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## SPIRITUALISM, ITS SOURCE, COURSE AND GOAL

An Address Delivered by Florence E. B. Shaffer, before the Spiritualist State Convention of Texas.

The clearest concept of conscious passage to and existence in spirit life it has ever been my privilege to contemplate, is pictured forth in the following word-sketch, by Francis Gerry Fairfield:

My body slept. I stood and studied long  
The set white lips. All things to me did seem  
As unto one who wakens from a dream  
Around the bed, they talked in voices low  
Of things that were as though I dreamed them long ago.

My wife sat weeping by. I bent and kissed  
Her brow, her deep brown hair and pallid lips;  
Her tear-stained eyes and the velvet finger-tips  
That, in my fever-dreams, had spelled the pain,  
With soft and magnet influence from my tortured brain.

They spoke of me as if of one just dead.  
I saw their shapes as phantoms; and could hear  
Their murmured tones—as with the inner ear  
One hears sometimes, the yet unspoken thought  
That stirs within the brain, but still is uttered not.

All things that real things had been before—  
Solid—opaque—were now pellucid; and, like shadows,  
Cleft asunder with the hand.

And I could pass through stone and mortared wall,  
As though 'twere but a thing of vapor—that was all.

I whispered in her ear. She started not.  
Nor seemed to hear me. Were her senses numb  
With new-made woe? Or was my utterance dumb  
To human ears? I drew a deep, deep sigh;  
In vain—no answering look suffused her lovely eyes.

By slow degrees, upon my senses came  
A world of new realities; and I saw  
Faces of strange beauty floating by.  
While forms whose loveliness all earthly things trans-  
cended,  
Hovered o'er me on extended wings.

A strange, strange impulse through my being stole.  
I seemed as one who, until then, had been  
Encysted long a cold stone statue in;  
A soft, sweet, mystic life-pulse trembled through  
My limbs. I saw not, heard not, thought not; only knew.

Yes, knew. And outer senses needed not.  
Soft notes of music seemed to stir and thrill  
With vague pulsations through me; yet were still.  
I was as one whose being has been set  
To melody; that, once heard, none ever can forget.

Like things of mist were solid rocks and trees.  
Like things of mist the shapes of living men.  
The universe was peopled o'er again.  
So, through the outer world of matter, ran  
A world whose beauty is intangible to man.

Bewildered—lost in thought—like one in trance,  
Or one who threads by night some lonesome wood,—  
Vague and uncertain—wondering—I stood.  
One like an angel took my hand and said,  
"Like thee, I am the soul of one but lately dead."

And how wondrously does this view of passing onward differ from those held up for my consideration when a child. I was consolingly referred to "the dark river of death," which I must cross because I was "born in sin;" and somehow was made to feel that I was responsible for being so born. On the other side of this beautiful (?) stream, I was sure to be met by a fierce judge who would demand an account of every secret thought; for the thinking of which, if any failed to please him, I should be condemned to eternal punishment in a lake of fire and brimstone. Comforting, was it not? Which might we naturally prefer? The former, with many added characteristics tending to allure the soul heavenward; is taught by our grand and holy cause, Spiritualism; and gladly we learn it, for, while the old orthodox picture could not well do less than awaken in a child's mind as it fell asleep, visions of inconceivable horrors, comforting and strength-renewing (?) for the little form to grow beautiful upon while unconscious, Spiritualism teaches that when the weary one is ready to close mortal eyes in the last sleep, he is gently laid upon the couch as a loving mother places her sleeping infant to rest, the released soul awaking in a happy land of loveliness more entrancing than any dream could be. Have we any knowledge that this is true? Do we know aught of our beloved faith? Let us consider.

Without speaking one word against any religious movement which might, to many prove a stepping stone toward more exalted spheres, I am yet led quite often to compare the prevalent condition of what is meant for religious thought among the masses, to the spectacle of the man of whom I read not long since, being so moved with astonishment at his own wisdom, that he involuntarily raised his hat to his own shadow whenever he chanced to see it. Many latter day worshippers of creeds and dogmas stand so much in awe of their own professions as to fail utterly in perceiving that anything awe-inspiring may possibly exist outside of themselves. I formed the acquaintance of a woman a few years ago, who posed as wiser than the average, and a leader of ethics generally in her somewhat limited sphere of action. Conversely, somehow, turned upon the question of politics; and taking my part in its march, led me to state my adherence to Democratic principles. She was amazed, and swift to say so. I proceeded to inquire why she was a Republican? What constituted the difference between the two parties? What principles they first sprang from, etc? A very brief examination of this order disclosed her utter ignorance of all political science, and the only reason she was able to offer for having a political bias at all, was because her father had been a Republican. Later, the unfortunate subject of Equal Suffrage was introduced. Turning to me she said: "I suppose you belong to this uprising also." I pleaded guilty;

and whereas she had been amazed before, she was now horrified. I strove to defend my unwomanly (?) position through the old "survival-of-the-fittest" argument; that, in as much as when God commenced creating animals, He made the lower orders first, proceeding to higher and higher types until, in the evolution of woman, He consummated the last grand act of creative power, hence it seemed to me she was qualified to assume some of life's most important responsibilities. With a look of blank surprise she said: "Why, I didn't know God made the lower animals first." I gave it up, and retired, defeated by ignorance.

Within the last few days, however, a good Presbyterian friend undertook to prove that, being a Spiritualist, I was outside the fold. I commenced asking him questions, also, only to discover that he did not know how many articles of faith or how many sacraments his church owned; did not know its origin, or history, why its name, nor, indeed, was he in the least equipped with any of the knowledge St. Paul must have meant when he admonished his followers to be able to give a reason for the faith they proclaimed; and I was constrained to agree with the prophet Hosea when he said: "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge."

Our subject, Spiritualism, Its Source, Course and Goal, is sufficient to fill the world's vast libraries, and engage the listening ears of men for ages yet unborn; so we will glance only at the bright hilltops in our brief space this evening.

Backward through the gloom of antiquity as far as we can go, the most scholarly research of this latter age leads to the conclusion that the present stage of evolution, the progress to human creation, developed somewhere upon or about the great Baetrian table land, or what our late geographers name, the Plateau of Iran; lying east of the great river Euphrates, and known to have been the early home of the Aryan race. Just when this mighty event transpired, we know not; but during the latter half of the present century, such men as Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir William Jones and Henry Colebrooke, have furnished the world with a knowledge of the Sanscrit language; which was the living language of India—the country to which this same research also proves these Aryan peoples migrated 2,000 to 1,500 years B. C. These chronicles having lain sealed up within this ancient, and so many years to us, dead language, it was as effectually concealed from modern civilization as though buried thousands of leagues under the sea.

I now make the sweeping assertion—accept or reject it as you like, but study it before doing either—that every great religion which has aided in molding the world's destinies, has, before being prostituted to man's selfish purposes, been pure Spiritualism. The earliest records known of any earth-religion, tell us of Brahmanism; and of this, no personal founder was ever known. The word simply meant to its devotees what we mean when we speak the name of God. Our Christian Bible tells us that God is spirit; so God-ism or Brahman-ism would each mean Spiritism, or, as we have it, Spiritualism; and the same word comprehends all that can be known of spiritual religion, call it by what name you choose.

About 500 years B. C., when the practice of Brahmanism had grown corrupt, Buddhism rose in India, and its founder was Prince Gautama. He was called "The Buddha," in Sanscrit, signifying "Enlightened;" as "The Christ" in Hebrew signifies "Anointed." The importance of these truths forbids apology for reiterating them when we urge that they be studied before being rejected; and especially the spirituality of the teachings of Gautama, the Buddha. Spiritualism is the essence and real spirit of Judaism, as any Bible student must own who reads understandingly; for it is filled from beginning to end with spirit communion, and direct speech with God. The teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, and practiced by his disciples as recorded in the New Testament Scriptures, is also pure Spiritualism, as any unbiased and honest student must admit; indeed, we cannot find a religious movement anywhere in the world's history, which has wielded an uplifting influence upon mankind, that has not been in its essence, Spiritualism.

Now let us carefully notice a very significant fact. History teaches that from 1,500 to 500 years B. C., Persia had extended her borders until she reigned mistress of the then known world; but that on the fateful day of Arbela 337 B. C., her supremacy went down before Grecian valor, and Alexander became master of western Asia; carrying the fruits of his victories, as is customary, to his native land. Now, observe. Through the services rendered the world by these eminent Sanscrit scholars above named, we are enabled to compare the striking coincidences between Greek philosophy and that of ancient India. Grecian literature itself reveals the truth that Thales, Anaxagoras, Democritus, and numerous other of her greatest men living from 600 to 400 B. C., took long journeys into far Oriental countries for the purposes of study, even as we send our youth to Europe now for better educational advantages. This proof that Greece drew her principles of enlightened civilization from far Eastern nations whose course and years had endowed them with wisdom, is indisputable; as those who are sufficiently unprejudiced can easily convince themselves if they choose.

