. In other words, we must take physical means before spiritual, the known before the less demonstrable. Hence to my understanding the case of Dr. Lemberger does not require "evil influences," or "spells," cast by vindictive hate, but rather an unscrupulous, revengeful person.

E. L., A. Washington, D. C.: Q. Will, as has been advocated, fasting help a person to gain weight and in improving the health physically and mentally?

A. Fasting always reduces the weight. As the weight of the body is supplied by the food, if the food is not sufficient then the previously stored material, especially the fats, supply deficiency. No one ever increased in weight by any other process than assimilation of food. When the digestion has been impaired by too gross eating, or there is a superabundance of flesh, fasting is the best of all remedies to reduce weight. Then with keener appetite, and thorough digestion there may be rapid increase of weight.

It has been claimed with truth by eminent physiologists and writers on health, that the majority of people eat too much. The organs of the body become thereby sluggish in action and the brain and nervous system all in the highest efforts. The minor suffer with the body, and the gross reader becomes a gross thinker, or falls to think. In all such cases a spare diet will restore the normal tone to the system. Rich meats, pastry, and condiments, which are not necessary for the body, should be discarded for plain bread, fruits and vegetables, with hunger as the only condiment. Then there will be no danger of eating too much.

Such a course is preferable to fasting for a time and then returning to the rich and overabundant foods which caused the trouble.

A Cruel and Heartless Perversion of the Truth.

To the Editor.—Knowing you are for truth and justice, I take the liberty of asking you through the columns of your paper, to help me right a grievous, and I might say, a criminal wrong, a lady friend whom I have known all her life.

She attended Rev. G. V. Cordingley's services, 40 Randolph street, Chicago, Sunday, Nov. 10, and in order to receive a psychometric reading, placed upon the table a gold pin; the design being a cat-tail flag, and a freely, the suggestion of her character was as follows:

"You are of a very positive nature. God pity the man who would ever marry you! You will cut your way through life, not with a cat-tail flag, but with a cat-o'-nine-tails.

"You are very extravagant, and would use all your husband's money in lavish display, but would never part with a cent of your own, or do a kind act.

"Your mother is in spirit life, died of dropsy, etc.

To the first charges I will say I never knew a more negative person, and her amiability among her hosts of friends is proverbial. She has always been a self-sacrificing person, to make others happy her aim, herself the last consideration in all things. Had she been as thoughtful of herself regarding money matters as she has been of others, she would be in a very different financial condition at the present time.

Both she and I have been investigators for years, and I believe it a great injury to the cause that such spirits are allowed to grossly slander in a public place a timid, sensitive and defenseless woman. As my friend is prosecuted by that cruel onslaught, I ask that this letter be published, in order to save other innocent parties from being similarly treated.

The lady's mother is alive and well as usual.

This lady is married to a well-known Chicago business man, and their domestic relations are harmonious.

A SUBSCRIBER.

"Longley's Beautiful Songs." Fourteen beautiful, soul-inspiring songs, with Music, by C. Payson Longley. Price by mail, 15 cents. For sale at this office.

FEELING THE SOLVENT OF LIFE'S PROBLEMS.

"If you examine the minds of the people generally, you will find there is not an established fact which is not an established fact which is derived from a knowledge of themselves or of anything around them. What materials are these ideas which constitute the minds of the people? Are they philosophical facts and conceptions founded on truth? Not a bit. Their ideas consist of nothing but erroneous conceptions, absurd fables, odious lies, grand misconceptions, base prejudices and crazy hallucinations." (W. H. Reed, in *Rending the Vail*, p. 272.)

The above was written by an eminent thinker before I had written anything on that subject, and which I had not seen. This statement had its rise in his own observation and experience. But few writers are willing to sacrifice their reputation in order to express their convictions, even when they have reached the conclusions not in accordance with public sentiment.

If the reader will examine the first paragraph, he will see the correctness of the author's statement. In the entire range of human interests that are now established, there is not a single one that has truth for its foundation. They are all based on absurdities whose foundation had its rise in erroneous conceptions. These misconceptions had their origin in desires which ignorance and superstition rendered them to hold the masses in subjection, and enable the rulers to profit by these interests.

In modern times attempts are being made to counteract the tendency of these interests; but not having a knowledge of human nature nor of the relations they sustain to their fellow beings and external things, those making such attempts are unable to succeed, since they accept the errors upon which these interests are founded, and are speaking of the antagonistic relation of labor and capital. A. P. Stokes, a prominent writer on political economy, says: "A thorough treatise on the relations of labor and capital would require the greatest intellect many years of special and devoted study. One might devote a lifetime without successfully cause the true factors of the solution are not recognized. However, they are simpler than any political economist has ever conceived. Existing theories of political economy have no basis of truth. That which is right reason is unjust, is to right reason absurd, and the theory of existing labor theories is unjust. 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