We have now reached the point where we must recognize the deathless truth that Grecian civilization is world-wide to-day. Read Greek classics, and dare deny this statement. If, then, through the rise and fall of Roman greatness which followed the decline of Greece, and which in turn bequeathed its rich heritage from former civilizations to the all conquering Anglo-Saxon, of what antique nationalities are we the heirs? The answer is simple. No people inherits from those who are to come, but from those who have passed on; hence the home of Spiritualism, all occult or esoteric wisdom, all animating and enlightening, must logically be that mighty land of which we, dwellers in this western land, know almost nothing; Mighty India.

Knowing nothing of her greatness, we see ourselves so

in her stead; hence are moved to uncover our heads to ourselves, deeming ourselves the only true religionists, because, forsooth, we are the only ones of whom we have knowledge, or before whom we can bow.

Thus much for the Stance considering our time. Let us notice a little something of the Course of Spiritualism, and how it touches ourselves. Please bear in mind, I do not speak of mere abstract truth when I attempt to enumerate a few of its crowning blessings in waiting for the faithful, believing one who lives its truths. To such an one, it is an applied science; a living, glowing, refreshing life; transforming all the being into a divine, rhythmic harmony. Neither a thorough knowledge of music, nor the possession of a perfect instrument, or both will yield sweet sounds for the entertainment of the senses; but both must become active, or no music would ever be evolved.

An effect is never manifested except a cause lies back of it. All we can see of know of what we term good and evil, has its cause, and that cause is spirit power, either well or ill directed. When we see health and strength glowing, abounding, conquering, we know that spirit power in such person is present in harmonious activity. When knowledge and wisdom crown a life with works that are fruitful of good to all associated with it, we know that spiritual wealth is being shed into that life; and when universal love glorifies and illuminates and transfigures the whole personality, we may know the spirit of God dwells within. And such an one is a great spiritual medium; always; always has been and always will be distinguished by just such characteristics.

Here we touch upon a phase of Modern Spiritualism which, more than any other, perhaps, demands clear interpretation. A medium, speaking the term in its broadest sense, is always that objective substance or thing, through which motion, action or communication must take place; and we must remember that this object or substance can quite as easily communicate the false as the true; the right as the wrong; results depending upon causes directed by the human will. All the nearer spheres of invisible life are inhabited in about the same proportion with good and evil, or with highly evolved and undeveloped entities, as this plane upon which we live. No special argument is needed to prove this, for they are, when arriving on the other shores, just as they left here; and the proportion of those who aspire toward holy and divine things cannot well be greater there than here, while we might almost be justified in regarding it as less; for those who are fitted for higher spheres, would naturally advance to them at once, and thus be further removed from us. These would find it less easy, and perhaps less desirable, except impelled by an interest in loved ones still here, to return to this level at all. Thus we perceive that our chances for being advised by wise spirits is less, possibly, than the same chances for gaining advice we can rely upon from those with whom we associate daily in the body; and most of us know how to place a proper estimate on that.

Spirit is ever striving to express itself through matter; and all forms of matter are spirit expressions; hence, mediums of spirit. And when conscious spirit forms from the invisible, seek to express themselves, their thoughts or wishes through the medium of human bodies such as they formerly inhabited, they seek first, such as are possible for their purpose, and secondly, such as are most congenial to their own characters. This point cannot be too carefully nor clearly stated. Nor can it be too carefully considered by those who seek communications from loved ones gone before, or advice as to their own progress. Pure water can be passed into an impure channel; but it can scarcely be expected to come forth pure. Mediums for spirit communication; abound everywhere; but it does not follow that they all receive communications from spirits endowed with such wisdom as may be trusted or accepted for the guidance of an immortal soul in its progress up spiritual heights. Like attracts like; and the false and impure, or undeveloped spirit, who would neither be able nor desire to exert any great influence for the uplifting of others, will ever seek to communicate through a similar human personality. The mere fact that a man's or woman's life is vile, false or deceptive does not prevent either the possession or exercise of mediumistic, or soul powers; but we must assert and emphasize the assertion, that it does determine the quality of the communications received. Spiritual phenomena, such as inspirational speaking and writing, clairaudience and clairvoyance, artistic, musical, materializing and all such forms of spirit manifestation, are the legitimate and most logical fruits of Spiritualism. Did an apple tree fail to bear apples, we could never be sure it was an apple tree at all. Indeed, in the highest sense, it would not be one; but only a tree; since all that could make it an apple tree would be its fruit. Equally as well, however might we expect apples to grow without a tree as to expect phenomena independently of the principle of Spiritualism. In other words, spiritual phenomena must follow the application, or exercise of spiritual philosophy; and will do so, as surely as day follows night; but—the weight of this statement is its apology for repetition—the value of the phenomena depends more largely upon the purity of the medium than we are accustomed to think. How many careless and even mischievous characters have you met during your lifetime, who, were you to go asking advice, would concoct any kind of high sounding tale, tell you with sublime assurance that your welfare depended upon following their directions, and with you well out of sight, turn and laugh at your credulity; and do you think there are none in the invisible realms whose delight lies in the same occupation? These seek their own kind for communications.

Pure, white light cannot shed its rays through green glass except the glass is changed; nor through black glass at all. Our cause of Spiritualism, as it stands before the world for judgment, rests almost solely upon its mediums. By this, I mean all who are engaged in disseminating its truths either as teachers or phenomenal workers; for both are essential, each to the other, and its fruits. Could all our mediums be of the high levels of purity, purity in thought and speech and life, we should speedily see our efforts to prove Spiritualism the one universal religion, triumphant, should see angel wings lowering over all the earth and perfection crowning all living things; aye the millennium awaits only this. Don't understand me to be condemning our mediums as a body, however; for I truly believe that properly motivated, we have in our ranks to-day, a lesser number of impure people than the orthodox churches have. But I am speaking for edification among ourselves; our duty consisting more at present and as an association, in educating ourselves, than our neighbors from bonds.

As we ascend the pathways leading to higher and still higher planes, we see further and still further out over life's varying expanse, and are enabled to discern with clearer and yet clearer vision, the causes of burdens under

which humanity gropes blindly forward. From these heights we perceive that self, and not universal truth and righteousness is the mainspring in, alas, too many lives! The vast majority are seeking their own personal well-being instead of obeying the heavenly injunction, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." All these differing views are to be considered in the Course of Spiritualism, and many more might, did time permit; but we will glance briefly at its Goal.

And what is the Goal of Spiritualism? We all, daily, speak words which, if called suddenly to define, should find ourselves totally at a loss for any kind of definition. Is it eternal progress? That would surely be a goal; since a goal is an ultimate, and must forever lie ahead as we move onward. Is it eternal life? This, too, is endless. We might profitably consider many desirable points toward which to attain; but suppose we regard Universal Love as our Goal. Let us notice that we cannot even contemplate this subject without getting outside of self. Its very boundlessness compels our outreaching thoughts. Self-love and universal love are antipodal as light and darkness; and I repeat, cannot even be thought of in the same direction. Universal love is creative because it is selfless. It unites and does not dissolve. Let universal love reign among the people of the earth, and the resurrection day will dawn. A deathless glory will crown with immortality every living soul; and there will be no more death. This is Spiritualism; for spirit is deathless. Listen:

"Long centuries ago, in a famed city  
Across the sea a great cathedral stood;  
A witness to the beauty Art had wrested  
From marble, bronze and wood.

"One day the sunlight, through a slanted window,  
Upon a shadowed arch a moment shone;  
Revealing unto those whose eyes were lifted,  
What none before had known.

"It was a sculptured face of such transcendent  
And utter loveliness, that those who saw  
Deemed they had looked upon a heavenly vision;  
And held their breath for awe.

"And day by day, for many years thereafter,  
Men came from far and near; happy to sit  
And wait beneath the arch for the brief sun-ray  
That should illumine it.

"And felt them well repaid for all their waiting  
If they could catch, just for a moment's space,  
Wisdom to speak; to dream; to live; one single,  
Swift glimpse, of that fair face.

"This is the story. When the great cathedral  
Was being built, there, came, one day, with meek respect,  
A man, aged and feeble, unto  
The master architect,

"And asked, that of the work so sweet and sacred,  
Some humblest portion might be granted him,  
His feebleness and age compassionating,  
Yet fearing that his dim,

"Uncertain sight, and trembling, eager fingers,  
Might mar some fair design, some perfect view,  
In the high roof's vaulted shadows,  
Set him his work to do.

"Day after day, with sweet, unfiring patience,  
In his obscure and humble place he wrought;  
From his more highly trusted fellow-workers  
Winning scant speech or thought.

"At last one morning, still and cold they found him;  
His right hand's cunning gone. The mystic grace  
Of death enfolding him. His face upturned  
Unto that other face.

"That he had wrought. The face of the one woman—  
For so they learned—that he had loved and lost  
In early manhood's prime; ere care and sorrow  
His happy path had crossed.

"And as they gazed, the artists and the sculptors  
And the craftsmen, all, whose skill was making fair  
And grand the vast cathedral, on the beauty  
So strangely carved there.

"Grandest of all! they cried; and then they whispered,  
"Who works for fame or gold doth something miss;  
Unheeding praise or blame; in shadowed silence,  
Love hath wrought—this."

"Grandest of all! they cried; 'before whose perfect  
Ideal loveliness, all our boasting cease.  
Hail to the love that thus, for love's sake only  
Hath wrought art's masterpiece!'

"So, in the temple of the ages, builded  
Out of men's lives, it comes to every one  
Some day, to learn, there is no work so noble  
As that which love has done."

So the principle which must finally deliver us from death, the principle which is immortality, is Universal Love; and this we find to have been the basis of all religions that ever strove to enlighten mankind; the earliest as well as the latest; and Spiritualism stands to-day, the representative of every denominational movement, embracing within her mighty name all that can be told.

### THE OPTIMIST.

The fields were bleak and sodden. Not a wing  
Or note enlivened the depressing wood;  
A soiled and sullen, stubborn snowdrift stood  
Beside the roadway. Winds came muttering  
Of storms to be, and brought the chilly sting  
Of icebergs in their breath. Stalled cattle moored  
Forth plaintive pleadings for the earth's green food;  
No gleam, no hint of hope in anything.

The sky was blank and ashen, like the face  
Of some poor wretch who drains life's cup too fast.  
Yet, swaying to and fro, as if to fling  
About cowering Nature its lithic arms of grace,  
Smiling with promise in the wintry blast,  
The optimistic Willow spoke of Spring.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

If fun is good, truth is still better, and love best of all.  
—Thackeray.  
All powerful souls have kindred with each other.  
Coleridge.

### A QUERY.

Is Spiritualism a Science or a Religion?

For the first time in my long life I am puzzled to know "where I am at."

It is nearly half a century since I witnessed my first test of that which a few days later was spoken audibly to me and called, "Spiritualism," which I then and there embraced for all the years of my life, or I may say, my existence.

I soon became very clairvoyant, clairaudient, and other good gifts were un-  
limited. Is it any wonder that I was enabled to see the very "soul of things."  
Indeed, I was an enthusiast, and longed for "a thousand tongues to sing my great redeemer's praise"—(only I was so exalted in myself I did not feel the need of any such a helper, and was free to say so). Yet through it all I saw the wisdom of a creator, of Infinite Intelligence, whom I call God.

One day called on an aged lady who lay on her death-bed. Her husband was also aged and blind, and they were poor in worldly goods, though "rich in faith toward God."

The aged man spoke very kindly, calling me back to my early teachings of the Gospel, when I, knowing about as much as most others in a like condition, answered rather perily that "I believed I knew enough of that," at which the man drew in his breath quick and hard, saying, "Oh!" which seemed more like a groan.

It was the most effective sermon I ever heard, and I laid it well to heart. I had sense enough to feel that I was tramping on the only light he had to render life endurable.

From that day I began to "study the Scriptures," with the aid of superior help. I soon found that the prophecies therein were being fulfilled; the letter by the coming of this "phenomenon" in the "clouds of heaven," and the holy angels with it, and Christ is the Philosophy of it all. But on what wings did he come? Here I was obliged to surrender my childish fancies of wings, and accept a more rational method of locomotion by electricity, and since the opening of this new age what has not been accomplished for the good of man by this agent? I believe in science as Mother, but I believe in God as "Our Father." "Without him was not anything made that was made," whose name is Love, Will, or Wisdom, all combined in Spirit.

I have worked for nearly half a century upon this plane. I have tested it in life and death, for truly I gave my life for another who was pronounced dead. I brought her back, though in doing so I pledged my own life, which was required of me, yet given back at what appeared to others to be the last of earth for me.

I have cast out devils—but this deserves a chapter of itself. I have drunk poisonous things, but they irritate only for a season, when I become more positive than before.

Healing the sick was my work for years. I never lost a case. The angels were with me, I had nothing to fear. No, though I have been many times obliged to deal with serpents, I have nothing to fear. "Spiritualism" is my Religion, then as now, and I trust forever.

Now let me say a few words on your all important question, "Science," etc. I do not wish to be ignorant upon anything of so great interest to mankind. Hence in the beginning of my studies I made myself acquainted with the science of phrenology—which I esteem of the utmost importance to every one to know himself, if he would deal justly with humanity. Let him find out if he is able to decide this all-important question, when the organ of veneration, on a scale of seven, marks only five, or may be less, with Spirituality scarcely more, while the equally important organ of Benevolence goes begging altogether, can he make it up by Self Esteem, or Language, a galore? As well say he can measure the Infinite, entire, in a pint cup. Certainly he works injury to the cause we love so well. I beg of you not to dishonor Science in the very beginning of your Herculean task.

HARRIET S. PARKER.  
Summerland, Cal.

### TRUSTING.

When winds and waves are raging  
Through every threadbare sail,  
When my bark seems all unlikely  
To stem the awful gale,  
I drop my oars, am quiet,  
And say: Let come what will,  
All safe in the arms infinite  
I know I'll be resting still.  
Even though my boat is stranded,  
And the wild waves dash me o'er,  
I yet shall make my moorings  
Upon some farther shore.  
Or if the worlds should crumble  
And back to chaos fall,  
Serene, unshaken, undaunted,  
I would triumph over all.  
No matter where I wander,  
On desert-land or sea,  
Or out and on for ages  
In the blue incense of air,  
I shall not be lost or injured,  
For the Father's hand shall guide,  
And within the love unfailing  
I must evermore abide.

For since I'm "part and parcel"  
Of the great eternal whole,  
I'd as soon think God could perish  
As that I could lose my soul!  
Or that height or depth or distance  
Aye, any powers that be  
Could intercept the current  
That bears my own to me.  
The hand that guides the wild-bird  
Through trackless seas of air,  
To fields in sunny South-lands,  
With matchless love and care,  
I know will lead my footsteps  
In paths that are the best—  
The only royal highway  
To regions of the blest.

LAURA B. PAYNE



LIFE AND EXPERIENCE IN SPIRIT LAND

A Series of Letters From Prof. William Denton, Through the Mediumship of Carlyle Petersilea.

LETTER NUMBER FOUR

My Dear Professor, Carlyle Petersilea: Sir—I have long desired to say something to the world at large on the very important subject of intromission, and I now find my opportunity. Of course all persons who have reached the years of discretion will understand the meaning of the word, but as an invisible being I wish to write of the intromission of the invisible within the visible.

Many scientists, together with agnostics, appear to entirely overlook the great law of intromission. They do not overlook it so far as the well known is concerned, for they are well aware that electricity, together with various gases, can completely fill a human body. They are now beginning to understand that all material things, whatsoever, are filled by ether, or the ethereal atmosphere; in other words, that ether exists throughout all space continually, unbroken and undisturbed; that the ether, a house, or a material form of any kind exists within it without displacing or disturbing a particle of it. It infills and passes through all bodies as though they did not exist. To the ether all material forms are like shadows without substance, and to the material forms the ether is intangible, without form or substance.

Now I think I have stated these scientific facts clearly, and I don't know that any person of ordinary intelligence will disagree with me.

The human form, then, exists within this ether without knowing it is filled by it; and the ether is not cognizant of the human, or material body, rather. Now when scientists and agnostics admit the great truth of the unbounded and unbounded ether they are getting directly into the spiritual world without knowing it and they are admitting the immortality of the soul, as I hope to show further on, and by and through this ether hope to prove to all men as well, the immortality of the soul, and that there is a spirit and soul. I hope also to prove that nothing could exist without the ether, that it is the primal cause of all existing things whatsoever, and if we must have a God we might just as well call that God, Ether, for you are wont to say that God is within and about all things, that he it is who moves on the face of the deep and life springs forth. Life in and of itself does not originate within the ether; its origin is within ether, the difference being that one is conscious of life and not conscious of the ether. Life is an element, or principle, just as is ether; but life is not continuous and unbroken as is ether but is broken up into or by form, and these forms exist within the unbroken ether.

"How, then," you ask me, "is ether the cause of life?" Before I answer this question I wish to state that ether is possessed of many qualities. First, it is luminiferous, that is it holds, by the great law of intromission, an exceedingly fine, bright, ethereal light, that, like it and together with it, permeates all things whatsoever. The material light of the sun, and other celestial bodies has nothing to do with this light.

"And God said, Let there be light; and there was light." This was before the sun, moon, or stars were created, or at least before they existed. If we change the word God back to its original meaning, we have the word Om, or Am, or I Am, which really means the invisible life or breath which infills and surrounds all things. You now call it Ether instead of Om, that is, Ether is the English word for the Oriental Om. "And Om said, Let there be light; and there was light." Now you, to-day, call Om and his light, luminiferous ether. The Oriental really meant the same thing, and if their meaning had not been twisted and garbled it would be: "And within Om, there resided, or dwelt, Light." To you now it means, Within the boundless and unbounded ether, forever resides unbounded and boundless Light. God is Light. Om is Light. But Ether, together with its Light, is not visible to material sight, and this light and this ether are eternal, having had no beginning and consequently can have no end. They are co-existent and eternal. The eternal God. The eternal Om. The eternal Ether. All, really, mean the same.

Now light intromits, permeates, and infills ether, held within it in loving embrace. Two primal elements, male and female, positive and negative. Ether positive, its light negative.

Within this luminiferous ether there must, necessarily, reside the primal elements of all that was, is, or ever shall be. All must see, at once, that this must be so, necessarily. It could not possibly be otherwise; and in this sense nothing ever was created, and there never was a beginning, consequently there can be no end, simply involution, evolution, and development of that which ever was or ever shall be.

We think we have shown, conclusively that all things exist primarily within the luminiferous ether, even light itself. Now we come to that much mooted question, Infinite Intelligence; and here let us most solemnly affirm that Infinite Intelligence forever infills and thoroughly permeates the luminiferous ether.

Now we have Ether, Light, and Infinite Intelligence; all three co-existent and eternal. Just here is where the idea of a three-fold God originated. Not God as a personality, but the three primal elements that constitute the creative energy.

If intelligence were not infinite, without beginning and without end, no intelligence could be manifested through-out nature. This is clear and plain to all spiritual beings who are infilled with enough of it, but it takes a considerable amount of intelligence to fully comprehend it. One may say that intelligence is evolved from matter; but, unless matter possessed it, it could not be evolved from it; that is self-evident; but intelligence does not belong to matter except as it may infill matter. That intelligence is manifested through matter is also true, but it is no part of matter itself. Ether is not matter, intelligence is not matter, light is not matter, that is, not in their primal condition.

Now we come to matter, spirit and soul in their primal or first condition. These three are as eternal as ether itself and co-existent with it, never had a beginning, can never have an end. Now the ether is infilled with light, intelligence, matter, spirit and soul, and soul is life. The word soul should really be rendered life. The soul, which is the life thereof, or the life which is the soul thereof. Now all these things exist in their first, or primal state, together and with ether, submerged within luminiferous ether, which like a boundless ocean, engulfs them. "And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the deep." The ether; that is, and was, the original meaning of the text; and the meaning is clear. Spirit is not immovable as is ether but moves within it, otherwise it is in constant motion, never still, no, not for an instant, and its movement is rotary; in other words it is agitated by infinite intelligence, agitated, moved, or shaken, which causes it to coalesce, or cover itself with matter, hiding within matter, and together they form the infinite, eternal, never-ending ocean of atoms. Thus a marriage, or union, takes place between spirit and matter, and thus they are forever forming endless material suns, and these, in their turn, being in constant rotary motion like the atoms of which they are composed, at length cast off their children, the planets, or earths; and here I will not go into details for the medium tells me that they have already been given a great many times by other spirits who have written through this channel; but atoms, although they are composed of spirit and matter, do not contain life or soul, nor intelligence; these, thus far, have not been made use of; they still reside within the ether; but soul and intelligence coalesce, or a union, or marriage, takes place between them and form the result—living, intelligent form—for soul is life and intelligence hides itself therein and thus forms the infinitesimal life germ. The invisible, infinitesimal atoms of spirit matter at length form worlds, visible worlds, but spirit is really the magnetic or attractive principle, and when a world becomes fitted for them, the life germs are attracted and held within spirit and matter. Now, just at this point the great law of evolution commences to operate together with the eternal law of involution. Spirit and matter involve soul and intelligence and then evolve them in a more perfect and developed condition.

We are well aware that scientific, so-called, men do not accept these great truths, but commence with matter as a cell, a minute cell; but if they were here in the spirit world as we are, they would at once see that the so-called cell was simply a point of spirit, or magnetic flame, covered with translucent matter which, of course, gives it the appearance of a cell, in other words a tiny hollow globe or oval; but these cells are infilled by spirit through the great law of intromission; so that which appears to be matter is really spirit and matter in equal proportions, one hiding or covering the other; but, be it ever borne in mind that spirit is the great attractive or magnetic force; otherwise matter could not be held together in any kind of form. All things in nature are composed of spirit and matter, but this is not all; spirit and matter are infilled by soul-life and intelligence; these are attracted by spirit, and thus are involved into matter and spirit; and when scientific men take up these threads they will be on the right road and arrive safely at their destination which should be immortality.

Some at this point may ask: "Mr. Denton, how about form in all its various manifestations?" and my reply is this: Infinite Intelligence has no form; it infills the luminiferous ether; but when it coalesces with soul, or life, which also in its first or primal state infills the ether, form is produced, or the infinitesimal, invisible life germs—soul germs—from the lowest to the highest, from the smallest speck of intelligence to that of man, but involution precedes evolution, always.

O, how can the world overlook this great fact? Strange—passing strange, when it is going on before the eyes of all persons at all times. A chicken must be involved before it can be evolved. A human being must be involved before that being can be evolved. Not a seed can be formed until it has involved the germinal principle, or the life or soul-germ.

It is now being stated that matter is not dead. Spirits wrote that fact through this medium twenty or more years ago. It was then shown that the heart of each atom was spirit, but spirit is not intelligent. Spirit is not soul, but it is the fine, magnetic clothing of intelligent soul; and matter proper, which is really inert without spirit, is the coarser material covering of both spirit and soul which infills it. It is just as impossible to evolve that which had no previous existence as it would be to create something out of nothing; in fact it would really be creating something out of nothing. To evolve intelligence, that did not previously exist, out of matter which did not possess it, would be something like an old lady spinning thread without either flax, wool, cotton, or any other material. The old lady can spin the thread but she must have the substance from which to spin it; or, like a weaver, weaving a web without either warp or filling. One would think him insane if he were to say that by constantly keeping his loom going he could weave all kinds of beautiful cloths in various patterns—nothing was required but the loom and its motion. The loom may stand for matter and its motion for force per se.

The scientists will tell you that through the great law of evolution nothing is required but force and matter. It seems so ridiculous to me now, force and matter evolving millions of complicated forms of various patterns, and at the same time evolving intelligence of the highest order—God-like intelligence. If the scientist believes in a future existence at all, he thinks that matter also evolves spirit, and soul. He doesn't put a thing into his loom of matter except motion, or force, and he takes out web after web of the most beautiful and serviceable stuffs, at least, he imagines he does.

Then there are others who think intelligent spirit and soul do not exist at all until through evolution the human stage is reached, that man alone possesses an immortal spirit, as they often call the immortal ego or soul, and that this has been gradually evolved from matter.

Now this is something like a woman putting the pot on to boil; she puts nothing into it but water, yet she insists that if the pot boils long enough she can take out the finest and best of dinners, all evolved from the boiling water and the material pot. But I tell you, my friends, if a good dinner is taken from that pot it must first be put into it. Nothing can be evolved from that pot except that which it holds. If man has been evolved up from a hollow cell of matter, pure and simple, until he stands an intelligent, immortal spirit, soul, ego, and nothing below him has a spirit, or soul, or intelligence, where in God's name did he get them? Perhaps by rubbing Aladdin's lamp; then if he goes floating off into space with nothing immortal below him, and nothing beyond him but progressed man—by what and through what does he progress, and where, at last, is his landing place? How is it possible that countless millions upon millions, billions and trillions, sextillions, and as many trillions as one can think, of God-like intelligent angels, exist in the celestial worlds, all having their origin within a cell of protoplasm that never yet possessed a spark of intelligence? O, but you say that evolution did it all. The idea is too preposterous for even a child to think about. Evolution means to unroll or unfold something that already exists.

Well, do these things all exist within a cell of matter? No, no, no! A thousand times no! Nothing can be evolved which is not first involved. One cannot unroll that which does not exist.

Now I am going to make a startling assertion, that is, it will be startling to most people. Things do not come up from the lower to the higher, but they descend from the higher to the lower. Now do not throw this down and say you will not read any further, for I am going to prove what I say; so have a little patience and read on.

You will all admit that soul, or life, is higher than matter, that intelligence is also higher than matter, that spirit is also higher than matter. Does a man's material body produce his soul, his spirit, his intelligence, or does his intelligent soul clothe itself with spirit and matter, in other words, descend into and infill it? Why the very fact of his stepping out of it, and leaving it dead and inert, is evidence in itself. If his intelligent soul, or life, descended into matter and took it on as clothing, am I not right when I say that it is from the higher to the lower, and not from the lower to the higher? The soul, or life principle, being united with intelligence, is higher than spirit and matter, and must first exist and become active before they can take on spirit and matter. How is it possible to deny this? Then soul life and intelligence must first be involved before it can evolve, or unroll, or develop, and every living thing that exists must first be involved before it can evolve, or develop, or unroll; and this must first be there to unroll or it can't unroll; and this is true of every blade of grass, of every flower; of every shrub, of every tree, of every insect, bird and animal.

Now you ask me: How, does involution take place? and I will answer.

Matter and spirit form into atoms. Life and Intelligence form into soul germs, or atoms, minute germs, visible to most people, or supposed to be; these are infilled by all breathing creatures, and attracted by the spirit within all inanimate living things which do not breathe; the flowers of plant or tree acting as lungs, holding the germ and thus producing seed. In other words the little germ clothes itself with spirit and matter until a favorable opportunity presents to unroll itself, or evolve. And thus it is with man. Intelligent soul germs take on spirit and matter as clothing and then evolve or develop. Ever yours, WILLIAM DENTON.

IMPORTANT MATTER FROM OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES

THE TWO WORLDS, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

MACLEOD'S FIELD PEARS. Every day is a little life, and one whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare spend a day recklessly are equally so.

Life is not a little cup dipped from the stream of time. It is itself a stream, and though at its birth it may dance and send forth cheerful murmurs as it does not afterwards, still it is intended to flow as it advances through more beautiful regions, and to adorn its shores with richer verdure and more abundant harvests.

All cannot play a hero's part, And win a name in hard fought fight. But all can have a loving heart, Fear God, and strive to do the right.

A double blessing is a double grace. When doubtless what is right the heart is easy, and becomes better every day; but when projecting deceit the mind labors, and every day gets worse.

People will wait for the time, but the time waits for no man. Let our lives be as pure as the snow-fields, where our footsteps leave a mark, not a stain.

Let your light shine in your home, and don't be afraid that it will become too bright. Don't be turning it down all the time, as some people do their gas.

Give us to see The hidden glow in work and care, The growing grace that comes from In heavy woods and heart-wrenched tears, Adown great griefs and bitter pain, As flowers spring to greet the sky Along the echoes of the rain.

ARE SPIRITUALISTS MEAN?

You touch upon a very important point in your leading article of last week. The cause, it is to be deplored that the offerings are so small at Spiritualist meetings. But what shall we say regarding those Spiritualists who absent themselves entirely from such meetings, and who give nothing whatever to the cause? There must be thousands of these, many of them well off in this world's goods, and well able to give a silver coin, and maybe a gold one.

There are many people who have attended Spiritualist meetings until they received conviction of spirit return and spirit communion, who afterwards seldom or never visit such places, but who go to orthodox places of worship, and there liberally to support them, either because it is considered more fashionable or respectable to do so. Are such people ashamed to be seen going to a Spiritualist place of worship because it is situated in a poor locality, up a court, or in an upper room?

It is very important that offerings should be large, for "money makes the mare go." If individual offerings are not large, let us endeavor to get more people to attend the meetings by advertisement, and to give in the local papers each time, distributing pamphlets, and writing letters to the press in support of the cause; in fact, advertising Spiritualism in all ways. If more money can be got, good speakers can be engaged, larger halls or churches rented, or built, and Spiritualism will take its place amongst the religions of the land, to flourish and increase for all time.

THE HEARSE.

Lord Dufferin used to tell a creepy story. Nearly twenty years ago he was staying in a country house in Ireland. While dressing for dinner he heard wheels on the gravel, and, looking through the window he saw a hearse drive up to the front door. He was pressed with the face of the driver—a puffed, heavy, unwholesome face. Assuming that a servant had died in the house he mentioned the matter to his host, but was told there had been no death, and that the appearance of the hearse was supposed to be a warning to the person who saw it. A little later he went to the Grand Hotel, and observed with a shock of alarm that the attendant had the face of the man on the hearse. He got out and walked downstairs. Immediately afterwards the lift smashed, and all the occupants were killed.

LIGHT LONDON, ENGLAND.

SEEN IN A MIRROR.

Monsieur X., Justice of the peace in the town of Wiek, in Northern Russia, related to the London Chronicle, dated 10th March, 1896, number 30 the following occurrence: "A few years ago I was living in Ukra, a town of Romany. Having raised the post I had been filling, I was enjoying a time of rest in my house, which stood in a large garden, and at the same time awaiting from the Government a fresh appointment. My family consisted of four persons—my wife, two sons, and a daughter. My eldest son was studying at the Ecclesiastical Academy at Kiev; the younger was at home preparing to enter college (Gymnasium). My daughter, aged ten, was going to school. On returning home one day, she ran in bringing the news that a fortune-teller had settled in the neighborhood and that she was surprised to find that she was first consulted by the curious natural to her son, begged me earnestly to take her some day when she had not many lessons to do, to see this divineress. The day arrived, and we drove, in fine weather, to the dwelling of the modern pythonesse. Her modest home was in a kind of villa. We stopped on seeing a little lady approaching us. She was followed by an enormous dog. "Does the fortune-teller live here, madame?" I asked. "Yes, sir." We were taken into a small vestibule and thence into a large room. Our guide opened a door and called some one—Madame Marie, we have visitors; and there entered a woman of thirty-five or forty, wearing the dress of the women of the towns in Ukra. "What do you wish, madame?" she asked. "Lighting two little bits of candle, and covering the window with a thick curtain, so that the room will be quite dark." The candles were placed in a little mirror on the wall. She placed another mirror in such a manner that the candles were between me and the mirror which I held near to me, and I communicated to these present what I saw in it. I glanced at the small mirror, my daughter doing the same, and we saw nothing but the light of the candles.

"First of all, madame, I said, 'be so good as to give me a few particulars as to your past life, at least those relating to the period when you were first consulted by the curious natural to her son.' " "Once when I was a little girl," she replied, "the idea came into my head that I might be able to foretell things. I had heard that for this purpose a mirror was used. So I seated myself before the lighted candles, as now, I took the mirror and began to look. I saw in it my future husband and the whole of my destiny. Well, since then, whenever I have nothing to do, I light the candles, take the mirror in my hand, and wait for what it has to show me. I see every event. For instance, suppose someone I know is going to be ill. If he is to recover we find that we continue to see him, in the sequel, at work, at rest, going about. If he is to die, then the mirror shows us the funeral—the priests; the torches, the coffin, the cemetery. If I ask mentally whether these events will take place in a few days, a week, or a month, I am at once shown a date marked in dots (points). Sometimes an annoying incident happens in the neighborhood, such as a robbery. I am aware of it immediately, and I give information as to where the lost goods are to be sought. They are recovered, and the owner is very grateful, and the owner is very grateful to me. I am committing a sin against God, said he, 'He will forgive you, though I can see nothing wrong in coming to the help of one's fellow-creatures.' That is a greatly great account to foretelling. At first I was only successful in the evening or at night, but now I am equally so at high noon. 'I no sooner look in the mirror than I see the whole life of man pass before me.' 'I see,' she resumed, 'after a few moments' silence, 'that you are a rich man, and an official. You—but, no, you have no appointment now. That is the past. I see you in uniform; how richly armed! He is a gold chain around your neck from which hangs a medal inscribed 'Justice of the Peace.' But all that is over. You have had no appointment for three years.'"

A DEATH-BED SCENE.

Having heard that the father of a dear friend was very ill, and knowing from experience how trying nursing is, I called and offered to sit up, while my friend and her husband rested. As I walked into the sick room, I saw a light fleecy mist over the bed, and after a little time I was able to describe the spirit form of a lady, who was at once recognized as the old gentleman's wife. She appeared to me to be making "passes" down the sufferer on the bed, who soon dozed off into a quiet sleep. He had previously been in great pain. From time to time we saw spirit forms flitting over the bed, and often the old gentleman would be asked to tell someone by name, who his daughter told me, had passed on years before. He would ask and answer questions, and wish the "friends" good-bye, looking towards the door, and waving his hand in adieu to them. We, his daughter, son-in-law, and myself, saw that the end was approaching. All night we watched him in his quiet, unconscious sleep. At times beautiful light flitted over his bed and the calm feeling that came over us was beyond words to describe. All at once we heard faintly, the sound of angelic lullaby strains for a few moments. Morning came, and at 9:30 we saw that the end was at hand; over the head of the bed a glorious light broke forth, while the spirit friends seemed to gather together, and we distinctly saw his wife stoop down over him, put out her hands as though lifting him up, and, with a quiet, but distinctly audible, "Come," we saw the light and spirits ascend and a beautiful golden light burst forth and enveloped them. Nothing remained but the peaceful, cast-off, worn-out body. May God and His holy angels grant us, and all, such a glorious entrance into heaven.

PASSAGE OF MATTER THROUGH MATTER.

When first I read of the passage of matter through matter it was entirely incomprehensible to me. I have since read the "Light of Egypt," the author of which has an extensive knowledge of psychic phenomena. He says: "No matter how solid any external object may appear it is not so, for every molecule of which it consists forms an extremely small atomic system of satellite atoms, revolving around their primary atoms, which forms the impenetrable point of every crystal. There is space between every one of them. To dematerialize matter and resolve it into its original elements require the application of an external force powerful enough to polarize the material cohesive affinity of the atoms. If the dematerializing force is electric the form is destroyed as far as the external plane is concerned, but it is in magnetic the object is not etherealized, and in this state matter can be made to pass through matter, and immediately the magnetic dissolvent is withdrawn the object will resume its original shape. We need scarcely add that in this natural fact lies the secret of the spiritual materializing phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, and it forms the true foundation of all magical manifestations of a physical nature." If credible human testimony has any value whatever, matter has passed through matter. I have never had an opportunity of witnessing this peculiar manifestation but my investigation has clearly proved to my mind that spirits can not only materialize but be photographed. It is difficult to determine what is impossible and what appears to be impossible now may become an actuality in the future.

E. W. Sprague's Report.

Since our last monthly report, we have organized four new societies and visited five others that we organized last year. After we were at the mid-winter meeting at Battle Creek, Mich., we visited Lowell, Mass., where we organized a new society which we chartered with the Michigan State Spiritualists Association. Our visit to Owosso, Mich., instilled new life into that society. We raised thirty-three dollars by subscription, the amount to be used in leasing the hall again which they had given up and moved out of after having held it for many years. We left them with good prospects for future work and very much encouraged.

Of the societies that we organized last year, we visited Ft. Wayne, Argos, Rochester, Frankfort and Elwood, Ind. All of these are at work, some working under difficulties, others with better conditions; but all doing good for our cause. The other new societies that we organized are at Rensselaer, Lowell and Sedalia. At Rensselaer we held our meetings in the building of the "Church of God." I wonder what Elder Covert will do when he finds it out. We spent but two days in this town, when it used two years of persistent work to do justice by the people and to our cause. Nevertheless, this little band of earnest souls will do all in their power to enlighten their townsmen and neighbors. Rensselaer was one of the centres of Spiritualism twenty-five years ago. At Lowell we organized another small society. This was the early home of our ardent sister workers, Mrs. Colby Luther, and it was in this vicinity that she developed her mediumship, the great power of which was felt throughout the land.

There are not as many Spiritualists in Lowell as there were in those early days, and the reason for it is that there has been no leader and no organized effort. The children have been allowed to grow up in the Sunday-schools, and many of them have naturally drifted into the church; but the good work of Mrs. Luther has not been in vain, for there are a few Spiritualists left here that are determined to keep the truths of Spiritualism alive. If the work of Mrs. Luther had been carried on systematically from the time that she first began it in this place, I do not believe there would have been a Spiritualist church doing business in this vicinity to-day. It is the perseverance and the persistence of the church that keeps it alive. It is apathy and lack of organization that keeps Spiritualism from advancing.

If we expect to advance the cause of Spiritualism as it ought to advance we must send our missionaries to the Christians, and do it through systematic organization. We trust this little society, which is composed of earnest and enthusiastic souls may grow in numbers and influence, in accordance with the wishes of its supporters. We next visited Sedalia, Ind., held four meetings and organized a society. This is a new field around which the interest centers. Chesterfield camp-meeting has played an important part in bringing the light to this place. Large audiences came to hear us, many were curious seekers at first, but became interested as they listened to the true gospel.

The missionary work of the N. S. A. is an object lesson which the Spiritualists want, and we trust it may be the means of lessening the prejudice against us. The many who are able to assist the few good souls who are now so nobly assisting the N. S. A. in its good work. Let us not become impatient, for our cause is marching on to victory. Every day it grows stronger. We feel there is great promise for Spiritualism and our National and State associations for the future. E. W. SPRAGUE.

Spiritualism and Religion.

To the Editor,—Dr. A. T. Hudson, of Stockton, Cal., departed this life, Feb. 5, 1902. He seemed to be waiting to welcome the expected call. By three years he had passed the four score mark. Brother A. T. and myself began our subscription to The Progressive Thinker nearly at its outset. Indeed I think it was the year of its birth. Our love and interest for it as the champion of modern spiritual lore has never abated. It is one of those captivating journals that, once it secures the attention of the reader, leaves no place to stop or let go. While I have never had a spirit message from the celestial side of spirit life, yet every report from that source has been to me freighted with solid meaning and real worth. Thomas Buccal, of England, had the same idea and estimate of Spiritualism which I endorse and defend.

He is reported to have said: "When we admit the claims of 'Whatman' and his philosophy, it is of small concern about that which is outside of it. Spiritual philosophy occupies so large a domain of human thought that its study becomes at once profoundly absorbing. The knowledge of kindred and friends who have gone before consists of wisdom of a sober second thought. It is spirit lore condensed, verified and refined. Nothing but a wise experience can improve, correct or add to it. We are happy to say there is now an open door between the two worlds, and it is likely to remain open as a lively thoroughfare as long as human intelligence lasts. From the realms of the spirit world comes the startling announcement of a most commanding import. It relates to Belief and a Supreme Being. It is the imperative demand of Spirit George says: 'The angels look back over the history of the ages and see the sorrows, trials, suffering and unrest caused by a belief in a Supreme Being.'"

Is it possible? Only think! The mere fact of belief in a Supreme Being, a curse, a woe-bringing force, spent on the pious victim. It smites the Christian with a withering blight. It shadows the prelate and his occupation with a dismal comment. The Progressive Thinker asks, "Should Spiritualism take its place among the great religions of the world, or be assigned to its proper position in the domain of science?"

"To my view our spirit philosophy has no more concern about religion than has geology, mathematics, or the fourth dimension of space. Science and religion are not only opposed to each other, but they are hostile and as inimical as knowledge and barbaric ignorance. Science is based on three principles, as fact, observation and reason. Spiritualism also comes before the world based on fact, observation and reason. The world religion has been for centuries a make-up. It is the cradle of the tongue, the Red Tape duty, the supreme charity of the world, the revelation of reserve power, etc. Price 30 cents. For sale at this office.

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## OGGULT MYSTERIES.

THE GREAT DIVINE, THE REV. DR. SAVAGE,  
GIVES THE GROUNDS OF HIS BELIEF

EXAMPLES OF SPIRIT WRITING  
AND OTHER COMMUNICATIONS  
FROM THE OTHER WORLD  
WHICH HAVE COME WITHIN  
HIS EXPERIENCE—SOME TESTS  
OF MEDIUMS.

In an interesting article on "Results of Psychical Research," which appeared in the March number of *Annie's Magazine*, the Rev. Minot J. Savage, D. D., says that he is personally certain that such things as ghosts exist, but is not ready to explain their origin or nature.

Dr. Savage gives several examples of spirit writings and communications from the dead. He offers them as typical cases classed as mental phenomena and says that his purpose in making them public is to place the intelligent reader in such a position that he may be able to make up his mind as to whether or not the phenomena are real. The author explains that he deals with occurrences with which he is personally familiar.

The first example given, Dr. Savage says, occurred here in the immediate vicinity of New York. A young man who had been studying abroad and was of anything but an imaginative temperament, had returned home apparently in perfect health and was at the summer home of his mother.

It was his habit after dinner to go out on the piazza and walk up and down smoking his pipe. One evening he came in quietly and without talking to anybody went to bed. The next morning he said to his mother:

"Mother, I have something very sad to tell you. You must be strong and brace yourself to bear it. I am going to die very soon."

When asked for an explanation, he said: "Last night when I was walking up and down on the piazza, smoking, a spirit appeared and walked up and down by my side. I have received my call and am going to die."

The mother, of course seriously troubled, sent for a doctor and told him the story. He made a careful investigation, found nothing the matter with her son and treated the whole thing as a bad dream or a hallucination.

The next morning the young man did not seem quite so well, but the doctor said there was nothing the matter and tried to laugh the family out of their fears. The third morning the young man appeared to be still worse and the doctor was again summoned.

Then he discovered a case of appendicitis. The young man was operated on and died in a couple of days. From the time of the vision until his death not more than five days had gone by.

Some time after this experience the mother visited a psychic here in New York. She made no previous appointment, but went as a perfect stranger and asked for help.

The son's spirit seemed to be present at once and told the mother a series of very remarkable things which, by no possibility, could the psychic ever have known. Then in answer to the question, "Who was it that you saw that night?" the question being purposely framed so as not to appear to refer to anybody out of the body, he said that it was his father. The father had been dead some years.

Dr. Savage says that his daughter made an appointment with Mrs. Piper under an assumed name and went to her utterly unknown. A friend had given her three locks of hair. She knew nothing about them, not even so much as whether they had been cut from the heads of people living or dead.

After Mrs. Piper had been into a trance the locks of hair were placed in her hand one at a time. She told all about them, gave the names of the persons to whom they belonged and the name of the person who had given them to her, told whose heads they were from, whether the persons were living or dead and in regard to one of them, asked why they had cut off the extreme ends of the hair, where it was useless, instead of near the head.

The doctor made notes of what Mrs. Piper said and later found that she had been accurate in every particular.

Another case which Dr. Savage gives is that of a friend, the daughter of a New England clergyman, whose husband in later years was also a minister. When she was a young woman the mediumistic power would take possession of her, sometimes against her will. She never sat for pay, but sometimes would oblige a friend who desired to witness an experience of this sort.

One day a German, evidently a gentleman, whom she did not know, came and begged for a sitting. She consented and among other things, began to jabber sounds which to her were without meaning.

When the influence had left her she was going to apologize by explaining that she had been forced to utter these sounds and was not able to control herself. The German told her not to apologize or explain.

He said that she had rendered him an incalculable service. He assured her that she had been speaking in German and that his father had been talking to him.

Then he went on to explain that his father had died suddenly, leaving his business affairs so entangled that they were utterly unable to straighten them out. He needed certain information, he said, which he had no way of obtaining. This, he said, his father had given to him through her and the matter was perfectly plain.

Dr. Savage tells of a Boston clergyman who was very active in charitable work. At his death his parishioners were scattered.

The widow of the colleague of the clergyman was the medium in this case, though she had never seen a medium in her life. She had nothing to do with ordinary Spiritualism, did not believe in it and was, in fact, opposed to it.

The deceased clergyman talked to his colleague's widow and made her the agent in charitable undertakings. She would receive orders to go into town to a certain street and number and would be told that there would be old persons to whom she should minister.

As time passed, frequently, Mrs. Savage would follow these directions, knowing nothing of the case except that which had been told to her, and she said that a mistake was never made.

She always found the person and the condition as they had been described to her. In one instance she traveled out of the state knowing not even the name of the person who was to seek out, and

she found the case of which she had been told.

On one occasion, too, the daughter of the old minister, through the colleague's widow, was told to put \$20 into an envelope and to send it to another town to an address that she had never heard of. She hesitated to send the money in this way, wishing to delay until she got a check, but she was peremptorily ordered not to wait as the matter was one of immediate and vital importance.

She sent the money as directed and later received a letter acknowledging its receipt. The writing and grammar were poor. It told the story of abuse and desertion of a wife on the part of a husband.

The wife had done all she could to keep the little family together. She had reached the limit of her endurance, had pawned the last bit of decent furniture and as making preparations to go out into the world with her children when the money arrived.

Dr. Savage says that never in his life until his son died two years ago did he attempt to get into communication with any special person at any sitting held with a medium. On one or three occasions within the last two years, he was tried to see if he could get any communication from his boy, who died at the age of 31. Dr. Savage says that during a sitting with Mrs. Piper his son seemed to be present and said to him:

"I wish you to go at once to my room. Look in my drawer and you will find there a lot of loose papers. Among them is one which I have written. You would take and destroy at once."

Mrs. Piper was in a trance at the time and her hand was writing. She had no personal acquaintance with the son and had never seen him.

Dr. Savage went to the room and found in the drawer the papers referred to. They contained things which the young man had jotted down and enclosed within the limits of their own membership. The naturalist himself became an automatic writer.

One of the members of the circle had a brother who before he died had promised to try to communicate with the member after death. The scientist tried to get in touch with his dead brother.

Soon his hands began to move making at first meaningless scrawls, but later it seemed to be the form of words. As he looked at what had been written it seemed to him without meaning. When he showed the scrawls to the brother of the dead man the brother said with some surprise:

"Perhaps it has no meaning for you, but it has for me."

He then explained that his brother had made up certain words out of his head. He had given these to the speaker.

"If I can ever come to you I will bring these as a test. If I do not bring them you need not believe that it is I."

The naturalist had produced the identical combinations of letters which the dead brother years before had made as a proposed test for the living one.

The last experience which Dr. Savage gives is that of a young English girl who was engaged to a young American. He died suddenly.

Some time after his death she went to a medium in this city. She made no appointment and the medium had no way of knowing who she was.

The medium went into a trance and immediately the girl's lover seemed to be present. He recalled circumstances of their acquaintance and then said:

"I am glad that I have been able to see your father's life once or twice during the last year."

A short time afterward the father wrote home from South Africa telling how he was sitting in his tent one day when there came upon him suddenly an unexpected impression that he was in danger. It was as though some one were trying to make him feel his danger and make him move.

So strong was the feeling that he left his place and went over to the other side of the tent. He had hardly done so before a shell struck the tent, and he had been sitting. Had he remained there he would have been killed instantly.—New York Sun.

THE AMAZING FEAT OF A SONNAMBULIST.

(By J. Sanderson Christison, M. D., author of "Brain in Relation to Mind," "Crime and Criminals," etc.)

Among the phenomena of nature most surprising to man, a supernatural performance by an ordinary representative of his species is probably the most attractive and the most expected. And while it is commonly believed that the day of miracles is past, yet from time to time our attention is called to well-attested phenomena which are difficult to place in any other category, although in some respects they fall short of its requirements. For one thing, they usually lack a satisfactory purpose or occasion. But such affairs are always interesting and suggestive and may indeed be very instructive. They at least contribute to the rational basis of faith and teach us to accept much more than we can comprehend.

The affair I am here about to describe is a case of somnambulism which in some respects seems the most remarkable illustration of its kind that I have yet met with or found on record. The subject is a young mulatto housemaid who was referred to me by her employer owing to the fact that she had suffered an epileptic attack on the day following her astonishing feat. I should here introduce her as Miss Julia, a much esteemed employee of Mrs. Brown, who resides within one of the most aristocratic precincts of the North Side of Chicago.

It was only a few nights ago, about 3 a. m., when Mrs. Brown was awakened by an unusual noise, pointing to a disturbance in a room adjoining which was occupied by Julia. Mrs. Brown immediately arose to investigate the cause, and after opening Julia's door she called her name several times. To these calls she received no response, but she heard a faint creaking noise, and in the direction of a stairway that ascended from Julia's room to the floor above. She also observed that some of the furniture near the door was not in its usual position. This condition was very perplexing to Mrs. Brown, and she immediately proceeded to secure help in her investigation, when a moment later a great crash was heard that awakened the inmates of the house on three floors. At once half a dozen more persons joined in the investigation of the cause of the disturbance.

But they had not far to go, for during the moments of preliminary consultation the heavy breathing of a person was heard as if but a short distance away, and this drew almost directly led to the discovery of Julia lying on the floor at the top of the stairway in an apparently stuporous state. The high tension of the alarmed company was now relieved, and after they had administered a few "shakings" to Julia she slowly arose to her feet, with a dazed look in her eyes. She, however, made no answer when asked of what she had done. But after a few moments later she inquired what floor she was on, and shortly thereafter she was led down to her room, where she at once fell sound asleep.

In the morning she was attending to her duties at her usual time, without either a scratch or a bruise on her person; and upon being asked by her mistress how she felt Julia promptly replied, "All right," but in a way which indicated marked surprise at the question. On further questioning her it was discovered that she had absolutely no recollection of the night's surprising performance.

So far it would appear that nothing very remarkable had occurred. But when a few more details are added it will become evident that Julia had performed a marvellous feat. The stairway that Julia ascended was closed at the top by a heavy door, which was nailed down horizontally to a strong cross-beam, securely fixed. The door not being sufficient to cover the whole space, a half-inch board had been nailed to the cross-beam to fill the vacancy along one side of the door. To get through this board would require a considerable effort from below would be required in order to dislodge the door from the strong and firmly set cross-beam to which it was nailed. This, however, would not be so hard to understand provided a good leverage position was available for the feet on the steps beneath.

It should also be understood that the stairway thus included contained various obstructions, the steps from the bottom to the top being utilized as shelves to hold the articles. Practically not an inch of space was vacant.

Just here is the greatest mystery, for while Julia succeeded in raising the door, presumably by applying her head and shoulders, she had passed the crowded stairway without leaving the slightest trace of having done so, for not an article on the steps indicated the slightest disturbance, everything presenting the same appearance and position as before the girl's ascent.

If the readers will examine the illustration it will be seen that with the exception of the first step there is no where sufficient space for even the toes of a human foot to rest upon. And for anyone to attempt to footing on the mischievous and fragile collection crowded on every step could result in nothing but a broken neck, injury and failure. Indeed, if the steps had been cleared of everything but the crutch that leans across the stairway it would still be a mystery that this article should have remained undisturbed through such a fierce struggle and crash as Julia's feat would seem to require. Even the iron rod resting on the edges of the steps and ready to slide downward on but little disturbance remained unmoved.

But the fact is that the more the details are thoughtfully examined the deeper the mystery seems to grow, especially when we add that Julia's whole performance was effected in absolute darkness, disclosing a wonderful feat by a somnambulist.

Julia is rather above the average height for women, is of spare build and has a very strong, straight, and her health not very good. But she is a quiet, sensible, diligent person. She tells me that when 12 years old and living on a farm in southern Missouri she had her first sleep-walking experience. It seems that she had been permitted to go to town with her brother on account of a Republican rally, and returned long after milking time, a thought which carried her mind. The family had retired, but she found a note on the table informing her that the cows had been milked and she should go to bed. She went to bed, but about midnight she was discovered running toward the cows in an adjacent field. She was loudly called to by her employer, which act woke her up just as she bumped against the trunk of a tree.

Julia is one-fourth Indian extraction and a quite remarkable peculiarity in her hair, in which there are nine children, is that she has dark-colored skin, two of her sisters and three of her brothers have brick-red, kinky hair, all the others having black kinky hair. On account of this peculiarity inducements were offered, but not accepted, for the appearance of the family at the late world's fair.

Somnambulism is quite common among children and not so very uncommon among adults. It is frequently associated with epilepsy, as in Julia's case, and is regarded by authorities as a marked form of epilepsy. The subjects often exhibit extraordinary perceptive and executive powers, but their executive displays are usually along lines of previous experience. In some cases the entire character qualities are apparently reversed, so that what was but a thought in the normal state becomes action in the altered state. Sometimes the personality is markedly duplicated, as in the case of Beauchamp, in whom Dr. Morton Prince of Boston discovered four personalities.

The length of a spell may be little more than momentary, or may last for hours, weeks or months. Its onset may be abrupt or the subject may pass into the second personality while continuing business transactions quite properly. In this condition some idea may arise which acts as a mental switch, so that after a prolonged absence from home the subject may find himself a bearded visitor in a strange city.

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In the morning she was attending to her duties at her usual time, without either a scratch or a bruise on her person; and upon being asked by her mistress how she felt Julia promptly replied, "All right," but in a way which indicated marked surprise at the question. On further questioning her it was discovered that she had absolutely no recollection of the night's surprising performance.

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The length of a spell may be little more than momentary, or may last for hours, weeks or months. Its onset may be abrupt or the subject may pass into the second personality while continuing business transactions quite properly. In this condition some idea may arise which acts as a mental switch, so that after a prolonged absence from home the subject may find himself a bearded visitor in a strange city.

The affair I am here about to describe is a case of somnambulism which in some respects seems the most remarkable illustration of its kind that I have yet met with or found on record. The subject is a young mulatto housemaid who was referred to me by her employer owing to the fact that she had suffered an epileptic attack on the day following her astonishing feat. I should here introduce her as Miss Julia, a much esteemed employee of Mrs. Brown, who resides within one of the most aristocratic precincts of the North Side of Chicago.

It was only a few nights ago, about 3 a. m., when Mrs. Brown was awakened by an unusual noise, pointing to a disturbance in a room adjoining which was occupied by Julia. Mrs. Brown immediately arose to investigate the cause, and after opening Julia's door she called her name several times. To these calls she received no response, but she heard a faint creaking noise, and in the direction of a stairway that ascended from Julia's room to the floor above. She also observed that some of the furniture near the door was not in its usual position. This condition was very perplexing to Mrs. Brown, and she immediately proceeded to secure help in her investigation, when a moment later a great crash was heard that awakened the inmates of the house on three floors. At once half a dozen more persons joined in the investigation of the cause of the disturbance.

But they had not far to go, for during the moments of preliminary consultation the heavy breathing of a person was heard as if but a short distance away, and this drew almost directly led to the discovery of Julia lying on the floor at the top of the stairway in an apparently stuporous state. The high tension of the alarmed company was now relieved, and after they had administered a few "shakings" to Julia she slowly arose to her feet, with a dazed look in her eyes. She, however, made no answer when asked of what she had done. But after a few moments later she inquired what floor she was on, and shortly thereafter she was led down to her room, where she at once fell sound asleep.

In the morning she was attending to her duties at her usual time, without either a scratch or a bruise on her person; and upon being asked by her mistress how she felt Julia promptly replied, "All right," but in a way which indicated marked surprise at the question. On further questioning her it was discovered that she had absolutely no recollection of the night's surprising performance.

So far it would appear that nothing very remarkable had occurred. But when a few more details are added it will become evident that Julia had performed a marvellous feat. The stairway that Julia ascended was closed at the top by a heavy door, which was nailed down horizontally to a strong cross-beam, securely fixed. The door not being sufficient to cover the whole space, a half-inch board had been nailed to the cross-beam to fill the vacancy along one side of the door. To get through this board would require a considerable effort from below would be required in order to dislodge the door from the strong and firmly set cross-beam to which it was nailed. This, however, would not be so hard to understand provided a good leverage position was available for the feet on the steps beneath.

It should also be understood that the stairway thus included contained various obstructions, the steps from the bottom to the top being utilized as shelves to hold the articles. Practically not an inch of space was vacant.

Just here is the greatest mystery, for while Julia succeeded in raising the door, presumably by applying her head and shoulders, she had passed the crowded stairway without leaving the slightest trace of having done so, for not an article on the steps indicated the slightest disturbance, everything presenting the same appearance and position as before the girl's ascent.

If the readers will examine the illustration it will be seen that with the exception of the first step there is no where sufficient space for even the toes of a human foot to rest upon. And for anyone to attempt to footing on the mischievous and fragile collection crowded on every step could result in nothing but a broken neck, injury and failure. Indeed, if the steps had been cleared of everything but the crutch that leans across the stairway it would still be a mystery that this article should have remained undisturbed through such a fierce struggle and crash as Julia's feat would seem to require. Even the iron rod resting on the edges of the steps and ready to slide downward on but little disturbance remained unmoved.

But the fact is that the more the details are thoughtfully examined the deeper the mystery seems to grow, especially when we add that Julia's whole performance was effected in absolute darkness, disclosing a wonderful feat by a somnambulist.

Julia is rather above the average height for women, is of spare build and has a very strong, straight, and her health not very good. But she is a quiet, sensible, diligent person. She tells me that when 12 years old and living on a farm in southern Missouri she had her first sleep-walking experience. It seems that she had been permitted to go to town with her brother on account of a Republican rally, and returned long after milking time, a thought which carried her mind. The family had retired, but she found a note on the table informing her that the cows had been milked and she should go to bed. She went to bed, but about midnight she was discovered running toward the cows in an adjacent field. She was loudly called to by her employer, which act woke her up just as she bumped against the trunk of a tree.

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A kind voice is to the heart what light is to the eye.—Ellhu Burritt.

These "pagan" peoples have religions of their own, perfectly adapted to their wants, and their morality compares favorably with Christians. If the young seedlings of theological schools continue to go, they must adopt new methods. Now that the "poor benighted heathens" have learned the value we set on a missionary, they will go into the kidnaping business; and there will be less safety for missionary and traveler or no safety at all.

about the month of December, 1901, began to be publicly understood that the defendant had been expelled from the schools of the city, and were to make obligatory upon all pupils, and defendant thereupon instructed his son to resume his studies as usual during such absence and to be ready to reappear in the schools as soon as the defendant became conscientiously opposed to such a violation of the law, and spirit of the constitution, his son shared the views in the latter; that, Jan. 1, 1902, the defendant advised his son for the sole reason that defendant's son absolutely and unobtrusively pursued his studies during said religious exercises, which constituted a form of worship consisting of prayer, the singing of religious songs, the recital of the Lord's Prayer and reading from the Bible, and that he did not participate in said form of worship, the principal of Quincy School suspended defendant's son from the privilege of attending the school.

If the case be lost in the lower courts, the defendant has been taken by the Topeka

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daughter, Mrs. Oxford and niece, Mrs. myself in the cabinet. The table self a to rap instantly and answer man lions, parts of hands and faces flow

Welfenberg, Mr. Haines and myself, manifested; first, the colored man, rather his spirit, answered various questions and informed us we

unmythologized, but contrasted with  
 noble passages, showing great in-  
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